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BRITISH POETS.

CHAUCER TO JONSON.

LL. b. 48.

SELECT

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

FROM

CHAUCER TO JONSON,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY ESQR. L.L.D.

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PREFACE.

When Dr. Aikin published, in the year 1820, the Select Works of the British Poets, I observed, upon the publishers presenting me with a copy of the book, that, if I had been the compiler, it should have ended just where it now began. No one will suppose that this casual observation was meant to disparage the contents of that volume; what it implied was, an opinion that the poets whose works were thus brought together had been, and were still, frequently reprinted in various forms *; but that the elder poets, the fathers of our poetry, were some very scarce, and others to be obtained only in the general collections of Dr. Anderson and Mr. Chalmers.

Some years afterwards the publishers reminded me of what I had said, and asked me to edit such a volume as I had then wished for. It was an indispensable part of their plan that the Faery Queen and the Poly-olbion should be included; and large as the volume is, the introduction of these poems made it necessary to curtail the selection which I would willingly have made from other authors. The reader will, however, find in it Hawes's Pastime of Pleasure, which, not having been reprinted since the middle of the sixteenth century, had become extremely rare. The whole of Tusser is here also; the greater part of Lord Brooke's poems; some selections from Wither (which should have been much more copious if my limits had allowed); and some from Lovelace: none of these are in either of the general collections. Skelton, Gascoigne, and Habington, are not in Dr. Anderson's: Sackville not in Mr. Chalmers's.

It is not to be supposed that I could afford either time or eyesight for correcting the proof sheets of such a volume. But there are two errors of my own which I take this opportunity of acknowledging.

I have said "*it is certain* that Chaucer wrote rhythmically rather than metrically." Dr. Nott has, in my judgement, proved this, and I entertain

* The publishers beg to say that this evidence of the popularity of these poems induced them to desire their being formed into a collection in a single volume to be sold at a low price.

no doubt of it whatever myself. But as the question is disputed, I ought to have expressed myself less positively; especially since my old schoolfellow and pleasant acquaintance, James Boswell the younger, was of a different opinion. His opinion upon any point of old English literature should be of great weight; and I speak of him now, as I shall always think, with a friendly feeling of respect for his many good qualities, and of regret for his loss.

The other error is of a different kind. I expressed a hope that the lost poems of William Browne might yet be found, not knowing at that time that they had been recovered, and printed in a very beautiful form by Sir Egerton Brydges: — one of the many services which he has rendered to the literature of his country.

R. S.

Keswick,
March 26. 1831.

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ERRATA.

Page 61. col. 2. line 25. for "him" read "himself."
line 17. from bottom, for "Chartres" read "Chartier."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

A. D. 1328—1400.

Some facts have been preserved concerning the personal history of Chaucer, but there is no detailed information. We learn from himself that he was born in London, which in those ages was thought an honour; and it is certain that he was neither of high nor of low birth. His writings afford some indication that he received part of his education at Cambridge, and there is a tradition that he studied at Oxford also, under Wickliffe, when that great man was Warden of Canterbury College. He had an annuity of twenty marks from Edward III., as valet or yeoman of the palace, an intermediate rank between squire and groom. Afterwards he was made comptroller of the custom of wood, with the barbarous injunction, that "the said Geoffrey write with his own hand his rolls touching the said office, in his own proper person, and not by his substitute." He was also appointed comptroller of the small customs of wine in the port of London, and had a grant for life of a pitcher of wine daily, which was subsequently commuted for twenty marks a year. John of Gaunt patronised him, and gave him Philippa Rouet in marriage, sister to his own mistress, and daughter to a knight of Hainault. At this time, his offices and the grants which he obtained enabled him to live in affluence. In the last year of Edward's reign, he was sent on a mission to France, and some seven years after, in consequence of his connection with the Lollards, was brought into danger. He fled to the continent; was imprisoned on his return; and after some ill usage from his party, and some rigour on the part of government, did not escape without loss and obloquy. At length he retired to Woodstock, a place to which he was much attached. But though, after losing his former offices, he obtained new grants from Richard II., which were confirmed by the usurper Henry, it is said that his latter days were embittered by difficulties. He died on the 25th of October, 1400, and was buried in that part of Westminster Abbey, which has since, in respect to him, been consecrated by the remains of many English poets, and the monuments of more.

Chaucer is not merely the acknowledged father of English poetry, he is also one of our greatest poets. His proper station is in the first class, with Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton; and Shakspeare alone has equalled him in variety and versatility of genius. In no other country has any writer effected so much with a half-formed language: retaining what was popular, and rejecting what was barbarous, he at once refined and enriched it; and though it is certain that his poetry is written rhythmically rather than metrically, his ear led him to that cadence and those forms of verse, which, after all subsequent experiments, have been found most agreeable to the general taste, and may, therefore, be deemed best adapted to the character of our speech. In some of his smaller pieces, he has condescended to use the ornate style which began to be affected in his age; but he has only used it as if to show that he had deliberately rejected it in all his greater and better works. He drew largely from French and Italian authors; but in all his translations there is the stamp of his own power; and his original works are distinguished by a life, and strength, and vivacity, which nothing but original genius, and that of the highest order, can impart. Whoever aspires to a lasting name among the English poets must go to the writings of Chaucer, and drink at the well-head.

The Canterbury Tales have been excellently edited by Tyrwhitt; his other works have been left to chance, and published without any other care than what the corrector of the press might please to bestow upon them.

It should be remembered that Chaucer expresses contrition for such of his writings as "sounen unto sin," and prays Christ of his mercy to forgive him for the guilt he had incurred thereby. He is said to have cried out repeatedly on his death-bed, "Woe is me, that I cannot recall and annul these things! but, alas, they are continued from man to man, and I cannot do what I desire."

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PROLOGUE.

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.
Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And made forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise.
But natheles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eke in what araie that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne.
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonne
Aboven alle nations in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed, and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie.
At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete see
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
An mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.
This ilke worthy knight hadde ben also
Somtime with the lord of Palatie,
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he hadde a sovereine pris.
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon,
Alle besmotred with his habergeon,
For he was late ycome fro his viage,
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

WITH him ther was his sone a yonge SQUIER,
A lover, and a lusty bacheler,
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be somtime in chevachie,
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting all the day,
He was as freshe as is the moneth of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves long and wide.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
He coude songes make, and wel endite,
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table.

A YEMAN hadde he, and servantes no mo
At that time, for him luste to ride so;
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe.
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed hadde he, with a broune visage.
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.
Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his breste of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he sothely as I gesse.

THER was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.

At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
Ful semely after hire mete she raught.
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
And peined hire to contrefeten chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
And all was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis; her eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.
Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene;
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a crouned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.
Another Nonne also with hire hadde she
That was hire chapelleine, and Preestes thre.

A Monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie;
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rode, men mighte his bridel here
Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,
And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of seint Maure and of seint Beneit,
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the trace,
He yave not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkeles,
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.
And I say his opinion was good.
What shulde he studie, and make himselven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondes, and laboure,
As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therfore he was a prickasoure a right;
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saw his sleves purfiled at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne:
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of a led.
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
He was not pale as a forpined gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A Frere ther was, a wanton and a mery,
A Limitour, a ful solempne man.
In all the ordres foure is non that can
So moche of daliance and fayre langage.
He hadde ymade ful many a mariage
Of yonge wimmen, at his owen cost.
Until his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
With frankeleins over all in his contree,
And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun:
For he had power of confession,
As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licentiat.
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And plesant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penance,
Ther as he wiste to han a good pitance:
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signe that a man is wel yshrive.
For if he gave, he dorste make avant,
He wiste that a man was repentant.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therfore in stede of weping and prayeres,
Men mote give silver to the poure freres.
His tippet was ay farsed ful of knives,
And pinnes, for to given fayre wives.
And certainly he hadde a mery note.
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.
Of yeddinges he bare utterly the pris.
His nekke was white as the flour de lis.
Therto he strong was as a champioun,
And knew wel the tavernes in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstere,
Better than a lazar or a beggere.
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
To haven with sike lazars acquaintance.
It is not honest, it may not avance,
As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,
But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.
And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
Ther n'as no man no wher so vertuous.
He was the beste begger in all his hous:
And gave a certaine ferme for the grant,
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.
For though a widewe hadde but a shoo,
(So plesant was his *In principio*)
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His pourchas was wel better than his rent.
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,
In lovedayes, ther coude he mochel help.
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,

But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope,
That round was as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright,
As don the sterres in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His bootes clapsed fayre and fetisly.
His resons spake he ful solempnely,
Souning alway the encrese of his winning.
He wold the see were kept for any thing
Betwixen Middelburgh and Orewell.
Wel coud he in eschanges sheldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So stedefastly didde he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance.
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office.
For him was lever han at his beddes hed
Twenty bokes clothed in blake or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendes hente,
On bokes and on lerning he it spente,
And besily gan for the soules praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.
Of studie toke he moste cure and hede.
Not a word spake he more than was nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A Sergeant of the lawe ware and wise,
That often hadde yben at the paruis,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
He semed swiche, his wordes were so wise.
Justice he was fol often in assise,
By patent, and by pleine commissioun;
For his science, and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robes had he many on.
So grete a pourchasour was no wher non.
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His pourchasing might not ben in suspect.
No wher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termes hadde he cas and domes alle,
That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
Girt with a seint of silk, with barres smale;
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

A Frankelein was in this compagnie:
White was his berd, as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicures owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was verraily felicite parfite.
An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyned man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deintees that men coud of thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.
At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour.
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.

An Haberdasher, and a Carpenter,
A Webbe, a Deyer, and a Tapiser,
Were alle yclothed in o livere,
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked was.
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver, wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,
To sitten in a gild halle, on the deis.
Everich for the wisdom that he can,
Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent:
And elles certainly they were to blame.
It is ful fayre to ben ycleped madame,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.

A Coke they hadden with hem for the nones,
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale.
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shinne a mormal hadde he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.

A Shipman was ther, woned fer by West;
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth.
He rode upon a rouncie, as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee

About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapmen slepe.
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His stremes and his strandes him besides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemanage,
Ther was non swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine:
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisike,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie:
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour,
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him dragges, and his lettuaries,
For eche of hem made other for to winne:
Hir frendship n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien;
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;
Bernard and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle.
And yet he was but esy of dispence:
He kepte that he wan in the pestilence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therfore he loved gold in special.

A good Wif was ther of beside Bathe,
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorste swere, they weyeden a pound:
That on the Sonday were upon hire hede.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live,
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compagnie in youthe.
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme.
She hadde passed many a strange streme.
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.
She coude moche of wandring by the way.
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe,
Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
For of that arte she coude the olde dance.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure Persone of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust:
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
To see a shitten shepherd, and clene shepe:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.
He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold:
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with fairenesse,
By good ensample was his besinesse:
But it were any persone obstinat.
What so he were of highe or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A better preest I trowe that no wher non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

With him ther was a Plowman, was his brother,
That hadde ylaid of dong ful many a fother.
A trewe swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.
God loved he beste with alle his herte
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,
And than his neighebour right as himselve.
He wolde thresh, and therto dike, and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.
His tithes paied he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre swinke, and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
Ther was also a reve, and a millere,
A sompnour, and a pardoner also,
A manciple, and myself, ther n'ere no mo.

The Miller was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
He was short shuldered brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.
A sword and bokeler, bare he by his side.
His mouth as wide was as a forneis.
He was a jangler, and a goliardeis,
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.

A gentil Manciple was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighten take ensemple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille,
For whether that he paide, or toke by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
That swiche a lewed mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?
Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious:
Of which ther was a dosein in that hous,
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good,
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,
Or live as scarsly, as him list desire;
And able for to helpen all a shire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe;
And yet this manciple sette hir aller cappe.

The Reve was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his eres round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforne.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,
The yelding of his seed, and of his grain.
His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
Were holly in this reves governing,
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage,
Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine:
They were adradde of him, as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
With grene trees yshadewed was his place.
He coude better than his lord pourchace.
Ful riche he was ystored privily.
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere.
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This reve sate upon a right good stot,
That was all pomelee grey and highte Scot,
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere aboute,
And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.

A Sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
For sauseflem he was, with eyen narwe.
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd:
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinement that wolde clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkes white,
Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wold he speken no word but Latin.
A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay
Can clepen watte, as wel as can the pope.
But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,
Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crie.
He was a gentil harlot and a kind;
A better felaw shulde a man not find.
He wolde suffre for a quart of wine,
A good felaw to have his concubine
A twelve month, and excuse him at the full.
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull.
And if he found o where a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe
In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse;
But if a mannes soule were in his purse;
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
Purse is the archedekenes helle, said he.
But wel I wote, he lied right in dede:
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
For curse wol sle right as assoiling saveth,
And also ware him of a *significavit*.

In danger hadde he at his owen gise
The yonge girls of the diocise,
And knew hir conseil, and was of hir rede.
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alestake:
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

With him ther rode a gentil Pardonere
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,
That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
Ful loude he sang, Come hither, love, to me.
This sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
This pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons on and on,
But hode for jolite, ne wered he non,
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,
Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale has hath a gote.
No berd hadde he, ne never non shuld have,
As smothe it was as it were newe shave;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swich an other pardonere.
For in his male he hadde a pilwebere,
Which, as he saide, was our ladies veil:
He saide, he hadde a gobbet of the seyl
Whiche Seint Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.
He had a crois of laton full of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes, whanne that he fond
A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.
And thus with fained flattering and japes,
He made the persone, and the peple, his apes.
But trewely to tellen atte last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He must preche, and wel afile his tonge,
To winne silver, as he right wel coude:
Therfore he sang the merier and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
Th'estat, th'araie, the nombre, and eke the cause
Why that assembled was this compagnie
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is time to you for to telle,
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrie alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.
But firste I praie you of your curtesie,
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.
He may not spare, although he were his brother.
He most as wel sayn o word, as an other.
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it.
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordes moste ben cosin to the dede.
Also I praie you to forgive it me,
All have I not sette folk in hir degree,
Here in this tale, as that they shulden stonde.
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Gret chere made oure hoste us everich on,
And to the souper sette he us anon:
And served us with vitaille of the beste.
Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leste.
A semely man our hoste was with alle,
For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wise and wel ytaught,
And of manhood him lacked righte naught.
Eke therto was he right a mery man,
And after souper plaien he began,
And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,
Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges;
And saide thus; "Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me welcome right hertily:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
I saw nat this yere swiche a compagnie
At ones in this herbewe, as is now.
Fayn wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bethought,
To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.
Ye gon to Canterbury; God you spede,
The blisful martyr quite you your mede;
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the w...
Ye shapen you to talken and to play:
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non,
To riden by the way dombe as the ston:
And therfore wold I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and don you some comfort,
And if you liketh alle by on assent
Now for to stonden at my jugement:
And for to werchen as I shal you say
To-morwe, when ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders soule that is ded,
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed.
Hold up your hondes withouten more speche."
Our conseil was not longe for to seche:
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,
And granted him withouten more avise,
And bad him say his verdit, as him leste.
"Lordinges," (quod he) "now herkeneth for the beste;
But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain;
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to shorten with youre way,
In this viage, shall tellen tales tway,
To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of aventures that whilom han befalle.
And which of you that bereth him best of alle,
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,

Shal have a souper at your aller cost
Here in this place sitting by this post,
Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery,
I wol my selven gladly with you ride,
Right at min owen cost, and be your gide.
And who that wol my jugement withsay,
Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shapen me therfore."
This thing was granted, and our othes swore
With ful glad herte, and praiden him also,
That he wold vouchesauf for to don so,
And that he wolde ben our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certain pris;
And we wol ruled ben at his devise,
In highe and lowe: and thus by on assent,
We ben accorded to his jugement.
And therupon the win was fette anon.
We dronken, and to reste wenten eche on,
Withouten any lenger tarrying.
A morwe whan the day began to spring,
Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,
And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than pas,
Unto the watering of Seint Thomas:
And ther our hoste began his hors arest,
And saide; "lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
Ye wete your forword, and I it record.
If even song and morwe song accord,
Let se now who shal telle the firste tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my jugement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth cutte, or that ye forther twinne.
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.
"Sire knight," (quod he) "my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.
Cometh nere" (quod he) "my lady prioresse,
And ye sire clerk, let be your shamefacednesse,
Ne studie nought: lay hand to, every man."
Anon to drawen every wight began,
And shortly for to tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cutte felle on the knight,
Of which ful blith and glad was every wight;
And tell he must his tale as was reson,
By forword, and by composition,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this good man saw that it was so,
As he that wise was and obedient
To kepe his forword by his free assent,
He saide; "Sithen I shal begin this game,
What, welcome be the cutte a Goddes name.
Now let us ride, and herkeneth what I say."
And with that word we riden forth our way;
And he began with right a mery chere,
His tale anon, and saide as ye shul here.

THE KNIGHTES TALE.

Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte Theseus.
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his time swiche a conquerour,
That greter was ther non under the sonne.
Ful many a riche contree had he wonne.
What with his wisdom and his chevalrie,
He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,
That whilom was ycleped Scythia;
And wedded the freshe quene Ipolita,
And brought hire home with him to his contree
With mochel glorie and gret solempnitee,
And eke hire yonge suster Emelie.
And thus with victorie and with melodie
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,
And all his host, in armes him beside.
And certes, if it n'ere to long to here,
I wolde have told you fully the manere,
How wonnen was the regne of Feminie,
By Theseus, and by his chevalrie;
And of the grete bataille for the nones
Betwix Athenes and the Amasones;
And how asseged was Ipolita
The faire hardy quene of Scythia;
And of the feste, that was at hire wedding,
And of the temple at hire home coming.
But all this thing I moste as now forbere.
I have, God wot, a large feld to ere;
And weke ben the oxen in my plow.
The remenant of my tale is long ynow.
I will not letten eke non of this route.
Let every felaw telle his tale aboute,
And let se now who shal the souper winne.
Ther as I left, I wil agen beginne.
This duk, of whom I made mentioun,
Whan he was comen almost to the toun,
In all his wele and in his moste pride,
He was ware, as he caste his eye aside,
Wher that ther kneled in the high wey
A compagnie of ladies, twey and twey,
Eche after other, clad in clothes blake:
But swiche a crie and swich a wo they make,
That in this world n'is creature living,
That ever herd swiche another waimenting.
And of this crie ne wolde they never stenten,
Till they the reines of his bridel henten.
"What folk be ye that at min home coming
Perturben so my feste with crying?"
Quod Theseus; "have ye so grete envie
Of min honour, that thus complaine and crie?
Or who hath you misboden, or offended?
Do telle me, if that it may be amended;
And why ye be thus clothed alle in blake?"
The oldest lady of hem all then spake,
Whan she had swouned with a dedly chere,
That it was reuthe for to seen and here.
She sayde; "Lord, to whom fortune hath yeven
Victorie, and as a conquerour to liven,
Nought greveth us your glorie and your honour;
But we beseke you of mercie and socour.
Have mercie on our woe and our distresse.
Some drope of pitee, thurgh thy gentillesse
Upon us wretched wimmen let now falle.
For certes, lord, ther n'is non of us alle,
That she n'hath ben a duchesse or a quene;
Now we be caitives, as it is wel sene:
Thanked be fortune, and hire false whele,
That non estat ensureth to be wele.
And certes, lord, to abiden your presence
Here in this temple of the goddesse Clemence
We han ben waiting all this fourtenight:
Now helpe us, lord, sin it lieth in thy mi[ght].
"I wretched wight, that wepe and waile thus,
Was whilom wif to king Capaneus,
That starfe at Thebes, cursed be that day:
And alle we that ben in this aray,

And maken all this lamentation,
We losten alle our husbondes at that toun,
While that the sege therabouten lay.
And yet now the olde Creon, wala wa!
That lord is now of Thebes the citee,
Fulfilled of ire and of iniquitee,
He for despit, and for his tyrannie,
To don the ded bodies a vilanie,
Of alle our lordes, which that ben yslawe,
Hath alle the bodies on an hepe ydrawe,
And will not suffren hem by non assent
Neyther to ben yberied, ne ybrent,
But maketh houndes ete hem in despite."
And with that word, withouten more respite
They fallen groff, and crien pitously;
"Have on us wretched wimmen som mercy,
And let our sorwe sinken in thin herte."
This gentil duk doun from his courser strete
With herte pitous, whan he herd hem speke.
Him thoughte that his herte wolde all to-breke,
Whan he saw hem so pitous and so mate,
That whilom weren of so gret estate.
And in his armes he hem all up hente,
And hem comforted in ful good entente,
And swore his oth, as he was trewe knight,
He wolde don so ferforthly his might
Upon the tyrant Creon hem to wreke,
That all the peple of Grece shulde speke,
How Creon was of Theseus yserved,
As he that hath his deth ful wel deserved.
And right anon withouten more abode
His banner he displaide, and forth he rode
To Thebes ward, and all his host beside;
No ner Athenes n'olde he go ne ride,
Ne take his ese fully half a day,
But onward on his way that night he lay:
And sent anon Ipolita the quene,
And Emelie hire yonge sister shene
Unto the toun of Athenes for to dwell:
And forth he rit; ther n'is no more to tell.
The red statue of Mars with spere and targe
So shineth in his white banner large,
That all the feldes gliteren up and doun:
And by his banner borne is his penon
Of gold ful riche, in which ther was ybete
The Minotaure which that he slew in Crete.
Thus rit this duk, thus rit this conquerour,
And in his host of chevalrie the flour,
Til that he came to Thebes, and alight
Fayre in a feld, ther as he thought to fight.
But shortly for to speken of this thing,
With Creon, which that was of Thebes king,
He fought, and slew him manly as a knight
In plaine bataille, and put his folk to flight:
And by assaut he wan the citee after,
And rent adoun bothe wall and sparre, and rafter:
And to the ladies he restored again
The bodies of hir housbondes that were slain,
To don the obsequies, as was tho the gise.
But it were all to long for to devise
The grete clamour, and the waimenting,
Whiche that the ladies made at the brenning
Of the bodies, and the gret honour,
That Theseus the noble conquerour
Doth to the ladies, whan they from him wente:
But shortly for to telle is min entente.
Whan that this worthy duk, this Theseus,
Hath Creon slaine, and wonnen Thebes thus,
Still in the feld he toke all night his reste,
And did with all the contree as him leste.
To ransake in the tas of bodies ded,
Hem for to stripe of harneis and of wede,
The pillours dide her besinesse and cure,
After the bataille and discomfiture.
And so befell, that in the tas they found,
Thurgh girt with many a grevous blody wound,
Two yonge knightes ligging by and by
Bothe in on armes, wrought ful richely
Of whiche two, Arcita highte that on,
And he that other highte Palamon.
Not fully quik, ne fully ded they were,
But by hir cote armure, and by hir gere,
The heraudes knew hem wel in special,
As tho that weren of the blod real
Of Thebes, and of sustren two yborne.
Out of the tas the pillours han hem torne,
And han hem caried soft unto the tente
Of Theseus, and he ful sone hem sente
To Athenes, for to dwellen in prison
Perpetuel, he n'olde no raunson.
And whan this worthy duk had thus ydon,
He toke his host, and home he rit anon
With laurer crouned as a conquerour;
And ther he liveth in joye and in honour
Terme of his lif; what nedeth wordes mo?
And in a tour, in anguish and in wo
Dwellen this Palamon, and eke Arcite,
For evermo, ther may no gold hem quite.
Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it felle ones in a morwe of May
That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene
Than is the lilie upon his stalke grene,
And fresher than the May with floures newe,
(For with the rose colour strof hire hewe;
I n'ot which was the finer of hem two)
Er it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all redy dight.
For May wol have no slogardie a night.
The seson priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte,
And sayth, "Arise, and do thin observance."
This maketh Emelie han remembrance
To don honour to May, and for to rise.
Yclothed was she freshe for to devise.
Hire yelwe here was broided in a tresse,
Behind hire back, a yerde long I gesse.
And in the gardin at the sonne uprist
She walketh up and doun wher as hire list.
She gathereth floures, partie white and red,
To make a sotel gerlond for hire hed,
And as an angel, hevenlich she song.
The grete tour, that was so thikke and strong,
Which of the castel was the chef dongeon,
(Wher as these knightes weren in prison,
Of which I tolde you, and tellen shal)
Was even joinant to the gardin wall,
Ther as this Emelie had hire playing.
Bright was the sonne, and clere that morwening,
And Palamon, this woful prisoner,
As was his wone, by leve of his gayler
Was risen, and romed in a chambre on high,
In which he all the noble citee sigh,
And eke the gardin, ful of branches grene,
Ther as this freshe Emelia the shene
Was in hire walk, and romed up and doun.
This sorweful prisoner, this Palamon
Goth in his chambre roming to and fro.
And to himselfe complaining of his wo:
That he was borne ful oft he sayd, alas!
And so befell, by aventure or cas,

That thurgh a window thikke of many a barre
Of yren gret, and square as any sparre,
He cast his eyen upon Emelia,
And therwithal he blent and cried, a!
As though he stongen were unto the herte.
And with that crie Arcite anon up sterte,
And saide, "Cosin min, what eyleth thee,
That art so pale and dedly for to see?
Why cridest thou? who hath thee don offence?
For Goddes love, take all in patience
Our prison, for it may non other be.
Fortune hath yeven us this adversite.
Som wikke aspect or disposition
Of Saturne, by som constellation,
Hath yeven us this, although we had it sworn,
So stood the heven whan that we were born,
We moste endure: this is the short and plain."
This Palamon answerde, and sayde again;
"Cosin, forsoth of this opinion
Thou hast a vaine imagination.
This prison caused me not for to crie.
But I was hurt right now thurghout min eye
Into min herte, that wol my bane be.
The fayrnesse of a lady that I se
Yond in the gardin roming to and fro,
Is cause of all my crying and my wo.
I n'ot whe'r she be woman or goddesse.
But Venus is it, sothly, as I gesse."
And therwithall on knees adoun he fill,
And sayde: "Venus, if it be your will
You in this gardin thus to transfigure,
Beforn me sorweful wretched creature,
Out of this prison helpe that we may scape.
And if so be our destine be shape
By eterne word to dien in prison,
Of our lignage have som compassion,
That is so low ybrought by tyrannie."
And with that word Arcita gan espie
Wher as this lady romed to and fro.
And with that sight hire beaute hurt him so,
That if that Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite is hurt as moche as he, or more.
And with a sigh he sayde pitously:
"The freshe beaute sleth me sodenly
Of hire that rometh in the yonder place.
And but I have hire mercie and hire grace,
That I may seen hire at the leste way,
I n'am but ded; ther n'is no more to say."
This Palamon, whan he these wordes herd,
Dispitously he loked, and answerd:
"Whether sayest thou this in ernest or in play?"
"Nay," quod Arcite, "in ernest by my fay.
God helpe me so, me lust full yvel pley."
This Palamon gan knit his browes twey.
"It were," quod he, "to thee no gret honour
For to be false, ne for to be traytour
To me, that am thy cosin and thy brother
Ysworne ful depe, and eche of us to other,
That never for to dien in the peine,
Til that the deth departen shal us tweine,
Neyther of us in love to hindre other,
Ne in non other cas, my leve brother;
But that thou shuldest trewely forther me
In every cas, as I shuld forther thee.
This was thin oth, and min also certain;
I wot it wel, thou darst it not withsain.
Thus art thou of my conseil out of doute.
And now thou woldest falsly ben aboute
To love my lady, whom I love and serve,
And ever shal, til that min herte sterve.
"Now certes, false Arcite, thou shalt not so.
I loved hire firste, and tolde thee my wo
As to my conseil, and my brother sworne
To forther me, as I have told beforne.
For which thou art ybounden as a knight
To helpen me, if it lie in thy might,
Or elles art thou false, I dare wel sain."
This Arcita full proudly spake again.
"Thou shalt," quod he, "be rather false than I.
And thou art false, I tell thee utterly.
For *par amour* I loved hire first or thou.
What wolt thou sayn? thou wistest nat right now
Whether she were a woman or a goddesse.
Thin is affection of holinesse,
And min is love, as to a creature:
For which I tolde thee min aventure
As to my cosin, and my brother sworne.
"I pose, that thou lovedest hire beforne:
Wost thou not wel the olde clerkes sawe,
That who shall give a lover any lawe?
Love is a greter lawe by my pan,
Then may be yeven of any erthly man:
And therfore positif lawe, and swiche decree
Is broken all day for love in eche degree.
A man moste nedes love maugre his hed.
He may not fleen it, though he shuld be ded,
All be she maid, or widewe, or elles wif.
"And eke it is not likely all thy lif
To stonden in hire grace, no more shal I:
For wel thou wost thy selven veraily,
That thou and I be damned to prison
Perpetuel, us gaineth no raunson.
"We strive, as did the houndes for the bone,
They fought all day, and yet hir part was none.
Ther came a kyte, while that they were so wrothe,
And bare away the bone betwix hem bothe.
And therfore at the kinges court, my brother,
Eche man for himself, ther is non other.
Love if thee lust; for I love and ay shal:
And sothly, leve brother, this is al.
Here in this prison mosten we endure,
And everich of us take his aventure."
Gret was the strif, and long betwix hem twey,
If that I hadde leiser for to sey:
But to th' effect. it happed on a day,
(To tell it you as shortly as I may)
A worthy duk that highte Perithous,
That felaw was to this duk Theseus
Sin thilke day that they were children lite,
Was come to Athenes, his felaw to visite,
And for to play, as he was wont to do,
For in this world he loved no man so:
And he loved him as tendrely again.
So wel they loved, as olde bokes sain,
That whan that on was ded, sothly to tell,
His felaw wente and sought him doun in hell:
But of that storie list me not to write.
Duk Perithous loved wel Arcite,
And him knowe at Thebes yere by yere:
And finally at request and praiere
Of Perithous, withouten any raunson
Duk Theseus him let out of prison,
Frely to gon, wher that him list over all,
In swiche a gise, as I you tellen shall.
This was the forword, plainly for to endite,
Betwixen Theseus and him Arcite:
That if so were, that Arcite were yfound
Ever in his lif, by day or night, o stound
In any contree of this Theseus,
And he were caught, it was accorded thus,

That with a swerd he shulde lese his hed;
Ther was non other remedie ne rede.
But taketh his leve, and homeward he him spedde;
Let him beware, his nekke lieth to wedde.
How gret a sorwe suffereth now Arcite?
The deth he feleth thurgh his herte smite;
He wepeth, waileth, crieth pitously;
To sleen himself he waiteth prively.
He said; "Alas the day that I was borne!
Now is my prison werse than beforne:
Now is me shape eternally to dwelle
Not only in purgatorie, but in helle.
Alas! that ever I knew Perithous.
For elles had I dwelt with Theseus
Yfetered in his prison evermo.
Than had I ben in blisse, and not in wo.
Only the sight of hire, whom that I serve,
Though that I never hire grace may deserve,
Wold have sufficed right ynough for me.
"O dere cosin Palamon," quod he,
"Thin is the victorie of this aventure.
Ful blisful in prison maiest thou endure:
In prison? certes nay, but in paradise.
Wel hath fortune yturned thee the dise,
That hast the sight of hire, and I th'absence.
For possible is, sin thou hast hire presence,
And art a knight, a worthy and an able,
That by som cas, sin fortune is changeable,
Thou maiest to thy desir somtime atteine.
But I that am exiled, and barreine
Of alle grace, and in so gret despaire,
That ther n'is erthe, water, fire, ne aire,
Ne creature, that of hem maked is,
That may me hele, or don comfort in this,
Wel ought I sterve in wanhope and distresse.
Farewel my lif, my lust, and my gladnesse.
"Alas, why plainen men so in commune
Of purveiance of God, or of fortune,
That yeveth hem ful oft in many a gise
Wel better than they can hemself devise?
Som man desireth for to have richesse,
That cause is of his murdre or gret siknesse.
And som man wold out of his prison fayn
That in his house is of his meynie slain.
Infinite harmes ben in this matere.
We wote not what thing that we praien here.
We faren as he that dronke is as a mous.
A dronken man wot wel he hath an hous,
But he ne wot which is the right way thider,
And to a dronken man the way is slider.
And certes in this world so faren we.
"We seken fast after felicite,
But we go wrong ful often trewely.
Thus we may sayen alle, and namely I,
That wende, and had a gret opinion,
That if I might escapen fro prison
Than had I ben in joye and parfite hele,
Ther now I am exiled fro my wele.
Sin that I may not seen you, Emelie,
I n'am but ded; ther n'is no remedie."
Upon that other side Palamon,
Whan that he wist Arcita was agon,
Swiche sorwe he maketh, that the grete tour
Resouned of his yelling and clamour.
The pure fetters on his shinnes grete
Were of his bitter salte teres wete.
"Alas!" quod he, "Arcita cosin min,
Of all our strif, God wot, the frute is thin.
Thou walkest now in Thebes at thy large,
And of my wo thou yevest litel charge.
Thou maist, sith thou hast wisdom and manhede,
Assemblen all the folk of our kinrede,
And make a werre so sharpe on this contree,
That by som aventure, or som tretee,
Thou maist have hire to lady and to wif,
For whom that I must nedes lese my lif.
For as by way of possibilitee,
Sith thou art at thy large of prison free,
And art a lord, gret is thin avantage,
More than is min, that sterve here in a cage.
For I may wepe and waile, while that I live,
With all the wo that prison may me yeve,
And eke with peine that love me yeveth also,
That doubleth all my tourment and my wo."
Therwith the fire of jalousie up sterte
Within his brest, and hent him by the herte
So woodly, that he like was to behold
The box-tree, or the ashen ded and cold.
Than said he; "O cruel goddes, that governe
This world with binding of your word eterne,
And writen in the table of athamant
Your parlement and your eterne grant,
What is mankind more unto you yhold
Than is the shepe, that rouketh in the fold?
For slain is man, right as another beest,
And dwelleth eke in prison, and arrest,
And hath siknesse, and gret adversite,
And often times gilteles parde.
"What governance is in this prescience,
That gilteles turmenteth innocence?
And yet encreseth this all my penance,
That man is bounden to his observance
For Goddes sake to leten of his will,
Ther as a beest may all his lust fulfill.
And whan a beest is ded, he hath no peine;
But man after his deth mote wepe and pleine,
Though in this world he have care and wo:
Withouten doute it maye stonden so.
"The answer of this lete I to divines,
But wel I wote, that in this world gret pine is.
Alas! I see a serpent or a thefe,
That many a trewe man hath do meschefe,
Gon at his large, and wher him lust may turn.
But I moste ben in prison thurgh Saturn,
And eke thurgh Juno, jalous and eke wood,
That hath wel neye destruied all the blood
Of Thebes, with his waste walles wide.
And Venus sleeth me on that other side
For jalousie, and fere of him Arcite."
Now wol I stent of Palamon a lite,
And leten him in his prison still dwelle,
And of Arcita forth I wol you telle.
The sommer passeth, and the nightes long
Encresen double wise the peines strong
Both of the lover, and of the prisoner.
I n'ot which hath the wofuller mistere.
For shortly for to say, this Palamon
Perpetuelly is damned to prison,
In chaines and in fetters to ben ded;
And Arcite is exiled on his hed
For evermore as out of that contree,
Ne never more he shal his lady see.
You lovers axe I now this question,
Who hath the werse, Arcite or Palamon?
That on may se his lady day by day,
But in prison moste he dwellen alway.
That other wher him lust may ride or go,
But sen his lady shal he never mo.
Now demeth as you liste, ye that can,
For I wol tell you forth as I began.

Whan that Arcite to Thebes comen was,
Ful oft a day he swelt and said alas,
For sen his lady shal he never mo.
And shortly to concluden all his wo,
So mochel sorwe hadde never creature,
That is or shal be, while the world may dure.
His slepe, his mete, his drinke is him byraft,
That lene he wex, and drie as is a shaft.
His eyen holwe, and grisly to behold,
His hewe falwe, and pale as ashen cold,
And solitary he was, and ever alone,
And wailing all the night, making his mone.
And if he herde song or instrument,
Than wold he wepe, he mighte not be stent.
So feble were his spirites, and so low,
And changed so, that no man coude know
His speche ne his vois, though men it herd.
And in his gere, for all the world he ferd
Nought only like the lovers maladie
Of Ereos, but rather ylike manie,
Engendred of humours melancolike,
Before his hed in his celle fantastike.
And shortly turned was all up so doun
Both habit and eke dispositioun
Of him, this woful lover dan Arcite.
What shuld I all day of his wo endite?
Whan he endured had a yere or two
This cruel torment, and this peine and wo,
At Thebes, in his contree, as I said,
Upon a night in slepe as he him laid,
Him thought how that the winged god Mercury
Beforne him stood, and bad him to be mery.
His slepy yerde in hond he bare upright;
And hat he wered upon his heres bright.
Arraied was this god (as he toke kepe)
As he was whan that Argus toke his slepe;
And said him thus: "To Athens shalt thou
Ther is thee shapen of thy wo an ende." [wende;
And with that word Arcite awoke and stert.
"Now trewely how sore that ever me smert,"
Quod he, "to Athenes right now wol I fare.
Ne for no drede of deth shal I not spare
To se my lady, that I love and serve;
In hire presence I recke not to sterve."
And with that word he caught a gret mirrour,
And saw that changed was all his colour,
And saw his visage all in another kind.
And right anon it ran him in his mind,
That sith his face was so disfigured
Of maladie the which he had endured,
He mighte wel, if that he bare him lowe,
Live in Athens evermore unknowe,
And sen his lady wel nigh day by day.
And right anon he changed his aray,
And clad him as a poure labourer.
And all alone, save only a squier,
That knew his privite and all his cas,
Which was disguised pourely as he was,
To Athenes is he gon the nexte way.
And to the court he went upon a day,
And at the gate he proffered his service,
To drugge and draw, what so men wold devise.
And shortly of this matere for to sayn,
He fell in office with a chamberlain,
The which that dwelling was with Emelie.
For he was wise, and coude sone espie
Of every servant, which that served hire.
Wel coude he hewen wood, and water bere,
For he was yonge and mighty for the nones,
And therto he was strong and big of bones
To don that any wight can him devise.
A yere or two he was in this service,
Page of the chambre of Emelie the bright;
And Philostrate he sayde that he hight.
But half so wel beloved a man as he,
Ne was ther never in court of his degre.
He was so gentil of conditioun,
That thurghout all the court was his renoun.
They sayden that it were a charite
That Theseus wold enhaunsen his degre,
And putten him in worshipful service,
Ther as he might his vertues exercise.
And thus within a while his name is sprongе
Both of his dedes, and of his good tongе,
That Theseus hath taken him so ner
That of his chambre he made him a squier,
And gave him gold to mainteine his degre;
And eke men brought him out of his contre
Fro yere to yere ful prively his rent.
But honestly and sleighly he it spent,
That no man wondred how that he it hadde.
And thre yere in this wise his lif he ladde,
And bare him so in pees and eke in werre,
Ther n'as no man that Theseus hath derre.
And in this blisse let I now Arcite,
And speke I wol of Palamon a lite.
In derkenesse and horrible and strong prison
This seven yere hath sitten Palamon,
Forpined, what for love, and for distresse.
Who feleth double sorwe and hevinesse
But Palamon? that love distraineth so,
That wood out of his wit he goth for wo,
And eke therto he is a prisonere
Perpetuell, not only for a yere.
Who coude rime in English properly
His martirdom? forsoth it am not I,
Therfore I passe as lightly as I may.
It fell that in the seventh yere in May
The thridde night, (as olde bokes sayn,
That all this storie tellen more plain)
Were it by aventure or destinee,
(As whan a thing is shapen, it shal be,)
That sone after the midnight, Palamon
By helping of a frend brake his prison,
And fleeth the cite faste as he may go,
For he had yeven drinke his gayler so
Of a clarre, made of a certain wine,
With Narcotikes and Opie of Thebes fine,
That all the night though that men wold him shake,
The gailer slept, he mighte not awake.
And thus he fleeth as faste as ever he may.
The night was short, and faste by the day,
That nedes cost de moste himselven hide.
And to a grove faste ther beside
With dredful foot than stalketh Palamon.
For shortly this was his opinion,
That in that grove he wold him hide all day,
And in the night than wold he take his way
To Thebes ward, his frendes for to preie
On Theseus to helpen him werreie.
And shortly, eyther he wold lese his lif,
Or winnen Emelie unto his wif.
This is the effect, and his entente plein.
Now wol I turnen to Arcite agein,
That litel wist how neighe was his care,
Til that fortune had brought him in the snare.
The besy larke, the messager of day,
Saleweth in hire song the morwe gray;
And firy Phebus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,

And with his stremes drieth in the greves
The silver dropes, hanging on the leves,
And Arcite, that is in the court real
With Theseus the squier principal,
Is risen, and loketh on the mery day.
And for to don his observance to May,
Remembring on the point of his desire,
He on his courser, sterting as the fire,
Is ridden to the feldes him to pley,
Out of the court, were it a mile or twey.
And to the grove of which that I you told,
By aventure his way he gan to hold,
To maken him a gerlond of the greves,
Were it of woodbind or of hauthorn leves,
And loud he song agen the sonne shene.

"O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou faire freshe May,
I hope that I some grene here getten may."
And from his courser, with a lusty herte
Into the grove ful hastily he sterte,
And in a path he romed up and doun,
Ther as by aventure this Palamon
Was in a bush, that no man might him se,
For sore afered of his deth was he.
Nothing ne knew he that it was Arcite.
God wot he wold have trowed it ful lite.
But soth is said, gon sithen are many yeres,
That feld hath eyen, and the wood hath eres.
It is ful faire a man to bere him even,
For al day meten men at unset steven.
Ful litel wote Arcite of his felaw,
That was so neigh to herken of his saw,
For in the bush he sitteth now ful still.

Whan that Arcite had romed all his fill,
And songen all the roundel lustily,
Into a studie he fell sodenly,
As don these lovers in hir queinte geres,
Now in the crop, and now doun in the breres,
Now up, now doun, as boket in a well.
Right as the Friday, sothly for to tell,
Now shineth it, and now it raineth fast,
Right so can gery Venus overcast
The hertes of hire folk, right as hire day
Is gerful, right so changeth she aray.
Selde is the Friday all the weke ylike.

Whan Arcite hadde ysonge, he gan to sike,
And set him doun withouten any more:
"Alas!" quod he, "the day that I was bore!
How longe, Juno, thurgh thy crueltee
Wilt thou werreien Thebes the citee?
Alas! ybrought is to confusion
The blood real of Cadme and Amphion:
Of Cadmus, which that was the firste man,
That Thebes built, or firste the toun began,
And of the citee firste was crouned king.
Of his linage am I, and his ofspring
By veray line, as of the stok real:
And now I am so caitif and so thral,
That he that is my mortal enemy,
I serve him as his squier pourely.
And yet doth Juno me wel more shame,
For I dare not beknowe min owen name,
But ther as I was wont to highte Arcite,
Now highte I Philostrat, not worth a mite.
Alas! thou fell Mars, alas! thou Juno,
Thus hath your ire our linage all fordo,
Save only me, and wretched Palamon,
That Theseus martireth in prison.
And over all this, to slen me utterly,
Love hath its firy dart so brenningly
Ystiked thurgh my trewe careful hert,
That shapen was my deth erst than my shert.
Ye slen me with your eyen, Emelie;
Ye ben the cause wherfore that I die.
Of all the remenant of min other care
Ne set I not the mountance of a tare,
So that I coud don ought to your plesance."

And with that word he fell doun in a trance
A longe time; and afterward up sterte
This Palamon, that thought thurghout his herte
He felt a cold swerd sodenly glide:
For ire he quoke, no lenger wolde he hide.
And whan that he had herd Arcites tale,
As he were wood, with face ded and pale,
He sterte him up out of the bushes thikke,
And sayde: "False Arcite, false traitour wicke,
Now art thou hent, that lovest my lady so,
For whom that I have all this peine and wo,
And art my blood, and to my conseil sworn,
As I ful oft have told thee herebeforn,
And hast bejaped here duk Theseus,
And falsely changed hast thy name thus;
I wol be ded, or elles thou shalt die.
Thou shalt not love my lady Emelie,
But I wol love hire only and no mo.
For I am Palamon thy mortal fo.
And though that I no wepen have in this place,
But out of prison am astert by grace,
I drede nought, that eyther thou shalt die,
Or thou ne shalt nat loven Emelie.
Chese which thou wolt, for thou shalt not asterte."

This Arcite tho, with ful dispitous herte,
Whan he him knew, and had his tale herd,
As fers as a leon, pulled out a swerd,
And sayde thus: "By God that sitteth above,
N'ere it that thou art sike, and wood for love,
And eke that thou no wepen hast in this place,
Thou shuldest never out of this grove pace,
That thou ne shuldest dien of min hond.
For I defie the suretee and the bond,
Which that thou saist that I have made to thee.
What? veray fool, thinke wel that love is free,
And I wol love hire maugre all thy might.
But for thou art a worthy gentil knight,
And wilnest to darraine hire by bataille,
Have here my trouth, to-morwe I will not faille,
Withouten weting of any other wight,
That here I wol be founden as a knight,
And bringen harneis right ynough for thee;
And chese the beste, and leve the werste for me."
And mete and drinke this night wol I bring
Ynough for thee, and clothes for thy bedding.
And if so be that thou my lady win,
And sle me in this wode, ther I am in,
Thou maist wel have thy lady as for me."

This Palamon answerd, "I grant it thee."
And thus they ben departed til a morwe,
Whan eche of hem hath laid his faith to borwe.

O Cupide, out of alle charitee!
O regne, that wolt no felaw have with thee!
Ful soth is sayde, that love ne lordship
Wol nat his thankes have no felawship.
Wel finden that Arcite and Palamon.

Arcite is ridden anon unto the toun,
And on the morwe, or it were day light,
Ful prively two harneis hath he dight,
Both suffisant and mete to darreine
The bataille in the feld betwix hem tweine.
And on his hors, alone as he was borne,
He carieth all this harneis him beforne;

And in the grove, at time and place yette,
This Arcite and this Palamon ben mette.
The changen gan the colour in hir face.
Right as the hunter in the regne of Trace
That stondeth at a gappe with a spere,
Whan hunted is the lion or the bere,
And hereth him come rushing in the greves,
And breking bothe the boughes and the leves,
And thinketh, here cometh my mortal enemy,
Withouten faille, he must be ded or I;
For eyther I mote slen him at the gappe;
Or he mote slen me, if that me mishappe:
So ferden they, in changing of hir hewe,
As fer as eyther of hem other knewe.
Ther nas no good day, ne no saluing,
But streit withouten wordes rehersing,
Everich of hem halpe to armen other,
As frendly, as he were his owen brother.
And after that, with sharpe speres strong
They foineden eche at other wonder long.
Thou mightest wenen, that this Palamon
In his fighting were as a wood leon,
And as a cruel tigre was Arcite:
As wilde bores gan they togeder smite,
That frothen white as fome for ire wood.
Up to the ancle foughte they in hir blood.
And in this wise I let hem fighting dwelle,
And forth I wol of Theseus you telle.
The destinee, ministre general,
That executeth in the world over al
The purveiance, that God hath sen beforne;
So strong it is, that though the world had sworne
The contrary of a thing by ya or nay,
Yet somtime it shall fallen on a day
That falleth nat efte in a thousand yere.
For certainly our appetites here,
Be it of werre, or pees, or hate, or love,
All is this ruled by the sight above.
This mene I now by mighty Theseus,
That for to hunten is so desirous,
And namely at the grete hart in May,
That in his bed ther daweth him no day,
That he nis clad, and redy for to ride
With hunte and horne, and houndes him beside.
For in his hunting hath he swiche delite,
That it is all his joye and appetite
To ben himself the grete hartes bane,
For after Mars he serveth now Diane.
Clere was the day, as I have told or this,
And Theseus, with alle joye and blis,
With his Ipolita, the fayre quene,
And Emelie, yclothed all in grene,
On hunting ben they ridden really.
And to the grove, that stood ther faste by,
In which ther was an hart as men him told,
Duk Theseus the streite way hath hold.
And to the launde he rideth him ful right,
Ther was the hart ywont to have his flight,
And over a brooke, and so forth on his wey.
This duk wol have a cours at him or twey
With houndes, swiche as him lust to commaunde.
And when this duk was comen to the launde,
Under the sonne he loked, and anon
He was ware of Arcite and Palamon,
That foughten breme, as it were bolles two.
The brighte swerdes wenten to and fro
So hidously, that with the leste stroke
It semed that it wolde felle an oke.
But what they weren, nothing he ne wote.
This duk his courser with his sporres smote,
And at a stert he was betwix hem two,
And pulled out a swerd, and cried, "Ho!
No more, up peine of lesing of your hed.
By mighty Mars, he shal anon be ded,
That smiteth any stroke, that I may sen.
But telleth me what mistere men ye ben,
That ben so hardy for to fighten here
Withouten any juge other officere,
As though it were in listes really."
This Palamon answered hastily,
And saide: "Sire, what nedeth wordes mo?
We have the deth deserved bothe two.
Two woful wretches ben we, two caitives,
That ben accombred of our owen lives,
And as thou art a rightful lord and juge,
Ne yeve us neyther mercie ne refuge.
And slc me first, for seinte charitee.
But slc my felaw eke as wel as me.
Or slc him first, for though thou know it lite,
This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite,
That fro thy lond is banished on his hed,
For which he hath deserved to be ded.
For this is he that came unto thy gate
And sayde, that he highte Philostrate.
Thus hath he japed thee ful many a yere.
And thou hast maked him thy chief squiere,
And this is he, that loveth Emelie.
"For sith the day is come that I shal die
I make plainly my confession,
That I am thilke woful Palamon,
That hath thy prison broken wilfully.
I am thy mortal fo, and it am I
That loveth so hot Emelie the bright,
That I wold dien present in hire sight.
Therfore I axe deth and my iewise.
But slc my felaw in the same wise.
For both we have deserved to be slain."
This worthy duk answerd anon again,
And sayd, "This is a short conclusion.
Your owen mouth, by your confession
Hath damned you, and I wol it recorde.
It nedeth not to peine you with the corde.
Ye shul be ded by mighty Mars the rede."
The quene anon for veray womanhede
Gan for to wepe, and so did Emelie,
And all the ladies in the compagnie.
Gret pite was it, as it thought hem alle,
That ever swiche a chance shulde befalle.
For gentil men they were of gret estat,
And nothing but for love was this debat.
And sawe hir blody woundes wide and sore;
And alle criden bothe lesse and more,
"Have mercie, Lord, upon us wimmen alle."
And on hir bare knees adoun they falle,
And wold have kist his feet ther as he stood,
Till at the last, aslaked was his mood;
(For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte)
And though he first for ire quoke and sterte,
He hath considered shortly in a clause
The trespas of hem both, and eke the cause:
And although that his ire hir gilt accused,
Yet in his reson he hem both excused;
As thus; he thoughte wel that every man
Wol helpe himself in love if that he can,
And eke deliver himself out of prison,
And eke his herte had compassion
Of wimmen, for they wepten ever in on:
And in his gentil herte he thoughte anon,
And soft unto himself he sayed: "Fie
Upon a lord that wol have no mercie,

But be a leon both in word and dede,
To hem that ben in repentance and drede,
As wel as to a proud dispitous man,
That wol mainteinen that he first began.
That lord hath litel of discretion,
That in swiche cas can no division:
But weigheth pride and humblesse after on."
And shortly, whan his ire is thus agon,
He gan to loken up with eyen light,
And spake these same wordes all on hight.
"The god of love, a! *benedicite*,
How mighty and how grete a lord is he?
Again his might ther gainen non obstacles,
He may be cleped a God for his miracles.
For he can maken at his owen gise
Of everich herte, as that him list devise.
"Lo here this Arcite, and this Palamon
That quitely weren out of my prison,
And might have lived in Thebes really,
And weten I am hir mortal enemy,
And that hir deth lith in my might also,
And yet hath love, maugre hir eyen two,
Ybrought hem hither bothe for to die.
Now loketh, is not this an heigh folie?
Who maye ben a fool but if he love?
Behold for Goddes sake that sitteth above,
Se how they blede! be they not wel arraied?
Thus hath hir lord, the god of love, hem paied
Hir wages, and hir fees for hir serviee.
And yet they weenen for to be ful wise,
That serven love, for ought that may befalle.
And yet is this the beste game of alle,
That she, for whom they have this jolite,
Can hem therfore as mochel thank as me.
She wot no more of alle this hote fare
By God, than wot a cuckow or an hare.
But all mote ben assaied hote or cold;
A man mote ben a fool other yonge or old;
I wot it by myself ful yore agon:
For in my time a servant was I on.
And therfore sith I know of loves peine,
And wot how sore it can a man distreine,
As he that oft hath ben caught in his las,
I you foryeve all holly this trespas,
At request of the quene that kneleth here,
And eke of Emelie, my suster dere.
And ye shul bothe anon unto me swere,
That never mo ye shul my contree dere,
Ne maken werre upon me night ne day,
But ben my frendes in alle that ye may.
I you foryeve this trespas every del."
And they him sware his axing fayr and wel,
And him of lordship and of mercie praid,
And he hem granted grace, and thus he said:
"To speke of real linage and richesse,
Though that she were a quene or a princesse,
Eche of you bothe is worthy douteles
To wedden whan time is, but natheles
I speke as for my suster Emelie,
For whom ye have this strif and jalousie,
Ye wot yourself, she may not wedden two
At ones, though ye fighten evermo:
But on of you, al be him loth or lefe,
He mot gon pipen in an ivy lefe:
This is to say, she may not have you bothe,
Al be ye never so jalous, ne so wrothe.
And forthy I you put in this degree,
That eche of you shall have his destinee,
As him is shape, and herkneth in what wise;
Lo here your ende of that I shal devise.

"My will is this for plat conclusion
Withouten any replication,
If that you liketh, take it for the beste,
That everich of you shal gon wher him leste
Freely withouten raunson or dangere;
And this day fifty wekes, ferre ne nere,
Everich of you shal bring an hundred knightes,
Armed for listes up at alle rightes
Alle redy to darrein hire by bataille.
And this behete I you withouten faille
Upon my trouth, and as I am a knight,
That whether of you bothe hath that might,
This is to sayn, that whether he or thou
May with his hundred, as I spake of now,
Sle his contrary, or out of listes drive,
Him shall I yeven Emelie to wive,
To whom that fortune yeveth so fayr a grace.
"The listes shal I maken in this place,
And God so wisly on my soule rewe,
As I shal even juge ben, and trewe.
Ye shal non other ende with me maken
That on of you ne shal be ded or taken.
And if you thinketh this is wel ysaid,
Saith your avis, and holdeth you apaid.
This your ende, and your conclusion."
Who loketh lightly now but Palamon?
Who springeth up for joye but Arcite?
Who coud it tell, or who coud it endite,
The joye that is maked in the place
Whan Theseus hath don so fayre a grace?
But doun on knees went every manere wight,
And thanked him with all hir hertes might,
And namely these Thebanes often sith.
And thus with good hope and with herte blith
They taken hir leve, and homeward gan they ride
To Thebes, with his olde walles wide.
I trowe men wolde deme it negligence,
If I foryete to tellen the dispence
Of Theseus, that goth so besily
To maken up the listes really,
That swiche a noble theatre as it was,
I dare wel sayn, in all this worlde ther n'as.
The circuite a mile was aboute,
Walled of stone, and diched all withoute.
Round was the shape, in manere of a compas
Ful of degrees, the hight of sixty pas,
That whan a man was set on o degree
He letted not his felaw for to see.
Estward ther stood a gate of marbel white,
Westward right swiche another in th' opposite.
And shortly to concluden, swiche a place
Was never in erthe, in so litel a space,
For in the lond ther n'as no craftes man,
That geometrie, or arsmetrike can,
Ne portreiour, ne kerver of images,
That Theseus ne yaf him mete and wages
The theatre for to maken and devise.
And for to don his rite and sacrifice,
He estward hath upon the gate above,
In worship of Venus goddesse of love,
Don make an auter and an oratorie;
And westward in the minde and in memorie
Of Mars he maked hath right swiche another,
That coste largely of gold a fother.
And northward, in a touret on the wall,
Of alabastre white and red corall
An oratorie riche for to see,
In worship of Diane of chastitee,
Hath Theseus don wrought in noble wise.
But yet had I foryetten to devise

The noble kerving, and the portreitures
The shape, the contenance of the figures
That weren in these oratories three.
First in the temple of Venus maist thou see
Wrought on the wall, ful pitous to beholde,
The broken slepes, and the sikes colde,
The sacred teres, and the waimentinges,
The firy strokes of the desirinyes,
That loves servants in this lif enduren;
The othes, that hir covenants assuren.
Plesance and hope, desire, foolhardinesse,
Beaute and youthe, baudrie and richesse,
Charmes and force, lesinges and flaterie,
Dispence, besinesse, and jalousie,
That wered of yelwe goldes a gerlond,
And hadde a cuckow sitting on hire hond,
Festes, instrumentes, and caroles and dances,
Lust and array, and all the circumstances
Of love, which that I reken and reken shall,
By ordre weren peinted on the wall,
And mo than I can make of mention.
For sothly all the mount of Citheron,
Ther Venus hath hire principal dwelling,
Was shewed on the wall in purtreying,
With all the gardin, and the lustinesse.
Nought was foryetten the porter idelnesse,
Ne Narcissus the fayre of yore agon,
Ne yet the folie of king Salomon,
Ne yet the grete strengthe of Hercules,
Th' enchantment of Medea and Circes,
Ne of Turnus the hardy fiers corage,
The riche Cresus caitif in servage.
Thus may ye seen, that wisdome ne richesse,
Beaute ne sleighte, strengthe ne hardinesse,
Ne may with Venus holden champartie,
For as him liste the world may she gie.
Lo, all these folk so caught were in hire las
Til they for wo ful often said alas.
Sufficeth here ensamples on or two,
And yet I coude reken a thousand mo.
The statue of Venus glorious for to see
Was naked fleting in the large see,
And fro the navel doun all covered was
With wawes grene, and bright as any glas.
A citole in hire right hand hadde she,
And on hire hed, ful semely for to see,
A rose gerlond fressh, and wel smelling,
Above hire hed hire doves fleckering.
Before hire stood hire sone Cupido,
Upon his shoulders winges had he two;
And blind he was, as it is often sene;
A bow he bare and arwes bright and kene.
Why shulde I not as wel eke tell you all
The purtreiture, that was upon the wall
Within the temple of mighty Mars the rede?
All peinted was the wall in length and brede
Like to the estres of the grisly place,
That highte the gret temple of Mars in Trace,
In thilke colde and frosty region,
Ther as Mars hath his sovereine mansion.
First on the wall was peinted a forest,
In which ther wonneth neyther man ne best,
With knotty knarry barrein trees old
Of stubbes sharpe and hidous to behold;
In which there ran a romble and a swough,
As though a storme shuld bresten every bough:
And downward from an hill under a bent,
Ther stood the temple of Mars armipotent,
Wrought all of burned stele, of which th' entree
Was longe and streite, and gastly for to see.
And therout came a rage and swiche a vise,
That it made all the gates for to rise.
The northern light in at the dore shone,
For window on the wall ne was ther none,
Thurgh which men mighten any light discerne.
The dore was all of athamant eterne,
Yclenched overthwart and endelong
With yren tough, and for to make it strong,
Every piler the temple to sustene
Was tonne-gret, of yren bright and shene.
Ther saw I first the derke imagining
Of felonie, and alle the compassing;
The cruel ire, red as any glede,
The pikepurse, and eke the pale drede;
The smiler with the knif under the cloke,
The shepen brenning with the blake smoke;
The treson of the mordring in the bedde,
The open werre, with woundes all bebledde;
Conteke with bloody knif, and sharp manace.
All full of chirking was that sory place.
The sleer of himself yet saw I there,
His herte blood hath bathed all his here:
The nail ydriven in the shode on hight,
The colde deth, with mouth gaping upright.
Amiddes of the temple sate mischance,
With discomfort and sory countenance.
Yet saw I woodnesse laughing in his rage,
Armed complaint, outhees, and fiers outrage;
The carraine in the bush, with throte ycorven,
A thousand slain, and not of qualme ystorven;
The tiraunt, with the prey by force yraft;
The toun destroied, ther was nothing laft.
Yet saw I brent the shippes hoppesteres,
The hunte ystrangled with the wilde beres:
The sow freting the child right in the cradel;
The coke yscalled, for all his long ladel.
Nought was foryete by th' infortune of Marte
The carter overridden with his carte;
Under the wheel ful low he lay adoun.
Ther were also of Martes division,
Th' armerer, and the bowyer, and the smith,
That forgeth sharpe swerdes on his stith.
And all above depeinted in a tour
Saw I conquest, sitting in gret honour,
With thilke sharpe swerd over his hed
Yhanging by a subtil twined thred.
Depeinted was the slaughter of Julius,
Of gret Nero, and of Antonius:
All be that thilke time they were unborne,
Yet was hir deth depeinted ther beforne,
By manacing of Mars, right by figure,
So was it shewed in that purtreiture
As is depeinted in the cercles above,
Who shal be slaine or elles ded for love.
Sufficeth on ensample in stories olde,
I may not reken hem alle, though I wolde.
The statue of Mars upon a carte stood
Armed, and loked grim as he were wood,
And over his hed ther shinen two figures
Of sterres, that ben cleped in scriptures,
That on Puella, that other Rubeus.
This god of armes was araied thus:
A wolf ther stood beforne him at his fete
With eyen red, and of a man he ete:
With subtil pensil peinted was this storie,
In redouting of Mars and of his glorie.
Now to the temple of Diane the chaste
As shortly as I can I wol me haste,
To tellen you of the descriptioun,
Depeinted by the walles up and doun,

Of hunting and of shamefast chastitee.
Ther saw I how woful Calistope,
Whan that Diane agreved was with here,
Was turned from a woman til a bere,
And after was she made the lodesterre:
Thus was it peinted, I can say no ferre;
Hire sone is eke a sterre as men may see.
Ther saw I Dane yturned til a tree,
I mene not hire the goddesse Diane,
But Peneus daughter, which that highte Dane.
There saw I Atteon an hart ymaked,
For vengeance that he saw Diane all naked:
I saw how that his houndes have him caught,
And freten him, for that they knew him naught.
Yet peinted was a litel forthermore,
How Athalante hunted the wilde bore,
And Meleagre, and many another mo,
For which Diane wroughte hem care and wo.
Ther saw I many another wonder storie,
The which me liste not drawen to memorie.
This goddesse on an hart ful heye sete,
With smale houndes all aboute hire fete,
And undernethe hire feet she hadde a mone,
Wexing it was, and shulde wanen sone.
In gaudy grene hire statue clothed was,
With bow in hond, and arwes in a cas.
Hire eyen caste she ful low adoun,
Ther Pluto hath his derke regioun.
A woman travailling was hire beforne,
But for hire childe so longe was unborne
Ful pitously Lucina gan she call,
And sayed; "Helpe, for thou mayst beste of all."
Wel coude he peinten lifly that it wrought,
With many a florein he the hewes bought.
Now ben these listes made, and Theseus
That at his grete cost arraied thus
The temples, and the theatre everidel,
Whan it was don, him liked wonder wel.
But stint I wol of Theseus a lite,
And speke of Palamon and of Arcite.
The day approcheth of hir returning,
That everich shuld an hundred knightes bring,
The bataille to darreine, as I you told;
And til Athenes, hir covenant for to hold,
Hath everich of hem brought an hundred knightes,
Wel armed for the werre at alle rightes.
And sikerly, ther trowed many a man,
That never sithen that the world began,
As for to speke of knighthood of hir hond,
As fer as God hath maked see and lond,
N'as, of so fewe, so noble a compagnie.
For every wight that loved chevalrie,
And wold, his thankes, han a passant name,
Hath praied, that he might ben of that game,
And wel was him, that therto chosen was.
For if ther fell to-morwe, swiche a cas,
Ye knowen wel, that every lusty knight,
That loveth *par amour*, and hath his might,
Were it in Englelond, or elleswher,
They wold, hir thankes, willen to be ther.
To fight for a lady, a! *benedicite*,
It were a lusty sighte for to se.
And right so ferden they with Palamon.
With him ther wenten knightes many on.
Som wol ben armed in an habergeon,
And in a brest plate, and in a gipon;
And som wol have a pair of plates large;
And som wol have a Pruce sheld, or a targe;
Some wol ben armed on his legges wele,
And have an axe, and some a mace of stele.
Ther n'is no newe guise, that it n'as old.
Armed they weren, as I have you told,
Everich after his opinion.
Ther maist thou se coming with Palamon
Licurge himself, the grete king of Trace:
Blake was his berd, and manly was his face.
The cercles of his eyen in his hed
They gloweden betwixen yelwe and red,
And like a griffon loked he about,
With kemped heres on his browes stout;
His limmes gret, his braunes hard and stronge,
His shouldres brode, his armes round and longe.
And as the guise was in his contree,
Ful highe upon a char of gold stood he,
With foure white bolles in the trais.
Instede of cote armure on his harnais,
With nayles yelwe, and bright as any gold,
He hadde a beres skin, cole-blake for old.
His longe here was kempt behind his bak,
As any ravenes fether it shone for blake.
A wreth of gold arm-gret, of huge weight,
Upon his hed sate ful of stones bright,
Of fine rubins and of diamants.
About his char ther wenten white alauns,
Twenty and mo, as gret as any stere,
To hunten at the leon, or the dere,
And folwed him, with mosel fast ybound,
Colered with gold, and torettes filed round,
An hundred lordes had he in his route
Armed full wel, with hertes sterne and stoute.
With Arcita, in stories as men find,
The gret Emetrius the king of Inde,
Upon a stede bay, trapped in stele,
Covered with cloth of gold diapred wele,
Came riding like the god of armes Mars.
His cote armure was of a cloth of Tars,
Couched with perles, white, and round and grete.
His sadel was of brent gold new ybete;
A mantelet upon his shouldres hanging
Bret-ful of rubies red, as fire sparkling.
His crispe here like ringes was yronne,
And that was yelwe, and glitered as the sonne.
His nose was high, his eyen bright citrin,
His lippes round, his colour was sanguin,
A fewe fraknes in his face yspreint,
Betwixen yelwe and blake somdel ymeint,
And as a leon he his loking caste.
Of five and twenty yere his age I caste.
His berd was wel begonnen for to spring;
His vois was as a trompe thondering.
Upon his hed he wered of laurer grene
A gerlond fresshe and lusty for to sene.
Upon his hond he bare for his deduit
An egle tame, as any lily whit.
An hundred lordes had he with him there,
All armed save hir hedes in all hir gere,
Ful richely in alle manere thinges.
For trusteth wel, that erles, dukes, kinges
Were gathered in this noble compagnie,
For love, and for encrese of chevalrie.
About this king ther ran on every part
Ful many a tame leon and leopart.
And in this wise, these lordes all and some
Ben on the Sonday to the citee come
Abouten prime, and in the toun alight.
This Theseus, this duk, this worthy knight,
Whan he had brought hem into his citee,
And inned hem, everich at his degree,
He festeth hem, and doth so gret labour
To esen hem, and don hem all honour,

That yet men wenen that no mannes wit
Of non estat ne coud amenden it.
The minstralcie, the service at the feste,
The grete yeftes to the most and leste,
The riche array of Theseus paleis,
Ne who sate first, ne last upon the deis,
What ladies fayrest ben or best dancing,
Or which of hem can carole best or sing,
Ne who most felingly speketh of love;
What haukes sitten on the perche above,
What houndes liggen on the floor adoun,
Of all this now make I no mentioun;
But of the effect; that thinketh me the beste;
Now cometh the point, and herkeneth if you leste.
The Sonday night, or day began to spring,
Whan Palamon the larke herde sing,
Although it n'ere not day by houres two,
Yet sang the larke, and Palamon right tho
With holy herte, and with an high corage
He rose, to wenden on his pilgrimage
Unto the blisful Citherea benigne,
I mene Venus, honourable and digne.
And in hire houre, he walked forth a pas
Unto the listes, ther hire temple was.
And doun he kneleth, and with humble chere
And herte sore, he sayde as ye shul here.
"Fayrest of fayre, o lady min Venus,
Daughter to Jove, and spouse of Vulcanus,
Thou glader of the mount of Citheron,
For thilke love thou haddest to Adon
Have pitee on my bitter teres smert,
And take myn humble praier at thin herte.
"Alas! I ne have no language to tell
The effecte, ne the torment of min hell;
Min herte may min harmes not bewrey:
I am so confuse, that I cannot say.
But mercy, lady bright, that knowest wele
My thought, and seest what harmes that I fele,
Consider all this, and rue upon my sore,
As wisly as I shall for evermore,
Emforth my might, thy trewe servant be,
And holden werre alway with chastite:
That make I min avow, so ye me helpe.
I kepe nought of armes for to yelpe,
Ne ax I nat to-morwe to have victorie,
Ne renoun in this cas, ne vaine glorie
Of pris of armes, blowen up and doun,
But I wold have fully possessioun
Of Emelie, and die in hire servise;
Find thou the manere how, and in what wise.
I recke not, but it may better be,
To have victorie of hem, or they of me,
So that I have my lady in min armes.
For though so be that Mars is god of armes,
Your vertue is so grete in heven above,
That if you liste, I shal wel have my love.
Thy temple wol I worship evermo,
And on thin auter, wher I ride or go,
I wol don sacrifice, and fires bete.
And if ye wol not so, my lady swete,
Than pray I you, to-morwe with a spere
That Arcita me thurgh the herte bere.
Than rekke I not, whan I have lost my lif,
Though that Arcita win hire to his wif.
This is the effecte and ende of my praiere;
Yeve me my love, thou blisful lady dere."
Whan the orison was don of Palamon,
His sacrifice he did, and that anon,
Full pitously, with alle circumstances,
All tell I not as now his observances.
But at the last the statue of Venus shoke,
And made a signe, wherby that he toke,
That his praiere accepted was that day.
For though the signe shewed a delay,
Yet wist he wel that granted was his bone;
And with glad herte he went him home ful sone.
The thridde houre inequal that Palamon
Began to Venus temple for to gon,
Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie,
And to the temple of Diane gan hie.
Hire maydens, that she thider with hire ladde,
Ful redily with hem the fire they hadde,
Th'encense, the clothes, and the remenant all
That to the sacrifice longen shall.
The hornes ful of mede, as was the gise,
Ther lakked nought to don hire sacrifise.
Smoking the temple, ful of clothes fayre,
This Emelie with herte debonaire
Hire body wesshe with water of a well.
But how she did hire rite I dare not tell;
But it be any thing in general;
And yet it were a game to heren all;
To him that meneth wel it n'ere no charge:
But it is good a man to ben at large.
Hire bright here kembed was, untressed all.
A coroune of a grene oke cerial
Upon hire hed was set ful fayre and mete.
Two fires on the auter gan she bete,
And did hire thinges, as men may behold
In Stace of Thebes, and these bokes old.
Whan kindled was the fire, with pitous chere
Unto Diane she spake, as ye may here.
"O chaste goddesse of the wodes grene,
To whom both heven and erthe and see is sene,
Quene of the regne of Pluto, derke and lowe,
Goddesse of maydens, that min herte hast knowe
Ful many a yere, and wost what I desire,
As kepe me fro thy vengeance and thin ire,
That Atteon aboughte cruelly:
Chaste goddesse, wel wotest thou that I
Desire to ben a mayden all my lif,
Ne never wol I be no love ne wif.
I am (thou wost) yet of thy compagnie,
A mayde, and love hunting and venerie,
And for to walken in the wodes wilde,
And not to ben a wif, and be with childe.
Nought wol I knowen compagnie of man.
Now helpe me lady, sith ye may and can,
For tho three formes that thou hast in thee.
And Palamon, that hath swiche love to me,
And eke Arcite, that loveth me so sore,
This grace I praie thee withouten more;
As sende love and pees betwix hem two:
And fro me torne away hir hertes so,
That all hir hote love, and hir desire,
And all hir besy torment, and hir fire
Be queinte, or torned in another place.
And if so be thou wolt not do me grace,
Or if my destinee be shapen so,
That I shall nedes have on of hem two,
As sende me him that most desireth me.
"Beholde, goddesse of clene chastite,
The bitter teres, that on my chekes fall.
Sin thou art mayde, and keper of us all,
My maydenhed thou kepe and wel conserve,
And while I live, a mayde I wol thee serve."
The fires brenne upon the auter clere,
While Emelie was thus in hire praiere:
But sodenly she saw a sighte queinte.
For right anon on of the fires queinte,

And quiked again, and after that anon
That other fire was queinte, and all agon:
And as it queinte, it made a whisteling,
As don these brondes wet in hir brenning.
And at the brondes ende outran anon
As it were blody dropes many on:
For which so sore agast was Emelie,
That she was wel neigh mad, and gan to crie,
For she ne wiste what it signified;
But only for the fere thus she cried,
And wept, that it was pitee for to here.
And therwithall Diane gan appere
With bowe in hond, right as an hunteresse,
And sayde; "Doughter, stint thin hevinesse.
Among the goddes highe it is affermed,
And by eterne word written and confermed,
Thou shalt be wedded unto on of tho,
That han for thee so mochel care and wo:
But unto which of hem I may not tell.
Farewel, for here I may no longer dwell.
The fires which that on min auter brenne,
Shal thee declaren er that thou go henne,
Thin aventure of love, as in this cas."
And with that word, the arwes in the cas
Of the goddesse clatteren fast and ring,
And forth she went, and made a vanishing,
For which this Emelie astonied was,
And sayde; "What amounteth this, alas!
I putte me in thy protection,
Diane, and in thy disposition."
And home she goth anon the nexte way.
This is the effecte, ther n'is no more to say.
The nexte houre of Mars folwing this
Arcite unto the temple walked is
Of fierce Mars, to don his sacrifise
With all the rights of his payen wise.
With pitous herte and high devotion,
Right thus to Mars he sayde his orison.
"O stronge god, that in the regnes cold
Of Trace honoured art, and lord yhold,
And hast in every regne and every lond
Of armes all the bridel in thin hond,
And hem fortunest as thee list devise,
Accept of me my pitous sacrifise.
If so be that my youthe may deserve,
And that my might be worthy for to serve
Thy godhed, that I may ben on of thine,
Than praie I thee to rewe upon my pine,
For thilke peine, and thilke hote fire,
In which thou whilom brendest for desire
Whanne that thou usedest the beautee
Of fayre yonge Venus, freshe and free,
And haddest hire in armes at thy wille:
Although thee ones on a time misfille,
Whan Vulcanus had caught thee in his las,
And fond thee ligging by his wif, alas!
For thilke sorwe that was tho in thin herte,
Have reuthe as wel upon my peines smerte.
"I am yonge and unkonning, as thou wost,
And, as I trow, with love offended most,
That ever was ony lives creature:
For she, that doth me all this wo endure,
Ne recceth never, whether I sinke or flete.
And wel I wot, or she me mercy hete,
I moste with strengthe win hire in the place:
And wel I wot, withouten helpe or grace
Of thee, ne may my strength not availe:
Than helpe me, lord, to-morwe in my bataille,
For thilke fire that whilom brenned thee,
As wel as that this fire now brenneth me;
And do, that I to-morwe may han victorie.
Min be the travaille, and thin be the glorie.
Thy soverain temple wol I most honouren
Of ony place, and alway most labouren
In thy plesance and in thy craftes strong.
And in thy temple I wol my baner hong,
And all the armes of my compagnie,
And evermore, until that day I die,
Eterne fire I wol beforne thee find.
And eke to this avow I wol me bind.
My berd, my here that hangeth long adoun,
That never yet felt non offensioun
Of rasour ne of shere, I wol thee yeve,
And ben thy trewe servant while I live.
Now, lord, have reuthe upon my sorwes sore,
Yeve me the victorie, I axe thee no more."
The prayer stint of Arcita the stronge,
The ringes on the temple dore that honge,
And eke the dores clattereden ful fast,
Of which Arcita somwhat him agast.
The fires brent upon the auter bright,
That it gan all the temple for to light;
A swete smell anon the ground up yaf,
And Arcita anon his hond up haf,
And more encense into the fire he cast,
With other rites mo, and at the last
The statue of Mars began his hauberke ring;
And with that soun he herd a murmuring
Ful low and dim, that sayde thus, "Victorie."
For which he yaf to Mars honour and glorie.
And thus with joye, and hope wel to fare,
Arcite anon unto his inne is fare,
As fayn as foul is of the brighte sonne.
And right anon swiche strif ther is begonne
For thilke granting, in the heven above,
Betwixen Venus the goddesse of love,
And Mars the sterne God armipotent,
That Jupiter was besy it to stent:
Til that the pale Saturnus the colde,
That knew so many of aventures olde,
Fond in his old experience and art,
That he ful sone hath plesed every part.
As sooth is sayd, elde hath gret avantage,
In elde is bothe wisdom and usage:
Men may the old out-renne, but not out-rede.
Saturne anon, to stenten strif and drede,
Al be it that it is again his kind,
Of all this strif he gan a remedy find.
"My dere doughter Venus," quod Saturne,
"My cours, that hath so wide for to turne,
Hath more power than wot any man.
Min is the drenching in the see so wan,
Min is the prison in the derke cote,
Min is the strangel and hanging by the throte.
The murmure, and the cherles rebelling,
The groyning, and the prive empoysoning.
I do vengeance and pleine correction,
While I dwell in the signe of the Leon.
Min is the ruine of the highe halles,
The falling of the toures and of the walles
Upon the minour, or the carpenter:
I slew Samson in shaking the pilers.
Min ben also the maladies colde,
The derke tresons, and the castes olde:
My loking is the fader of pestilence.
Now wepe no more, I shall do diligence,
That Palamon, that is thin owen knight,
Shal have his lady, as thou hast him hight.
Thogh Mars shal help his knight yet natheles,
Betwixen you ther mot somtime be pees:

All be ye not of o complexion,
That causeth all day swiche division.
I am thin ayel, redy at thy will;
Wepe now no more, I shal thy lust fulfill."
Now wol I stenten of the goddes above,
Of Mars, and of Venus goddesse of love,
And tellen you as plainly as I can
The gret effect, for which that I began.
Gret was the feste in Athenes thilke day,
And eke the lusty seson of that May
Made every wight to ben in swiche plesance,
That all that Monday justen they and dance,
And spenden it in Venus high servise.
But by the cause that they shulden rise
Erly a-morwe for to seen the fight,
Unto hir reste wenten they at night.
And on the morwe whan the day gan spring,
Of hors and harneis noise and clattering
Ther was in the hostelries all aboute:
And to the paleis rode ther many a route
Of lordes, upon stedes and palfreis.
Ther mayst thou see devising of harneis
So uncouth and so riche, and wrought so wele
Of goldsmithry, of brouding, and of stele;
The sheldes brighte, testeres, and trappures;
Gold-hewen helmes, hauberkes, cote armures;
Lordes in paramentes on hir courseres,
Knightes of retenue, and eke squieres,
Nailing the speres, and helmes bokeling,
Gniding of sheldes, with lainers lacing;
Ther as nede is, they weren nothing idel:
The fomy stedes on the golden bridel
Gnawing, and fast the armureres also
With file and hammer priking to and fro;
Yemen on foot, and communes many on
With shorte staves, thicke as they may gon;
Pipes, trompes, nakeres, and clariounes,
That in the bataille blowen blody sounes;
The paleis ful of peple up and doun,
Here three, ther ten, holding hir questioun,
Devining of these Theban knightes two.
Som sayden thus, som sayde it shal be so;
Som helden with him with the blacke berd,
Som with the balled, som with the thick herd;
Som saide he loked grim, and wolde fighte:
He hath a sparth of twenty pound of wighte.
Thus was the halle full of devining
Long after that the sonne gan up spring.
The gret Theseus that of his slepe is waked
With minstralcie and noise that was maked,
Held yet the chambre of his paleis riche,
Til that the Theban knightes bothe yliche
Honoured were, and to the paleis fette.
Duk Theseus is at a window sette,
Araied right as he were a god in trone:
The peple preseth thiderward ful sone
Him for to seen, and don high reverence,
And eke to herken his heste and his sentence.
An heraud on a scaffold made an O,
Til that the noise of the peple was ydo:
And whan he saw the peple of noise al still,
Thus shewed he the mighty dukes will.
"The lord hath of his high discretion
Considered, that it were destruction
To gentil blood, to fighten in the gise
Of mortal bataille now in this emprise:
Wherfore to shapen that they shul not die,
He wol his firste purpos modifie.
"No man therfore, up peine of losse of lif,
No maner shot, ne pollax, ne short knif
Into the listes send, or thider bring.
Ne short swerd for to stike with point biting
No man ne draw, ne bere it by his side.
Ne no man shal unto his felaw ride
But o cours, with a sharpe ygrounden spere:
Foin if him list on foot, himself to were.
And he that is at meschief, shall be take,
And not slaine, but be brought unto the stake,
That shal ben ordeined on eyther side,
Thider he shal by force, and ther abide.
And if so fall, the chevetain be take
On eyther side, or elles sleth his make,
No longer shal the tourneying ylast.
God spede you; goth forth and lay on fast.
With long swerd and with mase fighteth your fill,
Goth now your way; this is the lordes will."
The vois of the peple touched to the heven,
So loude crieden they with mery steven:
"God save swiche a lord that is so good,
He wileth no destruction of blood."
Up gon the trompes and the melodie,
And to the listes rit the compagnie
By ordinance, thurghout the cite large,
Hanged with cloth of gold, and not with sarge.
Ful like a lord this noble duk gan ride,
And these two Thebans upon eyther side:
And after rode the quene and Emelie,
And after that another compagnie
Of on and other, after hir degree.
And thus they passen thurghout the citee,
And to the listes comen they be time:
It n'as not of the day yet fully prime.
Whan set was Theseus ful rich and hie,
Ipolita the quene, and Emelie,
And other ladies in degrees aboute,
Unto the setes preseth all the route.
And westward, thurgh the gates under Mart,
Arcite, and eke the hundred of his part,
With baner red, is entred right anon;
And in the selve moment Palamon
Is, under Venus, estward in the place,
With baner white, and hardy chere and face.
In all the world, to seken up and doun,
So even without variatioun
Ther n'ere swiche compagnies never twey.
For ther was non so wise that coude sey,
That any hadde of other avantage
Of worthinesse, ne of estat, ne age,
So even were they chosen for to gesse.
And in two renges fayre they hem dresse.
Whan that hir names red were everich on,
That in hir nombre gile were ther non,
Tho were the gates shette, and cried was loude;
"Do now your devoir, yonge knightes proude."
The heraudes left hir priking up and doun.
Now ringen trompes loud and clarioun.
Ther is no more to say, but est and west
In gon the speres sadly in the rest;
In goth the sharpe spore into the side.
Ther see men who can juste, and who can ride:
Ther shiveren shaftes upon sheldes thicke;
He feleth thurgh the herte-spone the pricke.
Up springen speres twenty foot on highte;
Out gon the swerdes as the silver brighte.
The helmes they to-hewen, and to-shrede;
Out brest the blod, with sterne stremes rede.
With mighty maces the bones they to-breste.
He thurgh the thickest of the throng gan threste.
Ther stomblen stedes strong, and doun goth all.
He rolleth under foot as doth a ball.

He foineth on his foo with a tronchoun,
And he him hurtleth with his hors adoun.
He thurgh the body is hurt, and sith ytake
Maugre his hed, and brought unto the stake,
As forword was, right ther he must abide.
Another lad is on that other side.
And somtime doth hem Theseus to rest,
Hem to refresh, and drinken if him lest.
Ful oft a day han thilke Thebanes two
Togeder met, and wrought eche other wo:
Unhorsed hath eche other of hem twey.
Ther n'as no tigre in the vale of Galaphey,
Whan that hire whelpe is stole, whan it is lite,
So cruel on the hunt, as is Arcite
For jalous herte upon this Palamon:
Ne in Belmarie ther n'is so fell leon,
That hunted is, or for his hunger wood,
Ne of his prey desireth so the blood,
As Palamon to sleen his foo Arcite.
The jalous strokes on hir helmes bite;
Out renneth blood on both hir sides rede.
Somtime an ende ther is of every dede.
For er the sonne unto the reste went,
The stronge king Emetrius gan hent
This Palamon, as he fought with Arcite,
And made his sword depe in his flesh to bite.
And by the force of twenty is he take
Unyolden, and ydrawen to the stake.
And in the rescous of this Palamon
The stronge king Licurge is borne adoun:
And king Emetrius for all his strengthe
Is borne out of his sadel a swerdes lengthe,
So hitte him Palamon or he were take:
But all for nought, he was brought to the stake:
His hasdy herte might him helpen naught,
He moste abiden, whan that he was caught,
By force, and eke by composition.
Who sorweth now but woful Palamon?
That moste no more gon again to fight.
And whan that Theseus had seen that sight,
Unto the folk that foughten thus eche on,
He cried, "Ho! no more, for it is don.
I wol be trewe juge, and not partie.
Arcite of Thebes shal have Emelie,
That by his fortune hath hire fayre ywonne."
Anon ther is a noise of peple begonne
For joy of this, so loud and high withall,
It seemed that the listes shulden fall.
What can now fayre Venus don above?
What saith she now? what doth this quene of love?
But wepeth so, for wanting of hire will,
Til that hire teres in the listes fill:
She sayde: "I am ashamed doutelees."
Saturnus sayde: "Daughter, hold thy pees."
Mars hath his will, his knight hath all his bone,
And by min hed thou shalt ben esed sone.
The trompoures with the loude minstralcie,
The heraudes, that so loude yell and crie,
Ben in hir joye for wele of Dan Arcite.
But herkeneth me, and stenteth noise a lite,
Whiche a miracle ther befell anon.
This fierce Arcite hath of his helme ydon,
And on a courser for to shew his face
He priketh endelong the large place,
Loking upward upon this Emelie;
And she again him cast a friendlich eye,
(For women, as to speken in commune,
They folwen all the favour of fortune)
And was all his in chere, as his in herte.
Out of the ground a fury infernal sterte,
From Pluto sent, at requeste of Saturne,
For which his hors for fere gan to turne,
And lepte aside, and foundred as he lepe:
And er that Arcite may take any kepe,
He pight him on the pomel of his hed,
That in the place he lay as he were ded,
His brest to-brosten with his sadel bow.
As blake he lay as any cole or crow,
So was the blood yronnen in his face.
Anon he was yborne out of the place
With herte sore, to Theseus paleis.
Tho was he corven out of his harneis,
And in a bed ybrought ful fayre and blive,
For he was yet in memorie, and live,
And alway crying after Emelie.
Duk Theseus, with all his compagnie,
Is comen home to Athenes his citee,
With alle blisse and gret solempnite.
Al be it that this aventure was falle,
He n'olde not discomforten hem alle.
Men sayden eke, that Arcite shal not die,
He shal ben heled of his maladie.
And of another thing they were as fayn,
That of hem alle was ther non yslain,
Al were they sore yhurt, and namely on,
That with a spere was thirled his brest bone.
To other woundes, and to broken armes,
Som hadden salves, and som hadden charmes:
And fermacies of herbes, and eke save
They dronken, for they wold hir lives have.
For which this noble duk, as he wel can,
Comforteth and honoureth every man,
And made revel all the longe night,
Unto the strange lordes, as was right.
Ne ther n'as holden no discomforting,
But as at justes or a tourneying;
For sothly ther n'as no discomfiture,
For falling n'is not but an aventure.
Ne to be lad by force unto a stake
Unyolden, and with twenty knightes take,
O person all alone, withouten mo,
And haried forth by armes, foot, and too,
And eke his stede driven forth with staves,
With footmen, bothe yemen and eke knaves,
It was aretted him no vilanie:
Ther may no man clepen it cowardie.
For which anon duk Theseus let crie,
To stenten alle rancour and envie,
The gree as wel of o side as of other,
And eyther side ylike, as ot'ers brother:
And yave hem giftes after hir degree,
And held a feste fully dayes three:
And conveyed the kinges worthily
Out of his toun a journee largely.
And home went every man the righte way,
Ther n'as no more, but farewel, have good day.
Of this bataille I wol no more endite,
But speke of Palamon and of Arcite.
Swelleth the brest of Arcite, and the sore,
Encreseth at his herte more and more.
The clotered blood, for any leche-craft
Corrumpeth, and is in his bouke ylaft,
That neyther veine-blood, ne ventousing,
Ne drinke of herbes may ben his helping.
The vertue expulsif, or animal,
Fro thilke vertue cleped natural,
Ne may the venime voiden, ne expell.
The pipes of his longes gan to swell,
And every lacerte in his brest adoun
Is shent with venime and corruptioun.

Him gaineth neyther, for to get his lif,
Vomit upward, ne dounward laxatif;
All is to-brosten thilke region;
Nature hath now no domination.
And certainly ther nature wol not werche,
Farewel physike; go bere the man to cherche.
This is all and som, that Arcite moste die.
For which he sendeth after Emelie,
And Palamon, that was his cosin dere.
Than sayd he thus, as ye shuln after here.
"Nought may the woful spirit in myn herte
Declare o point of all my sorwes smerte
To you, my lady, that I love most;
But I bequethe the service of my gost
To you aboven every creature,
Sin that my lif ne may no lenger dure.
"Alas the wo! alas the peines strong,
That I for you have suffered, and so longe!
Alas the deth! alas min Emelie!
Alas departing of our compagnie!
Alas min hertes quene! alas my wif!
Min hertes ladie, ender of my lif!
What is this world? what axen men to have?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave
Alone withouten any compagnie.
Farewel my swete, farewel min Emelie,
And softe take me in your armes twey,
For love of God, and herkeneth what I sey.
"I have here with my cosin Palamon
Had strif and rancour many a day agon
For love of you, and for my jalousie.
And Jupiter so wis my soule gie,
To speken of a servant proprely,
With alle circumstances trewely,
That is to sayn, trouth, honour, and knighthede,
Wisdom, humblesse, estat, and high kinrede,
Fredom, and all that longeth to that art,
So Jupiter have of my soule part,
As in this world right now ne know I non,
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and wol don all his lif.
And if that ever ye shal ben a wif,
Forgete not Palamon, the gentil man."
And with that word his speche faille began.
For from his feet up to his brest was come,
The cold of deth, that had him overnome.
And yet moreover in his armes two
The vital strength is lost, and all ago.
Only the intellect, withouten more,
That dwelled in his herte sike and sore,
Gan faillen, whan the herte felte deth;
Dusked his eyen two, and failled his breth.
But on his ladie yet cast he his eye;
His last word was; "Mercy, Emelie!"
His spirit changed hous, and wente ther,
As I came never I cannot tellen wher.
Therfore I stent, I am no divinistre;
Of soules find I not in this registre,
Ne me lust not th' opinions to telle
Of hem, though that they writen wher they dwelle.
Arcite is cold, ther Mars his soule gie.
Now wol I speken forth of Emelie.
Shright Emelie, and houleth Palamon,
And Theseus his sister toke anon
Swouning, and bare hire from the corps away.
What helpeth it to tarien forth the day,
To tellen how she wep both even and morwe?
For in swiche cas wimmen have swiche sorwe,
Whan that hir housbonds ben fro hem ago,
That for the more part they sorwen so,
Or elles fallen in swiche maladie,
That atte laste certainly they die.
Infinite ben the sorwes and the teres
Of olde folk, and folk of tendre yeres,
In all the toun for deth of this Theban:
For him ther wepeth bothe childe and man.
So gret a weping was ther non certain,
Whan Hector was ybrought, all fresh yslain
To Troy, alas! the pitee that was there,
Cratching of chekes, rending eke of here.
"Why woldest thou be ded?" thise women crie,
"And haddest gold ynough, and Emelie."
No man might gladen this duk Theseus,
Saving his olde fader Egeus,
That knew this worldes transmutatioun,
As he had seen it chaungen up and doun,
Joye after wo, and wo after gladnesse;
And shewed him ensample and likenesse.
"Right as ther died never man" quod he,
"That he ne lived in erthe in som degree,
Right so ther lived never man" he seyd
"In all this world, that somtime he ne deyd.
This world n'is but a thurghfare ful of wo,
And we ben pilgrimes, passing to and fro:
Deth is an end of every worldes sore."
And over all this yet said he mochel more
To this effect, ful wisely to enhort
The peple, that they shuld hem recomfort.
Duk Theseus with all his besy cure
He casteth now, wher that the sepulture
Of good Arcite may best ymaked be,
And eke most honourable in his degree.
And at the last he toke conclusion,
That ther as first Arcite and Palamon
Hadden for love the bataille hem betwene,
That in that selve grove, sote and grene,
Ther as he hadde his amorous desires,
His complaint, and for love his hote fires,
He wolde make a fire, in which the office
Of funeral he might all accomplise;
And lete anon commande to hack and hewe
The okes old, and lay hem on a rew
In culpons, wel araied for to brenne.
His officers with swifte feet they renne
And ride anon at his commandement.
And after this, this Theseus hath sent
After a bere, and it all overspradde
With cloth of gold, the richest that he hadde;
And of the same suit he cladde Arcite.
Upon his hondes were his gloves white,
Eke on his hed a croune of laurer grene,
And in his hond a swerd ful bright and kene.
He laid him bare the visage on the bere,
Therwith he wept that pitee was to here.
And for the peple shulde seen him alle,
Whan it was day he brought him to the halle,
That roreth of the crying and the soun.
Tho came this woful Theban Palamon
With flotery berd, and ruggy ashy heres,
In clothes blake, ydropped all with teres,
And (passing over of weping Emelie)
The reufullest of all the compagnie.
And in as much as the service shuld be
The more noble and riche in his degree,
Duk Theseus let forth three stedes bring,
That trapped were in stele all glittering,
And covered with the armes of Dan Arcite.
And eke upon these stedes gret and white
Ther saten folk, of which on bare his sheld,
Another his spere up in his hondes held;

The thridde bare with him his bow Turkeis,
Of brent gold was the cas and the harneis:
And riden forth a pas with sorweful chere
Toward the grove, as ye shul after here.
The noblest of the Grekes that ther were
Upon hir shuldres carrieden the bere,
With slacke pas, and eyen red and wete,
Thurghout the citee, by the maister strete,
That sprad was all with black, and wonder hie
Right of the same is all the strete ywrie.
Upon the right hand went olde Egeus,
And on that other side duk Theseus,
With vessels in hir hond of gold ful fine,
All ful of hony, milk, and blood, and wine;
Eke Palamon, with ful gret compagnie;
And after that came woful Emelie,
With fire in hond, as was that time the gise,
To don the office of funeral service.
High labour, and ful gret apparailling
Was at the service of that fire making,
That with his grene top the heven raught,
And twenty fadom of brede the armes straught:
This is to sain, the boughes were so brode.
Of stre first ther was laied many a lode.
But how the fire was maked up on highte,
And eke the names how the trees highte,
As oke, fir, birch, aspe, alder, holm, poplere,
Wilow, elm, plane, ash, box, chestein, lind, laurere,
Maple, thorn, beche, hasel, ew, whipultre,
How they were feld, shal not be told for me;
Ne how the goddes rannen up and doun
Disherited of her habitatioun,
In which they woneden in rest and pees,
Nimphes, Faunes, and Amadriades;
Ne how the bestes, and the briddes alle
Fledden for fere, whan the wood gan falle;
Ne how the ground agast was of the light,
That was not wont to see the sonne bright;
Ne how the fire was couched first with stre,
And than with drie stickes cloven a-thre,
And than with grene wood and spicerie,
And than with cloth of gold and with perrie,
And gerlonds hanging with ful many a flour.
The mirre, th'encense also with swete odour;
Ne how Arcita lay among all this,
Ne what richesse about his body is;
Ne how that Emelie, as was the gise,
Put in the fire of funeral service;
Ne how she swouned whan she made the fire,
Ne what she spake, ne what was hire desire;
Ne what jewelles men in the fire caste,
Whan that the fire was gret and brente faste;
Ne how som cast hir sheld, and som hir spere,
And of hir vestimentes, which they were,
And cuppes full of wine, and milk, and blood,
Into the fire, that brent as it were wood;
Ne how the Grekes with a huge route
Three times riden all the fire aboute
Upon the left hond, with a loud shouting,
And thries with hir speres clatering;
And thries how the ladies gan to crie;
Ne how that led was homeward Emelie;
Ne how Arcite is brent to ashen cold;
Ne how the liche-wake was yhold
All thilke night, ne how the Grekes play.
The wake-plaies ne kepe I not to say:
Who wrestled best naked, with oile enoint,
Ne who that bare him best in no disjoint.
I woll not tellen eke how they all gon
Home til Athenes whan the play is don;
But shortly to the point now wol I wende,
And maken of my longe tale an ende.
By processe and by lengthe of certain yeres
All stenten is the mourning and the teres
Of Grekes, by on general assent.
Than semeth me ther was a parlement
At Athenes, upon certain points and cas:
Amonges the which points yspoken was
To have with certain contrees alliance,
And have of Thebanes fully obeisance.
For which this noble Theseus anon
Let senden after gentil Palamon,
Unwist of him, what was the cause and why:
But in his blacke clothes sorwefully
He came at his commandement on hie;
Tho sente Theseus for Emelie.
Whan they were set, and husht was al the pla
And Theseus abiden hath a space,
Or any word came from his wise brest
His eyen set he ther as was his lest,
And with a sad visage he siked still,
And after that right thus he sayd his will.
"The firste mover of the cause above
Whan he firste made the fayre chaine of love,
Gret was th' effect, and high was his entent;
Wel wist he why, and what therof he ment:
For with that fayre chaine of love he bond
The fire, the air, the watre, and the lond
In certain bondes, that they may not flee:
That same prince and mover eke" quod he
"Hath stablisht, in this wretched world adoun,
Certain of dayes and duration
To all that are engendred in this place,
Over the which day they ne mow not pace,
Al mow they yet the dayes wel abrege.
Ther nedeth non autoritee allege,
For it is preved by experience,
But that me lust declaren my sentence.
Than may men by this ordre wel discerne,
That thilke mover stable is and eterne.
Wel may men knowen but it be a fool,
That every part deriveth from his hool.
For nature hath not taken his beginning
Of no partie ne cantel of a thing,
But of a thing that parfit is and stable,
Descending so, til it be corrumpable.
And therfore of his wise purveyance
He hath so wel beset his ordinance,
That speces of thinges and progressions
Shullen enduren by successions,
And not eterne, withouten any lie:
This maiest thou understand and seen at eye.
Lo the oke, that hath so long a norishing
Fro the time that it ginneth first to spring,
And hath so long a lif, as ye may see,
Yet at the laste wasted is the tree.
Considereth eke, how that the harde stone
Under our feet, on which we trede and gon,
It wasteth, as it lieth by the wey.
The brode river somtime wexeth drey.
The grete tounes see we wane and wende.
Than may ye see that all thing hath an ende.
Of man and woman see we wel also,
That nedes in on of the termes two,
That is to sayn, in youthe or elles age,
He mote be ded, the king as shall a page;
Som in his bed, som in the depe see,
Som in the large field, as ye may see:
Ther helpeth nought, all goth that ilke wey:
Than may I sayn that alle thing mote dey.

What maketh this but Jupiter the king?
The which is prince, and cause of alle thing,
Converting alle unto his propre wille,
From which it is derived, soth to telle.
And here-againes no creature on live
Of no degree availleth for to strive.
Than is it wisdom, as it thinketh me,
To maken vertue of necessite,
And take it wel, that we may not eschewe,
And namely that to us all is dewe.
And who so grutcheth ought, he doth folie,
And rebel is to him that all may gie.
And certainly a man hath most honour
To dien in his excellence and flour,
Than he is siker of his goode name.
Than hath he don his frend, ne him, no shame;
And glader ought his frend ben of his deth.
Than with honour is yolden up his breth,
Than whan his name appalled is for age;
For all foryetten is his vassallage.
Than is it best, as for a worthy fame,
To dien whan a man is best of name.
The contrary of all this is wilfulnesse.
Why grutchen we? why have we hevinesse,
That good Arcite, of chivalry the flour,
Departed is, with dutee and honour,
Out of this foule prison of this lif?
Why grutchen here his cosin and his wif
Of his welfare, that loven him so wel?
Can he hem thank? nay, God wot, never a del,
That both his soule, and eke hemself offend,
And yet they mow hir lustes not amend.
"What may I conclude of this longe serie,
But after sorwe I rede us to be merie,
And thanken Jupiter of all his grace.
And er that we departen from this place,
I rede that we make of sorwes two
One parfit joye lasting evermo:
And loketh now wher most sorwe is herein,
Ther wol I firste amenden and begin.
"Sister," quod he "this is my full assent,
With all th' avis here of my parlement,
That gentil Palamon, your owen knight,
That serveth you with will, and herte, and might,
And ever hath don, sin ye first him knew,
That ye shall of your grace upon him rew,
And taken him for husbond and for lord:
Lene me your hand, for this is oure accord.
"Let see now of your womanly pitee.
He is a kinges brothers sone pardee,
And though he were a poure bachelere,
Sin he hath served you so many a yere,
And had for you so gret adversite,
It moste ben considered, leveth me.
For gentil mercy oweth to passen right."
Than sayd he thus to Palamon the knight;
"I trow ther nedeth litel sermoning
To maken you assenten to this thing.
Cometh ner, and take your lady by the hond."
Betwixen hem was maked anon the bond,
That highte matrimoine or mariage,
By all the conseil of the baronage.
And thus with alle blisse and melodie
Hath Palamon ywedded Emelie.
And God that all this wide world hath wrought,
Send him his love, that hath it dere ybought.
For now is Palamon in alle wele,
Living in blisse, in richesse, and in hele,
And Emelie him loveth so tendrely,
And he hire serveth al so gentilly,
That never was ther no word hem betwene
Of jalousie, ne of non other tene.
Thus endeth Palamon and Emelie;
And God save all this fayre compagnie.

THE

MAN OF LAWES TALE.

O SCATHFUL harm, condition of poverte,
With thirst, with cold, with hunger so confounded,
To asken helpe thee shameth in thin herte,
If thou non ask, so sore art thou ywounded,
That veray nede unwrappeth al thy wound hid.
Maugre thin hed thou must for indigence
Or stele, or begge, or borwe thy dispence.

Thou blamest Crist, and sayst ful bitterly,
He misdeparteth richesse temporal;
Thy neighebour thou witest sinfully,
And sayst, thou hast to litel, and he hath all:
Parfay (sayst thou) somtime he reken shall,
Whan that his tayl shal brennen in the glede,
For he nought helpeth needful in hir nede.

Herken what is the sentence of the wise,
Bet is to dien than have indigence.
Thy selve neighebour wol thee despise,
If thou be poure, farewel thy reverence.
Yet of the wise man take this sentence,
Alle the dayes of poure men ben wicke,
Beware therfore or thou come to that pricke.

If thou be poure, thy brother hateth thee,
And all thy frendes fleen fro thee, alas!
O riche marchants, ful of wele ben ye,
O noble, o prudent folk, as in this cas,
Your bagges ben not filled with ambes as,
But with sis cink, that renneth for your chance;
At Cristenmasse, mery may ye dance.

Ye seken lond and see for your winninges,
As wise folk ye knowen all th' estat
Of regnes, ye ben fathers of tidinges,
And tales, both of pees and of debat:
I were right now of tales desolat,
N'ere that a marchant, gon is many a yere,
Me taught a tale, which that ye shull here.

In Surrie whilom dwelt a compagnie
Of chapmen rich, and therto sad and trewe,
That wide where senten hir spicerie,
Clothes of gold, and satins riche of hewe.
Hir chaffare was so thrifty and so newe,
That every wight hath deintee to chaffare
With hem, and eke to sellen hem hir ware.

Now fell it, that the maisters of that sort
Han shapen hem to Rome for to wende,
Were it for chapmanhood, or for disport,
Non other message wold they thider sende,
But comen hemself to Rome, this is the ende;
And in swiche place as thought hem avantage
For hire entente, they taken hir herbergage.

Sojourned han these marchants in that toun
A certain time, as fell to hir plesance:
And so befell, that the excellent renoun
Of the emperoures doughter dame Custance
Reported was, with every circumstance,
Unto these Surrien marchants, in swiche wise
Fro day to day, as I shal you devise.

This was the commun vois of every man:
"Our emperour of Rome, God him se,
A doughter hath, that sin the world began,
To reken as wel hire goodnesse as beaute,
N'as never swiche another as is she:
I pray to God in honour hire sustene,
And wold she were of all Europe the quene.

"In hire is high beaute withouten pride,
Youthe, withouten greneheed or folie:
To all hire werkes vertue is hire guide;
Humblesse hath slaien in hire tyrannie:
She is a mirrour of alle curtesie,
Hire herte is veray chambre of holinesse,
Hire hond ministre of fredom for almesse."

And al this vois was soth, as God is trewe,
But now to purpos let us turne agein.
These marchants han don fraught hir shippes newe,
And whan they han this blisful maiden sein,
Home to Surrie ben they went ful fayn,
And don hir nedes, as they han don yore,
And liven in wele, I can say you no more.

Now fell it, that these marchants stood in grace
Of him that was the Soudan of Surrie:
For whan they came from any strange place
He wold of his benigne curtesie
Make hem good chere, and besily espie
Tidings of sundry regnes, for to lere
The wonders that they mighte seen or here.

Amonges other thinges specially
These marchants han him told of dame Custance
So gret noblesse, in ernest seriously,
That this Soudan hath caught so gret plesance
To han hire figure in his remembrance,
That al his lust, and all his besy cure
Was for to love hire, while his lif may dure.

Paraventure in thilke large book,
Which that men clepe the heven, ywriten was
With sterres, whan that he his birthe took,
That he for love shuld han his deth, alas!
For in the sterres, clerer than is glas,
Is writen, God wot, who so coud it rede,
The deth of every man withouten drede.

In sterres many a winter therbeforn
Was writ the deth of Hector, Achilles,
Of Pompey, Julius, or they were born;
The strif of Thebes; and of Hercules,
Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Socrates
The deth; but mennes wittes ben so dull,
That no wight can wel rede it at the full.

This Soudan for his prive councel sent,
And shortly of this matere for to pace,
He hath to hem declared his entent,
And sayd hem certain, but he might have grace
To han Custance, within a litel space,
He n'as but ded, and charged hem in hie
To shapen for his lif som remedie.

Diverse men, diverse thinges saiden;
They argumentes casten up and doun;
Many a subtil reson forth they laiden;
They speken of magike, and abusion;
But finally, as in conclusion,
They cannot seen in that non avantage,
Ne in non other way, save mariage.

Than saw they therin swiche difficultee
By way of reson, for to speke all plain,
Because ther was swiche diversitee
Betwene hir bothe lawes, that they sayn,
They trowen that no Cristen prince wold fayn
Wedden his child under our lawe swete,
That us was yeven by Mahound our prophete.

And he answered: "Rather than I lese
Custance, I wol be cristened douteles:
I mote ben hires, I may non other chese,
I pray you hold your arguments in pees,
Saveth my lif, and beth not reccheles
To geten hire that hath my lif in cure,
For in this wo I may not long endure."

What nedeth greter dilatation?
I say, by tretise and ambassatrie,
And by the popes mediation,
And all the chirche, and all the chevalrie,
That in destruction of Maumetrie,
And in encrese of Cristes lawe dere,
They ben accorded so as ye may here;

How that the Soudan and his baronage,
And all his lieges shuld yeristened be,
And he shal han Custance in mariage,
And certain gold, I n'ot what quantitee,
And hereto finden suffisant suretee.
The same accord is sworne on eyther side;
Now, fair Custance, Almighty God thee gide.

Now wolden som men waiten, as I gesse,
That I shuld tellen all the purveiance,
The which that the emperour of his noblesse
Hath shapen for his doughter dame Custance.
Wel may men know that so gret ordinance
May no man tellen in a litel clause,
As was arraied for so high a cause.

Bishopes ben shapen with hire for to wende,
Lordes, ladies, and knightes of renoun,
And other folk ynow, this is the end.
And notified is thurghout al the toun,
That every wight with gret devotioun
Shuld prayen Crist, that he this mariage
Receive in gree, and spede this viage.

The day is comen of hire departing,
I say the woful day fatal is come,
That ther may be no longer tarying,
But forward they hem dressen all and some.
Custance, that was with sorwe all overcome,
Ful pale arist, and dresseth hire to wende,
For wel she seth ther n'is non other ende.

Alas! what wonder is it though she wept?
That shal be sent to straunge nation
Fro frendes, that so tendrely hire kept,
And to be bounde under subjection
Of on, she knoweth not his condition.
Housbondes ben all good, and han ben yore,
That knowen wives, I dare say no more.

" Fader," she said, " thy wretched child Custance,
Thy yonge doughter, fostered up so soft,
And ye, my moder, my soveraine plesance
Over all thing, (out taken Crist on loft)
Custance your child hire recommendeth oft
Unto your grace; for I shal to Surrie,
Ne shal I never seen you more with eye.

" Alas! unto the Barbare nation
I muste gon, sin that it is your wil:
But Crist, that starfe for our redemption,
So yeve me grace his hestes to fulfil,
I wretched woman no force though I spill;
Women arn borne to thraldom and penance,
And to ben under mannes governance."

I trowe at Troye whan Pirrus brake the wall,
Or Ilion brent, or Thebes the citee,
Or at Rome for the harm thurgh Hanniball,
That Romans hath venquesshed times three,
Was herd swiche tendre weping for pitee,
As in the chambre was for hire parting,
But forth she mote, wheder she wepe or sing.

O firste moving cruel firmament,
With thy diurnal swegh that croudest ay,
And hurtlest all from est till occident,
That naturally wold hold another way;
Thy crouding set the heven in swiche array
At the beginning of this fierce viage,
That cruel Mars hath slain this marriage.

Infortunat ascendent tortuous,
Of which the lord is helpeles fall, alas!
Out of his angle into the derkest hous.
O Mars, o Atyzar, as in this cas;
O feble Mone, unhappy ben thy pas,
Thou knittest thee ther thou art not received,
Ther thou were wel fro thennes art thou weived.

Imprudent emperour of Rome, alas!
Was ther no philosophre in al thy toun?
Is no time bet than other in swiche cas?
Of viage is ther non electioun,
Namely to folk of high condition,
Nat whan a rote is of a birth yknowe?
Alas! we ben to lewed, or to slow.

To ship is brought this woful faire maid
Solempnely, with every circumstance:
" Now Jesu Crist be with you all," she said.
Ther n'is no more, but " Farewel, fair Custance."
She peineth hire to make good countenance,
And forth I let hire sayle in this manere,
And turne I wol againe to my matere.

The mother of the Soudan, well of vices,
Espied hath hire sones plein entente,
How he wol lete his olde sacrifices:
And right anon she for her conseil sente,
And they ben comen, to know what she mente,
And whan assembled was this folk in fere,
She set hire doun, and sayd as ye shul here.

" Lordes," she sayd, " ye knowen everich on,
How that my sone in point is for to lete
The holy lawes of our Alkaron,
Yeven by Goddes messager Mahomete:
But on ayow to grete God I hete,
The lif shal rather out of my body sterte,
Than Mahometes lawe out of myn herte.

" What shuld us tiden of this newe lawe
But thraldom to our bodies and penance,
And afterward in helle to ben dryve,
For we reneied Mahound our creance?
But, lordes, wol ye maken assurance,
As I shal say, assenting to my lore?
And I shal make us sauf for evermore."

They sworen, and assented every man
To live with hire and die, and by hire stond:
And everich on, in the best wise he can,
To strengthen hire shal al his frendes fond.
And she hath this emprise ytaken in hond,
Which ye shull heren that I shal devise,
And to hem all she spake right in this wise.

" We shul first feine us Cristendom to take;
Cold water shal not greve us but a lite:
And I shal swiche a feste and revel make,
That, as I trow, I shal the Soudan quite.
For tho his wif be cristened never so white,
She shal have nede to wash away the rede,
Though she a font of water with hire lede."

O Soudannesse, rote of iniquitee,
Virago thou Semyramee the second,
O serpent under femininitee,
Like to the serpent depe in helle ybound:
O feined woman, all that may confound
Vertue and innocenee, thurgh thy malice
Is bred in thee, as nest of every vice.

O Sathan envious, sin thilke day
That thou were chased from our heritage,
Wel knowest thou to woman the olde way.
Thou madest Eva bring us in servage,
Thou wolt fordon this cristen mariage:
Thin instrument so (wala wa the while!)
Makest thou of women whan thou wolt begile.

This Soudannesse, whom I thus blame and warrie,
Let prively hire conseil gon hir way:
What shuld I in this tale longer tarie?
She rideth to the Soudan on a day,
And sayd him, that she wold reneie hire lay,
And Cristendom of prestes hondes fong,
Repenting hire she hethen was so long;

Beseching him to don hire that honour,
That she might han the Cristen folk to fest:
" To plesen hem I wol do my labour."
The Soudan saith, " I wol don at your hest,"
And kneling, thanked hire of that request;
So glad he was, he n'iste not what to say,
She kist hire sone, and home she goth hire way.

Arrived ben these Cristen folk to lond
In Surrie, with a gret solempne route,
And hastily this Soudan sent his sond,
First to his mother, and all the regne aboute,
And sayd, his wif was comen out of doute,
And praide hem for to riden again the quene,
The honour of his regne to sustene.

Gret was the presse, and riche was th' array
Of Surriens and Romanes met in fere.
The mother of the Soudan riche and gay
Received hire with all so glad a chere,
As any mother might hire doughter dere:
And to the nexte citee ther beside
A softe pas solempnely they ride.

Nought trow I, the triumph of Julius,
Of which that Lucan maketh swiche a bost,
Was realler, or more curious,
Than was th' assemblee of this blisful host:
Butte this scorpion, this wicked gost,
The Soudannesse, for all hire flattering
Cast under this ful mortally to sting.

The Soudan cometh himself sone after this
So really, that wonder is to tell:
And welcomoth hire with alle joye and blis.
And thus in mirth and joye I let hem dwell.
The fruit of this matere is that I tell.
Whan time came, men thought it for the best
That revel stint, and men go to hir rest.

The time come is, this olde Soudannesse
Ordeined hath the feste of which I tolde,
And to the feste Cristen folk hem dresse
In general, ya bothe yonge and olde.
Ther may men fest and realtee beholde,
And deintees mo than I can you devise,
But all to dere they bought it or they rise.

O soden wo, that ever art successour
To worldly blis, spreint is with bitternesse
Th' ende of the joye of our worldly labour:
Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse.
Herken this conseil for thy sikernesse:
Upon thy glade day have in thy minde
The unware wo of harm, that cometh behinde.

For shortly for to tellen at a word,
The Soudan and the Cristen everich on
Ben all to-hewe, and stiked at the bord,
But it were only dame Custance alone.
This olde Soudannesse, this cursed crone,
Hath with hire frendes don this cursed dede,
For she hireself wold all the contree lede.

Ne ther was Surrien non that was converted,
That of the conseil of the Soudan wot,
That he n'as all to-hewe, er he asterted:
And Custance han they taken anon fote-hot,
And in a ship all stereles (God wot)
They han hire set, and bidden hire lerne sayle
Out of Surrie againward to Itaille.

A certain tresor that she thither ladde,
And soth to sayn, vitaille gret plentee,
They han hire yeven, and clothes eke she hadde,
And forth she sayleth in the salte see:
O my Custance, full of benignitee,
O emperoures yonge doughter dere,
He that is lord of fortune be thy stere.

She blesseth hire, and with ful pitous vois
Unto the crois of Crist thus sayde she.
"O clere, o weleful auter, holy crois,
Red of the lambes blood ful of pitee,
That wesh the world fro the old iniquitee,
Me fro the fende, and fro his clawes kepe,
That day that I shal drenchen in the depe.

"Victorious tree, protection of trewe,
That only worthy were for to bere
The king of heven, with his woundes newe,
The white lamb, that hurt was with a spere;
Flemer of fendes, out of him and here
On which thy limmes faithfully extenden,
Me kepe, and yeve me might my lif to amenden."

Yeres and dayes fleet this creature
Thurghout the see of Grece, unto the straite
Of Maroc, as it was hire aventure:
On many a sory mele now may she baite,
After hire deth ful often may she waite,
Or that the wilde waves wol hire drive
Unto the place ther as she shal arive.

Men mighten asken, why she was not slain?
Eke at the feste who might hire body save?
And I answer to that demand again,
Who saved Daniel in the horrible cave,
Ther every wight, save he, master or knave,
Was with the leon frette, or he asterte?
No wight but God, that he bare in his herte.

God list to shew his wonderful miracle
In hire, for we shuld seen his mighty werkes:
Crist, which that is to every harm triacle,
By certain menes oft, as knowen clerkes,
Doth thing for certain ende, that ful derke is
To mannes wit, that for our ignorance
Ne can nat know his prudent purveiance.

Now sith she was not at the feste yslawe,
Who kepte hire fro the drenching in the see?
Who kepte Jonas in the fishes mawe,
Til he was spouted up at Ninivee?
Wel may men know, it was no wight but he
That kept the peple Ebraike fro drenching,
With drye feet thurghout the see passing.

Who bade the foure spirits of tempest,
That power han to anoyen lond and see,
Both north and south, and also west and est,
Anoyen neyther see, ne lond, ne tree?
Sothly the commander of that was he
That fro the tempest ay this woman kepte,
As wel whan she awoke as whan she slepte.

Wher might this woman mete and drinke have?
Three yere and more, how lasteth hire vitaille?
Who fed the Egyptian Mary in the cave
Or in desert? no wight but Crist *sans faille*.
Five thousand folk it was as gret marvaille
With loves five and fishes two to fede:
God sent his foyson at hire grete nede.

She driveth forth into our ocean
Thurghout our wide see, til at the last
Under an hold, that nempnen I ne can,
Fer in Northumberlond, the wave hire cast,
And in the sand hire ship stiked so fast,
That thennes wolde it not in all a tide:
The wille of Crist was that she shulde abide.

The constable of the castle doun is fare
To seen this wreeke, and al the ship he sought,
And fond this wery woman full of care;
He fond also the tresour that she brought:
In hire langage merey she besought,
The lif out of hire body for to twinne,
Hire to deliver of wo that she was inne.

A maner Latin corrupt was hire speche,
But algate therby was she understond.
The constable, whan him list no lenger seche,
This woful woman brought he to the lond.
She kneleth doun, and thanketh Goddes sond;
But what she was, she wolde no man seye
For foule ne faire, though that she shulde deye.

She said, she was so mased in the see,
That she forgate hire minde, by hire trouth.
The constable hath of hire so gret pitee
And eke his wif, that they wepen for routh:
She was so diligent withouten slouth
To serve and plesen everich in that place,
That all hire love, that loken in hire face.

The constable and dame Hermegild his wif
Were payenes, and that contree every wher;
But Hermegild loved Custance as hire lif;
And Custance hath so long sojourned ther
In orisons, with many a bitter tere,
That Jesu hath converted thurgh his grace
Dame Hermegild, constablesse of that place.

In all that lond no Cristen dorste route;
All Cristen folk ben fled fro that contree
Thurgh payenes, that conquereden all aboute
The plages of the north by lond and see.
To Wales fled the Cristianitee
Of olde Bretons, dwelling in this ile;
Ther was hir refuge for the mene while.

But yet n'ere Cristen Bretons so exiled,
That ther n'ere som which in hir privitee
Honoured Crist, and hethen folk begiled;
And neigh the castle swiche ther dwelten three:
That on of hem was blind, and might not see,
But it were with thilke eyen of his minde,
With which men mowen see whan they ben blinde.

Bright was the sonne, as in that sommers day,
For which the constable and his wif also
And Custance, han ytake the righte way
Toward the see, a furlong way or two,
To plaien, and to romen to and fro;
And in hir walk this blinde man they mette,
Croked and olde, with eyen fast yshette.

"In the name of Crist," cried this blinde Breton,
"Dame Hermegild, yeve me my sight again."
This lady wexe afraied of that soun,
Lest that hire husbond, shortly for to sain,
Wold hire for Jesu Cristes love have slain,
Til Custance made hire bold, and bad hire werche
The will of Crist, as doughter of holy cherche.

The constable wexe abashed of that sight,
And sayde; "What amounteth all this fare?"
Custance answered; "Sire, it is Cristes might,
That helpeth folk out of the fendes snare:"
And so ferforth she gan our lay declare,
That she the constable, er that it were eve,
Converted, and on Crist made him beleve.

This constable was not lord of the place
Of which I speke, ther as he Custance fond,
But kept it strongly many a winter space,
Under Alla, king of Northumberlond,
That was ful wise, and worthy of his hond
Againe the Scottes, as men may wel here;
But tourne I wol againe to my matere.

Sathan, that ever us waiteth to begile,
Saw of Custance all hire perfectioun,
And cast anon how he might quite hire wile,
And made a yonge knight, that dwelt in that toun,
Love hire so hote of foule affectioun,
That verraily him thought that he shuld spille,
But he of hire might ones han his wille.

He woeth hire, but it availeth nought,
She wolde do no sinne by no wey:
And for despit, he compassed his thought
To maken hire on shameful deth to dey.
He waiteth whan the constable is away,
And prively upon a night he crepte
In Hermegildes chambre while she slepte.

Wery, forwaked in hire orisons,
Slepeth Custance, and Hermegilde also.
This knight, thurgh Sathanas temptations,
All softely is to the bed ygo,
And cut the throte of Hermegilde atwo,
And layd the blody knif by Dame Custance,
And went his way, ther God yeve him mischance.

Sone after cometh this constable home again,
And eke Alla, that king was of that lond,
And saw his wife despitously yslain,
For which ful oft he wept and wrong his hond;
And in the bed the blody knif he fond
By dame Custance, alas! what might she say?
For veray wo hire wit was all away.

To king Alla was told all this mischance,
And eke the time, and wher, and in what wise,
That in a ship was fonden this Custance,
As here before ye han herd me devise:
The kinges herte of pitee gan agrise,
Whan he saw so benigne a creature
Falle in disese and in misaventure.

For as the lamb toward his deth is brought,
So stant this innocent beforn the king:
This false knight, that hath this treson wrought,
Bereth hire in hond that she hath don this thing:
But natheles ther was gret murmuring
Among the peple, and sayn they cannot gesse
That she had don so gret a wickednesse.

For they han seen hire ever so vertuous,
And loving Hermegild right as hire lif:
Of this bare witnesse everich in that hous,
Save he that Hermegild slow with his knif:
This gentil king hath caught a gret motif
Of this witness, and thought he wold enquere
Deper in this cas, trouthe for to lere.

Alas! Custance, thou hast no champion,
Ne fighten canst thou not, so wala wa!
But he that starf for our redemption,
And bond Sathan, and yet lith ther he lay,
So be thy stronge champion this day:
For but if Crist on thee miracle kithe,
Withouten gilt thou shalt be slaine as swithe.

She set hire doun on knees, and thus she sayde;
"Immortal God, that savedest Susanne
Fro false blame, and thou merciful mayde,
Mary I mene, doughter to seint Anne,
Beforn whos child angels singen Osanne,
If I be gilteles of this felonie,
My socour be, or elles shal I die."

Have ye not seen somtime a pale face
(Among a prees) of him that hath been lad
Toward his deth, wher as he geteth no grace,
And swiche a colour in his face hath had,
Men mighten know him that was so bestad,
Amonges all the faces in that route,
So stant Custance, and loketh hire aboute.

O quenes living in prosperitee,
Duchesses, and ye ladies everich on,
Haveth som routhe on hire adversitee;
An emperoures doughter stant alone;
She hath no wight to whom to make hire mone:
O blood real, that stondest in this drede,
Fer ben thy frendes in thy grete nede.

This Alla king hath swiche compassioun,
As gentil herte is fulfilled of pitee,
That fro his eyen ran the water doun.
"Now hastily do fecche a book," quod he;
"And if this knight wol sweren, how that she
This woman slow, yet wol we us avise,
Whom that we wol that shal ben our justice."

A Breton book, written with Evangiles,
Was fet, and on this book he swore anon
She giltif was, and in the mene whiles
An hond him smote upon the nekke bone,
That doun he fell at onés as a stone:
And both his eyen brost out of his face
In sight of every body in that place.

A vois was herd, in general audience,
That sayd; "Thou hast desclandered gilteles
The doughter of holy chirche in high presence;
Thus hast thou don, and yet hold I my pees."
Of this mervaille agast was all the prees,
As mased folk they stonden everich on
For drede of wreche, save Custance alone.

Gret was the drede and eke the repentance
Of hem that hadden wronge suspection
Upon this sely innocent Custance;
And for this miracle, in conclusion,
And by Custances mediation,
The king, and many another in that place,
Converted was, thanked be Cristes grace.

This false knight was slain for his untrouthe
By jugement of Alla hastily;
And yet Custance had of his deth gret routhe;
And after this Jesus of his mercy
Made Alla wedden full solempnely
This holy woman, that is so bright and shene,
And thus hath Crist ymade Custance a quene.

But who was woful (if I shal not lie)
Of this wedding but Donegild and no mo,
The kinges mother, ful of tyrannie?
Hire thoughte hire cursed herte brast atwo;
She wolde not that hire sone had do so;
Hire thoughte a despit, that he shulde take
So strange a creature unto his make.

Me list not of the chaf ne of the stre
Maken so long a tale, as of the corn.
What shulde I telken of the realtee
Of this mariage, or which cours goth beforn,
Who bloweth in a trompe or in an horn?
The fruit of every tale is for to say;
They ete and drinke, and dance, and sing, and play.

They gon to bed, as it was skill and right,
Fo[illegible] though that wives ben ful holy thinges,
[illegible] mosten take in patience a night
[illegible]he a manor necessaries, as ben plesinges
[illegible]lk that han ywedded hem with ringes,
[illegible]lay a lite hir holinesse aside
[illegible] the time, it may no bet betide.

On hire he gat a knave childe anon,
And to a bishop, and his constable eke
He toke his wif to kepe, whan he is gon
To Scotland ward, his fomen for to seke.
Now faire Custance, that is so humble and meke,
So long is gon with childe til that still
She halt hire chambre, abiding Cristes will.

The time is come, a knave child she bere;
Mauricius at the fontstone they him calle.
This constable doth forth come a messager,
And wrote unto his king that eleped was Alle,
How that this blisful tiding is befalle,
And other tidings spedeful for to say.
He hath the lettre, and forth he goth his way.

This messager, to don his avantage,
Unto the kinges mother rideth swithe,
And saluteth hire ful faire in his langage.
"Madame," quod he, "ye may be glad and blithe,
And thanken God an hundred thousand sithe;
My lady quene hath child, withouten doute,
To joye and blisse of all this regne aboute.

"Lo here the lettre seled of this thing,
That I most bere in all the hast I may:
If ye wol ought unto your sone the king,
I am your servant bothe night and day."
Donegilde answered, "As now at this time nay;
But here I wol all night thou take thy rest,
To-morwe wol I say thee what me lest."

This messager drank sadly ale and wine,
And stolen were his lettres prively
Out of his box, while he slept as a swine;
And contrefeted was ful subtilly
Another lettre, wrought ful sinfully,
Unto the king directe of this matere
Fro his constable, as ye shal after here.

This lettre spake, the quene delivered was
Of so horrible a fendliche creature,
That in the castle non so hardy was
That any while dorste therein endure:
The mother was an elfe by aventure
Ycome, by charmes or by sorcerie,
And everich man hateth hire compagnie.

Wo was this king whan he this lettre had sein,
But to no wight he told his sorwes sore,
But of his owen hand he wrote again;
"Welcome the sonde of Crist for evermore
To me, that am now lerned to his lore:
Lord, welcome be thy lust and thy plesance,
My lust I put all in thyn ordinance.

"Kepeth this child, al be it foule or faire,
And eke my wif, unto min home coming:
Crist whan him list may senden me an heire,
More agreable than this to my liking."
This lettre he seled, prively weping,
Which to the messager was taken sone,
And forth he goth, ther is no more to done.

O messager, fulfilled of dronkennesse,
Strong is thy breth, thy limmes faltren ay,
And thou bewreiest alle secrenesse;
Thy mind is lorne, thou janglest as a jay;
Thy face is tourned in a new array;
Ther dronkenesse regneth in any route,
Ther is no conseil hid withouten doute.

O Donegild, I ne have non English digne
Unto thy malice, and thy tirannie:
And therfore to the fende I thee resigne,
Let him enditen of thy traitorie.
Fy mannish, fy; o nay by God I lie;
Fy fendliche spirit, for I dare wel telle,
Though thou here walke, thy spirit is in helle.

This messager cometh fro the king again,
And at the kinges modres court he light,
And she was of this messager ful fayn,
And plesed him in all that ever she might.
He dranke, and wel his girdel underpight;
He slepeth, and he snoreth in his gise
All night, until the sonne gan arise.

Eft were his lettres stolen everich on,
And contrefeted lettres in this wise.
The king commanded his constable anon
Up peine of hanging and of high jewise,
That he ne shulde soffren in no wise
Custance within his regne for to abide
Three daies, and a quarter of a tide;

But in the same ship as he hire fond,
Hire and hire yonge sone, and all hire gere
He shulde put, and croude hire fro the lond,
And charge hire, that she never eft come there.
O my Custance, wel may thy ghost have fere,
And sleping in thy dreme ben in penance,
Whan Donegild cast all this ordinance.

This messager on morwe whan he awoke,
Unto the castel halt the nexte way;
And to the constable he the lettre toke;
And whan that he this pitous lettre sey,
Ful oft he sayd "Alas, and wala wa;
Lord Crist," quod he, "how may this world endure?
So ful of sinne is many a creature.

"O mighty God, if that it be thy will,
Sin thou art rightful juge, how may it be
That thou wolt soffren innocence to spill,
And wicked folk regne in prosperitee?
O good Custance, alas! so wo is me,
That I mote be thy turmentour, or dey
On shames deth, ther is non other wey."

Wepen both yong and old in al that place,
Whan that the king this cursed lettre sent:
And Custance with a dedly pale face
The fourthe day toward the ship she went:
But natheles she taketh in good entent
The will of Crist, and kneling on the strond
She sayde, "Lord, ay welcome be thy sond.

"He that me kepte fro the false blame,
While I was in the lond amonges you,
He can me kepe fro harme and eke fro shame
In the salt see, although I se not how:
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now,
In him trust I, and in his mother dere,
That is to me my sail and eke my stere."

Hire litel child lay weping in hire arm,
And kneling pitously to him she said,
"Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee no harm:"
With that hire couverchief of hire hed she braid,
And over his litel eyen she it laid,
And in hire arme she lulleth it ful fast,
And into the heven hire eyen up she cast.

"Mother," quod she, "and mayden bright Marie
Soth is, that thurgh womannes eggement
Mankind was lorne, and damned ay to dje,
For which thy child was on a crois yrent:
Thy blisful eyen saw all this turment,
Than is ther no comparison betwene
Thy wo, and any wo man may sustene.

"Thou saw thy child yslain before thin eyen,
And yet now liveth my litel child parfay:
Now, lady bright, to whom all woful crien,
Thou glory of womanhed, thou faire May,
Thou haven of refute, bright sterre of day,
Rew on my child, that of thy gentillesse
Rewest on every rewful in distresse.

"O litel child, alas! what is thy gilt,
That never wroughtest sinne as yet parde?
Why wol thin harde father have thee spilt?
O mercy, dere constable," quod she,
"As let my litel child dwell here with thee:
And if thou darst not saven him fro blame,
So kisse him ones in his fadres name."

Therwith she loketh backward to the lond,
And saide; "Farewel, housbond routheles!
And up she rist, and walketh doun the strond
Toward the ship, hire foloweth all the prees:
And ever she praieth hire child to hold his pees,
And taketh hire leve, and with an holy entent
She blesseth hire, and into the ship she went.

Vitailled was the ship, it is no drede,
Habundantly for hire a ful long space:
And other necessaries that shuld nede
She had ynow, heried be Goddes grace:
For wind and wether, Almighty God purchace,
And bring hire home, I can no better say,
But in the see she driveth forth hire way.

Alla the king cometh home sone after this
Unto his castel, of the which I told,
And asketh whes his wif and his child is;
The constable gan about his herte cold,
And plainly all the matere he him told
As ye han herd, I can tell it no better,
And shewed the king his sele and his letter;

And sayde; "Lord, as ye commanded me
Up peine of oeth, so have I don certain."
This messager tormented was, til he
Moste beknowe, and tellen plat and plain,
Fro night to night in what place he had lain:
And thus by wit and subtil enquering
Imagined was by whom this harm gan spring.

The hand was knowen that the lettre wrote,
And all the venime of this cursed dede;
But in what wise, certainly I n'ot.
The effect is this, that Alla out of drede
His moder slew, that moun men plainly rede,
For that she traitour was to hire ligeance:
Thus endeth this old Donegild with meschance.

The sorwe that this Alla night and day
Maketh for his wif and for his child also,
Ther is no tonge that it telten may.
But now wol I agen to Custance go,
That fleteth in the see in peine and wo
Five yere and more, as liked Cristes sonde,
Or that hire ship approched to the londe.

Under an hethen castel at the last,
(Of which the name in my text I not find)
Custance and eke hire child the see up cast.
Almighty God, that saved all mankind,
Have on Custance and on hire child som mind,
That fallen is in hethen hond eftsone
In point to spill, as I shal tell you sone.

Doun fro the castel cometh ther many a wight
To gauren on this ship, and on Custance:
But shortly fro the castel on a night
The lordes steward (God yeve him meschance)
A theef, that had reneyed our creance,
Came into the ship alone, and said, he wolde
Hire lemman be, whether she wolde or n'olde.

Wo was this wretched woman tho begon,
Hire childe cried, and she cried pitously:
But blisful Mary halpe hire right anon,
For with hire strogling wel and mightily
The theef fell over bord al sodenly,
And in the see he drenched for vengeance,
And thus hath Crist unwemmed kept Custance.

O foule lust of luxurie, lo thin ende,
Nat only that thou faintest mannes mind,
But verily thou wolt his body shende.
Th' ende of thy werk, or of thy lustes blind,
Is complaining: how many may men find,
That not for werk somtime, but for th' entent
To don this sinne, ben other slain or shent.

How may this weke woman han the strength
Hire to defend again this renegate?
O Golias, unmesurable of length,
How mighte David maken thee so mate?
So yonge, and of armure so desolate,
How dorst he loke upon thy dredful face?
Wel may men seen it was but Goddes grace.

Who yaf Judith corage or hardinesse
To sleen him Holofernes in his tent,
And to deliver out of wretchednesse
The peple of God? I say for this entent,
That right as God spirit of vigour sent
To hem, and saved hem out of meschance,
So sent he might and vigour to Custance.

Forth goth hire ship thurghout the narwe mouth
Of Jubaltere and Septe, driving alway,
Somtime west, and somtime north and south,
And somtime est, ful many a wery day:
Til Cristes moder (blessed be she ay)
Hath shapen thurgh hire endeles goodnesse
To make an end of all hire hevinesse.

Now let us stint of Custance but a throw,
And speke we of the Romane emperour,
That out of Surrie hath by lettres knowe
The slaughter of Cristen folk, and dishonour
Don to his doughter by a false traitour,
I mene the cursed wicked Soudannesse,
That at the fest let sleen both more and lesse.

For which this emperour hath sent anon
His senatour, with real ordinance,
And other lordes, God wote, many on,
On Surriens to taken high vengeance:
They brennen, sleen, and bring hem to meschance
Ful many a day: but shortly this is th' ende,
Homward to Rome they shapen hem to wende.

This senatour repaireth with victorie
To Rome ward, sayling ful really,
And met the ship driving, as saith the storie,
In which Custance sitteth ful pitously:
Nothing ne knew he what she was, ne why
She was in swiche array, ne she will sey
Of hire estat, though that she shulde dey.

He bringeth hire to Rome, and to his wif
He yaf hire, and hire yonge sone also:
And with the senatour she lad hire lif.
Thus can our lady bringen out of wo
Woful Custance, and many another mo:
And longe time dwelled she in that place,
In holy werkes ever, as was hire grace.

The senatoures wif hire aunte was,
But for all that she knew hire never the more:
I wol no longer tarien in this cas,
But to king Alla, which I spake of yore,
That for his wif wepeth and siketh sore,
I wol returne, and let I wol Custance
Under the senatoures governance.

King Alla, which that had his moder slain,
Upon a day fell in swiche repentance,
That if I shortly tellen shal and plain,
To Rome he cometh to receive his penance,
And putte him in the popes ordinance
In high and low, and Jesu Crist besought,
Foryeve his wicked werkes that he had wrought.

The fame anon thurghout the toun is born,
How Alla king shal come on pilgrimage,
By herbergeours that wenten him beforn,
For which the senatour, as was usage,
Rode him againe, and many of his linage,
As wel to shewen his high magnificence,
As to don any king a reverence.

Gret chere doth this noble senatour
To king Alla, and he to him also;
Everich of hem doth other gret honour;
And so befell, that in a day or two
This senatour is to king Alla go
To fest, and shortly, if I shal not lie,
Custances sone went in his compagnie.

Som men wold sain at requeste of Custance
This senatour hath lad this child to feste:
I may not tellen every circumstance,
Be as be may, ther was he at the leste:
But soth is this, that at his mothers heste
Beforn Alla, during the metes space,
The child stood, loking in the kinges face.

This Alla king hath of this child gret wonder,
And to the senatour he said anon,
"Whos is that faire child that stondeth yonder?"
"I n'ot," quod he, "by God and by Seint John;
A moder he hath, but fader hath he non,
That I of wote:" but shortly in a stound
He told Alla how that this child was found.

"But God wot," quod this senatour also,
"So vertuous a liver in all my lif
Ne saw I never, as she, ne herd of mo
Of worldly woman, maiden, widewe or wif:
I dare wel sayn hire hadde lever a knif
Thurghout hire brest, than ben a woman wikke,
Ther is no man coude bring hire to that prikke."

Now was this child as like unto Custance
As possible is a creature to be:
This Alla hath the face in remembrance
Of dame Custance, and theron mused he,
If that the childes moder where aught she
That is his wif, and prively he sighte,
And sped him fro the table that he mighte.

"Parfay," thought he, "fantome is in min hed.
I ought to deme of skilful jugement,
That in the salte see my wif is ded."
And afterward he made his argument;
"What wot I, if that Crist have hider sent
My wif by see, as wel as he hire lent
To my contree, fro thennes that she went?"

And after noon home with the senatour
Goth Alla, for to see this wonder chance.
This senatour doth Alla gret honour,
And hastily he sent after Custance:
But trusteth wel, hire luste not to dance.
Whan that she wiste wherfore was that sonde,
Unnethe upon hire feet she mighte stonde.

Whan Alla saw his wif, faire he hire grette,
And wept, that it was routhe for to see,
For at the firste look he on hire sette
He knew wel verily that it was she:
And she for sorwe, domb stant as a tree:
So was hire herte shette in hire distresse,
Whan she remembered his unkindenesse.

Twies she swouneth in his owen sight,
He wepeth and him excuseth pitously:
"Now God," quod he, "and all his halwes bright
So wisly on my soule as have mercy,
That of youre harme as gilteles am I,
As is Maurice my sone, so like your face,
Elles the fend me fetche out of this place."

Long was the sobbing and the bitter peine,
Or that hir woful hertes mighten cese,
Gret was the pitee for to here hem pleine,
Thurgh whiche pleintes gan hir wo encrese.
I pray you all my labour to relese,
I may not tell hir wo until to-morwe,
I am so wery for to speke of sorwe.

But finally, whan that the soth is wist,
That Alla gilteles was of hire wo,
I trow an hundred times han they kist,
And swiche a blisse is ther betwix hem two,
That save the joye that lasteth evermo,
Ther is non like, that any creature
Hath seen or shal, while that the world may dure.

Tho praied she hire husbond mekely
In releef of hire longe pitous pine,
That he wold pray hir fader specially,
That of his magestee he wold encline
To vouchesauf som day with him to dine:
She praied him eke, he shulde by no way
Unto hire fader no word of hire say.

Som men wold sayn, how that the child Maurice
Doth this message until this emperour:
But as I gesse, Alla was not so nice,
To him that is so soveraine of honour,
As he that is of Cristen folk the flour,
Send any child, but it is bet to deme
He went himself, and so it may wel seme.

This emperour hath granted gentilly,
To come to dinner, as he him besoughte:
And wel rede I, he loked besily
Upon this child, and on his doughter thought.
Alla goth to his inne, and as him ought
Arraied for this feste in every wise,
As ferforth as his conning may suffice.

The morwe came, and Alla gan him dresse,
And eke his wif, this emperour to mete:
And forth they ride in joye and in gladnesse,
And whan she saw hire fader in the strete,
She light adoun and falleth him to fete.
"Fader," quod she, "your yonge child Custance
Is now ful clene out of your remembrance.

"I am your doughter, your Custance," quod she,
"That whilom ye han sent into Surrie;
It am I, fader, that in the salte see
Was put alone, and dampned for to die.
Now, goode fader, I you mercie crie,
Send me no more into non hethenesse,
But thanketh my lord here of his kindenesse.

Who can the pitous joye tellen all
Betwix hem thre, sin they ben thus ymette?
But of my tale make an ende I shall,
The day goth fast, I wol no longer lette.
Thise glade folk to dinner ben ysette,
In joye and blisse at mete I let hem dwell,
A thousand fold wel more than I can tell.

This child Maurice was sithen emperour
Made by the pope, and lived Cristenly,
To Cristes chirche did he gret honour:
But I let all his storie passen by,
Of Custance is my tale specially,
In the olde Romane gestes men may find
Maurices lif, I bere it not in mind.

This king Alla, whan he his time sey,
With his Custance, his holy wif so swete,
To Englond ben they come the righte wey,
Ther as they live in joye and in quiete.
But litel while it lasteth I you hete,
Joye of this world for time wol not abide,
Fro day to night it changeth as the tide.

Who lived ever in swiche delight o day,
That him ne meved other conscience,
Or ire, or talent, or som kin affray,
Envie, or pride, or passion, or offence?
I ne say but for this end this sentence,
That litel while in joye or in plesance
Lasteth the blisse of Alla with Custance.

For Deth, that taketh of hie and low his rente,
Whan passed was a yere, even as I gesse,
Out of this world this king Alla he hente,
For whom Custance hath ful gret hevinesse.
Now let us praien God his soule blesse:
And dame Custance, finally to say,
Toward the toun of Rome goth hire way.

To Rome is come this holy creature,
And findeth ther hire frendes hole and sound:
Now is she scaped all hire aventure;
And whan that she hire fader hath yfound,
Doun on hire knees falleth she to ground,
Weping for tendernesse in herte blithe
She herieth God an hundred thousand sithe.

In vertue and in holy almesse dede
They liven alle, and never asonder wende;
Til deth departeth hem, this lif they lede:
And fareth now wel, my tale is at an ende.
Now Jesu Crist, that of his might may sende
Joye after wo, governe us in his grace,
And kepe us alle that ben in this place.

THE CLERKES TALE.

Ther is right at the west side of Itaille
Doun at the rote of Vesulus the cold,
A lusty plain, habundant of vitaille,
Ther many a toun and tour thou maist behold,
That founded were in time of fathers old,
And many another delitable sighte,
And Saluces this noble contree highte.

A markis whilom lord was of that lond,
As were his worthy elders him before,
And obeysant, ay redy to his hond,
Were all his lieges, bothe lesse and more:
Thus in delit he liveth, and hath don yore,
Beloved and drad, thurgh favour of fortune,
Both of his lordes, and of his commune.

Therwith he was, to speken of linage,
The gentilest yborne of Lumbardie,
A faire person, and strong, and yong of age,
And ful of honour and of curtesie:
Discret ynough, his contree for to gie,
Sauf in som thinges that he was to blame,
And Walter was this yonge lordes name.

I blame him thus, that he considered nought
In time coming what might him betide,
But on his lust present was all his thought,
And for to hauke and hunt on every side:
Wel neigh all other cures let he slide,
And eke he n'old (and that was worst of all)
Wedden no wif for ought that might befall.

Only that point his peple bare so sore,
That flockmel on a day to him they went,
And on of hem, that wisest was of lore,
(Or elles that the lord wold best assent
That he shuld tell him what the peple ment,
Or elles coud he wel shew swiche matere)
He to the markis said as ye shull here.

"O noble markis, your humanitee
Assureth us and yeveth us hardinesse,
As oft as time is of necessitee,
That we to you mow tell our hevinesse:
Accepteth, lord, than of your gentillesse,
That we with pitous herte unto you plaine,
And let your eres nat my vois disdaine.

"Al have I not to don in this matere
More than another man hath in this place,
Yet for as moch as ye, my lord so dere,
Han alway shewed me favour and grace,
I dare the better aske of you a space
Of audience, to shewen our request,
And ye, my lord, to don right as you lest.

"For certes, lord, so wel us liketh you
And all your werke, and ever have don, that we
Ne couden not ourself devisen how
We mighten live in more felicitee:
Save o thing, lord, if it your wille be,
That for to be a wedded man you lest,
Than were your peple in soverain hertes rest.

"Boweth your nekke under the blisful yok
Of soveraintee, and not of servise,
Which that men clepen spousaile or wedlok:
And thinketh, lord, among your thoughtes wise,
How that our dayes passe in sondry wise;
For though we slepe, or wake, or rome, or ride,
Ay fleth the time, it wol no man abide.

"And though your grene youthe floure as yet,
In crepeth age alway as still as ston,
And deth manaseth every age, and smit
In eche estat, for ther escapeth non:
And al so certain, as we knowe eche on
That we shul die, as uncertain we all
Ben of that day whan deth shal on us fall.

"Accepteth than of us the trewe entent,
That never yet refuseden your hest,
And we wol, lord, if that ye wol assent,
Chese you a wife in short time at the mest,
Borne of the gentillest and of the best
Of all this lond, so that it oughte seme
Honour to God and you, as we can deme.

"Deliver us out of all this besy drede,
And take a wif, for highe Goddes sake:
For if it so befell, as God forbede,
That thurgh your deth your linage shulde slake,
And that a strange successour shuld take
Your heritage, o! wo were us on live:
Wherfore we pray you hastily to wive."

Hir meke praiere and hir pitous chere
Made the markis for to han pitee.
"Ye wol," quod he, "min owen peple dere,
To that I never er thought constrainen me.
I me rejoyced of my libertee,
Than selden time is found in mariage;
Ther I was free, I moste ben in servage.

"But natheles I see your trewe entent,
And trust upon your wit, and have don ay:
Wherfore of my free will I wol assent
To wedden me, as sone as ever I may.
But ther as ye han profred me to-day
To chesen me a wif, I you relese
That chois, and pray you of that profer cese.

"For God it wot, that children often ben
Unlike hir worthy eldres hem before,
Bountee cometh al of God, not of the stren
Of which they ben ygendred and ybore:
I trust in Goddes bountee, and therfore
My mariage, and min estat, and rest
I him betake, he may don as him lest.

"Let me alone in chesing of my wif,
That charge upon my bak I wol endure:
But I you pray, and charge upon your lif,
That what wif that I take, ye me assure
To worship hire while that hire lif may dure,
In word and werk both here and elles where,
As she an emperoures doughter were.

" And forthermore this shuln ye swere, that ye
Again my chois shul never grutch ne strive.
For sith I shal forgo my libertee
At your request, as ever mote I thrive,
Ther as min herte is set, ther wol I wive:
And but ye wol assent in swiche manere,
I pray you speke no more of this matere."

With hertly will they sworen and assenten
To all this thing, ther saide not o wight nay:
Beseching him of grace, or that they wenten,
That he wold granten hem a certain day
Of his spousaile, as sone as ever he may,
For yet alway the peple somwhat dred,
Lest that this markis wolde no wif wed.

He granted hem a day, swiche as him lest,
On which he wold be wedded sikerly,
And said he did all this at hir request;
And they with humble herte ful buxumly
Kneling upon hir knees ful reverently
Him thonken all, and thus they han an end
Of hir entente, and home agen they wend.

And hereupon he to his officeres
Commandeth for the feste to purvay.
And to his privee knightes and squieres
Swiche charge he yave, as him list on hem lay:
And they to his commandement obey,
And eche of hem doth al his diligence
To do unto the feste al reverence.

PARS SECUNDA.

Nought fer fro thilke paleis honourable,
Wher as this markis shope his mariage,
Ther stood a thorpe, of sighte delitable,
In which that poure folk of that village
Hadden hir bestes and hir herbergage,
And of hir labour toke hir sustenance,
After that the erthe yave hem habundance.

Among this poure folk ther dwelt a man,
Which that was holden pourest of hem all:
But highe God somtime senden can
His grace unto a litel oxes stall:
Janicola men of that thorpe him call.
A doughter had he, faire ynough to sight,
And Grisildis this yonge maiden hight.

But for to speke of vertuous beautee,
Than was she on the fairest under sonne:
Ful pourely yfostred up was she:
No likerous lust was in hire herte yronne;
Wel ofter of the well than of the tonne
She dranke, and for she wolde vertue plese,
She knew wel labour, but non idel ese.

But though this mayden tendre were of age,
Yet in the brest of hire virginitee
Ther was enclosed sad and ripe corage:
And in gret reverence and charitee
Hire old poure fader fostred she:
A few sheep spinning on the feld she kept,
She wolde not ben idel til she slept.

And whan she homward came, she wolde bring
Wortes and other herbes times oft,
The which she shred and sethe for hire living,
And made hire bed ful hard, and nothing soft:
And ay she kept hire fadres lif on loft,
With every obeisance and diligence,
That child may don to fadres reverence.

Upon Grisilde, this poure creature,
Ful often sithe this markis sette his eye,
As he on hunting rode paraventure:
And whan it fell that he might hire espie,
He not with wanton loking of folie
His eyen cast on hire, but in sad wise
Upon hire chere he wold him oft avise.

Commending in his herte hire womanhede,
And eke hire vertue, passing any wight
Of so yong age, as wel in chere as dede.
For though the people have no gret insight
In vertue, he considered ful right
Hire bountee, and disposed that he wold
Wedde hire only, if ever he wedden shold.

The day of wedding came, but no wight can
Tellen what woman that it shulde be,
For which mervaille wondred many a man,
And saiden, whan they were in privitee,
" Wol not our lord yet leve his vanitee?
Wol he not wedde? alas, alas the while!
Why wol he thus himself and us begile?"

But natheles this markis hath do make
Of gemmes, sette in gold and in asure,
Broches and ringes, for Grisildes sake,
And of hire clothing toke he the mesure
Of a maiden like unto hire stature,
And eke of other ornamentes all,
That unto swiche a wedding shulde fall.

The time of underne of the same day
Approcheth, that this wedding shulde be,
And all the paleis put was in array,
Both halle and chambres, eche in his degree,
Houses of office stuffed with plentee
Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vitaille,
That may be found, as fer as lasteth Itaille.

This real markis richely arraide,
Lordes and ladies in his compagnie,
The which unto the feste weren praide,
And of his retenue the bachelerie,
With many a soun of sondry melodie,
Unto the village, of the which I told,
In this array the righte way they hold.

Grisilde of this (God wot) ful innocent,
That for hire shapen was all this array,
To fetchen water at a welle is went,
And cometh home as sone as ever she may.
For wel she had herd say, that thilke day
The markis shulde wedde, and, if she might,
She wolde fayn han seen som of that sight.

She thought, " I wol with other maidens stond,
That ben my felawes, in our dore, and see
The markisesse, and therto wol I fond
To don at home, as sone as it may be,
The labour which that longeth unto me,
And than I may at leiser hire behold,
If she this way unto the castel hold."

And as she wolde over the threswold gon,
The markis came and gan hire for to call,
And she set doun hire water-pot anon
Beside the threswold in an oxes stall,
And doun upon hire knees she gan to fall,
And with sad countenance kneleth still,
Till she had herd what was the lordes will.

This thoughtful markis spake unto this maid
Ful soberly, and said in this manere:
"Wher is your fader, Grisildis?" he said.
And she with reverence in humble chere
Answered, "Lord, he is al redy here."
And in she goth withouten lenger lette,
And to the markis she hire fader fette.

He by the hond than toke this poure man,
And saide thus, whan he him had aside:
"Janicola, I neither may ne can
Lenger the plesance of min herte hide,
If that thou vouchesauf, what so betide,
Thy doughter wol I take or that I wend
As for my wif, unto hire lives end.

"Thou lovest me, that wot I wel certain,
And art my faithful liegeman ybore,
And all that liketh me, I dare wel sain
It liketh thee, and specially therfore
Tell me that point, that I have said before,
If that thou wolt unto this purpos drawe,
To taken me as for thy son in lawe."

This soden cas this man astoned so,
That red he wex, abaist, and al quaking
He stood, unnethes said he wordes mo,
But only thus; "Lord," quod he, "my willing
Is as ye wol, ne ageins your liking
I wol no thing, min owen lord so dere,
Right as you list, governeth this matere."

"Than wol I," quod this markis softely,
"That in thy chambre, I, and thou, and she,
Have a collation, and wost thou why?
For I wol ask hire, if it hire wille be
To be my wif, and reule hire after me:
And all this shal be don in thy presence,
I wol not speke out of thin audience."

And in the chambre, while they were aboute
The tretee, which as ye shul after here,
The peple came into the hous withoute,
And wondred hem, in how honest manere
Ententifly she kept hire fader dere:
But utterly Grisildis wonder might,
For never erst ne saw she swiche a sight.

No wonder is though that she be astoned,
To see so gret a gest come in that place,
She never was to non swiche gestes woned,
For which she loked with ful pale face.
But shortly forth this matere for to chace,
Thise arn the wordes that the markis said
To this benigne, veray, faithful maid.

"Grisilde," he said, "ye shuln wel understond,
It liketh to your fader and to me,
That I you wedde, and eke it may so stond
As I suppose, ye wol that it so be:
But thise demaundes aske I first," quod he,
"That sin it shal be don in hasty wise,
Wol ye assent, or elles you avise?

"I say this, be ye redy with good herte
To all my lust, and that I freely may
As me best thinketh do you laugh or smerte,
And never ye to grutchen, night ne day,
And eke whan I say ya, ye say not nay,
Neither by word, ne frouning countenance?
Swere this, and here I swere our alliance."

Wondring upon this thing, quaking for drede,
She saide; "Lord, indigne and unworthy
Am I, to thilke honour, that ye me bede,
But as ye wol yourself, right so wol I:
And here I swere, that never willingly
In werk, ne thought, I ni'll you disobeie
For to be ded, though me were loth to deie."

"This is ynough, Grisilde min," quod he.
And forth he goth with a ful sobre chere,
Out at the dore, and after than came she,
And to the peple he said in this manere:
"This is my wif," quod he, "that stondeth here;
Honoureth her, and loveth hire, I pray,
Who so me loveth, ther n'is no more to say."

And for that nothing of hire olde gere
She shulde bring into his hous, he bad
That women shuld despoilen hire right there,
Of which thise ladies weren nothing glad
To handle hire clothes wherin she was clad:
But natheles this maiden bright of hew
Fro foot to hed they clothed han all new.

Hire heres han they kempt, that lay untressed
Ful rudely, and with hir fingres smal
A coroune on hire hed they han ydressed,
And sette hire ful of nouches gret and smal:
Of hire array what shuld I make a tale?
Unneth the peple hire knew for hire fairnesse,
Whan she transmewed was in swiche richesse.

This markis hath hire spoused with a ring
Brought for the same cause, and than hire sette
Upon an hors snow-white, and wel ambling,
And to his paleis, or he lenger lette,
(With joyful peple, that hire lad and mette)
Conveyed hire, and thus the day they spende
In revel, til the sonne gan descende.

And shortly forth this tale for to chace,
I say, that to this newe markisesse
God hath swiche favour sent hire of his grace,
That it ne semeth not by likelinesse
That she was borne and fed in rudenesse,
As in a cote, or in an oxes stall,
But nourished in an emperoures hall.

To every wight she waxen is so dere,
And worshipful, that folk ther she was bore,
And fro hire birthe knew hire yere by yere,
Unnethes trowed they, but dorst han swore,
That to Janicle, of which I spake before,
She doughter n'as, for as by conjecture
Hem thoughte she was another creature.

For though that ever vertuous was she,
She was encresed in swiche excellence
Of thewes good, yset in high bountee,
And so discrete, and faire of eloquence,
So benigne, and so digne of reverence,
And coude so the peples herte embrace,
That eche hire loveth that loketh on hire face.

Not only of Saluces in the toun
Published was the bountee of hire name,
But eke beside in many a regioun,
If on saith wel, another saith the same:
So spredeth of hire hie bountee the fame,
That men and women, yong as wel as old,
Gon to Saluces upon hire to behold.

Thus Walter lowly, nay but really,
Wedded with fortunat honestetee,
In Goddes pees liveth ful esily
At home, and grace ynough outward had he:
And for he saw that under low degree
Was honest vertue hid, the peple him held
A prudent man, and that is seen ful seld.

Not only this Grisildis thurgh hire wit
Coude all the fete of wifly homlinesse,
But eke whan that the cas required it,
The comune profit coude she redresse:
Ther n'as discord, rancour, ne hevinesse
In all the lond, that she ne coude appese,
And wisely bring hem all in hertes ese.

Though that hire husbond absent were or non,
If gentilmen, or other of that contree
Were wroth, she wolde bringen hem at on,
So wise and ripe wordes hadde she,
And jugement of so gret equitee,
That she from heven sent was, as men wend,
Peple to save, and every wrong to amend.

Not longe time after that this Grisilde
Was wedded, she a doughter hath ybore,
All had hire lever han borne a knave child:
Glad was the markis and his folk therfore,
For though a maiden childe come all before,
She may unto a knave child atteine.
By likelyhed, sin she n'is not barreine.

PARS TERTIA.

Ther fell, as it befalleth time mo,
Whan that this childe had souked but a throwe,
This markis in his herte longed so
To tempt his wif, hire sadnesse for to knowe,
That he ne might out of his herte throwe
This marveillous desir his wif to assay,
Needles, God wot, he thought hire to affray.

He had assaied hire ynough before,
And found hire ever good, what nedeth it
Hire for to tempt, and alway more and more?
Though som men praise it for a subtil wit,
But as for me, I say that evil it sit
To assay a wif whan that it is no nede,
nd putten hire in anguish and in drede.

For which this markis wrought in this manere;
He came a-night alone ther as she lay
With sterne face, and with ful trouble chere,
And sayde thus; "Grisilde," quod he, "that day
That I you toke out of your poure array,
And put you in estat of high noblesse,
Ye han it not forgetten as I gesse.

"I say, Grisilde, this present dignitee,
In which that I have put you, as I trow,
Maketh you not forgetful for to be
That I you toke in poure estat ful low,
For ony wele ye mote yourselven know,
Take hede of every word that I you say,
Ther is no wight that hereth it but we tway.

"Ye wote yourself well how that ye came here
Into this hous, it is not long ago,
And though to me ye be right lefe and dere,
Unto my gentils ye be nothing so:
They say, to hem it is gret shame and wo
For to be suggetes, and ben in servage
To thee, that borne art of a smal linage.

"And namely sin thy doughter was ybore,
Thise wordes han they spoken douteles,
But I desire, as I have don before,
To live my lif with hem in rest and pees:
I may not in this cas be reccheles;
I mote do with thy doughter for the best,
Not as I wold, but as my gentils lest.

"And yet, God wote, this is ful loth to me:
But natheles withouten youre weting
I wol nought do, but thus wol I," quod he,
"That ye to me assenten in this thing.
Shew now youre patience in youre werking,
That ye me hight and swore in youre village
The day that maked was our mariage."

Whan she had herd all this, she not ameved
Neyther in word, in chere, ne countenance,
(For as it semed, she was not agreved)
She sayde; "Lord, all lith in your plesance,
My child and I, with hertily obeisance
Ben youres all, and ye may save or spill,
Your owen thing: werketh after your will.

"Ther may no thing, so God my soule save,
Like unto you, that may displesen me:
Ne I desire nothing for to have,
Ne drede for to lese, sauf only ye:
This will is in myn herte, and ay shall be,
No length of time, or deth may this deface,
Ne change my corage to an other place."

Glad was this markis for hire answering,
But yet he feined as he were not so,
Al drery was his chere and his loking,
Whan that he shuld out of the chambre go.
Sone after this, a furlong way or two,
He prively hath told all his entent
Unto a man, and to his wif him sent.

A maner sergeant was this prive man,
The which he faithful often founden had
In thinges gret, and eke swiche folk wel can
Don execution on thinges bad:
The lord knew wel, that he him loved and drad.
And whan this sergeant wist his lordes will,
Into the chambre he stalked him ful still.

"Madame," he sayd, "ye mote foryeve it me,
Though I do thing, to which I am constreined:
Ye ben so wise, that right wel knowen ye,
That lordes hestes may not ben yfeined,
They may wel be bewailed and complained,
But men mote nedes to hir lust obey,
And so wol I, ther n'is no more to say.

" This child I am commanded for to take."
And spake no more, but out the child he hent
Despitously, and gan a chere to make,
As though he wold have slain it, or he went.
Grisildis most al suffer and al consent:
And as a lambe, she sitteth meke and still,
And let this cruel sergeant do his will.

Suspecious was the diffame of this man,
Suspect his face, suspect his word also,
Suspect the time in which he this began:
Alas! hire doughter, that she loved so,
She wende he wold han slaien it right tho,
But natheles she neither wept ne siked,
Conforming hire to that the markis liked.

But at the last to speken she began,
And mekely she to the sergeant praid
(So as he was a worthy gentil man)
That she might kisse hire child, or that it deid:
And in hire barme this litel child she leid,
With ful sad face, and gan the child to blisse,
And lulled it, and after gan it kisse.

And thus she said in hire benigne vois:
" Farewel, my child, I shall thee never see,
But sin I have thee marked with the crois,
Of thilke fader yblessed mote thou be,
That for us died upon a crois of tree:
Thy soule, litel child, I him betake,
For this night shalt thou dien for my sake."

I trow that to a norice in this cas
It had ben hard this routhe for to see:
Wel might a moder than han cried " Alas,"
But natheles so sad stedfast was she,
That she endured all adversitee,
And to the sergeant mekely she sayde,
" Have here agen your litel yonge mayde.

" Goth now," quod she, " and doth my lordes hest:
And o thing wold I pray you of your grace,
But if my lord forbade you at the lest,
Burieth this litel body in som place,
That bestes ne no briddes it to-race."
But he no word to that purpos wold say,
But toke the child and went upon his way.

This sergeant came unto his lord again,
And of Grisildes wordes and hire chere
He told him point for point, in short and plain,
And him presented with his doughter dere.
Somwhat this lord hath routhe in his manere,
But natheles his purpos held he still,
As lordes don, whan they wol have hir will.

And bad this sergeant that he prively
Shulde this child ful softe wind and wrappe,
With alle circumstances tendrely,
And carry it in a coffre, or in a lappe;
But upon peine his hed of for to swappe
That no man shulde know of his entent,
Ne whens he came, ne whider that he went;

But at Boloigne, unto his suster dere,
That thilke time of Pavie was countesse,
He shuld it take, and shew hire this matere,
Beseeching hire to don hire besinesse
This child to fostren in all gentillesse,
And whos child that it was he bade hire hide
From every wight, for ought that may betide.

This sergeant goth, and hath fulfilde this thing.
But to this marquis now retorne we;
For now goth he ful fast imagining,
If by his wives chere he mighte see,
Or by hire wordes apperceive, that she
Were changed, but he never coud hire finde,
But ever in on ylike sad and kinde.

As glad, as humble, as besy in service
And eke in love, as she was wont to be,
Was she to him, in every maner wise;
Ne of hire doughter not a word spake she:
Non accident for non adversitee
Was seen in hire, ne never hire doughters name
Ne nevened she, for ernest ne for game.

PARS QUARTA.

In this estat ther passed ben foure yere
Er she with childe was, but, as God wold,
A knave childe she bare by this Waltere
Ful gracious, and fair for to behold:
And whan that folk it to his fader told,
Not only he, but all his contree mery
Was for this childe, and God they thonke and hery.

Whan it was two yere old, and from the brest
Departed of his norice, on a day
This markis caughte yet another lest
To tempte his wif yet ofter, if he may.
O! nedeles was she tempted in assay.
But wedded men ne connen no mesure,
Whan that they finde a patient creature.

" Wif," quod this markis, " ye han herd or this
My peple sikely beren our mariage,
And namely sin my sone yboren is,
Now is it werse than ever in all our age:
The murmur sleth myn herte and my corage,
For to myn eres cometh the vois so smerte,
That it wel nie destroyed hath myn herte.

" Now say they thus, ' Whan Walter is agon,
Than shal the blood of Janicle succede,
And ben our lord, for other han we non:'
Swiche wordes sayn my peple, it is no drede.
Wel ought I of swiche murmur taken hede,
For certainly I dred al swiche sentence,
Though they not plainen in myn audience.

" I wolde live in pees, if that I might:
Wherfore I am disposed utterly,
As I his suster served er by night,
Right so thinke I to serve him prively.
This warne I you, that ye not sodenly
Out of yourself for no wo shuld outraie,
Beth patient, and therof I you praie."

" I have," quod she, " sayd thus and ever shal,
I wol no thing, ne n'ill no thing certain,
But as you list: not greveth me at al,
Though that my doughter and my sone be slain
At your commandement: that is to sain,
I have not had no part of children twein,
But first sikenesse, and after wo and peine.

" Ye ben my lord, doth with your owen thing
Right as you list, asketh no rede of me:

For as I left at home al my clothing
Whan I came first to you, right so," quod she,
"Left I my will and al my libertee,
And toke your clothing: wherfore I you prey,
Doth your plesance, I wol youre lust obey.

"And certes, if I hadde prescience
Your will to know, er ye your lust me told,
I wold it do withouten negligence:
But now I wote your lust, and what ye wold,
All your plesance ferme and stable I hold,
For wist I that my deth might do you ese,
Right gladly wold I dien, you to plese.

"Deth may not maken no comparisoun
Unto your love." And whan this markis say
The constance of his wif, he cast adoun
His eyen two, and wondreth how she may
In patience suffer al this array:
And forth he goth with drery contenance,
But to his herte it was ful gret plesance.

This ugly sergeant in the same wise
That he hire doughter caughte, right so he
(Or werse, if men can any werse devise)
Hath hent hire sone, that ful was of beautee:
And ever in on so patient was she,
That she no chere made of hevinesse,
But kist hire son and after gan it blesse.

Save this she praied him, if that he might,
Hire litel sone he wold in erthe grave,
His tendre limmes delicat to sight,
Fro foules and fro bestes for to save.
But she non answer of him mighte have,
He went his way, as him no thing ne rought,
But to Boloigne he tendrely it brought.

This markis wondreth ever lenger the more
Upon hire patience, and if that he
Ne hadde sothly knowen therbefore,
That parfitly hire children loved she,
He wold han wend that of som subtiltee
And of malice, or for cruel corage,
That she had suffred this with sad visage.

But wel he knew, that next himself, certain
She loved hire children best in every wise.
But now of women wold I asken fayn,
If thise assaies mighten not suffise;
What coud a sturdy husbond more devise
To preve hire wifhood, and hire stedfastnesse,
And he continuing ever in sturdinesse?

But ther ben folk of swiche condition,
That, whan they han a certain purpos take,
They cannot stint of hir entention,
But, right as they were bounden to a stake,
They wol not of hir firste purpos slake:
Right so this markis fully hath purposed
To tempt his wif, as he was first disposed.

He waiteth, if by word or contenance
That she to him was changed of corage:
But never coud he nden variance,
She was ay on in herte and in visage,
And ay the further that she was in age,
The more trewe (if that it were possible)
She was to him in love, and more penible.

For which it semed thus, that of hem two
Ther was but o will; for as Walter lest
The same lust was hire plesance also;
And God be thanked, all fell for the best.
She shewed wel, for no wordly unrest
A wif, as of hireself, no thing ne sholde
Wille in effect, but as hire husbond wolde.

The sclandre of Walter wonder wide spradde,
That of a cruel herte he wikkedly,
For he a poure woman wedded hadde,
Hath murdred both his children prively:
Swich murmur was among hem comunly.
No wonder is: for to the peples ere
Ther came no word, but that they murdred were.

For which ther as his peple therbefore
Had loved him wel, the sclandre of his diffame
Made hem that they him hateden therfore:
To ben a murdrour is an hateful name.
But natheles, for ernest ne for game,
He of his cruel purpos n'olde stente,
To tempt his wif was sette all his entente.

Whan that his doughter twelf yere was of age,
He to the court of Rome, in subtil wise
Enformed of his will, sent his message,
Commanding him, swiche billes to devise,
As to his cruel purpos may suffise,
How that the pope, as for his peples rest,
Bade him to wed another, if him lest.

I say he bade, they shulden contrefete
The popes bulles, making mention
That he hath leve his firste wif to lete,
As by the popes dispensation,
To stinten rancour and dissension
Betwix his peple and him: thus spake the bull,
The which they han published at the full.

The rude peple, as no wonder is,
Wenden ful wel, that it had ben right so:
But whan thise tidings came to Grisildis,
I deme that hire herte was ful of wo;
But she ylike sad for evermo
Disposed was, this humble creature,
The adversitee of fortune al to endure;

Abiding ever his lust and his plesance,
To whom that she was yeven, herte and al,
As to hire veray worldly suffisance.
But shortly if this storie tell I shal,
This markis writen hath in special
A lettre, in which he sheweth his entente,
And secretly he to Boloigne it sente.

To the erl of Pavie, which that hadde tho
Wedded his suster, prayed he specially
To bringen home agein his children two
In honourable estat al openly:
But o thing he him prayed utterly,
That he to no wight, though men wold enquere,
Shulde not tell whos children that they were,

But say, the maiden shuld ywedded be
Unto the markis of Saluces anon.
And as this erl was prayed, so did he,
For at day sette he on his way is gon
Toward Saluces, and lordes many on
In rich arraie, this maiden for to gide,
Hire yonge brother riding hire beside.

Arraied was toward hire mariage
This freshe maiden, ful of gemmes clere,
Hire brother, which that seven yere was of age,
Arraied eke ful fresh in his manere:
And thus in gret noblesse and with glad chere
Toward Saluces shaping hir journey
Fro day to day they riden in hir way.

PARS QUINTA.

Among al this, after his wicked usage,
This markis yet his wif to tempten more
To the uttereste prefe of hire corage,
Fully to have experience and lore,
If that she were as stedefast as before,
He on a day in open audience
Ful boistously hath said hire this sentence:

"Certes, Grisilde, I had ynough plesance
To han you to my wif, for your goodnesse,
And for your trouthe, and for your obeysance,
Not for your linage, ne for your richesse,
But now know I in very sothfastnesse,
That in gret lordship, if I me wel avise,
Ther is gret servitude in sondry wise.

"I may not don, as every ploughman may:
My peple me constreineth for to take
Another wif, and crien day by day;
And eke the pope rancour for to slake
Consenteth it, that dare I undertake:
And trewely, thus moche I wol you say,
My newe wif is coming by the way.

"Be strong of herte, and voide anon hire place,
And thilke dower that ye broughten me
Take it agen, I grant it of my grace.
Returneth to your fadres hous," quod he,
"No man may alway have prosperitee.
With even herte I rede you to endure
The stroke of fortune, or of aventure."

And she agen answerd in patience:
"My lord," quod she, "I wote, and wist alway,
How that betwixen your magnificence
And my poverte no wight ne can ne may
Maken comparison, it is no nay;
I ne held me never digne in no manere
To be your wif, ne yet your chamberere.

"And in this hous, ther ye me lady made,
(The highe God take I for my witnesse,
And all so wisly he my soule glad)
I never held me lady ne maistresse,
But humble servant to your worthinesse,
And ever shal, while that my lif may dure,
Aboven every worldly creature.

"That ye so longe of your benignitee
Han holden me in honour and nobley,
Wheras I was not worthy for to be,
That thanke I God and you, to whom I prey
Foryelde it you, ther is no more to sey:
Unto my fader gladly wol I wende,
And with him dwell unto my lives ende;

"Ther I was fostred of a childe ful smal,
Til I be-ded my lif ther wol I lede,
A widew clene in body, herte and al.
For sith I yave to you my maidenhede,
And am your trewe wif, it is no drede,
God shilde swiche a lordes wif to take
Another man to husbond or to make.

"And of your newe wif, God of his grace
So graunte you wele and prosperite:
For I wol gladly yelden hire my place,
In which that I was blisful wont to be.
For sith it liketh you, my lord," quod she,
"That whilom weren all myn hertes rest,
That I shal gon, I wol go whan you lest.

"But ther as ye me profre swiche dowaire
As I first brought, it is wel in my mind,
It were my wretched clothes, nothing faire,
The which to me were hard now for to find.
O goode God! how gentil and how kind
Ye semed by your speche and your visage,
The day that maked was oure marriage!

"But soth is said, algate I find it trewe,
For in effect it preved is on me,
Love is not old, as whan that it is newe.
But certes, lord, for non adversitee
To dien in this cas, it shal not be
That ever in word or werke I shal repent,
That I you yave min herte in hole entent.

"My lord, ye wote, that in my fadres place
Ye dide me stripe out of my poure wede,
And richely ye clad me of your grace;
To you brought I nought elles out of drede,
But faith, and nakednesse, and maidenhede;
And here agen your clothing I restore,
And eke your wedding ring for evermore.

"The remenant of your jeweles redy be
Within your chambre, I dare it safly sain:
Naked out of my fadres hous," quod she,
"I came, and naked I mote turne again.
All your plesance wolde I folwe fain:
But yet I hope it be not your entent,
That I smokles out of your paleis went.

"Ye coude not do so dishonest a thing,
That thilke wombe, in which your children lay,
Shulde before the peple, in my walking,
Be seen al bare! wherfore I you pray
Let me not like a worme go by the way!
Remembre you, min owen lord so dere,
I was your wif, though I unworthy were.

"Wherfore in guerdon of my maidenhede,
Which that I brought and not agen I bere,
As vouchesauf to yeve me to my mede
But swiche a smok as I was wont to were,
That I therwith may wrie the wombe of hire
That was your wif: and here I take my leve
Of you, min owen lord, lest I you greve."

"The smok," quod he, "that thou hast on thy bake,
Let it be still, and bere it forth with thee."
But wel unnethes thilke word he spake,
But went his way for routhe and for pitee.
Before the folk hireselven stripeth she,
And in hire smok, with foot and hed al bare,
Toward hire fadres hous forth is she fare.

The folk hire folwen weping in hir wey,
And fortune ay they cursen as they gon:
But she fro weping kept hire eyen drey,
Ne in this time word ne spake she non.
Hire fader, that this tiding herd anon,
Curseth the day and time, that nature
Shope him to ben a lives creature.

For out of doute this olde poure man
Was ever in suspect of hire mariage:
For ever he demed, sin it first began,
That whan the lord fulfilled had his corage,
Him wolde thinke it were a disparage
To his estat, so lowe for to alight,
And voiden hire as soone as ever he might.

Agein his doughter hastily goth he,
(For he by noise of folk knew hire coming)
And with hire olde cote, as it might be,
He covereth hire ful sorwefully weping:
But on hire body might he it not bring,
For rude was the cloth, and more of age
By daies fele than at hire mariage.

Thus with hire fader for a certain space
Dwelleth this flour of wifly patience,
That nother by hire wordes ne hire face,
Before the folk, ne eke in hir absence,
Ne shewed she that hire was don offence,
Ne of hire high estat no remembrance
Ne hadde she, as by hire contenance.

No wonder is, for in hire gret estat
Hire gost was ever in pleine humilitee;
No tendre mouth, no herte delicat,
No pompe, no semblant of realtee;
But ful of patient benignitee,
Discrete, and prideles, ay honourable,
And to hire husbond ever meke and stable.

Men speke of Job, and most for his humblesse,
As clerkes, whan hem list, can wel endite,
Namely of men, but as in sothfastnesse,
Though clerkes preisen women but a lite,
Ther can no man in humblesse him acquite
As woman can, ne can be half so trewe,
As women ben, but it be falle of newe.

PARS SEXTA.

Fro Boloigne is the erl of Pavie come,
Of which the fame up sprang to more and lesse:
And to the peples eres all and some
Was couth eke, that a newe markisesse
He with him brought, in swiche pomp and richesse,
That never was ther seen with mannes eye
So noble array in al West Lumbardie.

The markis, which that shope and knew all this,
Er that this erl was come, sent his message
For thilke poure soly Grisildis;
And she with humble heste and glad visage,
Not with no swollen thought in hire corage,
Came at his hest, and on hire knees hire sette,
And reverently and wisely she him grette.

"Grisilde," quod he, "my will is utterly,
This maiden, that shal wedded be to me,
Received be to-morwe as really
As it possible is in myn hous to be:
And eke that every wight in his degree
Have his estat in sitting and service,
And high plesance, as I can best devise.

"I have no woman suffisant certain
The chambres for to array in ordinance
After my lust, and therfore wolde I fain,
That thin were all swiche manere governance:
Thou knowest eke of old all my plesance;
Though thin array be bad, and evil besey,
Do thou thy devoir at the leste wey."

"Not only, lord, that I am glad," quod she,
"To don your lust, but I desire also
You for to serve and plese in my degree,
Withouten fainting, and shal evermo:
Ne never for no wele, ne for no wo,
Ne shal the gost within myn herte stente
To love you best with all my trewe entente."

And with that word she gan the hous to dight,
And tables for to sette, and beddes make,
And peined hire to don all that she might,
Praying the chambererers for Goddes sake
To hasten hem, and faste swepe and shake,
And she the moste serviceable of all
Hath every chamber arraied, and his hall.

Abouten undern gan this erl alight,
That with him brought thise noble children twey;
For which the peple ran to see the sight
Of hir array, so richely besey:
And than at erst amonges hem they sey,
That Walter was no fool, though that him lest
To change his wif; for it was for the best.

For she is fairer, as they demen all,
Than is Grisilde, and more tendre of age,
And fairer fruit betwene hem shuld fall,
And more plesant for hire high linage:
Hire brother eke so faire was of visage
That hem to seen the peple hath caught plesance,
Commending now the markis governance.

"O stormy peple, unsad and ever untrewe,
And undiscrete, and changing as a fane,
Delighting ever in rombel that is newe,
For like the mone waxen ye and wane:
Ay ful of clapping, dere ynough a jane,
Your dome is fals, your constance evil preveth,
A ful gret fool is he that on you leveth."

Thus saiden sade folk in that citee,
Whan that the peple gased up and doun:
For they were glad, right for the noveltee,
To have a newe lady of hir toun.
No more of this make I now mentioun,
But to Grisilde agen I wol me dresse,
And telle hire constanee and hire besinesse.

Ful besy was Grisilde in every thing,
That to the feste was appertinent;
Right naught was she abaist of hire clothing,
Though it were rude, and somdel eke to-rent,
But with glad chere to the yate is went
With other folk, to grete the markisesse,
And after that doth forth hire besinesse.

With so glad chere his gestes she receiveth,
And conningly everich in his degree,
That no defaute no man apperceiveth,
But ay they wondren what she might be,
That in so poure array was for to see,
And coude swiche honour and reverence,
And worthily they preisen hire prudence.

In all this mene while she ne stent
This maide and eke hire brother to commend
With all hire herte in ful benigne entent,
So wel, that no man coud hire preise amend:
But at the last whan that thise lordes wend
To sitten doun to mete, he gan to call
Grisilde, as she was besy in the hall.

"Grisilde," quod he, as it were in his play,
"How liketh thee my wif, and hire beautee?"
"Right wel, my lord," quod she, "for in good fay,
A fairer saw I never non than she:
I pray to God yeve you prosperitee;
And so I hope, that he wol to you send
Plesance ynough unto your lives end.

"O thing beseche I you and warne also,
That ye ne prikke with no turmenting
This tendre maiden, as ye han do mo:
For she is fostred in hire norishing
More tendrely, and to my supposing
She mighte not adversitee endure,
As coude a poure fostred creature."

And whan this Walter saw hire patience,
Hire glade chere, and no malice at all,
And he so often hadde hire don offence,
And she ay sade and constant as a wall,
Continuing ever hire innocence over all,
This stardy markis gan his herte dresse,
To rewe upon hire wifly stedefastnesse."

"This is ynough, Grisilde min," quod he,
"Be now no more agast, ne evil apaid,
I have thy faith and thy benignitee,
As wel as ever woman was, assaid
I gret estat, and pourelich arraied:
Now know I, dere wif, thy stedefastnesse,"
And hire in armes toke, and gan to kesse,

And she for wonder toke of it no kepe;
She herde not what thing he to hire said:
She ferde as she had stert out of a slepe,
Til she out of hire masednesse abraid.
"Grisilde," quod he, "by God that for us deid,
Thou art my wif, non other I ne have,
Ne never had, as God my soule save."

"This is thy doughter, which thou hast supposed
To be my wif; that other faithfully
Shal be min heir, as I have ay disposed;
Thou bare hem of thy body trewely:
At Boloigne have I kept hem prively:
Take hem agen, for now maist thou not say,
That thou hast lorn non of thy children tway.

"And folk that otherwise han said of me,
I warne hem wel, that I have don this dede
For no malice, ne for no crueltee,
But for to assay in thee thy womanhede:
And not to slee my children (God forbede)
But for to kepe hem prively and still,
Til I thy purpos knew, and all thy wilk."

Whan she this herd aswoune doun she falleth
For pitous joye, and after hire swouning
She both hire yonge children to hire calleth,
And in hire armes pitously weping
Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissing
Ful like a moder with hire salte teres
She bathed both hir visage and hir heres.

O, which a pitous thing it was to see
Hire swouning, and hire humble vois to here!
"*Grand mercy*, lord, God thank it you," quod she,
"That ye han saved me my children dere:
Now rekke I never to be ded right here,
Sin I stond in your love, and in your grace,
No force of deth, ne whan my spirit pace.

"O tendre, o dere, o yonge children mine,
Your woful mother wened stedfastly,
That cruel houndes, or som foul vermine
Had eten you; but God of his mercy,
And your benigne fader tendrely
Hath don you kepe:" and in that same stound
Al sodenly she swapt adoun to ground.

And in hire swough so sadly holdeth she
Hire children two, whan she gan hem embrace,
That with gret sleight and gret difficultee
The children from hire arm they gan arrace.
O! many a tere on many a pitous face
Doun ran of hem that stoden hire beside,
Unnethe abouten hire might they abide.

Walter hire gladeth, and hire sorwe slaketh,
She riseth up abashed from hire trance,
And every wight hire joye and feste maketh,
Til she hath caught agen hire contenance.
Walter hire doth so faithfully plesance,
That it was deintee for to seen the chere
Betwix hem two, sin they ben met in fere.

Thise ladies, whan that they hir time sey,
Han taken hire, and into chambre gon,
And stripen hire out of hire rude arrey.
And in a cloth of gold that brighte shone,
With a coroune of many a riche stone
Upon hire hed, they into hall hire broughte:
And ther she was honoured as hire ought.

Thus hath this pitous day a blisful end;
For every man, and woman, doth his might
This day in mirth and revel to dispend,
Til on the welkin shone the sterres bright:
For more solempne in every mannes sight
This feste was, and greter of costage,
Than was the revel of hire mariage.

Ful many a yere in high prosperitee
Liven thise two in concord and in rest,
And richely his doughter maried he
Unto a lord, on of the worthiest
Of all Itallie, and than in pees and rest
His wives fader in his court he kepeth,
Til *that* the soule out of his body crepeth.

His sone succedeth in *his* heritage,
In rest and pees, after his fadres day:
And fortunat was eke in mariage,
Al put he not his wif in gret assay:
This world is not so strong, it is no nay,
As it hath ben in olde times yore,
And herkneth, what this auctour saith therfore.

This story is said, not for that wives shuld
Folwe Grisilde, as in humilitee,
For it were importable, tho they wold;
But for that every wight in his degree
Shulde be constant in adversitee,
As was Grisilde, therfore Petrark writeth
This storie, which with high stile he enditeth.

For sith a woman was so patient
Unto a mortal man, wel more we ought
Receiven all in gree that God us sent.
For gret skill is he preve that he wrought:
But he ne tempteth no man that he bought,
As saith seint Jame, if ye his pistell rede;
He preveth folk al day, it is no drede:

And suffreth us, as for our exercise,
With sharpe scourges of adversitee
Ful often to be bete in sondry wise;
Not for to know our will, for certes he,
Or we were borne, knew all our freeletee;
And for our best is all his governance;
Let us than live in vertuous suffrance.

But o word, lordings, herkeneth, or I go:
It were ful hard to finden now adayes
In all a toun Grisildes three or two:
For if that they were put to swiche assayes,
The gold of hem hath now so bad alayes
With bras, that though the coine be faire at eye,
It wolde rather brast atwo than plie.

For which here, for the wives love of Bathe,
Whos lif and al hire secte God maintene
In high maistrie, and elles were it scathe,
I wol with lusty herte freshe and grene,
Say you a song to gladen you, I wene:
And let us stint of ernestful matere.
Herkneth my song, that saith in this manere.

Grisilde is ded, and eke hire patience,
And both at ones buried in Itaille:
For which I crie in open audience,
No wedded man so hardy be to assaille
His wives patience, in trust to find
Grisildes, for in certain he shal faille.

O noble wives, ful of high prudence,
Let non humilitee your tonges naile:
Ne let no clerk have cause or diligence
To write of you a storie of swiche mervaille,
As of Grisildis patient and kinde,
Lest Chichevache you swalwe in hire entraille.

Folweth Ecco, that holdeth no silence,
But ever answereth at the countretaille:
Beth not bedaffed for your innocence,
But sharply taketh on you the governaille:
Emprenteth wel this lesson in your minde,
For comun profit, sith it may availle.

Ye archewives, stondeth ay at defence,
Sin ye be strong, as is a gret camaille,
Ne suffreth not, that men do you offence.
And sclendre wives, feble as in bataille,
Beth egre as is a tigre yond in Inde;
Ay clappeth as a mill, I you counsaille.

Ne drede hem not, doth hem no reverence,
For though thin husbond armed be in maille,
The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence
Shal perce his brest, and eke his aventaille:
In jalousie I rede eke thou him binde,
And thou shalt make him couche as doth a quaill.

If thou be faire, ther folk ben in presence
Shew thou thy visage, and thin apparaille:
If thou be foule, be free of thy dispence,
To get thee frendes ay do thy travaille:
Be ay of chere as light as lefe on linde,
And let him care, and wepe, and wringe, and waill.

THE SQUIERES TALE.

At Sarra, in the lond of Tartarie,
Ther dwelt a king that werreied Russie,
Thurgh which ther died many a doughty man:
This noble king was cleped Cambuscan,
Which in his time was of so gret renoun,
That ther na's no wher in no regioun,
So excellent a lord in alle thing:
Him lacked nought that longeth to a king,
As of the secte of which that he was borne.
He kept his lay to which he was ysworne,
And therto he was hardy, wise, and riche,
And pitous and just, and alway yliche,
Trewe of his word, benigne and honourable;
Of his corage as any centre stable;
Yong, fresh, and strong, in armes desirous,
As any bacheler of all his hous.
A faire person he was, and fortunate,
And kept alway so wel real estat,
That ther n'as no wher swiche another man.
This noble king, this Tartre Cambuscan,
Hadde two sones by Elfeta his wif,
Of which the eldest sone highte Algarsif,
That other was ycleped Camballo.
A doughter had this worthy king also,
That yongest was, and highte Canace:
But for to tellen you all hire beautee,
It lith not in my tonge, ne in my conning,
I dare not undertake so high a thing:
Min English eke is unsufficient,
It muste ben a Rethor excellent,
That coude his colours longing for that art,
If he shuld hire descriven ony part:
I am not swiche, I mote speke as I can.
And so befell, that whan this Cambuscan
Hath twenty winter borne his diademe,
As he was wont fro yere to yere I deme,
He let the feste of his nativitee
Don crien, thurghout Sarra his citee,
The last Idus of March, after the yere.
Phebus the sonne ful jolif was and clere,
For he was nigh his exaltation
In Martes face, and in his mansion
In Aries, the colerike hote signe:
Ful lusty was the wether and benigne
For which the foules again the sonne shene,
What for the seson ane the yonge grene,
Ful loude songen hir affections:
Hem semed han getten hem protections
Again the swerd of winter kene and cold.
This Cambuscan, of which I have you told,
In real vestiments, sit on his deis
With diademe, ful high in his paleis;

And holte his feste so solempne and so riche,
That in this world ne was ther non it liche,
Of which if I shal tellen all the array,
Than wold it occupie a somers day;
And eke it nedeth not for to devise
At every cours the order of hir service.
I wol not tellen of hir strange sewes,
Ne of hir swannes, ne hir heronsewes.
Eke in that lond, as tellen knightes old,
Ther is som mete that is ful deintee hold,
That in this lond men recche of it ful smal:
Ther n'is no man that may reporten al.
I wol not tarien you, for it is prime,
And for it is no fruit, but losse of time,
Unto my purpose I wol have recours.
And so befell that after the thridde cours
While that this king sit thus in his nobley,
Herking his ministralles hir thinges pley
Beforne him at his bord deliciously,
In at the halle dore al sodenly
Ther came a knight upon a stede of bras,
And in his hond a brod mirrour of glas;
Upon his thombe he had of gold a ring,
And by his side a naked swerde hanging:
And up he rideth to the highe bord.
In all the halle ne was ther spoke a word,
For mervaille of this knight; him to behold
Ful besily they waiten yong and old.
This strange knight that come thus sodenly
Al armed save his hed ful richely,
Saluëth king and quene, and lordes alle
By order, as they saten in the halle,
With so high reverence and observance,
As wel in speche as in his contenance,
That Gawain with his olde curtesie,
Though he were come agen out of Faerie,
Ne coude him not amenden with a word.
And after this, beforn the highe bord
He with a manly vois sayd his message,
After the forme used in his langage,
Withouten vice of sillable or of letter.
And for his tale shulde seme the better,
Accordant to his wordes was his chere,
As techeth art of speche hem that it lere.
Al be it that I cannot soune his stile,
Ne cannot climben over so high a stile,
Yet say I this, as to comun entent,
Thus much amounteth all that ever he ment,
If it so be that I have it in mind.
He sayd; "The king of Arabie and of Inde,
My liege lord, on this solempne day
Saluëth you as he best can and may,
And sendeth you in honour of your feste
By me, that am al redy at your heste,
This stede of bras, that esily and wel
Can in the space of a day naturel,
(This is to sayn, in four and twenty houres)
Wher so you list, in drought or elles shoures,
Beren your body into every place,
To which your herte willeth for to pace,
Withouten wemme of you, thurgh foule or faire.
Or if you list to fleen as high in the aire,
As doth an egle, whan him list to sore,
This same stede shal bere you evermore
Withouten harme, till ye be ther you lest,
(Though that ye slepen on his back or rest)
And turne again, with writhing of a pin.
He that it wrought, he coude many a gin;
He waited many a constellation,
Or he had don this operation.
And knew ful many a sele and many a bond.
"This mirrour eke, that I have in min hond,
Hath swiche a might, that men may in it see,
Whan ther shal falle ony adversitee
Unto your regne, or to yourself also,
And openly, who is your frend or fo.
And over all this, if any lady bright
Hath set hire herte on any maner wight,
If he be false, she shal his treson see,
His newe love, and all his subtiltee
So openly, that ther shal nothing hide.
"Wherfore again this lusty somer tide
This mirrour and this ring, that ye may se,
He hath sent to my lady Canace,
Your excellente doughter that is here.
"The vertue of this ring, if ye wol here,
Is this, that if hire list it for to were
Upon hire thombe, or in hire purse it here,
Ther is no foule that fleeth under heven,
That she ne shal wel understond his steven,
And know his mening openly and plaine,
And answere him in his langage again:
And every gras that groweth upon rote
She shal eke know, and whom it wol do bote,
All be his woundes never so depe and wide.
"This naked swerd, that hangeth by my side,
Swiche vertue hath, that what man that it smite,
Thurghout his armure it wol kerve and bite,
Were it as thicke as is a braunched oke:
And what man that is wounded with the stroke
Shal never be hole, til that you list of grace
To stroken him with the platte in thilke place
Ther he is hurt; this is as much to sain,
Ye moten with the platte swerd again
Stroken him in the wound, and it wol close.
This is the veray soth withouten glose,
It failleth not, while it is in your hold."
And whan this knight hath thus his tale told,
He rideth out of halle, and doun he light:
His stede, which that shone as sonne bright,
Stant in the court as stille as any ston.
This knight is to his chambre ladde anon,
And is unarmed, and to the mete ysette.
Thise presents ben ful richelich yfette,
This is to sain, the swerd and the mirrour,
And borne anon into the highe tour,
With certain officers ordained therfore;
And unto Canace the ring is bore
Solempnely, ther she sat at the table;
But sikerly, withouten any fable,
The hors of bras, that may not be remued;
It stant, as were to the ground yglued;
Ther may no man out of the place it drive
For non engine, of windas, or polive:
And cause why, for they con not the craft,
And therfore in the place they han it laft,
Til that the knight hath taught hem the manere
To voiden him, as ye shal after here.
Gret was the prees that swarmed to and fro
To gauren on this hors that stondeth so:
For it so high was, and so brod and long,
So wel proportioned for to be strong,
Right as it were a stede of Lumbardie;
Therwith so horsly, and so quik of eye,
As it a gentil Poileis courser were:
For certes, fro his tayl unto his ere
Nature ne art ne coud him not amend
In no degree, as all the peple wend.
But evermore hir moste wonder was,
How that it coude gon, and was of bras;

It was of faerie, as the peple semed.
Diverse folk diversely han demed;
As many heds, as many wittes ben.
They murmured, as doth a swarme of been,
And maden skilles after hir fantasies,
Rehersing of the olde poetries,
And sayd it was ylike the Pegasee,
The hors that hadde winges for to flee,
Or elles it was the Grekes hors Sinon,
That broughte Troye to destruction,
As men moun in thise olde gestes rede.
"Min herte," quod on, "is evermore in drede,
I trow som men of armes ben therin,
That shapen hem this citee for to win:
It were right good that al swiche thing were know."
Another rowned to his felaw low,
And sayd, "He lieth, for it is rather like
An apparence ymade by som magike,
As jogelours plain at thise festes grete."
Of sondry doutes thus they jangle and trete,
As lewed peple demen comunly
Of thinges, that ben made more subtilly
Than they can in hir lewednesse comprehende,
They demen gladly to the badder ende.
And som of hem wondred on the mirrour,
That born was up in to the maister tour,
How men mighte in it swiche thinges see.
Another answered, and sayd, "It might wel be
Naturelly by compositions
Of angles, and of slie reflections;"
And saide that in Rome was swiche on.
They speke of Alhazen and Vitellon,
And Aristotle, that writen in hir lives
Of queinte mirrours, and of prospectives,
As knowen they, that han hir bookes herd.
And other folk han wondred on the swerd,
That wolde percen thurghout every thing:
And fell in speche of Telephus the king,
And of Achilles for his queinte spere,
For he coude with it bothe hele and dere,
Right in swiche wise as men may with the swerd,
Of which right now ye have yourselven herd.
They speken of sondry harding of metall,
And speking of medicines therwithall,
And how, and whan it shuld yharded be,
Which is unknow algates unto me.
Tho speken they of Canacees ring,
And saiden all, that swiche a wonder thing
Of craft of ringes herd they never non,
Save that he Moises and king Salomon
Hadden a name of conning in swiche art.
Thus sain the peple, and drawen hem apart.
But natheles som saiden that it was
Wonder to maken of ferne ashen glas,
And yet is glas nought like ashen of ferne,
But for they han yknowen it so ferne,
Therfore ceseth hir jangling and hir wonder.
As sore wondren som on cause of thonder,
On ebbe and floud, on gossomer, and on mist,
And on all thing, til that the cause is wist.
Thus janglen they, and demen and devise,
Til that the king gan fro his bord arise.
Phebus hath left the angle meridional,
And yet ascending was the beste real,
The gentil Leon, with his Aldrian,
Whan that this Tartre king, this Cambuscan,
Rose from his bord, ther as he sat ful hie:
Beforne him goth the loude minstralcie,
Til he come to his chambre of parements,
Ther as they sounden divers instruments,
That it is like an heven for to here.
Now dauncen lusty Venus children dere
For in the Fish hir lady set ful hie,
And loketh on hem with a frendly eye.
This noble king is set upon his trone;
This straunge knight is fet to him ful sone,
And on the daunce he goth with Canace.
Here is the revell and the jolitee,
That is not able a dull man to devise:
He must han knowen love and his servise,
And ben a festlich man, as fresh as May,
That shulde you devisen swiche array.
Who coude tellen you the forme of dauncs
So uncouth, and so freshe contenaunces,
Swiche subtil lokings and dissimulings,
For dred of jalous mennes apperceivings?
No man but Launcelot, and he is ded.
Therfore I passe over all this lustyhed,
I say no more but in this jolinesse
I lete hem, til men to the souper hem dresse.
The steward bit the spices for to hie
And eke the win, in all this melodie;
The ushers and the squierie ben gon,
The spices and the win is come anon:
They ete and drinke, and whan this had an end,
Unto the temple, as reson was, they wend:
The service don, they soupen all by day.
What nedeth you rehersen hir array?
Eche man wot wel, that at a kinges fest
Is plentee, to the most and to the lest,
And deintees mo than ben in my knowing.
At after souper goth this noble king
To seen this hors of bras, with all a route
Of lordes and of ladies him aboute.
Swiche wondring was ther on this hors of bras,
That sin the gret assege of Troye was,
Ther as men wondred on an hors also,
Ne was ther swiche a wondring, as was tho.
But finally the king asketh the knight
The vertue of this courser, and the might,
And praied him to tell his governaunce.
This hors anon gan for to trip and daunce,
Whan that the knight laid hond up on his rein,
And saide, "Sire, ther n'is no more to sain,
But whan you list to riden any where,
Ye moten trill a pin, stant in his ere,
Which I shal tellen you betwixt us two,
Ye moten nempne him to what place also,
Or to what contree that you list to ride.
"And whan ye come ther as you list abide,
Bid him descend, and trill another pin,
(For therin lieth the effect of all the gin)
And he wol doun descend and don your will,
And in that place he wol abiden still:
Though al the world had the contrary swore,
He shal not thennes be drawe ne be bore.
Or if you list to bid him thennes gon,
Trille this pin, and he wol vanish anon
Out of the sight of every maner wight,
And come agen, be it by day or night,
Whan that you list to clepen him again
In swiche a guise, as I shal to you sain
Betwixen you and me, and that ful sone.
Ride whan you list, ther n'is no more to done."
Enfourmed whan the king was of the knight,
And hath conceived in his wit aright
The maner and the forme of all this thing,
Ful glad and blith, this noble doughty king
Repaireth to his revel, as beforne.
The bridel is in to the tour yborne,

And kept among his jewels lefe and dere:
The hors vanisht, I n'ot in what manere,
Out of hir sight, ye get no more of me:
But thus I lete in lust and jolitee
This Cambuscan his lordes festeying,
Til that wel nigh the day began to spring.

PARS SECUNDA.

The norice of digestion, the slepe,
Gan on hem winke, and bad hem taken kepe,
That mochel drinke, and labour wol have rest:
And with a galping mouth hem all he kest,
And said, "that it was time to lie adoun,
For blood was in his dominatioun:
Cherisheth blood, natures frend," quod he.
They thanken him galping, by two by three;
And every wight gan drawe him to his rest,
As slepe hem bade, they toke it for the best.
Hir dremes shul not now be told for me;
Ful were hir hedes of fumositee,
That causeth dreme, of which ther is no charge.
They slepen til that it was prime large,
The moste part, but it were Canace;
She was ful mesurable, as women be.
For of hire father had she take hire leve
To gon to rest, sone after it was eve;
Hire liste not appalled for to be,
Nor on the morwe unfestlich for to see;
And slept hire firste slepe, and than awoke.
For swiche a joye she in hire herte toke
Both of hire queinte ring, and of hire mirrour,
That twenty time she chaunged hire colour;
And in hire slepe right for the impression
Of hire mirrour she had a vision.
Wherfore, or that the sonne gan up glide,
She clepeth upon hire maistresse hire beside,
And saide, that hire luste for to arise.
Thise old women, that ben gladly wise,
As is hire maistresse, answered hire anon,
And said; "Madame, whider wol ye gon
Thus erly? for the folk ben all in rest."
"I wol," quod she, "arisen (for me lest
No longer for to slepe) and walken aboute."
Hire maistresse clepeth women a gret route,
And up they risen, wel a ten or twelve;
Up riseth freshe Canace hireselve,
As rody and bright, as the yonge sonne,
That in the Ram is foure degrees yronne;
No higher was he, whan she redy was;
And forth she walketh esily a pas,
Arrayed after the lusty seson sote
Lightely for to playe, and walken on fote,
Nought but with five or sixe of her meinie;
And in a trenche forth in the park goth she.
The vapour, which that fro the erthe glode,
Maketh the sonne to seme rody and brode:
But natheles, it was so faire a sight,
That it made all hir hertes for to light,
What for the seson, and the morwening,
And for the foules that she herde sing.
For right anon she wiste what they ment
Right by hir song, and knew al hir entent.
The knotte, why that every tale is tolde,
If it be taried til the lust be colde
Of hem, that han it herkened after yore,
The savour passeth ever lenger the more,
For fulsumnesse of the prolixitee:
And by that same reson thinketh me
I shuld unto the knotte condescende,
And maken of hire walking sone an ende.
Amidde a tree for-dry, as white as chalk,
As Canace was playing in hire walk,
Ther sat a faucon over hire hed ful hie,
That with a pitous vois so gan to crie,
That all the wood resouned of hire cry,
And beten had hireself so pitously
With bothe hire winges, til the rede blood
Ran endelong the tree, ther as she stood.
And ever in on alway she cried and shright,
And with hire bek hireselven she so twight,
That ther n'is tigre, ne no cruel best,
That dwelleth other in wood, or in forest,
That n'olde han wept, if that he wepen coude,
For sorwe of hire, she shright alway so loude.
For ther was never yet no man on live,
If that he coude a faucon well descrive,
That herde of swiche another of fayrenesse
As wel of plumage, as of gentilesse,
Of shape, of all that might yrekened be.
A faucon peregrine semed she
Of fremde lond, and ever as she stood,
She swouned now and now for lack of blood,
Til wel neigh is she fallen fro the tree.
This faire kinges doughter Canace,
That on hire finger bare the queinte ring,
Thurgh which she understood wel every thing
That any foule may in his leden sain,
And coude answere him in his leden again,
Hath understonden what this faucon seyd,
And wel neigh for the routhe almost she deyd:
And to the tree she goth ful hastily,
And on this faucon loketh pitously,
And held hire lap abrode, for wel she wist
The faucon muste fallen from the twist
Whan that she swouned next, for faute of blood.
A longe while to waiten hire she stood.
Til at the last she spake in this manere
Unto the hauk, as ye shul after here.
"What is the cause, if it be for to tell,
That ye ben in this furial peine of hell?"
Quod Canace unto this hauk above;
"Is this for sorwe of deth, or losse of love?
For as I trow, thise be the causes two,
That causen most a gentil herte wo.
Of other harme it nedeth not to speke,
For ye yourself upon yourself awreke,
Which preveth wel, that other ire or drede
Mote ben encheson of your cruel dede,
Sin that I se non other wight you chace.
For the love of God, as doth yourselven grace:
Or what may be your helpe? for west ne est
Ne saw I never er now no brid ne best,
That ferde with himself so pitously.
Ye sle me with your sorwe verily,
I have of you so gret compassioun.
For Goddes love come fro the tree adoun;
And as I am a kinges doughter trewe,
If that I verily the causes knewe
Of your disese, if it lay in my might,
I wold amend it, or that it were night,
As wisly help me the gret God of kind.
And herbes shal I right ynough yfind,
To elen with your hurtes hastily."
Tho shright this faucon yet more pitously
Than ever she did, and fell to ground anon,
And lith aswoune, as ded as lith a ston,
Til Canace hath in hire lappe hire take,
Unto that time she gan of swoune awake:

And after that she out of swoune abraide,
Right in hire haukes leden thus she sayde.
" That pitee renneth sone in gentil herte
(Feling his similitude in peines smerte)
Is proved alle day, as men may see,
As wel by werke as by auctoritee,
For gentil herte kitheth gentillesse.
I see wel, that ye have on my distresse
Compassion, my faire Canace,
Of veray womanly benignitee,
That nature in your principles hath set.
But for non hope for to fare the bet,
But for to obey unto your herte free,
And for to maken other yware by me,
As by the whelpe chastised is the leon,
Right for that cause and that conclusion,
While that I have a leiser and a space,
Min harme I wol confessen er I pace."
And ever while that on hire sorwe told,
That other wept, as she to water wold,
Til that the faucon bad hire to be still,
And with a sike right thus she said hire till.
" Ther I was bred, (alas that ilke day!)
And fostred in a roche of marble gray
So tendrely, that nothing ailed me.
I ne wist not what was adversitee,
Til I coud flee ful high under the skie.
" Tho dwelled a tercelet me faste by,
That semed welle of alle gentillesse,
Al were he ful of treson and falsenesse.
It was so wrapped under humble chere,
And under hew of trouth in swiche manere,
Under plesance, and under besy peine,
That no wight coud have wend he coude feine,
So depe in greyn he died his coloures.
Right as a serpent hideth him under floures,
Til he may see his time for to bite;
Right so this god of loves hypocrite
Doth so his ceremonies and obeisance,
And kepeth in semblaunt alle his observance,
That souneth unto gentillnesse of love.
As on a tombe is all the faire above,
And under is the corps, swiche as ye wote;
Swiche was this hypocrite both cold and hote,
And in this wise he served his entent,
That, save the fend, non wiste what he ment:
Til he so long had weped and complained,
And many a yere his service to me fained,
Till that min herte, to pitous and to nice,
Al innocent of his crowned malice,
For-fered of his deth, as thoughte me,
Upon his othes and his seuretee,
Graunted him love, on this conditioun,
That evermo min honour and renoun
Were saved, bothe privee and apert;
This is to say, that, after his desert,
I yave him all min herte and all my thought,
(God wote, and he, that other wayes nought)
And toke his herte in chaunge of min for ay.
But soth is said, gon sithen is many a day,
A trewe wight and a theef thinken not on.
" And whan he saw the thing so fer ygon,
That I had granted him fully my love,
In swiche a guise as I have said above,
And yeven him my trewe herte as free
As he swore that he yaf his herte to me,
Anon this tigre, ful of doublenesse,
Fell on his knees with so gret humblesse,
With so high reverence, as by his chere,
So like a gentil lover of manere,
So ravished, as it semed, for the joye,
That never Jason, ne Paris of Troye,
Jason? certes, ne never other man,
Sin Lamech was, that alderfirst began
To loven two, as writen folk beforne,
Ne never sithen the first man was borne,
Ne coude man by twenty thousand part
Contrefete the sophimes of his art;
Ne were worthy to unbocle his galoche,
Ther doublenesse of faining shuld approche,
Ne coude so thanke a wight, as he did me.
His maner was an heven for to see
To any woman, were she never so wise;
So painted he and kempt, at point devise,
As wel his wordes, as his contenance.
And I so loved him for his obeisance,
And for the trouthe I demed in his herte,
That if so were that any thing him smerte,
Al were it never so lite, and I it wist,
Me thought I felt deth at myn herte twist.
And shortly, so ferforth this thing is went,
That my will was his willes instrument;
This is to say, my will obeied his will
In alle thinge, as fer as reson fill,
Keping the boundes of my worship ever;
Ne never had I thing so lefe, ne lever,
As him, God wot, ne never shal no mo.
" This lasteth lenger than a yere or two,
That I supposed of him nought but good.
But finally, thus at the last it stood,
That fortune wolde that he must twin
Out of that place, which that I was in.
Wher me was wo, it is no question;
I cannot make of it description.
For o thing dare I tellen boldely,
I know what is the peine of deth therby,
Swiche harme I felt, for he ne might byleve.
" So on a day of me he toke his leve,
So sorweful eke, that I wend verayly,
That he had felt as mochel harme as I,
Whan that I herd him speke, and sawe his hewe.
But natheles, I thought he was so trewe,
And eke that he repairen shuld again
Within a litel while, soth to sain,
And reson wold eke that he muste go
For his honour, as often happeth so,
That I made vertue of necessitee,
And toke it wel, sin that it muste be.
As I best might, I hid fro him my sorwe,
And toke him by the hond, Seint John to borwe,
And said him thus; 'Lo, I am youres all,
Beth swiche as I have ben to you and shall.'
" What he answerd, it nedeth not reherse;
Who can say bet than he, who can do werse?
Whan he hath al wel said, than hath he done.
Therfore behoveth him a ful long spone,
That shal ete with a fend; thus herd I say.
" So at the last he muste forth his way,
And forth he fleeth, til he come ther him lest.
Whan it came him to purpos for to rest,
I trow that he had thilke text in mind,
That alle thing repairing to his kind
Gladeth himself; thus sain men as I gesse:
Men loven of propre kind newefangelnesse,
As briddes don, that men in cages fede.
For though thou night and day take of hem hede,
And strew hir cage faire and soft as silke,
And give hem sugre, hony, bred, and milke,
Yet right anon as that his dore is up,
He with his feet wol spurnen doun his cup,

And to the wood he wol, and wormes ete;
So newefangel ben they of hir mete,
And loven noveltees of propre kind;
No gentillesse of blood ne may hem bind.
" So ferd this tercelet, alas the day!
Though he were gentil borne, and fresh, and gay,
And goodly for to seen, and humble, and free,
He saw upon a time a kite flee,
And sodenly he loved this kite so,
That all his love is clene fro me ago:
And hath his trouthe falsed in this wise.
Thus hath the kite my love in hire service,
And I am lorn withouten remedy."
And with that word this faucon gan to cry,
And swouneth eft in Canacees barme.
Gret was the sorwe for that haukes harme,
That Canace and all hire women made;
They n'isten how they might the faucon glade.
But Canace hom bereth hire in hire lap,
And softely in plastres gan hire wrap,
Ther as she with hire bek had hurt hireselve.
Now cannot Canace but herbes delve
Out of the ground, and maken salves newe
Of herbes precious and fine of hewe,
To helen with this hauk; fro day to night
She doth hire besinesse, and all hire might.
And by hire beddes hed she made a mew,
And covered it with velouettes blew,
In signe of trouth, that is in woman sene;
And all without the mew is peinted grene,
In which were peinted all thise false foules,
As ben thise tidifes, tercelettes, and owles;
And pies, on hem for to cry and chide,
Right for despit were peinted hem beside.
Thus lete I Canace hire hauk keping.
I wol no more as now speke of hire ring,
Til it come eft to purpos for to sain,
How that this faucon gat hire love again
Repentant, as the story telleth us,
By mediation of Camballus
The kinges sone, of which that I you told.
But hennesforth I wol my processe hold
To speke of aventures, and of batailles,
That yet was never herd so gret mervailles.
First wol I tellen you of Cambuscan,
That in his time many a citee wan:
And after wol I speke of Algarsif,
How that he wan Theodora to his wif,
For whom ful oft in gret peril he was,
Ne had he ben holpen by the hors of bras.
And after wol I speke of Camballo,
That fought in listes with the brethren two
For Canace, er that he might hire winne,
And ther I left I wol again beginne.

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THE ASSEMBLY OF FOWLS.

All fowls are gathered before nature on S. Valentines day, to chuse their makes. A formell eagle, being belov'd of three tercels, requireth a years respite to make her choice: upon this trial, *qui bien aime tard oublie:* he that loveth well, is slow to forget.

The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Thassay so hard, so sharpe the conquering,
The dreadful joy, alway that flit so yerne,
All this mean I by Love, that my feeling
Astonieth with his wonderful werkyng,
So sore I wis, that whan I on him think,
Naught wete I wel, whether I flete or sink.

For all be that I know not Love in dede,
Ne wot how that he quiteth folke hir hire,
Yet happeth me full oft in bookes rede
Of his myracles, and of his cruell ire,
There rede I well, he wol be lorde and sire:
I dare not say his strokes be sore,
But God save soch a lorde, I can no more.

Of vsage, what for lust and what for lore,
On bookes rede I of, as I you told,
But wherfore speake I all this? naught yore
Agon, it happed me to behold
Upon a booke was iwritten with letters old,
And therevpon a certain thing to lerne,
The long day, full fast I radde and yerne.

For out of the old fieldes, as men saith,
Commeth al this new corne fro yere to yere,
And out of old bookes, in good faith,
Commeth all this new science that men lere,
But now to purpose, as of this mattere,
To rede forth it gan me so delite,
That all that day, me thought it but a lite.

This booke of which I make mencion,
Entitled was right thus, as I shall tell,
Tullius, of the dreame of Scipion:
Chapiters seven it had, of heaven and hell,
And yearth, and soules that therein dwell,
Of which as shortly as I can it treate,
Of his sentence I woll you saine the greate.

First telleth it, whan Scipion was come
In Affricke, how he meteth Massinisse,
That him for joy, in armes hath inome,
Than telleth he her speach and all the blisse,
That was betwixt hem til the day gan misse,
And how his auncester Affrikan so dere,
Gan in his slepe that night til him appere.

Than telleth it, that from a sterrie place,
How Affrikan hath him Cartage shewed,
And warned him before of all his grace,
And said him, what man lered eyther leude,
That loveth common profite well itheude,
He should into a blisfull place wend,
There as the joy is without any end.

Than asked he, if folke that here been dede
Have life, and dwelling in another place?
And Affrikan said Ye, without any drede,
And how our present lives space,
Ment but a maner death, what way we trace,
And rightfull folke, shull gon after they die
To heaven, and shewed him the Galaxie.

Than shewed he him, the little Yerth that here is
To regard of the Heavens quantite,
And after shewed he hym the nine speris,
And after that the melodie heard he,
That commeth of thilke speres thrise three,
That welles of musicke been and melodie
In this world here, and cause of armonie.

Than said he him, sens Earth was so lite
And full of tourment, and of hard grace,
That he ne should him in this world delite:
Than told he him, in certain yeres space,
That every sterre should come into his place,
There it was first, and all should out of mind,
That in this world is done of all mankind.

Than prayed him Scipion, to tell him all
The way to come into that Heaven blisse,
And he said: "First know thy selfe immortall,
And loke aie busely, that thou werche and wisse,
To common profite, and thou shalt not misse
To come swiftly vnto that place dere,
That full of blisse is, and of soules clere.

"And breakers of the law, soth to saine,
And likerous folke, after that they been dede,
Shall whirle about the world, alway in paine
Till many a world be passed out of drede,
And than foryeven all hir wicked dede,
Than shullen they come to that blisfull place,
To which to comen, God send thee grace."

The day gan failen, and the darke night,
That reveth beastes from hir businesse,
Beraft me my book for lacke of light,
And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse,
Fulfilled of thought and busie heauinesse,
For both I had thyng, which that I nold,
And eke I ne had that thing that I wold.

But finally my spirite at last,
For weary of my labour all that day,
Tooke rest, that made me to slepe fast,
And in my sleepe I met, as that I say,
How Affrikan, right in the selfe aray
That Scipion him saw, before that tide,
Was come, and stode right at my beds side.

The wearie hunter sleeping in his bedde,
The wood ayen his mind goeth anone,
The judge dremeth, how his plees be spedde,
The carter dremeth, how his cartes gone,
The rich of gold, the knight fight with his fone,
The sicke mette he drinketh of the tonne,
The lover mette he hath his lady wonne.

Can I not saine, if that the cause were,
For I had radde of Affrikan beforne,
That made me to mete that he stood there,
But thus said he: "Thou hast thee so wel borne
In looking of mine old booke all to torne,
Of which Macrobie raught not a lite,
That some dele of thy labour would I quite."

Citherea, thou blisful lady swete,
That with thy fire brond, dauntest whan the lest
That madest me this sweven for to mete,
Be thou my helpe in this, for thou maist best,
As wisely as I seigh the north northwest,
Whan I began my sweven for to write,
So yeve me might to rime it and endite.

This aforesaid Affrikan me hent anone,
And forthwith him to a gate brought,
Right of a parke, walled with grene stone,
And over the gate, with letters large iwrought,
There were verse ywritten as me thought
On either halfe, of full great difference,
Of which I shall you say the playne sentence:

"Through me men gon into the blisful place
Of hertes heale and dedly wounds cure,
Through me men gon into the well of grace
There grene and lusty May shall ever endure,
This is the way to all good auenture,
Be glad thou reader, and thy sorow off cast,
All open am I, passe in and spede thee fast."

"Through me men gon" (than spake the other [side)
"Unto the mortall strokes of the speare,
Of which disdaine and danger is the gide,
There never tree shall fruit ne leaves beare,
This streme you ledeth to the sorowful were,
There as the fish in pryson is all dry,
The eschewing is onely the remedy."

These verses of gold and asure ywritten weare,
Of which I gan astonied to behold,
For with that one encreased all my feare,
And with that other gan my herte to hold,
That one me het, that other did me cold,
No wit had I for errour for to chese,
To enter or flie, or me to save or lese.

Right as betwene adamants two,
Of even weight, a peece of yron set
Ne hath no might to move to ne fro,
For what that one may hale that other let,
So fared I, that I nist where me was bet
To entre or leave, till Affrikan my gide,
Me hent and shove in at the gates wide.

And said, "It standeth written in thy face,
Thine errour, though thou tell it not me,
But dread thee not to come into this place,
For this writing is nothing meant by thee,
Ne by none, but he Loves servaunt bee,
For thou of love hast lost thy tast I gesse,
As sicke man hath, of swete and bitternesse.

"But natheles, although thou be dull,
That thou canst not doe, yet mayst thou see,
For many a man that may not stand a pull,
Yet liketh it him at the wrestlyng for to be,
And demeth yet, whether he doe bet, or he,
And if thou haddest connyng for tendite,
I shall thee shew matter of to write."

And with that my hand in his he toke anon,
Of which I comfort caught, and went in fast,
But Lord so I was glad, and well begon,
For ouer all, where I mine iyen cast,
Were trees clad with leaues, that aie shal last
Eche in his kind, with colour fresh and grene,
As emeraude, that joy it was to sene.

The bilder oke, and eke the hardy asshe,
The piller elme, the coffre vnto caraine,
The boxe pipe tree, holme to whips lasshe,
The sailing firre, the cipres death to plaine,
The shooter ewe, the aspe for shaftes plaine,
The oliue of peace, and eke the dronken vine,
The victor palme, the laurer to diuine.

A gardein saw I, full of blosomed bowis,
Upon a river, in a grene mede,
There as sweetnesse euermore inough is,
With floures white, blewe, yelowe, and red,
And cold welle streames, nothing dede,
That swommen full of smale fishes light,
With finnes rede, and scales silver bright.

On every bough the birdes heard I sing,
With voice of angell, in hir armonie,
That busied hem, hir birdes forth to bring,
The little pretty conies to hir play gan hie,
And further all about I gan espie,
The dredful roe, the buck, the hart, and hind,
Squirrels, and beasts small, of gentle kind.

Of instruments of stringes in accord,
Heard I so play, a ravishing swetnesse,
That God, that maker is of all and Lorde,
Ne heard never better, as I gesse,
Therewith a wind, unneth it might be lesse,
Made in the leaves grene a noise soft,
Accordant to the foules song on loft.

The aire of the place so attempre was
That never was ther greuance of hot ne cold,
There was eke every holsome spice and gras,
Ne no man may there waxe sicke ne old,
Yet was there more joy o thousand fold,
Than I can tell or ever could or might,
There is ever clere day, and never night.

Under a tree, beside a well I sey
Cupide our lorde, his arrowes forge and file,
And at his feete his bowe already lay,
And well his doughter tempred all the while
The heddes in the well, with her wile
She couched hem after, as they should serve
Some to slea, and some to wound and carve.

Tho was I ware of Pleasaunce anon right,
And of Array, Lust, Beauty, and Curtesie,
And of the Craft, that can hath the might
To done by force, a wight to done folie:
Disfigured was she, I will not lie,
And by himselfe, vnder an oke I gesse,
Sawe I Delite, that stood with Gentlenesse.

Than saw I Beauty, with a nice attire,
And Youth, full of game and jolitee,
Foole Hardinesse, Flatterie, and Desire,
Messagerie, Mede, and other three,
Hir names shall not here be told for me,
And vpon pillers great of jasper long,
I sawe a temple of brasse ifounded strong.

And about the temple daunced alway
Women inow, of which some there were
Faire of hemself, and some of hem were gay,
In kirtils all disheueled went they there,
That was their office euer, fro yere to yere,
And on the temple, saw I white and faire,
Of doves sitting many a thousand paire.

And before the temple doore full soberly,
Dame Peace sat, a curtaine in her honde,
And her beside wonder discretly,
Dame Pacience, sitting there I fonde,
With face pale, vpon an hill of sonde,
And alther next, within and without,
Behest and Arte, and of her folke a rout.

Within the temple, of sighes hote as fire,
I heard a swough, that gan about ren,
Which sighes were engendred with desire,
That made euery herte for to bren,
Of newe flambe, and well espied I then,
That all the cause of sorowes, that they drie,
Come of the bitter goddess Jalousie.

The god Priapus, saw I as I went
Within the temple, in souerain place stond,
In such array, as whan the asse him shent
With crie by night, and with sceptre in hond,
Full busilie men gan assay and fond,
Upon his hedde to set of sondrie hewe,
Garlandes full of freshe floures newe.

And in a priuie corner, in disport
Found I Venus, and her porter Richesse,
That was full noble, and hauten of her port,
Darke was that place, but after lightnesse
I sawe a lite, vnnethes, it might be lesse,
And on a bed of golde she lay to rest,
Till that the hote Sonne gan to west.

Her gilte heeres, with a gold threde
Ibound were, vntressed as she lay,
And naked from the brest vnto the hede,
Men might her see, and sothly for to say,
The remnaunt, couered well to my pay,
Right with a little kerchefe of Valence,
There was no thicker clothe of defence.

The place gaue a thousand sauours soote,
And Bacchus god of wine sate her beside,
And Ceres next, that doeth of hunger boote,
And as I said, a middes lay Cupide,
To whom on knees, the yong folkes cride,
To be their helpe, but thus I let her lie,
And farther in the temple I gan espie,

That in dispite of Diane the chaste,
Full many a bowe ibroke hing on the wall,
Of maidens, such as gone hir times waste
In her seruice: and painted ouer all,
Of many a storie, of which I touch shall
A fewe, as of Calixte, and Athalant,
And many a maid, of which the name I want.

Semyramus, Candace, and Hercules,
Biblis, Dido, Tisbe, and Piramus,
Tristram, Isoude, Paris, and Achilles,
Helaine, Cleopatre, and Troilus,
Sylla, and eke the mother of Romulus,
All these were paynted on that other side,
And all hir loue, and in what plite they dide.

Whan I was commen ayen into the place
That I of spake, that was so soote and grene,
Forth walked I tho, my seluen to solace,
Tho was I ware, where there sate a quene,
That as of light, the sommer Sunne shene
Passeth the sterre, right so ouer measure,
She fairer was than any creature.

And in a laund, vpon an hill of floures,
Was set this noble goddesse Nature,
Of branches were her halles and her boures
Iwrought, after her craft and her measure,
Ne there nas foul, that cometh of engendrure,
That there ne were prest, in her presence,
To take hir doom, and yeue hir audience.

For this was on sainct Valentines day,
Whan euery foul cometh to chese hir make,
Of euery kind, that men thinke may,
And that so huge a noise gan they make,
That earth, sea, and tree, and euery lake,
So full was, that vnneth there was space
For me to stand, so full was all the place,

And right as Alaine, in the plaint of kind,
Deuiseth Nature, of such araie and face,
In soche aray, men might her there find.
This noble empresse, full of all grace,
Bad euery foule take hir owne place,
As they were wont alway, fro yere to yere,
On sainct Valentines day, standen there.

That is to say, the foules of rauine
Were highest set, and than the foules smale,
That eaten, as that nature would encline,
As worme or thing, of which I tell no tale,
But water foule sat lowest in the dale,
And foules that liueth by seed sat on the grene,
And that so many, that wonder was to sene.

There might men the royall egle find,
That with his sharpe looke perseth the son,
And other egles of a lower kind,
Of which that clerkes well deuisen con,
There was the tyrant with his fethers don,
And grene, I mean the goshauke that doth pine
To birdes, for his outragious rauine.

The gentle faucon, that with his fete distreineth
The kings hand, the hardy sperhauke eke,
The quales foe, the merlion that peineth
Himself full oft the larke for to seke,
There was the doue, with her iyen meke,
The jelous swan, ayenst his deth that singeth,
The oul eke, that of deth the bode bringeth.

The crane, the geant, with his tromps soune,
The theif the chough, and the chattring pie,
The scorning jaie, the eles foe the heroune,
The false lapwing, full of trecherie,
The stare, that the counsaile can bewrie,
The tame ruddocke, and the coward kite,
The cocke, that horiloge is of thropes lite.

The sparow Venus son, and the nightingale
That cleapeth forth the fresh leaues new,
The swalow, murdrer of the bees smale,
That maken honie of floures fresh of hew,
The wedded turtell, with his herte true,
The pecocke, with his angel fethers bright,
The fesaunt, scorner of the cocke by night.

The waker gose, the cuckowe euer vnkind,
The popingeie, full of delicasie,
The drake, stroier of his owne kind,
The storke, wreker of aduoutrie,
The hote cormeraunt, ful of glotonie,
The rauin and the crowe, with her voyce of care,
The trostell old, and the frostie feldfare.

What should I say of fouls of euery kind,
That in this world haue fethers and stature,
Men might in that place assembled find,
Before that noble goddess of Nature,
And eche of them did his busie cure,
Benignely to chese, or for to take
By her accorde, his formell or his make.

But to the poinct, Nature held on her hond,
A formell egle, of shape the gentillest,
That euer she among her workes fond,
The most benigne, and eke the goodliest,
In her was euery vertue, at his rest
So farforth, that Nature her selfe had blisse,
To looke on her, and oft her becke to kisse.

Nature, the vicare of the almightie Lord,
That hote, colde, heuie, light, moist, and drie,
Hath knit, by euen number of accord,
In easie voice, began to speake and say,
" Foules take hede of my sentence I pray,
And for your own ease, in fordring of your need,
As fast as I may speak, I will me speed.

" Ye know wel, how on S. Valentines day,
By my statute, and through my gouernance,
Ye doe chese your makes, and after flie away
With hem, as I pricke you with pleasaunce,
But nathelesse, as by rightfull ordinaunce,
May I not let, for all this world to win,
But he that most worthiest is, shall begin.

" The tercell egle, as ye know full wele,
The foule royall, aboue you all in degre,
The wise and worthie, the secret trewe as stele,
The which I haue formed, as ye may see,
In euery parte, as it best liketh me,
It nedeth not his shape you to deuise,
He shall first chese, and speaken in his gise.

" And after him, by order shall ye chese,
After your kind, euerich as you liketh,
And as your hap is, shall ye win or lese,
But which of you, that loue most entriketh,
God sende him her, that sorest for him siketh:
And therewithall, the tercell gan she call,
And said, " My sonne the choise is to thee fall.

" But nathelesse, in this condicion
Must be the choice, of euericne that is here,
That she agree to his election,
Who so he be, that should been her fere,
This is our vsage alway, fro yere to yere,
And who so may at this time haue his grace,
In blisfull time he came into this place."

With hed enclined, and with ful humble chere,
This roial tercell spake, and taried nought,
" Unto my soueraine lady, and not my fere,
I chose and chese, with will, herte, and thought,
The formell on your hand, so wel iwrought,
Whose I am all, and euer will her serue,
Doe what her luste, to doe me liue or sterue.

" Besechyng her of mercy, and of grace,
As she that is my ladie soverain,
Or let me die here present in this place,
For certes long may I not liue in pain,
For in my herte is coruen euery vain,
Hauing regard onely to my trouth,
My dere herte, haue on my wo some routh.

" And if I be found to her vntrue,
Disobeisaunt, or wilfull negligent,
Auauntour, or in processe loue a newe,
I pray to you this be my judgement,
That with these foules I be all to rent,
That ilke day that she me euer find
To her vntrue, or in my gilte vnkind.

" And sith that none loueth her so well as I,
Although she neuer of loue me behet,
Than ought she be mine through her mercy,
For other bonde can I none on her knet:
For well nor wo neuer shall I let
To serue her, how farre so that she wende,
Say what you list, my tale is at an ende."

Right as the fresh redde rose newe,
Against the sommer Sunne coloured is,
Right so for shame all waxen gan the hewe
Of this formell, whan she heard all this,
Neither she answerde well, ne said amis,
So sore abashed was she, till that Nature
Said, " Doughter drede you not, I you assure."

Another tercell egle spake anon,
Of lower kind, and said " That should not be,
I loue her better than ye doe, by sainct John,
Or at the least I loue her as well as ye,
And lenger haue serued her in my degree,
And if she should haue loued for long louing,
To me alone had be the guerdoning.

" I dare eke say, if she me finde false,
Unkind jangler, or rebell in any wise,
Or jelous, doe me hang by the halse,
And but I beare me in her seruise
As well as my wit can me suffise,
Fro poinct to poinct, her honour for to saue,
Take she my life, and all the good I haue."

The third tercell egle answerde tho,
" Now sirs, ye see the little leaser here,
For euery foule crieth out to be ago
Forth with his make, or with his lady dere:
And eke Nature her self ne will not here
For tarying her, not half that I would sey,
And but I speake, I must for sorrow dey.

" Of long seruice auaunt I me nothing,
But as possible is me to die to day,
For wo, as he that hath be languishing
This twenty winter, and wel it happen may,
A man may serve better, and more to pay,
In half a year, although it were no more,
Than some man doth, that hath served full yore.

" I ne say not this by me, for I ne can
Do no service that may my lady please,
But I dare say, I am her trewest man,
As to my dome, and fainest wold her please:
At short wordes, till that death me cease,
I will be hers, whether I wake or winke,
And trewe in all that herte may bethinke."

Of al my life sith that day I was borne,
So gentle plee in love or other thing,
Ne herde never no man me beforne,
Who so that had leiser and conning
For to rehearse their chere, and their speaking,
And from the morrow gan this spech last,
Til downward went the Sunne wonder fast.

The noyse of foules for to be deliverd,
So loude rang, " Have don and let vs wend,"
That well weend I, the wood had al to shiverd:
" Come off," they cryd, " alas, ye will us shend,
Whan shal your cursed pleding have an end,
How should a judge either party leue,
For ye or nay, without any preue?"

The goos, the duck, and the cuckow also,
So cried " Keke, keke, Cuckow, Queke queke hie,"
Through mine eares the noise went tho.
The goos said than, " Al this nys worth a flie,
But I can shape hereof a remedie,
And will say my verdite, faire and swithe,
For water foule, whoso be wroth or blithe."

" And I for worm foule," said the fole cuckow
" For I will of mine own authorite,
For common spede, take on me the charge now,
For to deliver us, it is great charite."
" Ye may abide a while, yet perde,"
Quod the turtel, " if it be your will,
A wight may speak, it were as good be still.

" I am a sede foule, one the vnworthiest,
That wote I well, and leest of conning,
But better is that a wights tonge rest,
Than entremete him of such doing
Of which he neither rede can nor sing,
And who so it doth, full foule himself acloyeth,
For office vncommitted oft annoyeth."

Nature, which that alway had an eare,
To murmure of the lewdenesse behind,
With facond voice said, " Hold your tongues there,
And I shall soone, I hope, a counsaile find,
You for to deliver, and fro this noyse unbind:
I charge of euery flock ye shall one call,
To say the verdite of you foules all."

Assented were to this conclusion,
The birdes all: and foules of ravine
Have chosen first by plaine election,
The tercelet of the faucon to define
All hir sentence, and as him lust to termine,
And to Nature him they did present,
And she accepteth him with glad entent.

The tercelet said than in this manere,
" Full hard it were to preve it by reason,
Who loueth best this gentle formell here,
For everich hath such replicatioun,
That by skils may none be brought adoun,
I cannot see that arguments availe,
Than seemeth it there must be battaile."

" All ready," quod these eagle tercels tho:
" Nay sirs," quod he, " if that I durst it say,
Ye do me wrong, my tale is not ydo:
For sirs, taketh nat a greefe I pray,
It may not be as ye would, in this way,
Ours is the voice, that have the charge in hand,
And to the judges dome ye must stand.

" And therefore peace I say, as to my wit,
Me would thinke, how that the worthiest
Of knighthood, and lengest had vsed it,
Most of estate, of blood the gentillest,
Were fitting for her, if that her lest,
And of these three, she wote her selfe I trow
Which that he be, for it is light to know."

The water foules have their heads laid
Togider, and of short avisement,
Whan everiche had this verdite said,
They said soothly all by one assent,
How that the goos, with the facond gent,
That so desireth to pronounce our nede,
Shal tel her tale, and praid to God her spede.

And for these water foules tho began
The goose to speake, and in her cakeling,
She said, " Peace now, take keep every man,
And herken which a reason I shall forth bring,
My witte is sharpe, I love no tarrying,
I say I rede him, tho he were my brother,
But she will love him, let him love another."

" Lo here a parfite reason of a goose,"
Quod the sperhauke, " neuer mote she thee,
Lo such a thing it is to have a tongue lose:
Now parde foole, yet were it better for thee
Haue held thy peace, than shewd thy nicete,
It lieth nat in his wit, nor in his will,
But sooth is said, a fool cannot be still."

The laughter arose of gentill foules all,
And right anone the seed foules chosen had
The turtle true, and gan her to hem call,
And prayed her to say the sooth sad
Of this matter, and asked what she rad?
And she answerd, that plainly her entent
She would shew, and soothly what she ment.

" Nay, God forbede a lover should chaunge,"
The turtle said (and wex for shame all red)
" Though that his lady evermore be straunge,
Yet let him serve her alway, till he be deed,
Forsooth, I praise not the gooses reed,
For tho she died, I would none other make,
I will be hers, till that the death me take."

" Well ybourded," quod the duck, " by my hat,
That men should love alway causelesse,
Who can a reason find, or wit in that,
Daunceth he merry that is mirthlesse,
Who should recke of that is retchlesse,
Ye queke yet," quod the duck, " full well and fair,
There be mo sterres in the skie than a pair."

" Now fie churle," quod the gentle tercelet,
" Out of the dunghill came that word aright,
Thou canst not see which thing is well beset,
Thou farest by love as owles do by light,
The day hem blindeth, full well they see by night,
Thy kind is of so low wretchedness,
That what love is, thou canst not se nor gess."

Tho gan the cuckow put him forth in preace,
For foule that eateth worme, and said bliue:
" So I," quod he, " may have my make in peace,
I retch not how long that ye strive,
Let ech of hem be soleine all hir live,
This is my rede, sens they may nat accord,
This short lesson needeth not record."

" Ye, have the glutton filde his paunch,
Than are we well," said the emerlon,
" Thou murdrer of the heysugge on the braunch
That brought thee forth, thou ruful glutton,
Live thou solein, wormes corruption,
For no force is of lack of thy nature,
Go, leud be thou while the world may dure."

" Now peace," quod Nature, " I commaund here,
For I have heard all your opinion,
And in effect yet be we neuer the nere,
But finally this is my conclusion,
That she her selfe shall have her election
Of whom her list, who so be wrothe or blithe,
Him that she cheseth, he shall her haue as swithe.

" For sith it may not here discussed be
Who loveth her best, as said the tercelet,
Than woll I done this favour to her, that she
Shall have right him, on whom her herte is set,
And he her, that his herte hath on her knet,
This iudge I nature, for I may not lie
To none estate, I have none other eye.

" But as for counsaile, for to chuse a make,
If I were reason, than would I
Counsaile you, the royal tercell take,
As said the tercelet, full skilfully,
As for the gentillest, and most worthy,
Which I have wroght so wel to my plesaunce
That to you it ought ben a suffisaunce."

With dredeful voice that formel her answerd,
" My rightful lady, goddess of Nature,
Sooth is, that I am ever under your yerd,
As is everich other creature,
And must be yours while my life may dure,
And therefore graunt me my first boone,
And mine entent, you woll I say right soone."

" I graunt it you," quod she, and right anone
This formel eagle spake in this degree:
" Almighty quene, unto this year be done
I aske respite for to avisen mee,
And after that to have my choice all free,
This all and some, that I would speak and sey,
Ye get no more, although ye do me dey."

" I woll not seruen Venus ne Cupide,
Forsooth as yet, by no manner way."
" Now sens it may none other ways betide"
Quod Nature, " here is no more to say,
Than would I that these foules were away,
Ech with his make, for tarying lenger here,
And said hem thus, as ye shall after here."

" To you speke I, ye tercelets" quod Nature
" Beth of good herte, and serveth all three,
A yeare is not so long to endure,
And ech of you paine him in his degree,
For to do well, for God wote quit is she
Fro you this year, what after so befall,
This entremes is dressed for you all."

And whan this werk brought was to an end,
To every foule Nature yave his make,
By even accord, and on hir way they wend,
And Lord the blisse and joy that they make,
For ech of hem gan other in his wings take,
And with hir neckes ech gan other wind,
Thanking alway the noble goddess of kind.

But first were chosen foules for to sing,
As yere by yere was alway hir vsaunce,
To sing a roundel at hir departing,
To do Nature honour and pleasaunce,
The note I trow maked was in Fraunce,
The words were such, as ye may here find,
The next verse, as I now have in mind,
Qui bien ayme tard oublye.

" Now welcome summer, with thy sunnes soft,
That hast this winter weathers overshake,
Saint Valentine, thou art full high on loft,
Which driuest away the long nights blake,
Thus singen smale foules for thy sake,
Well have they cause for to gladen oft,
Sens each of hem recovered hath his make,
Full blisful may they sing whan they awake."

And with the shouting whan hir song was do,
That the foules made at hir flight away,

I woke, and other bookes took me to
To rede upon, and yet I rede alway,
I hope ywis to rede so some day,
That I shall mete something for to fare
The bet, and thus to rede I nill not spare.

EXPLICIT.

OF THE

CUCKOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Chaucer dreameth that he heareth the cuckow and the nightingale contend for excellency in singing.

THE god of love and benedicite,
How mighty and how great a lord is he,
For he can make of low hertes hy,
And of high low, and like for to dy,
And herd hertes he can maken free.

He can make within a little stound
Of sicke folke hole, fresh, and sound,
And of hole he can make seeke,
He can bind and vnbinden eke
That he woll have bounden or vnbound.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice,
For he can make of wise folke full nice,
For he may do all that he woll devise,
And lithy folke to destroyen vice,
And proud hertes he can make agrise.

Shortly all that ever he woll he may,
Against him dare no wight say nay,
For he can glad and greve whom him liketh,
And who that he woll, he lougheth or siketh,
And most his might he shedeth ever in May.

For every true gentle herte free,
That with him is, or thinketh for to be,
Againe May now shall have some stering,
Or to joy or els to some mourning,
In no season so much, as thinketh me.

For whan they may here the birds sing,
And see the floures and the leaves spring,
That bringeth into hir remembraunce
A manner ease, meddled with grevaunce,
And lustie thoughts full of great longing.

And of that longing commeth hevinesse,
And thereof groweth of great sicknesse,
And for lacke of that that they desire,
And thus in May ben hertes set on fire,
So that they brennen forth in great distresse.

I speake this of feeling truly,
If I be old and vnlusty,
Yet I have felt of the sicknesse through May
Both hote and cold, and axes every day,
How sore ywis there wote no wight but I.

I am so shaken with the fevers white,
Of all this May sleepe I but a lite,
And also it is not like to me,
That any herte should sleepy be,
In whom that Love his firy dart woll smite.

But as I lay this other night waking,
I thought how lovers had a tokening,
And among hem it was a commune tale,
That it were good to here the nightingale,
Rather than the leud cuckow sing.

And than I thought anon as it was day,
I would go some where to assay
If that I might a nightingale here,
For yet had I none heard of all that yere,
And it was tho the third night of May.

And anone as I the day aspide,
No lenger would I in my bed abide,
But vnto a wood that was fast by,
I went forth alone boldely,
And held the way downe by a brooke side.

Till I came to a laund of white and green,
So faire one had I never in been,
The ground was green, ypoudred with daisie,
The floures and the greues like hy,
All greene and white, was nothing els seene.

There sate I downe among the faire flours,
And saw the birds trip out of hir bours,
There as they rested hem all the night,
They were so joyfull of the dayes light,
They began of May for to done honours.

They coud that seruice all by rote,
There was many a louely note,
Some song loud as they had plained,
And some in other manner voice yfained,
And some all out with the full throte.

They proyned hem, and made hem right gay,
And daunceden and lepten on the spray,
And euermore two and two in fere,
Right so as they had chosen hem to yere
In Feuerere vpon saint Ualentines day.

And the riuer that I sate vpon,
It made such a noise as it ron,
Accordaunt with the birds armony,
Me thought it was the best melody
That might ben yheard of any mon.

And for delite I wote neuer how
I fell in such a slomber and a swow,
Nat all asleepe, ne fully waking,
And in that swow me thought I heard sing
The sorry bird, the leaud cuckow.

And that was on a tree right fast by,
But who was than euill apaid but I:
"Now God," quod I, "that died on the crois
Yeue sorrow on thee, and on thy leaud vois,
Full little joy haue I now of thy cry."

And as I with the cuckow thus gan chide,
I heard in the next bush beside
A nightingale so lustely sing,
That with her clere voice she made ring
Through all the greene wood wide.

"Ah, good nightingale," quod I than,
"A little hast thou ben too long hen,
For here hath ben the leaud cuckow,
And songen songs rather than hast thou,
I pray to God euill fire her bren."

But now I woll you tell a wonder thing,
As long as I lay in that swouning,
Me thought I wist what the birds ment,
And what they said, and what was hir entent,
And of hir speech I had good knowing.

There heard I the nightingale say,
" Now good cuckow go somewhere away,
And let vs that can singen dwellen here,
For euery wight escheueth thee to here,
Thy songs be so elenge in good fay."

" What," quod she, " what may thee aylen now,
It thinketh me, I sing as well as thou,
For my song is both true and plaine,
And though I cannot crakell so in vaine,
As thou dost in thy throte, I wot neuer how.

" And euery wight may vnderstand mee,
But nightingale so may they not done thee,
For thou hast many a nice queint cry,
I haue thee heard saine, ocy, ocy,
How might I know what that should be?"

" Ah foole," quod she, " wost thou not what it is,
Whan that I say, ocy, ocy, ywis,
Than meane I that I would wonder faine,
That all they were shamefully yslaine,
That meanen ought againe loue amis.

" And also I would that all tho were dede,
That thinke not in loue hir life to lede,
For who so that wol not the god of loue serue,
I dare well say he is worthy to sterue,
And for that skill, ocy, ocy, I grede."

" Eye," quod the cuckow, " this is a queint law,
That euery wight shall loue or be to draw,
But I forsake all such companie,
For mine entent is not for to die,
Ne neuer while I liue on Loues yoke to draw.

" For louers ben the folke that ben on liue,
That most disease haue, and most vnthriue,
And most endure sorrow, wo, and care,
And least feelen of welfare,
What nedeth it ayenst trouth to striue."

" What," quod she, " thou art out of thy mind,
How might thou in thy churlenesse find
To speake of Loues seruaunts in this wise,
For in this world is none so good seruise
To euery wight that gentle is of kind.

" For thereof truly commeth all goodnesse,
All honour and all gentlenesse,
Worship, ease, and all hertes lust,
Parfite joy, and full assured trust,
Iolitie, pleasaunce, and freshnesse,

" Lowlyhead, largesse, and curtesie,
Semelyhead, and true companie,
Drede of shame for to done amis:
For he that truly Loues seruaunt is,
Were lother be shamed than to die.

" And that this is soth that I sey,
In that beleeue I will liue and dey,
And cuckow so I rede that thou do ywis:"
" Than," quod he, " let me neuer haue blisse,
If euer I vnto that counsaile obey.

" Nightingale thou speakest wonder faire,
But for all that is the sooth contraire,
For loue is in yong folke but rage,
And in old folke a great dotage,
Who most it vseth, most shall enpaire.

" For thereof cometh disease and heuinesse,
So sorow and care, and many a great sicknesse,
Despite, debate, anger, and enuie,
Deprauing, shame, vntrust, and jelousie,
Pride, mischeefe, pouerty, and woodnesse:

" Louing is an office of despaire,
And one thing is therein that is not faire,
For who that getteth of loue a little blisse,
But if he be alway therewith ywis,
He may full soone of age haue his haire.

" And nightingale therefore hold thee ny,
For leue me well, for all thy queint cry,
If thou be ferre or long fro thy make,
Thou shalt be as other that been forsake,
And than thou shalt hoten as doe I."

" Fie," quod she, " on thy name and on thee,
The god of loue ne let thee neuer ythee,
For thou art worse a thousand fold than wood,
For many a one is full worthy and full good,
That had be naught ne had loue ythee.

" For euermore Loue his seruaunts amendeth,
And from all euill taches hem defendeth,
And maketh hem to brenne right in a fire,
In trouth and in worshipfull desire,
And whan him liketh, joy inough hem sendeth."

" Thou nightingale," he said, " be still,
For Loue hath no reason, but it is will,
For oft time vntrue folke he easeth,
And true folke so biterly he displeaseth,
That for default of courage he let hem spill."

Than tooke I of the nightingale keepe,
How she cast a sigh out of her deepe,
And said, " Alas that euer I was bore,
I can for tene not say one word more,"
And right with that word she brast out to weepe.

" Alas," quod she, " my herte woll to breake,
To hearen thus this leaud bird speake
Of Loue, and of his worshipfull seruise,
Now god of loue thou help me in some wise,
That I may on this cuckow been awreake."

Me thought than he stert vp anone,
And glad was I that he was agone,
And euermore the cuckow as he flay,
Said, " Farewell, farewell popingay,"
As though he had scorned me alone.

And than came the nightingale to mee,
And said, " Friend forsooth I thanke thee,
That thou hast liked me to rescow,
And one auow to loue make I now,
That all this May I woll thy singer be."

I thanked her, and was right well apaied:
" Ye," quod she, " and be thou not dismaied,
Tho thou haue herd the cuckow erst than me,
For if I liue, it shall amended be
The next May, if I be not affraied.

" And one thing I woll rede thee also,
Ne leue thou not the cuckow, ne his loues so,
For all that he hath said is strong leasing:"
" Nay," qûod I, " thereto shall nothing me bring,
For loue and it hath doe me much wo.

" Ye, vse," quod she, " this medicine
Euery day this May or thou dine,
Go looke vpon the fresh daisie,
And though thou be for wo in point to die,
That shall full greatly lessen thee of thy pine.

" And looke alway that thou be good and trew,
And I woll sing one of the songs new
For loue of thee, as loud as I may crie:"
And than she began this song full hie,
" I shrew all hem that been of loue vntrue."

And whan she had song it to the end,
" Now farewell," quod she, " for I mote wend,
And god of loue, that can right well, and may,
As much joy send thee this day,
As any yet louer he euer send."

Thus taketh the nightingale her leaue of me,
I pray to God alway with her be,
And joy of loue he send her euermore,
And shilde us fro the cuckow and his lore,
For there is not so false a bird as he.

Forth she flew the gentle nightingale
To all the birds that were in that dale,
And gate hem all into a place in fere,
And besoughten hem that they would here
Her disease, and thus began her tale.

" The cuckow, well it is not for to hide,
How the cuckow and I fast haue chide,
Euer sithen it was day light,
I pray you all that ye do me right
On that foule false vnkind bridde."

Than spake o bird for all, by one assent,
" This matter asketh good auisement,
For we ben birdes here in fere,
And sooth it is, the cuckow is not here,
And therefore we woll haue a parliment.

" And thereat shall the egle be our lord,
And other peres that been of record,
And the cuckow shall be after sent,
There shall be yeue the judgement,
Or els we shall finally make accord.

" And this shall be without nay
The morrow after saint Ualentines day,
Under a maple that is faire and grene,
Before the chamber window of the quene,
At Woodstocke vpon the grene lay."

She thanked hem, and than her leaue toke,
And into an hauthorne by that broke,
And there she sate and song vpon that tree,
" Terme of life loue hath withhold me,"
So loud that I with that song awoke.

EXPLICIT.

O LEUD book with thy foule rudenesse,
Sith thou haste neither beauty ne eloquence.
Who hath thee caused or yeue the hardinesse
For to appeare in my ladies presence,
I am full siker thou knowest her beneuolence,
Full agreeable to all her abying,
For of all good she is the best liuing.

Alas that thou ne haddest worthinesse,
To shew to her some pleasaunt sentence,
Sith that she hath through her gentillesse
Accepted the seruant to her digne reuerence,
O, me repenteth that I ne had science
And leiser als, to make thee more flourishing,
For of all good she is the best liuing.

Beseech her meekely with all lowlinesse,
Though I be ferre from her in absence,
To think on my trouth to her and stedfastnesse,
And to abridge of my sorrowes the violence,
Which caused is, wherof knoweth your sapience,
She like among to notifie me her liking
For of all good she is the best liuing.

LANUOYE.

AURORE of gladnesse, and day of lustinesse,
Lucern a night with heauenly influence
Illumined, root of beauty and goodnesse,
Suspires which I effunde in silence,
Of grace I beseech alledge let your writing,
Now of all good, sith ye be best liuing.

EXPLICIT.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

A gentlewoman out of an arbour in a grove, seeth a great company of knights and ladies in a daunce upon the greene grass: the which being ended, they all kneel down, and do honour to the daisie, some to the flower, and some to the leaf. Afterward this gentlewoman learneth by one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: They which honour the flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as look after beauty and worldly pleasure. But they that honour the leaf, which abideth with the root, notwithstanding the frosts and winter storms, are they which follow vertue and during qualities, without regard of worldly respects.

WHAN that Phebus his chaire of gold so hie
Had whirled vp the sterry sky aloft,
And in the Boole was entred certainely,
Whan shoures sweet of raine discended oft,
Causing the ground fele times and oft,
Up for to giue many an wholesome aire,
And euery plaine was clothed faire

With new green, and maketh smell floures
To springen here and there in field and in mede,
So very good and wholesom be the shoures,
That it renueth that was old and dede,
In winter time and out of euery sede
Springeth the hearbe, so that euery wight
Of this season wexeth glad and light.

And I so glad of the season swete,
Was happed thus vpon a certaine night,
As I lay in my bed, sleepe full vnmete
Was vnto me, but why that I ne might
Rest, I ne wist, for there nas earthly wight
As I suppose had more hertes ease
Than I, for I nad sicknesse nor disease

Wherefore I meruail greatly of my selfe,
That I so long withouten sleepe lay,
And vp I rose thre houres after twelfe,
About the springing of the day,
And on I put my geare and mine array,
And to a pleasaunt groue I gan passe,
Long or the bright sonne vp risen was.

In which were okes great, streight as a line,
Under the which the grasse so fresh of hew,
Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine
Euery tree well fro his fellow grew,
With branches brode, lade with leues new,
That sprongen out ayen the sunne shene,
Some very red, and some a glad light grene.

Which as me thought was right a pleasant sight,
And eke the briddes song for to here,
Would haue rejoyced any earthly wight,
And I that couth not yet in no manere
Heare the nightingale of all the yeare,
Ful busily herkened with herte and with eare,
If I her voice perceiue coud any where.

And at the last a path of little bread
I found, that greatly had not vsed be,
For it forgrowne was with grasse and weed,
That well vnneth a wight might it se:
Thoght I this path some whider goth parde,
And so I followed, till it me brought
To right a pleasaunt herber well ywrought,

That benched was, and with turfes new
Freshly turued, whereof the grene gras,
So small, so thicke, so short, so fresh of hew,
That most like vnto green well wot I it was,
The hegge also that yede in compas,
And closed in all the greene herbere,
With sicamour was set and eglatere,

Wrethen in fere so well and cunningly,
That euery branch and leafe grew by mesure,
Plaine as a bord, of an height by and by,
I see neuer thing I you ensure,
So well done, for he that tooke the cure
It to make ytrow, did all his peine
To make it passe all tho that men haue seine.

And shapen was this herber roofe and all
As a prety parlour, and also
The hegge as thicke as a castle wall,
That who that list without to stond or go,
Though he would all day prien to and fro,
He should not see if there were any wight
Within or no, but one within well might

Perceiue all tho that yeden there without
In the field that was on euery side
Couered with corn and grasse, that out of doubt,
Though one would seeke all the world wide,
So rich a field coud not be espide
On no coast, as of the quantity,
For of all good thing there was plenty.

And I that all this pleasaunt sighte sie,
Thought sodainly I felt so sweet an aire
Of the eglentere, that certainely
There is no herte I deme in such dispaire,
Ne with thoughts froward and contraire,
So ouerlaid, but it should soone haue bote,
If it had ones felt this sauour sote.

And as I stood and cast aside mine eie,
I was ware of the fairest medle tree
That euer yet in all my life I sie,
As full of blossomes as it might be,
Therein a goldfinch leaping pretile
Fro bough to bough, and as him list he eet
Here and there of buds and floures sweet.

And to the herber side was joyning
This faire tree, of which I haue you told,
And at the last the brid began to sing,
Whan he had eaten what he eat wold,
So passing sweetly, that by manifold
It was more pleasaunt than I coud deuise,
And whan his song was ended in this wise,

The nightingale with so merry a note
Answered him, that all the wood rong
So sodainly, that as it were a sote,
I stood astonied, so was I with the song
Thorow rauished, that till late and long,
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where,
And ayen me thought she song euen by mine ere.

Wherefore I waited about busily
On euery side, if I her might see,
And at the last I gan full well aspie
Where she sat in a fresh grene laurer tree,
On the further side euen right by me,
That gaue so passing a delicious smell,
According to the eglentere full well.

Whereof I had so inly great pleasure,
That as me thought I surely rauished was
Into Paradice, where my desire
Was for to be, and no ferther passe
As for that day, and on the sote grasse
I sat me downe, for as for mine entent,
The birds song was more conuenient,

And more pleasaunt to me by manifold,
Than meat or drinke, or any other thing,
Thereto the herber was so fresh and cold,
The wholesome sauours eke so comforting,
That as I demed, sith the beginning
Of the world was neuer seene or than
So pleasaunt a ground of none earthly man.

And as I wat the birds harkening thus,
Me thought that I heard voices sodainly,
The most sweetest and most delicious
That euer any wight I trow truly
Heard in their life, for the armony
And sweet accord was in so good musike,
That the voice to angels most was like.

At the last out of a groue euen by,
That was right goodly and pleasant to sight,
I sie where there came singing lustily
A world of ladies, but to tell aright
Their great beauty it lieth not in my might,
Ne their array, neuerthelesse I shall
Tell you a part, though I speake not of all.

The surcotes white of veluet wele sitting,
They were in clad, and the semes echone,
As it were a manner garnishing,
Was set with emerauds one and one,
By and by, but many a rich stone
Was set on the purfles out of dout
Of colors, sleues, and traines round about.

As great pearles round and orient,
Diamonds fine and rubies red,
And many another stone, of which I went
The names now, and euerich on her head
A rich fret of gold, which without dread
Was full of stately rich stones set,
And euery lady had a chapelet

On her head of fresh and greene,
So wele wrought and so meruellously,
That it was a noble sight to seene,
Some of laurer, and some full pleasantly
Had chapelets of woodbind, and sadly
Some of agnus castus were also
Chapelets fresh, but there were many of tho

That daunced and eke song full soberly,
But all they yede in manner of compace,
But one ther yede in mid the company,
Soole by her selfe, but all followed the pace
That she kept, whose heauenly figured face
So pleasant was, and her wele shape person,
That of beauty she past hem euerichone.

And more richly beseene by manifold
She was also in euery manner thing,
On her head full pleasaunt to behold,
A crowne of gold rich for any king,
A braunch of agnus castus eke bearing
In her hand, and to my sight truly,
She lady was of the company.

And she began a roundell lustely,
That " Suse le foyle, de vert moy," men call,
" Seen et mon ioly cuer en dormy,"
And than the company answered all,
With voice sweet entuned, and so small,
That me thought it the sweetest melody
That euer I heard in my life soothly.

And thus they came dauncing and singing
Into the middest of the mede echone,
Before the herber where I was sitting,
And God wot me thought I was wel bigone,
For than I might auise hem one by one,
Who fairest was, who coud best dance or sing,
Or who most womanly was in all thing.

They had not daunced but a little throw,
Whan that I heard not ferre off sodainly,
So great a noise of thundring trumps blow,
As though it should haue departed the skie,
And after that within a while I sie,
From the same groue where the ladies come out,
Of men of armes comming such a rout,

As all the men on earth had ben assembled
In that place, wele horsed for the nones,
Stering so fast, that all the earth trembled:
But for to speake of riches and stones,
And men and horse I trow the large wones,
Of Pretir John ne all his tresory,
Might not vnneth haue boght the tenth party.

Of their array who so list heare more,
I shall rehearse so as I can alite:
Out of the groue that I spake of before,
I sie come first all in their clokes white,
A company that ware for their delite,
Chapelets fresh of okes seriall,
Newly sprong, and trumpets they were all.

On euery trumpe hanging a broad banere
Of fine tartarium were full richely bete,
Euery trumpet his lords armes bere
About their neckes with great pearles sete,
Collers brode for cost they would not lete,
As it would seem for their schochones echone,
Were set about with many a precious stone.

Their horse harneis was all white also,
And after them next in one company,
Came kings of armes and no mo
In clokes of white cloth of gold richly,
Chapelets of greene on their heads on hie,
The crowns that they on their shcochones bere,
Were set with pearle, ruby, and saphere.

And eke great diamonds many one,
But all their horse harneis and other geare
Was in a sute according euerychone,
As ye haue heard that foresaid trumpets were,
And by seeming they were nothing to lere,
And their guiding, they did so manerly,
And after hem came a great company

Of herauds and purseuaunts eke,
Arrayed in clothes of white veluet,
And hardily they were no thing to seke,
How they on hem should the harneis set,
And euery man had on a chapelet
Schochones and eke horse harneis indede,
They had in sute of hem that before hem yede.

Next after hem came in armour bright
All saue their heads, seemely knights nine,
And euery claspe and naile as to my sight
Of their harneis were of red gold fine,
With cloth of gold, and furred with ermine
Were the trappors of their stedes strong,
Wide and large, that to the ground did hong.

And euery bosse of bridle and paitrell
That they had, was worth as I would wene,
A thousand pound, and on their heads well
Dressed were crownes of laurer grene,
The best made that euer I had sene,
And euery knight had after him riding
Three henshmen on him awaiting.

Of which euery on o short tronchoun
His lords helme bare, so richly dight,
That the worst was worth the ransoun
Of a king, the second a shield bright
Bare at his necke, the thred bare vpright
A mighty spere, full sharpe ground and kene,
And euery child ware of leaues grene

A fresh chapelet vpon his haires bright,
And clokes white of fine veluet they were,
Their steeds trapped and raied right
Without difference as their lords were,
And after hem on many a fresh corsere,
There came of armed knights such a rout,
That they besprad the large field about.

And all they ware after their degrees
Chaplets new made of laurer grene,
Some of oke, and some of other trees,
Some in their honds bare boughs shene,
Some of laurer, and some of okes kene,
Some of hauthorne, and some of woodbind,
And many mo which I had not in mind.

And so they came their horses freshly stering
With bloody sownes of hir trompes loud,
There sie I many an vncouth disguising
In the array of these knights proud,
And at the last as euenly as they coud,
They took their places in middes of the mede,
And euery knight turned his horse hede

To his fellow, and lightly laid a spere
In the rest, and so justes began
On euery part about here and there,
Some brake his spere, some drew down hors and man,
About the field astray the steeds ran,
And to behold their rule and gouernaunce,
I you ensure it was a great pleasaunce.

And so the justs last an houre and more,
But tho that crowned were in laurer grene,
Wan the prise, their dints were so sore,
That there was non ayenst hem might sustene,
And the justing all was left off clene,
And fro their horse the ninth alight anone,
And so did all the remnant euerichone.

And forth they yede togider twain and twain,
That to behold it was a worthy sight
Toward the ladies on the greene plaine,
That song and daunced as I said now right:
The ladies as soone as they goodly might,
They brake of both the song and dance,
And yede to meet hem with ful glad semblance.

And euery lady tooke full womanly
By the hond a knight, and forth they yede
Unto a faire laurer that stood fast by,
With leues lade the boughes of great brede,
And to my dome there neuer was indede
Man, that had seene halfe so faire a tree,
For vnderneath there might it well haue be

An hundred persons at their owne plesance
Shadowed fro the heat of Phebus bright,
So that they should haue felt no greuance
Of raine ne haile that hem hurt might,
The sauour eke rejoice would any wight,
That had be sicke or melancolius,
It was so very good and vertuous.

And with great reuerence they enclining low
To the tree so soot and faire of hew,
And after that within a little throw
They began to sing and daunce of new,
Some song of loue, some plaining of vntrew,
Enuironning the tree that stood vpright,
And euer yede a lady and a knight.

And at the last I cast mine eye aside,
And was ware of a lusty company
That came roming out of the field wide,
Hond in hond a knight and a lady,
The ladies all in surcotes, that richely
Purfiled were with many a rich stone,
And euery knight of green ware mantles on,

Embrouded well so as the surcotes were,
And euerich had a chapelet on her hed,
Which did right well vpon the shining here,
Made of goodly floures white and red,
The knights eke that they in hond led
In sute of hem ware chapelets euerychone,
And before hem went minstrels many one,

As harpes, pipes, lutes, and sautry
All in greene, and on their heads bare
Of diuers floures made full craftely
All in a sute goodly chapelets they ware,
And so dauncing into the mede they fare,
In mid the which they found a tuft that was
All ouersprad with floures in compas.

Whereto they enclined euerychone
With great reuerence, and that full humbly,
And at the last there began anone
A lady for to sing right womanly
A bargaret in praising the daisie,
For as me thought among her notes swete,
She said, " Si douset et la Margarete."

Than they all answered her in fere,
So passingly well, and so pleasauntly,
That it was a blisful noise to here,
But I not it happed suddainly,
As about noone the sonne so feruently
Waxe hote, that the prety tender floures
Had lost the beauty of hir fresh colours.

For shronke with heat, the ladies eke to brent,
That they ne wist where they hem might bestow,
The knights swelt for lack of shade nie shent,
And after that within a little throw,
The wind began so sturdily to blow,
That down goeth all the floures euerichone,
So that in all the mede there laft not one,

Save such as succoured were among the leues,
Fro euery storme that might hem assaile,
Growing vnder hedges and thicke greues,
And after that there came a storme of haile,
And raine in fere, so that withouten faile,
The ladies ne the knights nade o threed
Drie on them, so dropping was hir weed.

And whan the storm was cleane passed away,
Tho in white that stood vnder the tree,
They felt nothing of the great affray,
That they in greene without had in ybe,
To them they yede for routh and pite,
Them to comfort after their great disease,
So faine they were the helplesse for to ease.

Than I was ware how one of hem in grene
Had on a crowne rich and well sitting,
Wherefore I demed well she was a quene,
And tho in greene on her were awaiting,
The ladies than in white that were comming
Toward them, and the knights in fere
Began to comfort hem, and make hem chere.

The queen in white, that was of great beauty,
Took by the hond the queen that was in grene,
And said, " Suster, I have right great pitie
Of your annoy, and of the troublous tene,
Wherein ye and your company haue bene
So long alas, and if that it you please
To go with me, I shall do you the ease,

" In all the pleasure that I can or may,"
Whereof the tother humbly as she might,
Thanked her, for in right ill array
She was with storm and heat I you behight,
And euery lady than anone right
That were in white, one of them took in grene
By the hond, which whan the knights had sene,

In likewise ech of them tooke a knight
Clad in greene, and forth with hem they fare,
To an hegge, where they anon right
To make their justs they would not spare
Boughes to hew down, and eke trees square,
Wherwith they made hem stately fires great,
To dry their clothes that were ringing weat.

And after that of hearbs that there grew,
They made for blisters of the sunne brenning,
Very good and wholesome ointments new,
Where that they yede the sick fast anointing,
And after that they yede about gadering
Pleasaunt salades which they made hem eat,
For to refresh their great vnkindly heat.

The lady of the Leafe than began to pray
Her of the Floure (for so to my seeming
They should be as by their array)
To soupe with her, and eke for any thing,
That she should with her all her people bring:
And she ayen in right goodly manere,
Thanketh her of her most friendly cheare,

Saying plainely that she would obay
With all her herte all her commaundement,
And than anon without lenger delay
The lady of the Leafe hath one ysent
For a palfray, after her intent,
Arrayed well and faire in harneis of gold,
For nothing lacked, that to him long shold.

And after that to all her company
She made to puruey horse and euery thing
That they needed, and than full lustily,
Euen by the herber where I was sitting
They passed all so pleasantly singing,
That it would haue comforted any wight,
But than I sie a passing wonder sight.

For than the nightingale, that all the day
Had in the laurer sete, and did her might
The whole seruice to sing longing to May,
All sodainly gan to take her flight,
And to the lady of the Leafe forthright
She flew, and set her on her hond softly,
Which was a thing I marueled of greatly.

The goldfinch eke, that fro the medle tree
Was fled for heat into the bushes cold,
Unto the lady of the Flower gan flee,
And on her hond he set him as he wold,
And pleasauntly his winges gan to fold,
And for to sing they pained hem both as sore,
As they had do of all the day before.

And so these ladies rode forth a great pace,
And all the rout of knights eke in fere,
And I that had seen all this wonder case,
Thought I would assay in some manere,
To know fully the trouth of this matere,
And what they were that rode so pleasantly,
And whan they were the herber passed by,

I drest me forth, and happed to mete anone
Right a faire lady I you ensure,
And she come riding by her selfe alone,
All in white, with semblance ful demure:
I saluted her, and bad her good auenture
Might her befall, as I coud most humbly,
And she answered, "My doughter gramercy."

"Madame," quod I, "if that I durst enquere
Of you I would faine of that company
Wit what they be that past by this arbere,"
And she ayen answered right friendly:
"My faire doughter, all tho that passed here by
In white clothing, be seruaunts euerichone
Unto the Leafe, and I my selfe am one.

"See ye not her that crowned is," quod she,
"All in white?"—"Madame," quod I, "yes:"
"That is Diane, goddesse of chastite,
And for because that she a maiden is,
In her hond the braunch she beareth this,
That agnus castus men call properly,
And all the ladies in her company

"Which ye se of that hearb chaplets weare,
Be such as han kept alway hir maidenheed:
And all they that of laurer chaplets beare,
Be such as hardy were and manly indeed,
Uictorious name which neuer may be dede,
And all they were so worthy of their hond,
In hir time that none might hem withstond.

"And tho that weare chaplets on their hede
Of fresh woodbind, be such as neuer were
To loue vntrue in word, thought, ne dede,
But aye stedfast, ne for pleasance ne fere,
Thogh that they shuld their hertes all to tere,
Would neuer flit but euer were stedfast,
Till that their liues there asunder brast."

"Now faire madame," quod I, "yet I would pray,
Your ladiship if that it might be,
That I might know by some maner way,
Sith that it hath liked your beaute,
The trouth of these ladies for to tell me,
What that these knights be in rich armour,
And what tho be in grene and weare the flour?

"And why that some did reuerence to that tre,
And some vnto the plot of floures faire:"
"With right good will my fair doghter," quod she,
"Sith your desire is good and debonaire,
Tho nine crowned be very exemplaire,
Of all honour longing to chiualry,
And those certaine be called the nine worthy,

"Which ye may see riding all before,
That in hir time did many a noble dede,
And for their worthinesse full oft haue bore
The crowne of laurer leaues on their hede,
As ye may in your old bookes rede,
And how that he that was a conquerour,
Had by laurer alway his most honour.

"And tho that beare bowes in their hond
Of the precious laurer so notable,
Be such as were I woll ye vnderstond,
Noble knights of the round table,
And eke the douseperis honourable,
Which they beare in signe of victory,
It is witnesse of their deeds mightily.

"Eke there be knights old of the garter,
That in hir time did right worthily,
And the honour they did to the laurer,
Is for by they haue their laud wholly,
Their triumph eke, and marshall glory,
Which vnto them is more parfit richesse,
Than any wight imagine can or gesse.

" For one leafe giuen of that noble tree
To any wight that hath done worthily,
And it be done so as it ought to be,
Is more honour than any thing earthly,
Witnesse of Rome that founder was truly
Of all knighthood and deeds maruelous,
Record I take of Titus Liuius.

" And as for her that crowned is in greene,
It is Flora, of these floures goddesse,
And all that here on her awaiting beene,
It are such that loued idlenesse,
And not delite of no businesse,
But for to hunt and hauke, and pley in medes,
And many other such idle dedes.

And for the great delite and pleasaunce
They haue to the floure, and so reuerently
They vnto it do such obeisaunce
As ye may see." — " Now faire Madame," quod I,
" If I durst aske what is the cause and why,
That knights haue the signe of honour,
Rather by the leafe than the flour."

" Soothly doughter," quod she, " this is the trouth,
For knights euer should be perseuering,
To seeke honour without feintise or slouth,
Fro wele to better in all manner thing,
In signe of which with leaues aye lasting,
They be rewarded after their degree,
Whose lusty green May, may not appaired be,

" But aie keping their beautie fresh and greene,
For there nis storme that may hem deface,
Haile nor snow, wind nor frosts kene,
Wherfore they haue this property and grace
And for the floure within a little space
Woll be lost, so simple of nature
They be, that they no greeuance may endure.

" And euery storme will blow them soone away,
Ne they last not but for a season,
That is the cause, the very trouth to say,
That they may not by no way of reason
Be put to no such occupation."
" Madame," quod I, " with all mine whole seruise,
I thanke you now in my most humble wise.

" For now I am ascertained throughly,
Of euery thing I desired to know."
" I am right glad that I haue said soothly
Ought to your pleasure if ye will me trow:"
Quod she ayen, " but to whom do ye owe
Your seruice, and which will ye honour,
Tel me I pray, this yere, the Leafe or the Flour."

" Madame," quod I, " though I least worthy,
Unto the Leafe I owe mine obseruaunce:"
" That is," quod she, " right well done certainly,
And I pray God to honour you auaunce,
And kepe you fro the wicked remembraunce
Of male bouch, and all his crueltie,
And all that good and well conditioned be.

" For here may I no lenger now abide,
I must follow the great company
That ye may see yonder before you ride,"
And forth as I couth most humbly,
I tooke my leue of her as she gan hie,
After them as fast as euer she might,
And I drow homeward, for it was nigh night:
And put all that I had seene in writing
Under support of them that lust it to rede.
O little booke, thou art so vnconning,
How darst thou put thy self in prees for drede,
It is wonder that thou wexest not rede,
Sith that thou wost full lite who shall behold
Thy rude language, full boistously vnfold.

EXPLICIT.

GOOD COUNSAIL OF CHAUCER.

Fly fro the prease, and dwell with soothfastnesse,
Suffise vnto thy good though it be small,
For horde hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,
Prease hath enuy, and wele is blent ouer all,
Sauour no more than thee behoue shall,
Rede well thy selfe that other folke canst rede,
And trouth thee shall deliuer, it is no drede.

Paine thee not ech crooked to redresse
In trust of her that tourneth as a ball,
Great rest standeth in little businesse,
Beware also to spurn againe a nall,
Striue not as doth a crocke with a wall,
Deme thy selfe that demest others dede,
And trouth thee shall deliuer it is no drede.

That thee is sent receiue in buxomnesse,
The wrastling of this world asketh a fall,
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
Forth pilgrime, forth beast out of thy stall,
Looke vp on high, and thanke God of all,
Weiue thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lede,
And trouth thee shall deliuer, it is no drede.

EXPLICIT.

TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you my purse and to none other wight
Complaine I, for ye be my lady dere,
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For certes ye now make me heauy chere,
Me were as lefe laid vpon a bere,
For which vnto your mercy thus I crie,
Be heauy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day or it be night,
That I of you the blissful sowne may here,
Or see your colour like the sunne bright,
That of yelowness had neuer pere,
Ye be my life, ye be my hertes stere,
Queene of comfort and of good companie,
Be heauy againe, or els mote I die.

Now purse that art to me my liues light,
And sauiour, as downe in this world here,
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,
Sith that you woll not be my treasure,
For I am shaue as nere as any frere,
But I pray vnto your curtesie,
Be heauy againe, or els mote I die.

EXPLICIT.

JOHN SKELTON.

Died 1529.

Neither the time nor place of Skelton's birth is known; it is thought that he was born in Norfolk, but descended from an ancient family in Cumberland, whose chief place of residence for many generations was at Armathwaite Castle, and who are supposed by their name to have come from Skelton, (Scale-town) "a village in the forest of Englewood, in that place, where of ancient time the country people that had their sheep, swine, and milk-beasts agisted in the forest, had certain *scaler*, skeels (*chalets*) or little cottages to rest in, while they gathered the summer profits of such goods." It appears that he belonged to both Universities, having taken the degree of Poet Laureate at Oxford, and being permitted to wear the laurel at Cambridge. What the office of royal Orator was, which Henry VIII, to whom he had been tutor, conferred upon him, on his accession to the throne, is not well understood. His reputation must have been very high, for Erasmus calls him *Britannicarum literarum decus et lumen*. But neither his court favour, nor his erudition and extraordinary talents, obtained him that preferment to which they might so easily have led. His satirical temper was probably the cause, for he was a "a pleasant conceited fellow, and of a very sharp wit: exceeding bold, and could nip to the very quick when he once set hold."

Skelton was curate of Trompington, near Cambridge, the well-known scene of the Miller's Tale, and rector of gloomy Dis in Norfolk, in the diocese of that infamous persecutor, bishop Nix. The prelate, in his own atrocious language, might well have considered Skelton as one savouring of the frying-pan, for the poet had directed his merciless satire in full force against the friars and the clergy; but he seems to have balanced the account by attacking the reformers in the same strain. The bishop suspended him for keeping a concubine. On his death-bed he declared that he conscientiously considered her as his wife, but that cowardliness had prevented him from acknowledging her in that character; for that he would rather have confessed adultery than marriage.

If, however, he was wanting in moral courage, no man of that age displayed greater temerity in his writings. He attacked Wolsey in the plenitude of his power, satirized him not for his faults alone and in those parts of his character where he was vulnerable, but for his "greasy genealogy," instead of rendering justice to those qualities, which having raised him from low birth, did not discredit his high estate; and thus at length he provoked the vengeance which he deserved. Orders were issued for apprehending him: he took sanctuary at Westminster, and remained there under Abbot Islip's protection, till his death, which took place not long before the cardinal's fall. He was buried in the chancel of St. Margaret's Church, where Churchyard, whose eulogistic verses are prefixed to the only collection of his works, was afterwards buried near him.

The greater part of Skelton's poems were collected into one volume in 1568, re-printed in 1736, and inserted in Chalmers's collection of the English Poets. Not the slightest care has been bestowed upon them; they are even printed without punctuation. A complete edition is much to be desired. To edite them critically would be a difficult task; but the parts which are most obscure, are probably those which least deserve explanation, and might well be left in obscurity. They are worthy of preservation, as illustrating, in no common degree, the state and progress of our language, and the history of a most important age, and for their intrinsic merit also. Warton has undervalued him; which is the more remarkable, because Warton was a generous as well as a competent critic. He seems to have been disgusted with buffooneries, which, like those of Rabelais, were thrown out as a tub for the whale; for unless Skelton had written thus for the coarsest palates, he could not have poured forth his bitter and undaunted satire in such perilous times. Well might he say of him —

> Though my rhyme be ragged,
> Tattered and jagged,
> Rudely rain-beaten
> Rusty and moth-eaten
> If ye take well therewith
> It hath in it some pith.

The power, the strangeness, the volubility of his language, the intrepidity of his satire, and the perfect originality of his manner, render Skelton one of the most extraordinary poets of any age or country.

The frequent recurrence of rhyme in short verses is to be found before him in the French poet Alain Chartres, and after him in Jean Marot. But they use it occasionally only, and intermixed with longer verses.

The first moralities in our language which bear the name of their author are by Skelton; one of these entitled Magnificence, was in Garrick's collection, and is still preserved. The Nigromanser (which is the name of the other), it is to be feared is irrecoverably lost. It was in the possession of Collins the poet, who showed it not long before his death to Warton as a very rare and valuable curiosity: and Warton read and has described the piece. When Ritson afterwards declared it to be utterly incredible that this work ever existed, the assertion must be regarded only as an example of that peculiar species of malignant and brutal insolence in criticism, which ought from him to be denominated Ritsonism.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LITLE BOKE CALLED

COLYN CLOUT,

COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON POET LAUREATE.

Quis consurgat mecum adversus malignantes? aut quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniquitatem? Nemo domine.

What can it auaile
To dryue forth a snayle,
Or to make a sayle
Of an herynges taile,
To ryme or to rayle,
To write or to indyte,
Eyther for delite
Or els for despite,
Or bookes to compile
Of diuers maner of style
Vyce to reuile,
And sinne to exyle;
To teache or to preche,
As reason wyll reach?
Saye thys and saye that,
His head is so fat
He wotteth neuer what
Nor wherof he speaketh;
He cryeth and he creketh,
He pryeth and he peketh,
He chydes and he chatters,
He prates and he patters,
He clytters and he clatters,
He medles and he smatters,
He gloses and he flatters;
Or if he speake plaine,
Than he lacketh brayne
He is but a foole!
Let him go to scoole,
A three footed stoole
That he may downe syt,
For he lacketh wit;
And if that he hit
The nayle on the head
It standeth in no stede.
The deuyll they say is dead!
The deuill is dead!
It may wel so be;
[illegible]s they wold see
Otherwise, and flee
From worldly vanitie,
And foule covetousnes,
And other wretchednes,
Fickell falsenesse,
Varyablenesse
With vnstablenesse,
And if ye stand in dout
Who brought this ryme about?
My name is Colyn Clout.
I propose to shake out
All my conning bagge,
Lyke a clarkely hagge;
For though my rime be ragged,
Tattered and iagged,
Rudely rayne beaten,
Rusty and moothe eaten,
If ye talke well therewyth
It hath in it some pith.
For as farre as I can see,
It is wrong with eche degree;
For the temporalty
Accuseth the spiritualty;
The spirituall agayn
Doth grudge and complain
Upon temporall men;
Thus eche of other blother,
The tone against the tother:
Alas they make me shoder!
For in hoder moder
The churche is put in faulte;
The prelates ben so haut
They say, and loke so hye,
As though they wold flye
Aboue the sterry sky.
Lay men say indede
How they take no hede
Their sely shepe to fede,
But plucke away and pul
The fleces of their wull;
Unnethes they leve a locke
Of wull amonge their flocke.
And as for theyr connyng
A glumming and a mummyng,
And make therof a iape,
They gaspe and they gape
Al to haue promocion;
There is their whole deuocion,
With money, if it will hap
To cath the forked cap,
Forsoth they are to lewd
To say so all be shrewd.
What trow ye they say more
Of the byshoppes lore,
How in matters they be raw,
They lumber forth the law,
To herke Jacke and Gyl
Whan they put vp a bil,
And judge it as they will,
For other mens skill,
Expounding out their clauses,
And leaue their owne causes.
In their principal cure
They make but lytle sure,
And meddels very light
In the churches right.
But ire and venire
And sol fa, so alamire,
That the premenire
Is like to be set a fire,
In their jurisdictions,
Through temporall afflictions,
Men say they haue prescriptions
Against the spiritual contradictions,
Accompting them as fictions.
And whiles the heades doe this,
The remnaynt is amis
Of the clergy all
Both great and small.
I wot neuer how they warke,
But thus the people carke.
And surely thus they say,
Byshoppes if they may
Smal houses wold kepe,
But slumbre forth and slepe,
And assay to crepe
Within the noble walles
Of the kinges halles,
To fat their bodies full,
Their soules lame and dul,
And haue ful litle care
How euil their shepe fare.
The temporality say plain
How bishoppes disdain
Sermons for to make,
Or such labour to take;
And for to say trouth,
A great part is ful slouth,
But the greatest part
Is for they haue but smal art,
And right sclender cunnyng
Within their heades wunning.
But this reason they take,
How they are able to make
With their gold and treasure
Clerkes out of measure,
And yet that is a pleasure.
How be it some there bee
Almost two or three
Of that dignity,
Full worshipful Clerkes,
As appeareth by their werkes;
Like Aaron and Ure,
The wolfe from the dore
To wary, and to kepe.
From their gostly shepe,
And their spiritual lammes
Sequestred from rammes,
And from the berded gotes,
With their hery cotes,
Set nought by gold ne grotes
Their names if I durst tel.
But they are lothe to mel,
And lothe to hang the bel
About the cattes necke,
Fro dred to haue a checke;
They are fain to play, deuz deck.
How be it they are good men,
Much harted lyke an hen,
Their lessons forgotten they haue
That Becket them gaue,
Thomas manum mittit ad fortia,
Spernit damna spernit opprobria,
Nulla Thomam frangit injuria.
But now euery spirituall father,
Men say they had rather
Spende muche of their share,
Than to be combred with care.
Spende, nay but spare!
For let see who that dare
Shoe the mockish mare!
They make her winch and kicke,
But it is not worthe a leeke,
Boldnesse is to seeke

The churche for to defende.
Take me as I intende!
For lothe I am to offende
In thys that I haue pende,
I tell you as men say
Amend when ye may!
For usque ad montem fare,
Men say ye cannot appare,
For some say ye hunt in parkes
And hanke on hobby larkes,
And other wanton warkes
When the night darkes.
What hath laymen to doe
The gray gose for to shoe?
Lyke houndes of hell
They cry and they yell,
How that ye sell
The grace of the Holy Gost;
Thus they make their bost
Through euery cost,
How some of you do eat
In Lenton season flesh meat
Fesauntes patriche and cranes;
Men call you therfore prophanes,
Ye picke no shrympes nor pranes,
Saltfish, stockfish nor herring,
It is not for your wearing,
Nor in holy Lenton season
Ye wil neither beanes ne peason,
But ye looke to be let loose
To a pygge or to a goose,
Your geurge not endewed
Without a capon stewed,
Or a stewed cocke,
Under her surfled smocke,
And her wanton wodicocke.
And how when ye geue orders
In your prouinciall borders,
As insipientes,
Some are insufficientes,
Some parum sapientes,
Some nihil intelligentes,
Some valde negligentes,
Some nullum sensum habentes,
But bestially and vntaught;
But whan they haue once caught
Dominus vobiscum by the hed,
Than renne they in euere stede,
God wot with dronken nolles!
Yet take they cures of soules,
And woteth neuer what they rede,
Pater noster nor Crede.
Construe not worth a whistle
Nether Gospel nor Pistle,
Theyr Mattins madly sayde,
Nothing deuoutly praid,
Their learning is so small,
Their prymes and houres fal
And lepe out of their lippes,
Lyke sawdust or dry chippes,
I speake not now of al,
But the moste parte in general.
Of suche vagabundus
Speaketh totus mundus.
How some syng let abundus
At euerye ale stake
With welcome hake and make,
By the bread that God brake,
I am sory for your sake.
I speake not of the god wife
But of their apostles lyfe,
Cum ipsis vel illis
Qui manent in villis,
Est uxor vel ancilla,
Welcome Jacke and Gilla,
My prety Petronylla,
And you wil be stilla,
You shall haue your wylla.
Of such pater noster pekes
All the worlde speakes.
In you the faut is supposed;
For that they are not apposed
By iust examinacion,
By conning and conuersation:
They haue none instruction
To make a true construction;
A priest without a letter
Without his virtue be greater,
Doutlesse were much better
Upon him for to take
A mattocke or a rake.
Alas for very shame!
Some can not declyne their name,
Some cannot scarsly rede,
And yet will not drede
For to kepe a cure,
And in nothing is sure
This domine vobiscum
As wyse a Tom a thrum,
A chaplayne of truste
Layth all in the dust.
Thus I Colin Clout
As I go about,
And wandryng as I walke,
I heare the people talke;
Men say for syluer and golde
Miters are bought and sold;
There shall no clergy appose
A myter nor a crosse
But a full purse.
A straw for Goddes curse!
What are they the worse?
For a simoniake,
Is but a hermoniake,
And no more ye make
Of symony men say
But a childes play.
Ouer this the forsayd laye,
Report how the pope maye
A holy anker call
Out of the stony wall,
And hym a bysshopp make,
If he on him dare take
To kepe so hard a rule,
To ryde vpon a mule
Wyth golde all be trapped,
In purple and paule be lapped,
Some hatted and some capped,
Rychely be wrapped,
God wot to theyr great paynes,
In rotchettes of fine raynes;
Whyte as morowes mylke,
Their tabertes of fine silke,
Their stirops of mixt golde begarded,
Their may no cost be spared.
Their moyles golde doth eate,
Theyr neighbours dye for meat.
What care they though Gill sweat,
Of Jacke of the Noke?
The pore people they yoke
With sommons and citacions
And excommunications,
Aboute churches and market;
The byshop on his carpet
At home full soft doth syt,
This is a feareful fyt,
To heare the people iangle!
Now warely they wrangle,
Alas why do ye not handle,
And them all mangle?
Full falsly on you they lye,
And shamefully you ascry,
And say as vntruly,
As the butter fly
A man might say in mocke
Ware the wethercocke
Of thee steple of Poules,
And thus they hurt their soules,
In sclaunderyng you for truth,
Alas it is great ruthe!
Some say ye sit in trones
Like prynces aquilonis,
And shryne your rotten bones
With pearles and precious stones,
But how the commons grones
And the people mones
For preestes, and for lones
Lent and neuer payde,
But from day to day delaid,
The commune welth decayd,
Men say ye are tunge tayde,
And therof speake nothing
But dissimuling and glosing.
Wherfore men be supposing
That ye geue shrewd counsel
Against the commune wel,
By pollyng and pillage
In cities and village,
By taxyng and tollage,
Ye haue monks to haue the culerage
For coueryng of an old cottage,
That committed is a collage
In the charter of dottage,
Tenure par service de sottage,
And not par service de socage,
After old segnyours
And the learning of Litleton tenours,
Ye haue so ouerthwarted
That good lawes are subuerted,
And good reason peruerted.
Religious men are fayne
For to turne agayne,
In secula seculorum,
And to forsake their corum,
And vagabundare per forum,
And take a fyne meritorum,
Contra regulam morum,
Aut blacke monacorum,
Aut canonicorum,
Aut Bernardinorum,
Aut crucifixorum;
And to synge from place to place
Lyke apostataas.
And the selfe same game
Begon, and now, with shame
Amongest the sely nunnes,
My lady now she runnes,

Dame Sybly our abbesse,
Dame Dorotho and lady Besse,
Dame Sare our pryoresse,
Out of theyr cloyster and quere
With an heauye cheere
Must cast vp their blacke vayles—.
What Colin there thou shailes
Yet thus with yll hayles
The lay fee people rayles
And all they laye
On you prelates, and say
Ye do wrong and no righte,
To put them thus to flight.
No Matins at midnight!
Boke and chalis gone quite!
Plucke away the leades
Ouer theyr heades;
And sel away theyr bels,
And al that they haue els;
Thus the people tels,
Rayles lyke rebels,
Rede shrewdly and spels,
And wyth foundations mels,
And talke lyke titiuelles;
How ye breake the deades willes,
Turne monasteris into water millis,
Of an abbey ye make a graunge;
Your workes they say are straunge;
So that theyr founders soules
Haue lost theyr beade roules;
The mony for theyr masses
Spent among wanton lasses;
The Diriges are forgotten,
Their founders lye there rotten,
But where theyr soules dwel
Therwith I will not mel.
What could the Turke do more,
Wyth all hys false lore,
Turke, Sarazen or Jew?
I report me to you,
O merciful Jesu!
You support and rescite
My stile for to directe;
It may take some effect;
For I abhorre to wryte
How the lay fee despite,
You prelates, that, of ryght
Should be lanternes of light,
Ye liue they say in delyte,
Drowned in deliciis,
In gloria et diviciis,
Into honorable honore,
In gloria et splendore,
Fulgurantes haste,
Viventes parum caste,
Yet swete meat hath soure sauce!
For after gloria laus,
Christ by crueltie
Was nayled vpon a tree:
He payed a bitter pencion
For mans redemption;
He dranke eisel and gall
To redeme vs withall.
But swete Ipocras ye drynke,
With let the cat winke!
Ich wot what eche other thynk.
How be it per assimule,
Some men thinke that ye
Shall haue penaltie,
For your iniquity,
Note what I say
And beare it wel awaye!
If it please not the ologys,
It is good for astrologis,
For Ptholme told me
The sunne somtime to bee
In Ariete,
Ascendant a degree;
What Scorpion descending
Was so then pretending
All fatall for one
That shall sit on a trone,
And rule all thinges alone?
Your teeth whet on this bone,
Amongst you euery chone,
And let Collyn Clout haue none
Maner of cause to mone.
Lay salve to your own sore,
For els as I sayd before
After gloria laus
May come a soure sauce;
Sory therfore am I,
But trouth can neuer lye.
With language thus poluted
Holy church is bruted,
And shamefully confuted.
My pen now wyll I sharpe,
And wrest vp my harpe
With sharpe twinkling trebels,
Agaynst al such rebels,
That labour to confound
And bring the church to the ground;
As ye may daily see
Howe the laye fee
Of one affinitee,
Consente and agree,
Agaynst the churche to be
And the dignitee
Of the byshoppes fee.
And eyther ye be to bad,
Or els they are mad,
Of this to report
But vnder your supporte;
Tyll my dying day
I shall bothe wryte and say,
And ye shall do the same,
How they are to blame,
You thus to diffame;
For it maketh me sad,
How that the people are glade
The church to depraue,
And some there are that raue,
Presuming on their wit,
Whan there is neuer a whit,
To maintaine argumentes
Against the sacramentes,
Some make epilogation
Of highe predestination,
And of residenation,
They make interpretation
Of an awquard facion,
And of the prescience
Of diuine essence,
And what ipostatis
Of Christes manhode is;
Such logike men wyl chop,
And in their fury hope,
When the good ale sop
Dothe daunce in their fore top;
Both women and men;
Such ye may wel know and ken,
That agayn presthode
Their malice spred abrode,
Railing hainously
And disdainously,
Of priestly dignities,
But their malignities.
And some haue a smacke
Of Luthers sacke,
And a brenning sparke
Of Luthers warke,
And are somewhat suspect
In Luther's sect;
And some of them barke,
Clatter and carpe,
Of that heresy art
Called Wicleuista,
The deuelishe dogmatista;
And some be Hussians,
And some bee Arrians,
And some be Pollegians,
And make much varians
Betwene the clergy
And the temporalty,
How the church hath to mickel,
And they haue to litel,
And bring him in materialities
And qualified qualities
Of pluralities,
Of tryalities,
And of tot quottes,
They commune like Scottes,
As commeth to their lottes;
Of prebendaries and deanes
How some of them gleanes,
And gathered up the store
For to catch more and more;
Of persons and vicaries
They make many outcryes;
They cannot kepe theyr wiues
From them for theyr tyues;
And thus the losels striues,
And lewdly says by Christ,
Agaynste the sely priest
Alas and wel awaye!
What ayles theym thus to saye?
They mought be better aduised,
Than to be disgised,
But they haue enterprysed
And shamefullye surmised,
How prelacy is sold and bought,
And come vp of nought,
And where the prelates be
Come of low degre,
And set in maiesty
And spirituall dignity,
Farwel benignity!
Farwell simplicitye!
Farwel humilitye!
Farwel good charity!
Ye are so puffed wyth pryde,
That no man may abide
Your high and lordly lokes,
Ye cast up then your bokes
And vertue is forgotten;
For then ye wyl be wroken
Of euery light quarel,
And cal a lord a iauel,

A knight a knaue to make;
Ye boste, ye face, ye crake,
And vpon you take
To rule king and kayser;
And if you maye haue layser,
Ye bryng all to nought,
And that is all your thought.
For the lordes temporall
Their rule is very small,
Almost nothing at al;
Men say how ye appal
The noble bloud royal;
In ernest and in game
Ye are the lesse to blame.
For lordes of noble bloude,
If they wel understand,
How conning might them auaunce,
They would pype you another
But noble men borne [daunce,
To learne they haue scorne,
But hunt and blowe an horne,
Leape over lakes and dikes,
Set nothing by politikes;
Therfore ye keep them bace,
And mocke them to their face,
This is a petious case
To you, that ouer the wheele
Lordes must couch and knele,
And breake theyr hose at the knee,
As daily men may see,
And to remembraunce call.
Fortune so turneth the ball
And ruleth so ouer all,
That honour hath a great fall.
Shal I tel you more? ye shal.
I am loth to tel all,
But the communalty ye call
Idols of Babilon,
De terra Zabulon,
De terra Neptalym,
For you love to go trim,
Brought vp of poore estate
Wyth pryde inordinate,
Sodaynly vpstarte
From the dong cart,
The mattockes and the shule,
To reynge and to rule,
And haue no grace to thynke
How they were wont to drynke
Of a lether bottell,
With a knauish stoppel,
Whan mamockes was your meate
With mould bread to eat,
Ye would none other geate,
To chew and to gnaw,
To fil therwith your maw,
Lodged in the strawe,
Couching yeur drousy heades
Somtime in lousy beddes,
Alas this is out of minde!
Ye grow now out of kynde,
Many one haue but winde
And make the commons blinde;
But qui se existimat stare,
Let him wel beware,
Least that his fote slip,
And haue such a trip,
And falle in such decay,
That all the world myght say
Come down on the diuels way.

Yet ouer all that,
Of byshops they chat,
That, though ye round your heare
An ynche aboue your eare,
And aures patentes
And parum intendentes,
And your coursers be trapped,
Your eares they be stopped,
For maister adulator,
And doctour assentator,
And blandior blandiris,
With mentor mentiris,
They folow your desyres,
That ye can not espie,
And so they blere your eye
How the male doth wrye.
Alas for Gods wil!
Whye sytte ye prelates styl,
And suffer all this yll?
Ye bishoppe of estates
Shoulde open the brode gates,
For your spiritual charge,
And confort at large,
Like lanternes of light
In the peoples sighte,
In pulpettes antentike,
For the wele publike
Of priesthod in this case,
And alwayes to chase
Suche manner of sismatikes
And halfe heretikes,
That wold intoxicate,
That wold conquinate,
That wold contaminate,
And that would violate,
And that would derogate,
And that would abrogate,
The churchis high estate,
After this manner rates
The whyche shoulde be
Bothe franke and free,
And haue their liberty;
And of antiquity
It was ratefyed,
And also gratefyed
By holy sinodals
And buls papals,
As it is res certa
Conteygned in Magna Carta.
But maister Damian,
Or some other man
That clerkely is, and can
Wel scripture expound
And textes grounde,
His benefice worth ten pound,
Or skant worth twenty marke.
And yet a noble clerke
He must do this werke;
As I know a part
Some maysters of art,
Some doctours of law,
Some learned in other saw,
As in diuinitie,
That hath no dignitie,
But the pore degree
Of the vniuersitie,
Or elsse frere Fredericke,
Or els frere Dominike,
Or frere Hugulinus,
Or frere Agustinus,
Or frere Carmelus,
That ghostly can heale vs;
Or elsse if we maye
Get a frere Graye,
Or elsse of the order
Uppon Grenewiche border
Called observaunce,
And a frere of Fraunce,
Or elsse the poore Scot,
It muste come to his lot
To shote forth his shot;
Or of Babuell, beside Bery,
To postell vpon a kyry,
That woulde it shoulde be noted
How scripture should be coted,
And so clerkle promoted
And yet the frere doted.
Men say
But your auctority
And your noble fee,
And your dignitie,
Should be imprinted better
Than all the freres letter,
For yf ye wolde take payne
To preache a worde or twayne,
Though it were neuer so playne,
With clauses two or three,
So as they mighte be
Compendiouslye conueyed,
Those wordes should be more weid,
And better perceyued,
And thankfully receyued,
And better shoulde remayne
Amonge the people playne,
That wolde your wordes retayne,
And reherse them agayne,
Than a thousand thousand other
The blaber, barke, and blother,
And make a Walshman's hose
Of the text and of the glose.
For protestation made
That I will not wade
Farther in this brooke,
Nor farther for to looke
In deuising of this boke,
But answer that I may
For my self alwaye,
Eyther analogice,
Or els rathagorice,
So that in diuinitee
Doctors that learned be,
Nor bachelers of that faculty
That hath taken degre
In the vniuersitie,
Shall not be objected for me.
But doctour Bullatus,
Parum litteratus,
Dominus doctoratus,
At the brode gatus;
Doctour Daupatus,
And bacheler bacheleratus,
Dronken as a mouse
At the ale house,
Taketh his pillion and his cap
At the good ale tap,
For lacke of good wyne,
As wyse as Robin swine
Under a notaries signe
Was made a diuine;

As wise as Waltoms calfe
Must preache a goddes halfe
In the pulpyt solempnly,
More meet in a pillory;
For by sainct Hillary
He can nothing smatter
Of logike nor scole matter;
Neyther silogisare,
Nor of emptimeniare,
Nor knoweth his eloquence,
Nor his predicamence.
And yet he wil mel
To amend the gospel,
And wil preach and tel
What they do in hel,
And he dare not wel neuen
What they do in hauen,
Nor how far Temple bare is
From the seuen starres.
Nowe will I goe
And tel of other moe,
Semper protestando
De non impugnando
The foure orders of fryers,
Thoughe some of them be lyers;
As limiters at large
Wyll charge and discharge,
As many a fryar, God wot,
Preaches for his grote,
Flatterynge for a new cote,
And for to have hys fees,
Some to gather cheese,
Lothe they are to lese
Eyther corne or mault,
Sometime meale and sault,
Sometime a bacon flicke
That is three fingers thycke
Of larde and of greace,
Their couent to encreace.
I put you out of doubt
This cannot be brought about
But they their tonges file,
And make a pleasaunte style
To Margerye and to Maude,
Howe they haue no fraude,
And somtyme they prouoke
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at noke,
Their duties to withdraw
That they ought by the lawe
Their curates to content
In open time and in Lente;
God wot they take great payne
To flatter and to fayne;
But it is an olde sayd saw,
That neede hath no lawe;
Some walke aboute in melottes,
In gray russet and hery cotes,
Some wil neyther golde ne grotes:
Some pluck a partrich in remotes,
And by the barres if her tayle
Wil know a rauen from a rayle,
A quail, the raile, and the old rauen.
Sed libera nos a malo. Amen.
And by dudum, their clementine,
Against curates repine,
And say, proprely, they are sacerdotes
To shryue, assoyle, and reles
Dame Margeries soule out of hel:
But when the frier fel in the wel
He could not sing himselfe therout
But by the help of Christian clout.
Another clementine also,
How frere Fabion, with other mo,
Exivit de paradiso,
Whan they again thither shall come
De hoc petimus consilium,
And through all the world they go
With dirige and placebo.
But now my minde ye vnderstand,
For they muste take in hand
To preach and to withstand
Al maner of abiections;
For bishops haue protections
They say to do corrections,
But they haue no affections
To take the sayd directions;
In such maner of cases
Men say they beare no faces
To occupy such places
To sow the sede of graces;
Their hartes are so faynted,
And they be so attaynted
With coueitous, and ambition,
And other supersticion,
That they be deafe and dum,
And play scylens and glum,
Can say nothing but mum.
They occupy theym so
With singing placebo,
They wil no farther go;
They had leuer to please
And take their wordly ease,
Than to take on hand
Worshyp to wythstande.
Such temporal war and bate
As nowe is made of late
Against holy churche estate;
Or to mayntayne good quarelles
The lay men call them barrelles
Full of glotony,
And of hypocrisye
That counterfaytes and paints
As they were saintes;
In matters that them lyke
They shew them politike.
Pretending grauitie,
And sygnyorytie,
With all solempnitie
For their indempnitie;
For they will haue no lesse
Of a peny, nor of a crosse
Of their prediall landes
That cometh to their handes;
And as farre as they dare set
Al is fyshe that cometh to net;
Building royally
Thier mancions curiously
With turrettes and with toures,
With halles and with boures,
Streching to the starres
With glasse windowes and barres;
Hangyng about the walles
Clothes of golde and palles,
Arras of ryche araye,
Freshe as floures in Maye;
Wyth dame Dyana naked
How lustye Venus quaked;
And howe Cupide shaked
His darte, and bente hys bowe
For to shote a crowe
At her tyrly tyrlowe;
And how Paris of Troye
Daunced a lege de moy,
Made lustye sporte and ioye
With dame Helyn the queene;
With such storyes by deen
Their chambres wel be seen,
With triumphes of Cesar
And of his Pompeius war,
Of renowne and of fame
By them to get a name.
Nowe all the world stares
How they ryde in goodly chares,
Conueyed by olyphantes
With lauriat garlantes,
And by vnycornes
With their semely hornes;
Upon these beastes riding
Naked boyes striding,
With wanton wenches winkyng;
Now truly to my thinkyng
That is a speculacion,
And a mete meditacion,
For prelates of estate
Their courage to abate
From worldly wontonnes,
Their chambre thus to dres
With such parfetnes,
And all such holynes,
How be it they let down fall
Their churches cathedral!
Squire, knight, and lord,
That the church remord,
With all temporal people,
They runne against the steeple;
Thus talkyng and tellinge
How some of you are mellynge,
Yet soft and fayre for swellyng,
Beware of a queanes yelling.
It is a besy thing
For one man to rule a kyng
Alone, and make rekenyng
To gouerne ouer all,
And rule a realme royall;
By one mannes wit
Fortune may chaunce to flit,
And when he weneth to syt
Yet may he mysse the quisshon,
For I red a preposicion,
Sum regibus dimicare,
Et omnibus dominare,
Et supra te pravare,
Wherefore he hathe good vre
That can himselfe assure
How fortune wyl endure;
Than let reson you support
For the communalte,
That they haue great wonder
That ye kepe them so vnder,
Yet they meruayle so muche lesse
For ye play so at the chesse,
As they suppose and gesse,
That some of you but late
Hath played so checkmate
With lordes of great estate,
After such a rate,

That they shall mel nor make,
Nor vpon them take
For kynge nor kayser sake,
But at the pleasure of one
That ruleth the rest alone.
Helas, I saye Helas,
Howe maye this come to passe
That a man shall heare a masse,
And not so hardy on his head
To loke on God in forme of bread
But that the paryshe clerke
There vpon must herke,
And graunt him at his askyng
For to see the sacryng.
And how may this accord,
No man to our souerayne lorde
So hardy to make sute,
Nor to execute
His commaundement
Without the assent
Of our president;
Not to expresse to his person
Without your assentacion
Graunt him his licence
To preace to his presence;
Nor to speake to him secretly,
Openly, nor preuyly,
Without his president be by,
Or els his substitute,
Whome he wyl depute,
Neither earle ne duke
Permitted; by sainct Luke,
And by sweet sainct Marke
This is a wonderous warke!
That the people talke this,
Somewhat there is amis,
The deuill cannot stop their mouthes
But they will talke of suche uncouthes,
All that euer they ken
Against all spiritual men.
Whether it be wronge or ryghte,
Or els for dispighte,
Or howe euer it hape
Theyr tounges thus do clap,
And through such detraction
They put you to your action,
And whether they say truely,
As they may abide therby,
Or els that they do lye,
Ye know better than I;
But now, debetis scire
And groundlye audire
In your convenire
Of this præmunire,
Or els in the myre
They say they will you cast,
Therfore stand sure and fast.
Stand sure, and take good foting,
And let be al your moting,
Your gasing and your toting,
And your parcial promoting
Of those that stand in your grace,
But olde seruauntes ye chase
And put them out of their place.
Make ye no murmuracion
Though I write after this facion,
Though I, Colyn Clout,
Among the whole route
Of you that clearkes be,
Take vpon me
Thus copiously to write,
I do it not for no despite;
Wherfore take no disdaine
At my stile rude and playne,
For I rebuke no man
That vertuous is, why than
Wreke ye your anger on me?
For those that vertuous be
Haue no cause to say
That I speake out of the way.
Of no good byshop speake I,
Nor good prest of the clargy,
Good frere, nor good chanon,
Good nunne, nor good canon,
Good monke, nor good clerke,
Nor of no good werke;
But my recountyng is
Of them that do amis,
In speaking and rebelling,
In hindering and disauailing
Holy church our mother,
One against another
To vse such dispising,
Is all my whole wryting,
To hinder no man
As neare as I can,
For no man haue I named,
Wherfore should I be blamed,
Ye ought to be ashamed
Against me to be greued,
And can tell no cause why
But that I wryte trulye.
Then if any ther be
Of high or low degree
Of the spiritualty,
Or of the temporaltye,
That doth thinke or wene
That his conscience be not clene,
And feleth hymselfe sicke,
Or touched on the quicke,
Such grace God them send
Themself to amend,
For I wyll not pretend
Any man to offende.
Wherfore, as thinketh me,
Great ydeottes they bee,
And lytle grace they haue
This treatise to depraue,
Nor wil heare no preaching,
Nor no vertuous teaching,
Nor wil haue no resiting
Of any vertuous wryting,
Wil know none intelligence
To refourme their negligence,
But liue stil out of facion,
To their owne damnation;
To do shame they haue no shame,
But they wold no man should theim blame;
They haue an euil name,
But yet they will occupy the same.
With them the worde of God
Is counted for no rod.
They count it for a railinge
That nothing is auayling;
The preachers with euil hailing;
Shal they vaunt vs prelates
That be their prymates?
Not so hardy on their pates;
Harke how the losel prates
With a wide wesaunte,
Auaunte! sur Guy of Gaunt,
Auaunte! lewde preest, auaunt!
Auaunt! syr doctoure Dyuers,
Prate of thy mattens and thy masse,
And let oure matters passe.
How darest thou, Daucocke, mel?
How darest thou, losell,
Alligate the gospel
Against vs of the counsel?
Auant to the deuill of hel!
Take him, warden of the Flete,
Set him faste by the fete;
I say, lyuetenaunt of the Toure,
Make this lurden for to loure,
Lodge him in litle ease,
Fede him with beanes and pease;
The Kinges Bench or Marshalsy,
Haue him thether by and by;
The villaine preacheth openly,
And declareth oure villany;
And of our fre simplenesse,
He sayes that we are rechlesse
And full of wylfulnesse;
Shameles and merciles,
Incorrigible and insaciate,
And after this rate
Against vs doth prate.
At Paules crosse, or els where,
Openly at Westminster,
And Saynt Mary Spittel,
They set not by us a whistel;
At the Austen Fryers
They count vs for lyers.
And at Saynt Thomas of Akers,
They carpe vs lyke crakers;
How we wyll rule al at will
Without good reason or skyll,
And say how that we be
Full of parcialitie;
And how at a pronge
We turne right to wrong,
Delay causes so longe
That right no man can fong:
They say many matters be born
By the right of a rammes horne,
Is not this a shamefull scorne
To be treated thus and torne?
How may we thus indure
Wherfore we make you sure,
Ye preachers shalbe yawde,
Some shalbe sawde
As noble Ezechias
The holy prophet was;
And some of you shall dye
Lyke holy Jeremy;
Some hanged, some slayn,
Some beaten to the brayne;
And we wil rule and rayne,
And our matters maintaine,
Who dare say there agayne,
Or who dare dysdaine?
At your pleasure and wil,
For be it good or be it yll,
As it is, it shalbe stil,
For al master doctour of ciuill,
Or of diuine, or doctour Dryuil;

Let him cough roughe or sneuil,
Renne God, renne deuil,
Renne who may renne best;
And let take all the rest,
We set not a nut shel
The way to heauen or to hel.
Lo, this is the gise, now a dayes,
It is to drede men sayes,
Least they bee saducies,
As they be sayd sayne,
Which determine playne
We shoulde not rise agayne
At dreadful domes daye;
And so, it semeth, they play,
Which hate to be corrected
When they bee infected,
Nor wyll suffer this boke
By hooke ne by crooke
Prynted for to be;
For that no man should see,
Nor rede in any scrolles
Of their dronken nolles,
Nor of their noddy polles,
Nor of theyr sely soules,
Nor of some witless pates,
Of diuers great estates
As well as other men.
Now to withdraw my pen,
And now a while to rest,
Me semeth it for the beste.
The fore castel of my ship
Shall glide and smothely slip
Out of the waues wode
Of the stormye floude;
Shote anker, and lye at rode,
And sayle not farre a brode,
Til the cooste be clere
That the lode starre appere;
My shyp now wyl I pere
Towarde the port Salu
Of our Sauiour Jesu;
Such grace that he us sende
To rectify and amend
Thinges that are amis,
Whan that his pleasure is,
In opere imperfecto,
In opere semper perfecto,
Et in opere plusquam perfecto.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LITLE BOKE OF

PHILIP SPAROW,

COMPILED BY MASTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE.

Pla ce bo,
Who is there, who?
Di le xi,
Dame Marjery;
Fa re my my,
Wherfor and why, why?
For the soule of Philip Sparow
That was late slaine at Carow,
Amonge the nunnes blake,
For that sweet soules sake,
And for al Sparowes soules
Set in our bead roules,
Pater noster qui
With an Aue maria,
And with the corner of a creed
The more shalbe your meed.

Whan I remembre agayne
How my Philip was slaine,
Neuer halfe the paine
Was betwene you twayne,
Pyramus and Thesbe,
As than befell to me;
I wept and I wayled,
The teares down hayled,
But nothing it auailed
To call Philip agayne
Whom Gib our cat hath slayne.
Gib, I say, our cat,
Worrowed her on that;
Which I loued beste
It cannot be exprest;
My sorowful heavynes
But al without redres,
For within that stound,
Half slumbryng in a sounde,
I fell downe to the ground.
Unneth I cast mine eyes
Toward the cloudy skyes,
But when I did behold
My Sparow dead and cold,
No creature but that wold
Haue rewed vpon me
To behold and see
What heauines did me pange
Wherwith my handes I wrange,
That my senowes cracked
As though I had ben racked,
So payned and so strained,
That no life welnye remained.
I sighed, and I sobbed,
For that I was robbed
Of my Sparowes life;
O mayden, widow, and wife,
Of what estate ye be,
Of hye or low degre,
Great sorow then ye might se,
And learne to wepe at me;
Such paynes did me freat
That mine harte did beat,
My visage pale and dead,
Wanne, and blue as lead,
The pangs of hateful death
Wel nye stopped my breathe.
Heu, heu, me,
That I am woe for thee!
Ad dominum cum tribularer clamavi,
Of God nothing els craue I.

But Philips soule to kepe
From the marees deepe
Of Acherontes wel,
This is a floud of hel;
And from the greate Pluto,
The prince of endles woe;
And from foule Alecto,
With visage blacke and blo;
And from Medusa, that mare,
That lyke a feende doth stare;
And from Megeras edders,
From rufflinge of Philips fethers;
And from her firy sparklinges
For burning of his winges;
And from the smokes soure
Of Proserpinas boure;
And from the dennes darke
Wher Cerberus doth barke,
Whom Theseus did afray,
Whom Hercules did out tray,
As famous poetes saye;
For that hel hounde
That lyeth in chaynes bound,
With gastly heades three,
To Jupiter pray wee
That Phillip preserued maye bee,
Amen, say ye wyth me,
Do mi nus,
Helpe now sweet Jesus,
Levavi oculos meos in montis,
Wold God I had Xenophontis,
Or Socrates the wyse
To shew me their deuise,
Moderately to take
Thys sorow that I make
For Philyp Sparowes sake,
So feruently I shake
I fele my body quake,
So vrgently I am broughte
Into careful thought,
Like Andromaca, Hectors wife,
Was weary of her lyfe,
When she had lost her joy,
Noble Hector of Troy;
In like maner also,
Encreaseth my deadly woe,
For my Sparow is go;
It was so prety a foole
It wold syt on a stoole,
And learned after my scoole
For to keepe his cut,
With Phillip kepe your cut.
It had a veluet cap,
And wold syt upon my lap,
And seke after smal wormes,
And somtime white bread crommes;
And many times and ofte
Betwene my brestes soft
It wold lye and rest,
It was propre and prest.
Sometime he wold gaspe
When he saw a waspe,
A flye, or a gnat,
He would fly at that;
And pretely he would pant
When he saw an ant;
Lord, how he wold pry
After the butter fly;
Lord, how he wold hop
After the gressop:
And whan I sayd, Phyp, Phip,
Than he wold leape and skip,
And take me by the lip;
Alas it wyl me sloe,
That Philip is gone me fro.
Si in i qui ta tes
Alas I was euil at ease,
De profoundis clamavi,
When I saw my Sparow dye.

Nowe after my dome,
Dame Sulpicia at Rome,
Whose name registred was
For euer in tables of bras,
Because shee did pas
In poesy to endyte,
And eloquently to write,
Though she wold pretend
My Sparow to commend,
I trow she could not amende,
Reporting the vertues al
Of my Sparow royal.
For it would come and go,
And fle so to and fro,
And on me it wold leape
Whan I was asleape,
And his fethers shake,
Wher wyth hee wold make
Me often for to wake,
And for to take him in
Upon my naked skin
God wot we thought no syn;
What though he crept so low
It was no hurt I trow,
He did nothinge perdee
But syt vpon my knee;
Philip, though hee were nise,
In hym it was no vise,
Phillip had leaue to go
To pike my little too,
Phillip myght be bold,
And do what he wold;
Philip would seke and take
All the flees blake
That he could there espye
With his wanton eye,
O pe ra
La sol fa fa, [meo
Confitebor tibi domine toto corde
Alas I wold ride and go

A thousand mile of grounde
If any such might be founde,
It were worth an hundreth pounde
Of kyng Cresus golde,
Or of Artalus the old,
The ryche prynce of Pargame,
Who so list the story to see,
Cadinus, that his sister sought,
And he should be boughte;
For gold and fee
He should ouer the see,
To wete, if he coulde bryng
Any of the sprynge,
Or any of the bloude,
But who so vnderstode
Of Medias arte,
I wold I had a parte
Of her crafty magike,
My Sparow than shoulde be quycke
Wyth a charme oy twaine,
And play with me agayne,
But al this is in vaine
Thus for to complaine.
I toke my sampler ones
Of purpose for the nones
To sow wyth stiches of silke
My Sparow white as mylke,
That by representacion
Of his image and facion,
To me it might importe
Some pleasure and comfort
For my solace and sporte;
But whan I was sowing his beke
Me thought my Sparow dyd speake
And open his prety bill,
Saying, maid ye are in wil
Again me for to kil,
Ye pricke me in the head,
With that my nedle ware red,
Me thought of Philyps bloude,
Mine here right vpstode,
And was in such a fraye
My speche was taken awaye,
I kest downe that there was,
And sayd, alas! alas
How commeth this to pas:
My fingers, dead and cold,
Could not my sampler hold;
My nedle and threde
I thrue awaye for drede:
The best now that I may
Is for his soule to pray.
A porta inferi,
Good Lord, haue mercie
Upon my Sparowes soule
Written in my bede roule.
Au di vi vo cem,
Japhet, Cam, and Sem,
Ma gni fi cat,
Shew mé the right path
To the hilles of armonye
Wherfore the birdes yet cry,
Of your fathers bote
That was somtime a flote,
And now they lye and rote;
Let some poetes wryte
Deucalions floud it highte,
But as verely as ye be
The naturall sonnes three
Of Noe, the patriarke,
That made that great arke,
Wherin he had apes and owles,
Beastes, byrdes, and foules,
That if ye can fynde
Any of my Sparowes kynde,
God sende the soule good rest,
I woulde yet haue a nest
As prety and as prest
As my Sparow was;
But my Sparow dyd pas
All Sparowes of the wod
That were since Noes floud
Was neuer none so good;
King Philip of Macedony
Had no such Philip as I,
No, no, sir, hardely.
That vengeaunce I aske and cry
By way of exclamacion
On al the whole nacion
Of cattes wilde and tame,
God send them sorow and shame;
That cat specially
That slew so cruelly
My litle prety Sparow
That I brought vp at Carow.
O cat of churlyshe kynde,
The feend was in thy minde,
Whan thou my byrd vntwynde
I wolde thou haddest ben blynd.
The leopardes sauage,
The lyons in their rage
Might catche the in their pawes,
And gnaw the in their jawes;
These serpentes of Libany
Might sting the venemously;
The dragons, with their tunges,
Might poison thy liuer and lunges,
The manticors of the mountaynes
Mighte feed them on thy braines.
Melanchates, that hound
That plucked Acteon to the grounde,
Gaue him his mortal wound,
Chaunged to a deere,
The story doth appere,
Was chaunged to an harte;
So thou, foule cat that thou arte,
The selfe same hounde
Might the confounde,
That his own lord bote,
Mighte bite asunder thy throte.
Of Inde, the gredy gripes
Might teare out all thy tripes;
Of Arcady, the beares
Might plucke awaye thine eares;
The wilde wolfe, Licaon,
Bite asondre thy backe bone.
Of Ethna, the brenning hyl,
That day and night brenneth styll,
Set in thy tayle a blase,
That al the world may gase
And wonder vpon thee,
From Occion, the greate sea,
Unto the Iles of Orchadye;
From Tilbery fery
To the playne of Salisberye;
So traiterously my bird to kyll,
That neuer ought the euill will;
Was never bird in cage
More gentil of corage
In doing his homage
Unto his soueraine.
Alas, I say agayne,
Death hath departed vs twayne,
The false cat hath the slaine;
Fare well Phillip, adewe,
Our Lorde thy soule rescewe;
Farewell without restore,
Farewell for euermore!
And it were a Jew
It wold make one rew
To se my sorow new;
These vilanus false cattes
Were made for mise and rattes,
And not for byrdes small;
Alas my face waxeth pale,
Telling this pyteous tale,
How my byrd so fayre,
That was wont to repayre,
And go in at myspayre,
And crepe in at my gor
Of my goune before,
Flickering with his winges,
Alas my hert it stynges,
Remembring prety thynges;
Alas myne hart it sleeth
My Philips doleful death
Whan I remembre it;
How pretely it would sit,

Many tymes and oft
Upon my finger aloft;
I played with him, tittel tattel,
And fed him with my spattell;
With his bil betwene my lips,
It was my prety Phips;
Many a prety kusse
Had I of his swete musse,
And now the cause is thus,
That he is slayne me fro
To my great payne and wo.
Of fortune, this the chaunce
Standeth at varyaunce,
Oft time after pleasaunce
Trouble and greuaunce;
No man can be sure
Alway to have pleasure,
As wel perceiue ye may
How my disport and playe
From me was taken awaye
By Gyb, our cat sauage,
That in furious rage
Caught Philip by the head,
And slue him there starke dead.
Kyrie eleyeson,
Christe eleyeson.
Kyrie eleyeson.
For Philip Sparowes soule,
Set in our bead roule.
Let us now whisper
A pater noster.
Lauda anima mea dominum.
To weep with me, loke that ye come
All maner of byrds in your kynd,
See none be left behynd;
To morning loke that ye fawl
With dolorous songes funerall:
Some to sing, and some to say,
Some to weep, and some to praye,
Euery bird in his lay.
The goldfinch, the wagtaile,
The iangling jaye to rayle;
The flecked pye to chatter
Of this dolorous matter;
And robyn red breste
He shalbe the preest
The requiem masse to syng
Lofty warbeling;
With helpe of the red sparow,
And the chattering swallow
This hearse for to halow:
The larke with his long toe,
The spinke, and the martinet also;
The shouelar with his brode beck,
The doterell, that folish pecke;
And also the mad coote,
With a balde face to toote;
The felde fare and the snyte,
The crowe and the kyte:
The rauen called rolfe,
His playne songe to solfe;
The partryche, the quayle,
The plouer, wyth vs to wayle;
The wodhacke, that singeth churre
Horsly as hee had the murre;
The lusty chaunting nightingale,
The popingaye, to tel her tale,
That toteth oft in a glasse,
Shal rede the gospel at masse;
The mauis, with her whistell,
She rede there the pistell.
But with a large and a longe
To kepe iust playne songe,
Our chaunters shalbe your cuckoue,
The culuer, the stockedoue,
With puwyt, the lapwing,
The versycles shal synge;
The bitter with his bumpe,
The crane with his trumpe,
The swan of Menander,
The goose and the gander;
The ducke and the drake,
Shal watche at thys wake;
The pecocke so proude,
Because hys voyce is loud,
And hath a gloryous tale,
He shal synge the grayle;
The owle that so foule,
Must helpe vs to houle;
The heron so gaunte,
And the cormoraunte,
Wyth the fesuant,
And the gaglyng gaunte,
And the churlish chouge,
The rout and the kough,
The barnacle, the bussard,
With the wilde mallard;
The diuendop to sleep,
The water hen to weep;
The puffin and the tele,
Honey they shall dele
To pore folke at large,
That shalbe theyr charge;
The semew and the titmose,
The wodcocke with the long nose,
The threstill with her warblinge,
The starling with her brablinge;
The rooke, with the ospray
That putteth fishes to afray;
And the deinty curlew,
With the turtil most true.
At this Placebo.
We may not well forgo,
The countring of the co,
The storke also,
That maketh his nest
In chimneyes to rest;
Within those walles
No broken galles
May there abide
Of cokoldry syde;
Or els philosophy
Maketh a great lye.
The estridge, that wil eate
An horshowe so greate
In the stede of meat,
Such feruent heat
His stomake doth freat;
He cannot wel fly,
Nor synge tunably;
Yet at abrayde
He hath well assayd
To sol fa aboue Ela,
Fa lorell fa fa;
Ne quando,
Male cantando,
The best that we can
To make him our belman,
An let him ring the bels,
He can do nothing els;
Chaunteclere, our cocke,
Must tell what is of the clocke
By the astrologye
That he hath naturally
Conceyued and caught,
And was never taught
By Albumazer,
The astronomer,
Nor by Ptholomy,
Prince of astronomy;
Nor yet by Haly,
And yet he croweth dayly
And nightly the tydes
That no man abides,
With partlot his hen,
Whome now and then
Hee plucketh by the hed
Whan he doth her tred.
The bird of Arabye,
That potenciallye
May neuer dye,
And yet there is none
But one alone;
A phenix it is
This herse that must blis
With armaticke gummes
That cost great summes;
The way of thurification
To make fumigacion
Swete of reflarye,
And redolent of ayre,
This corse for sence,
With great reuerence
As partriarke or pope,
In a blacke cope,
Whiles he senseth
He shal syng the verse
Libera me,
In de la sol re,
Softly bemole
For my Sparowes soule.
Plinni sheweth al
In his story natural
What he doth finde
Of the phenix kinde,
Of whose incineracion
There riseth a new creacion
Of the same facion
Wythout alteracion;
Sauing that old age
Is turned into corage
Of fresh youth agayne;
This matter true and playne,
Playne matter indeed,
Who so lyst to rede.
But for the egle doth fly
Hyest in the sky,
He shalbe thy sedeane
The quere to demeane,
As prouost principall,
To teach them their ordinall;
Also the noble fawcon,
With the gerfawcon,
The tarsel gentil,
They shall morne softe and still;
In theyr amisse of gray
The sacre with them shal say

Dirige for Philips soule;
The goshauke shal haue a roul
The queresters to controule;
The lanners and marlions
Shall stand in their mourning
gounes;
The hobby and the musket
The sensers and the crosse shall set;
The kestrel in al this warke
Sal be holy water clarke;
And now the darke cloudy night
Chaseth away Phebus bryght,
Taking his course toward the
weste,
God send my Sparows soule good
rest;
Requiem eternam dona eis domine,
Fa fa fa my re;
A por ta in fe ri,
Fa fa fa my my.
Credo videre bona domini,
I pray God Philip to heven may
flie;
Domine exaudi oracionem meam,
To heaven he shal, from heuen
he came.
Do mi nus vo bis cum,
Of al good praiers God send him
sum.
Oremus.
Deus cui proprium est miserere &
parcere,
On Philips soule haue pity.

For he was a prety cocke,
And came of a gentill stocke,
And wrapt in a maidens smock,
And cherished full daintely,
Tyll cruel fate made him to dye,
Alas for doleful desteny!
But whereto shuld I
Lenger morne or cry?
To Jupiter I call,
Of heauen emperial,
That Philip may fly
Aboue the sterry sky,
To treade the prety wren,
That is our ladies hen,
Amen, amen, amen.
Yet one thing is behinde,
That now commeth to mind,
An epitaphe I wold haue
For Phillips graue;
But for I am a mayde,
Timerous, halfe afrayde
That neuer yet asayde
Of Elycones well,
Where the muses dwell,
Though I can rede and spell,
Recount, report, and tell
Of the talles of Caunterbury,
Some sad storyes, some merry;
As Palomon and Arcet,
Duke Theseus and partelet;
And of the wife Bath,
That worketh much scathe
Whan her tale is told
Among huswiues bold,
How she controld
Her husbandes as she wold,
And theim to dispise
In the homeliest wise,
Bring other wiues in thought
Their husbandes to set at naught.
And though that red haue I
Of Gawen and fyr Guy,
And tel can a great peece
Of the golden fleece,
How Jason it wan
Like a valiaunt man;
Of Arturs round table,
With his knightes commendable,
And dame Gaynour hys quene
Was somwhat wanton I wene;
How syr Launcelote de lake
Many a speare brake
For his ladyes sake;
Of Tristom and kyng Marke,
And al the whole warke
Of bele Isold his wife,
For whom was much strife;
Some say she was lyght,
And made her husband knyght
Of the common hall
That cuckoldes men call;
And of sir Libius,
Named Disconius;
Of quater fylz Amunde,
And how they were sommond
To Rome to Charlemayne,
Upon a great payne;
And how they rode each one
On Bayard Mountalbon;
Men se him now and then
In the forest Arden.
What though I can frame
The storyes by name,
Of Judas Machabeus,
And of Cesar Julius;
And of the loue betwene
Paris and Viene;
And of the duke of Hannyball,
That made the Romaynes al
For drede and to quake:
How Scipion did wake
The citie of Cartage,
Which by his vnmerciful rage
He beat down to the ground;
And though I can expound
Of Hector of Troy,
That was all theyr ioye,
Whome Achilles slue,
Wherfore all Troy did rue;
And of the loue so hote
That made Troylus to dote
Upon fayre Cresseyde,
And what they wrote and sayd,
And of their wanton wils
Pandaer bare the byls
From one to the other
His maisters loue to further;
Somtime a precious thynge,
An ouche or els a ryng,
From her to him agayn
Somtime a prety chain,
Or a bracelet of her heare
Prayed Troylus for to weare
That token for her sake;
How hartely he did it take,
And much therof did make;
And al that was in vayne,
For shee dyd but fayne;
The story telleth playne
He could not obtayne,
Though his father wer a king;
Yet there was a thynge
That made the male to wryng,
She made him to sing
The song of louers laye,
Musing night and daye,
Mourninge al alone,
Comfort had he none,
For she was quite gone;
Thus in conclusion
She broughte him in abusion:
In earnest and in game
She was much to blame,
Disparaged is her fame,
And blemished is her name
In maner half with shame.
Troylus also hath lost
On her muche loue and cost,
And now must kisse the post;
Pandar, that went betwene,
Hath won nothyng, I ween,
But light for somer greene,
Yet for a special laud
He is named Troyllous baud,
Of that name he is sure
Whiles the world shal dure.
Though I remembre the fable
Of Penelope most stable,
To her husband most trew,
Yet long time she ne knew
Whether he were on liue or ded,
Her wit stode her in sted,
That she was true and juste
For anye bodelye luste
To Ulixes her make,
And neuer wold him forsake.
Of Marcus Marcellus
A prosses I could tel vs;
And of Anteocus,
And of Josephus,
De antiquitatibus;
And of Mardocheus,
And of great Assuerus,
And of Vesca his queene,
Whom he forsoke with teene,
And of Hester his other wife,
With whom he led a pleasaunt
life;
Of kynge Alexander,
And of kyng Euander,
And of Porcena the greate,
That made the Romans to sweat.
Though I haue enrold
A thousand, newe and old,
Of these historyous tales
To fil bougets and males,
With bookes that I haue red,
Yet I am nothynge sped,
And can but lytle skyl
Of Ovid or Vergil.
Or of Plutharke,
Or of Fraunces Petrarke,
Alcheus or Sapho;
Of suche other poetes moe,
As Linus and Homerus,
Euphorion and Theocritus,

Anacreon and Arion,
Sophocles and Philemon,
Pindarus and Dimonides,
Philiston and Phorocides;
These poetes of auncientie,
They are to diffuse for me.
For as I to fore haue sayd,
I am but a yonge mayd,
And cannot in effect
My stile as yet direct
With englysh wordes elect;
Our naturall tongue is rude,
And hard to be enneude
Wyth polyshed tearmes lustye;
Oure language is so rustye,
So cankered, and so ful
Of frowardes, and so dul,
That if I wold apply
To write ordinately,
I wot not where to finde
Termes to serue my minde;
Gowers englyshe is olde,
And of no value is tolde,
His matter is worth gold,
And worthy to be enrold.
In Chauser I am sped,
His tales I haue red,
His mater is delectable,
Solacious, and commendable;
His englyshe wel alowed,
So as it is enprowed,
For as it is employed
There is no englyshe voyd,
At those dayes muche commended,
And now men wolde haue amended
His Englishe, where at they barke,
And marre all they warke.
Chaucer, that famous clarke,
His tearmes were not darcke,
But pleasaunt, easy, and playne;
No worde he wrote in vayne.
Also John Lydgate,
Wrytteth after an hyer rate;
It is diffuse to fynde
The sentence of his mind,
Yet wryteth he in his kind;
No man that can amend
Those maters that he hath pend;
Yet some men finde a faut,
And say he wryteth to haut.
Wherfore hold me excused
If I haue not wel perused
Myne Englysh halfe abused;
Thoughe it be refused,
In worth I shall it take,
And fewer wordes make.
But for my Sparowes sake,
Yet as a woman maye,
My wit I shall assay
An epytaphe to wryghte
In Latyne playne and lyght;
Wherof the elegy
Foloweth by and by,
Flos volucrum formose vale,
Philippe sub isto
Marmore iam recubas,
Qui mihi carus eras;
Semper erunt nitido
Radiantia sidera cœlo,
Impressusque meo
Pectore semper eris:
Per me laurigerum
Britanum Skeltonida vatem,
Hæc ceciuisse licet
Ficta sub imagine texta
Cuius eris volucris
Prestanti corpore Virgo
Candida Nais erat:
Formosior ista Joanna est;
Docta Corinna fuit,
Sed magnis ista sapit
Bien men souient.

THE COMMENDACIONS.

Beati immaculati in via,
O gloriosa fœmina,
Now mine hole imaginacion
And studious meditacion,
Is to take this commendacion
In this consideracion,
And vnder pacient tolleracion
Of that most godly mayd
That Placebo hath sayd,
And for her Sparow prayd
In lamentable wyse.
Now wyl I enterpryse
Thorow the grace diuine
Of the muses nine
Her beauty to commend,
If Arethusa wyll send
Me enfluence to endite,
And with my pen to write;
If Apollo will promise
Melodiouslye it to deuise,
His tunable harpe stringes
With armonye that singes
Of princes and of kynges,
And of all pleasaunt thynges,
Of lust and of delyght,
Thorow his godly might;
To whome be the laud ascrybed
That my pen hath enbibed
With the aureat droppes,
As verelye my hope is,
Of Thagus, that golden floud,
That passeth all the earthly good:
And as that floud dothe pas
Al floudes that euer was
With hys golden sandes,
Who so that vnderstandes
Cosmography, and the stremes,
And the floudes in straunge remes
Ryght so she dothe excede
Al other of whom we rede,
Whose fame by me shal sprede
Into Perce and Mede,
From Britons Albion
To the toure of Babilon.
I trust it is no shame,
And no manne wyl me blame
Thoughe I regester her name
In the courte of fame;
For thys most goodly floure,
This blossome of freshe coloure,
So Jupiter me succoure,
She florysheth new and new,
In beauty and vertue;
Hac claritare gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina,
Retribue seruo tuo, vivifica me.
Labia mea laudabunt te.

But enforsed am I
Openlye to askry,
And to make an outcry
Againste odyous enuye,
That euermore wyl lye,
And say cursedlye,
With hys lether eye,
And chekes drye,
With vysage wan,
As swarte as tan,
His bones crake,
Leane as a rake,
Hys gummes rustye,
Are full vnlustye,
Hys harte with all
Bytter as gall,
His liuer, his longes,
With anger is wronge,
Hys serpentes tonge
That many one hath stonge;
He frowneth euer,
He laugheth neuer
Euen nor morowe;
But other mens sorowe
Causeth him to grin
And reioice therein.
No slepe can hym catche,
But euer doth watche,
He is so bete
With malice and frete,
Wyth anger and yre,
His foule desire
Wyl suffer no sleep
In his head to creep;
His foule semblaunte
Al displeasaunte,
Whan other are glad
Than is hee sad
Franticke and mad;
His tounge neuer styll
For to saye yll,
Writhing and wringing,
Biting and stingyng;
And thus this elf
Consumeth himselfe;
Hymselfe doth sloe
Wyth payne and woe,
Thys false enuy
Sayth that I
Use greate follye
For to indite
And for to wryte,
And spende my time
In prose and rime,
For to expres
The noblenes
Of my maystres
That causeth me
Studious to be,
To make a relation
Of her commendacion;
And there agayne
Enuy doth complayne,
And hath disdaine,
But yet certayne
I will be playne,

And my stile dres
To this prosses.
Nowe Phebus me ken
To sharpe my pen,
And leade my fyste
As him best lyst,
That I may say
Honoure alwaye
Of woman kynde;
Trouthe dothe me bynde,
And loyaltie
Euer to be
Their true bedel,
To wryte and tel
How women excel
In noblenes
As my maystres;
Of whome I thinke
With pen and ynke
For to compyle
Some goodly stile;
For thys moste goodly floure,
This blossom of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succour,
She florisheth new and new
In beautie and vertue;
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina:
Legem pone mihi domine in viam justificationum tuarum.
Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum.

Howe shall I reporte
Al the godly sort
Of her fetures cleere
That hath none earthly peere?
Her fauoure of her face,
Ennewed with al grace,
Confort, pleasure, and solace,
Mine hart doth so enbrace,
And so hath rauished me
Her to behold and se,
That in wordes playne
I cannot me refrayne
To loke to her agayne.
Alas what shoulde I fayne,
It were a pleasaunte payne
With her aye to remayne.
Her eyen graye and stepe,
Causeth myne harte to leepe;
With her browes bente
She maye wel represente
Fayre Lucres, as I weene,
Or els fayre Polexene;
Or els Caliope,
Or els Penolope:
For thys moste goodly floure,
This blossome of freshe coloure,
So Jupiter me succour,
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue;
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina,
Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo,
Servus tuus sum ego.

The Indy saphyre blewe,
Her vaynes doth ennew;
The orient pearle so cleare,
The witnes of her lere;
The lusty ruby ruddes,
Resemble the rose buddes;
Her lippes soft and mery,
Emblomed like the chery;
It were an heauenly blysse
Her sugred mouthe to kysse;
Her beauty to augment
Dame nature hath her lente
A warte upon her cheke,
Who so lyst to seeke:
In her visage a skar,
That semeth from a far
Lyke to a radyant star,
Al with fauour fret,
So proprely it is set;
She is the violet,
The daisy delectable,
The columbine commendable,
This ielofer amiable:
This moste goodly floure,
This blossome of freshe coloure,
So Jupiter me succoure,
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertue;
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina,
Bonitatem fecisti cum servo tuo domina,
Et ex præcordiis sonant præconia.

And whan I perceiued
Her wart and conceiued,
It cannot be denaid
But it was wel conuaid;
And set so womanly,
And nothing wantonly,
But right conueniently,
And full congruentlye,
As nature could deuise
In moste goodly wyse;
Who so lyst behold,
It maketh louers bold
To her to sue for grace,
Her fauour to purchase;
The sker upon her chin,
Enchased on her fayre skin,
Whiter than the swan,
It wold make any man
To forget deadly syn
Her fauour to wyn;
For this most goodly flour,
This blossome of freshe coloure,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue;
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina.
Defecit in salutate tua anima mea;
Quid petis filio, mater dulcissima: babæ!

Soft, and make no din,
For now I wil begin
To haue in remembraunce
Her goodly dalyaunce
And her goodly pastaunce;
So bad and so demure,
Behauing her so sure;
With wordes of pleasure
She wold make to the lure;
And any man conuert
To geue her his whole hart;
She made me sore amased
Upon her whan I gased,
Me thought mine hart was crased,
My eyen were so dased:
For this most goodly flour,
The blossome of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succoure,
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertew;
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina.
Quomodo dilexi legem tuam domina.
Recedant vetera, nova sunt omnia.

And to amend her tale,
Whan she lyst to auale,
And with her fingers small,
And handes soft as silke,
Whiter than milke,
That are so quickely vayned,
Wherwith my hand she strained,
Lord, how I was payned,
Unneth I am refrayned,
How she me had reclaymed,
And me to her retayned;
Embrasyng therwith all
Her goodly middle small,
With sides long and streyt,
To tel you what conceit
I had then in a trice
The matter wer to nyce,
And yet there was no vyce
Nor yet no villany,
But only fantasy;
For this most goodly floure,
The blossome of fresh colour,
So Jupiter me succour,
She florisheth new and new
In beautie and vertue;
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina;
Iniquos odio habui;
Non calumnientur me superbi.

But whreto shold I note
How often dyd I tote
Upon her pretye fote,
It raysed myne hart rote
To see her treade the grounde
With heles short and round;
She is plainly expresse
Egeria, the goddesse,
And lyke to her ymage,
Importured with corage,
A louers pilgrimage;
There is no best sauage,
Ne no tygre so wood
But she wold chaunge his mood,
Suche relucent grace
Is formed in her face;
For this most goodly flour,
This blossome of freshe coloure,
So Jupiter me succour,

She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertue;
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina,
Mirabilia testimonia tua,
Sic utnovellæ plantationes in juventute sua.

So goodly as she dresses,
So properly she presses,
The bryght golden tresses
Of her heare so fyne
Lyke Phebus beames shyne.
Where to should I disclose
The garteryng of her hose?
It is for to suppose
Howe that she can weare
Gorgiously her geare;
Her freshe habilementes,
With other implementes
To serue for all ententes.
Lyke dame Flora, queene
Of lusty somer grene,
This moste goodly flour,
This blossome of freshe coloure,
So Jupiter me succoure,
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertew;
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina,
Clamavi in toto corde exaudi me.

Her kyrtel so goodly lased,
And vnder that is braced
Such pleasures that I may
Neither write nor say;
Yet thoughe I write not with ink,
No man can let me thinke,
For thought hath liberti,
Thought is franke and free;
To thynke a mery thought
It cost me litle or nought.
Wold God mine homely stile
Were polished with the file
Of Ciceros eloquence,
To prayse her excellence;
The most goodlye floure,
This blossome of freshe coloure,
So Jupiter me succoure,
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertue;
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina,
Principes persecuti sunt me gratis,
Omnibus consideratis. Paradisus voluptatis, hæc virgo est dulcissima.

Mi pen it is vnable,
My hand it is vnstable;
My reason rude and dull
To prayse her at the full;
Goodly maistres Jane,
Sobre, demure Diane;
Jane this maistres hight,
The lode star of delight;
Dame Venus of all pleasure,
The wel of worldly treasure;
She doth excede and passe
In prudence dame Pallas;
The most goodly floure,
This blossome of freshe coloure,
So Jupiter me succoure,
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue;
Hac claritate gemina,
O gloriosa fœmina.

Requiem eternam dona eis domine,
With this psalm, Domine probasti me,
Shall saile ouer the sea,
With tibi domine commendamus,
On pilgrimages to sainct Jamys,
For shrympes, and for pranes,
And for stalkynge cranes;
And wher my pen hath offended
I pray you it may be amended
By discrete consideration
Of your wise reformacion;
I haue not offended I trust,
If it be sadly discust.
It were no gentle guyse
This treatise to dispise
Because I haue writen and sayd
Honour of this fayre mayd;
Wherfore should I be blamed,
That I Jane named,
And famously proclamed?
She is worthy to be enrold
With letters of golde.
Car elle vault.

Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem
Laudibus eximiis merito, hæc redemita puella est
Formosam cecini qua non formosior ulla est;
Formosam potius, quam commendaret Homerus;
Sic juvat interdum rigidos recreare labores
Nec minus hoc titulo tersa Minerva mea est.
Rien que plaisere.

Thus endeth the boke of Philip Sparow, and here foloweth an adicion made by master Skelton.

The gyse now a dayes
Of some iangłyng iayes,
Is to discommend
That they cannot amend,
Though they wold spend
All the wyttes they have.
What ayle them to depraue
Phillip Sparowes graue
His dirige: her commendacion
Can be no derogacion,
But myrth and consolacion,
Made by protestacion;
No man to miscontent
With Phillippes enterement.
Alas that goodly mayd,
Why shoulde she be afrayd;
Why should she take shame
That her goodly name
Honorably reported,
Should be set and sorted,
To be matriculate,
With ladyes of estate?
I coniure the, Philip Sparow,
By Hercules, that hel dyd harow,
And with a venemous arow
Slewe of the Epidaures
One of the Centaures.
Or Onocentaures,
Or Hipocentaurius,
By whose might and mayne
An hart was slayne
With hornes twayne
Of glittering gold;
And the appels of gold
Of Hesperides withhold,
And with a dragon kept,
That neuer more slept;
By marcial strengthe
He wan at length,
And slue Gerion
With three bodies in one;
With mighty corage
Avaunted the rage
Of a lyon sauage;
Of Dyomedes stable
He brought out a rable
Of coursers and rounses
With leapes and bounses.
And with mighty lugging,
Wrestlyng and tuggyng,
He plucked the bul
By the horned skul,
And offred to Cornucopia,
And so forth, per cetera.
Also by Ecates bower,
In Plutus gastly tower,
By the vglye Eumenides,
That neuer haue rest nor ease.
By the venemous serpent
That in hel is neuer brente,
In Lerna, the Grekes fen,
That was engendred then.
By Chemeras flames,
And all deadly names
Of infernal posty
Where soules fry and rosty.
By the stigial flood,
And the streames wood
Of Cocitus botumles wel;
By the feryman of hel,
Caron, with his beard hore,
That roweth with a rude ore,
And with his fore top
Gideth his bote with a prop;
I coniure Philip, and cal
In the name of king Saul,
Primo regum expresse;
He had the Phitonesse,
To wytchecraft her to dres;
And by her abusions
And damnable illusions
Of merueylous conclusions,
And by her supersticions
And wonderful condicions,
She raysed vp in that stede
Samuel that was deade.
But whether it were so
He were, idem in numero,

The selfe same Samuel,
How be it to Saule dyd he tell
The Philistines shuld him ascry,
And the next day he should dye,
I wil my self discharge,
To lettred men at large.
But Philip, I coniure thee,
Now by these names three,
Diana, in the woodes grene,
Luna, that so bryght doth shyne,
Proserpina, in hell,
That thou shortly tell
And shew now vnto me
What the cause may be
Of this perplexitie.

Interiit, Phillippe Scroupe, pulchra Johanna, [nis illam
Instanter periit, cur nostri carmi-
Nunc pudor, est sero, minor est infamia vero.

Than suche as haue disdayned,
And of thys worke complayned,
I pray God they be payned
No worse than is contayned
In verses two or three
That folowe, as ye may see.

Luride cur livor volucris pia funera damnas
Talia te rapiant, rapiunt quæ fata volucrum
Est tamen invidia mors tibi continua.

STEPHEN HAWES.

LITTLE addition was made to English poetry, and no improvement, for more than a century after Chaucer's death. The cloister was not a school for it, but leisure was no where else to be found during the long civil wars; and the men who were disposed as well as able to have acquired honours for themselves, while they benefited their country, by promoting literature, were engaged and sacrificed in the tremendous struggle. At the close of that struggle, Stephen Hawes flourished. He was a native of Suffolk, and may, probably, have known Lydgate, whose poems, as well as those of the earlier worthies, it is said that he could recite; a talent whereby he recommended himself to Henry the Seventh's favour. But he had other and better claims, for he had profited well by good opportunities, having been educated at Oxford, travelled in France, and studied with diligence and success the French and Italian poets. Little more is known of his life than that he was Groom of the Privy Chamber, and is said to have confuted a Lollard in a public disputation at Canterbury.

The Temple of Glass, which has sometimes been ascribed to Hawes, is Lydgate's composition. The Pastime of Pleasure, as it is the best English poem of its century, so is it the best of a kind which was cultivated more successfully in Scotland than in England. It is said to have been composed in 1506, and was printed in 1517, 1554, and 1555. There has been no later edition.

Neither the year of his birth nor of his death is known.

THE HISTORIE OF GRAUNDE AMOURE AND LA BELL PUCEL, CALLED

THE PASTIME OF PLESURE,

CŌTEINING THE KNOWLEGE OF THE SEVĒ SCIENCES AND THE COURSE OF MANS LIFE IN THIS WORLDE. INVENTED BY STEPHEN HAWES, GROME OF KING HENRY THE SEVENTH HIS CHAMBER.

Newly perused and imprinted by IOHN WAYLAND, aucthorised a Prynter, by the Queenes Highnes most gracious Letters Patentes.

THE CONTENTES OF THIS BOKE.

How Graunde Amoure walked in a medowe, and met with Fame enuyroned with tongues of fyre ca. i.
Of the swete report of Fame, of the fayre ladye La bell Pucell, in the tower of Musike - ca. ii.
How Fame departed from Graunde Amoure, and left him Gouernaūce and Grace, and how he wente to the tower of Doctrine - - ca. iii.
How he was let in by Countenaūce the portresse, and of the marueylous building of the same tower - - - - ca. iiii.
How Science sent him first to Gramer, where he was receiued by dame Congruitie - ca. v.
How he was receiued of Logyke - ca. vi.
How he was receiued of Rethorike, and what Rethoryke is - - ca. vii.
Of the first part called Inuention, and a commendation of Poetes - - ca. viii.
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To the Reader

Sithe that all menne for the most part by a naturall inclinatiõn, desire rather to spend their dayes in pleasure and delectable pastimes, then in paineful studyes and tedious labours. And yet neuertheles by the secrete inspiracion of Almighty God (all men in general) so insaciately thirsteth for the knowledge of wisdome and learnyng, that some for very earnest desire therof (thoughe nature grudgeth) cease not to spend their dayes and houres, with suche cõtinuall and importunate trauayle in sekynge the same, that hauyng no regarde to the ouer pressyng of Nature, in seaꝛchynge with all diligence for the true vaine of knowledge, do sodainely bryng forth their owne confusion. Some contrariwise (whom nature to muche ruleth) beyng discomforted wyth painefull and tedious study, rather chose to be drowned in the stinkyng floude of ignoraunce, thẽ wyth so muche sweate and paynes, to sayle (wyth a by wynde) into the pleasaunt Ilande of wisdome and science, which thing cõsidered (most gentle reader) I offer here vnto the for thy better instruction this little volume, conteynynge and treatyng vpon the seuen liberall sciences, and the whole course of mans life, firste compiled and deuised by Stephen Hawes gentleman, grome of the chamber to the famous Prynce and seconde Salomon, kynge Henrye the seuenth. A man (as by his worckes appeareth) of a pleasaunte wytte, and singuler learnynge, wherin thou shalt finde at one tyme, wisdome and learnyng, with myrthe and solace. So that herein thou mayest easelye fynde (as it were in pastyme) wythout offence of nature that thyng, and in short space, whiche many great clarkes wythout great paynes and trauayle, and long continuaunce of time heretofore coulde neuer obteyne nor get, which as it was firste entituled by the Aucthoure, to be the Pastime of Pleasure, and vnder the same title so dedicated to the sayed worthye Prynce, by the Aucthoure therof: so shalt thou good reader wyth deliberate readyng therof, fynde it not onely the Pastyme of Pleasure, but also of profite.

Farewel.

To the high and mighty Prince, Henry the seuẽth, by the grace of God, kyng of Englande, and of Fraunce, Lorde of Irelande, &c.

Right mighty prince, and redoubted souerayn
Sayling forthe well, in the shyp of grace
Ouer the waues of this life vncertayne,
Ryght towarde heauen, to haue dwellyng place
Grace dothe you guyde, in euery doubtfull case
Your gouernaunce, doth euer more eschewe
The synne of slouthe, enemy to vertue.

Grace stirreth well, the grace of God is great
Whych you hath brought to your ryall se,
And in your ryght it hath you surely sette
Aboue vs all, to haue the soueraintie:
Whose worthy power, and regall dygnitie
All our rancour, and our debate gan cease
And hath vs brought, both welthe, rest, and peace.

From whom dyscendeth, by the ryghtful lyne
Noble prynce Henry, to succede the crowne
That in his youth, doth so clearely shyne
In euery vertue, casting the vyce adowne:
He shall of fame, attayne the hye renowne
No doubte but grace, shall hym well enclose
Whych by true ryght, sprang of the red rose.

Your noble grace, and excellent hyenes
For to accepte I beseche ryght humbly,
Thys little boke, opprest wyth rudenes
Without rethoryke, or colour crafty:
Nothynge I am experte in poetry,
As the monke of Bury, floure of eloquence
Which was in the time of great excellence,

Of your predecessour, the. V. king Henry,
Unto whose grace, he dyd present
Ryght famous bokes, of parfit memory:
Of hys faynyng, wyth termes eloquent.
Whose fatall ficcions, are yet permanent.
Grounded on reason, wyth cloudy fygures
He cloked the trouth of al his scriptures.

The light of trouth, I lacke cunnyng to cloke
To drawe a curtayne, I dare not to presume

Nor hyde my matter, with a misty smoke
My rudenes cunnyng, dothe so sore consume
Yet as I may, I shall blowe out a fume
To hyde my mynde, vnderneth a fable
By couert coloure, well and probable.

Besechyng your grace, to pardon mine ignoraunce
Whiche this fayned fable, to eschue idlenes
Haue so compiled, nowe without doubtaunce
For to present, to your hye worthines
To folowe the trace, and all the perfitenes
Of my master Lydgate, with due exercise
Suche fayned tales, I do fynde and deuise.

For vnder a coloure, a truthe may arise
As was the guise, in olde antiquitye
Of the poetes olde, a tale to surmise
To cloke the trouthe, of their infirmitye
Or yet on ioye to haue moralitye
I me excuse, if by necligence
That I do offende, for lacke of science.

Your graces most boūden seruaūt, Stephen Hawes, one of the gromes of your maiesties chamber, the. xxi. yeare of your prosperous raygne.

HOWE GRAUND AMOUR WALKED IN A MEDOWE, AND MET WITH FAME, ENUIRONED WITH TONGUES OF FIRE. CHAP. I.

When Phœbus entred was, in Geminy
Shinyng aboue, in his fayre goldē spere
And horned Dyane, then but one degre
In the Crabbe had entred, fayre and cleare
When that Aurora, did well appeare
In the depured ayre, and cruddy firmament
Forthe then I walked, without impediment

In to a medowe bothe gaye and glorious
Whiche Flora depainted with many a colour
Like a place of pleasure most solacious
Encensyng out, the aromatike odoure
Of Zepherus breathe, whiche that euery floure
Throughe his fume, dothe alwaie engender
So as I went among the floures tender

By sodaine chaunce, a faire pathe I founde
On whiche I loked, and right oft I mused
And then all about, I behelde the grounde
With the faire pathe, whiche I sawe so vsed
My chaunce or fortune, I nothing refused
But in the pathe, forth I went a pace
To knowe whither, and vnto what place

It woulde me bryng, by any similitude
So forth I went, were it ryght or wrong
Tyll that I sawe, of royall pulcritude
Before my face, an ymage fayre and strong
With two fayre handes, stretched out along
Unto two hye wayes, there in particion
And in the right hande, was this description

This is the strayght waye of contemplacion
Unto the ioyfull tower perdurable
Who that wyll walke, vnto that mancion
He must forsake, all thynges variable
With the vayne glory, so muche deceyuable
And though the way, be hard and daūgerous
The last ende thereof, shal be ryght precious.

And in the other hande, ryght fayre [illegible]ytten was
This is the waye, of worldly dignit[illegible]
Of the actiue lyfe, who wyll in it [illegible]
Unto the tower, of fayre dame Beautye
Fame shal tell hym, of the way in certaintye
Unto La bell Pucell, the fayre lady excellent
Aboue all other, in cleare beauty splendent

I behelde ryght well, bothe the wayes twayne
And mused oft, whyche was best to take
The one was sharpe, the other was more plaine
And vnto my selfe, I began to make
A sodayne argument, for I myght not slake
Of my great musyng, of this royall ymage
And of these two wayes, so much in vsage

For thys goodly picture was in altitude,
Nyne fote and more, of fayre marble stone
Ryght well fauored, and of great altitude
Thoughe it were made, full many yeres agone
Thus stode I musynge, my selfe all alone
By right long tyme, but at the last I went
The actyue way, with all my whole entent

Thus all alone, I began to trauayle
Forthe on my waye, by long continuaunce
But often times, I had great maruayle
Of the by pathes, so full of pleasaunce
Whiche for to take, I had great doubtaunce
But euermore, as nere as I myght
I toke the waye, whiche went before me right

And at the laste, when Phebus in the west
Gan to auayle, with all his beames merye
When cleare Dyana, in the fayre southest
Gan for to ryse, lightyng our emispery
With clowdes cleare, wythout the stormy pery
Me thought afarre, I had a vysyon
Of a picture, of marueylous facyon.

To whiche I went, without lenger delaye
Beholdyng well, the right faire portrayture
Made of fine copper, shydyng faire and gaye
Full well truely, accordyng to measure
And as I thought, nine fote of stature
Yet in the breast, with letters fayre and blewe
Was written, a sentence, olde and true

This is the waye, and the sytuacion
Unto the toure, of famous Doctrine
Who that will learne, must be ruled by Reason
And with all his diligence, he must encline
Slouthe to eschue, and for to determine
And set his hert, to be intelligible
To a willyng herte, is nought impossible

Beside the ymage, I adowne me sette
After my laboure, my selfe to repose
Till at the last, with a gasping nette
Slouth my head caught, with his whole purpose
It vayled not, the bodye for to dispose
Againste the heade, when it is applied
The heade must rule, it can not be denied

Thus as I satte, in a deadly slomber
Of a great horne, I hearde a royall blast
With which I awoke, and had a great wonder
From whence it came, it made me sore agast
I loked about, the night was well nere past
And fayre golden Phebus, in the morow graye
With clowdes redde, began to breake the daye

I sawe come ridyng, in a valey farre
A goodly lad[illegible] enuironned about
With tongu[illegible]ire, as bright as any starre
That fiery flambes, ensensed al way out
Whiche I beheldе, and was in great doubt
Her palfrey swift, rennyng as the winde
With two white greyhoūds, that were not behind

When that these greyhoundes, had me so espied
With faunyng chere, of great humilitie
In goodly haste, they fast vnto me hied
I mused why, and wherfore it shoulde be
But I welcomed them, in euery degree
They leaped oft, and were of me right faine
I suffred them, and cherished them againe

Their collers were of golde, and of tyssue fine
Wherin their names, appeared by scripture
Of dyamondes that clerely do shine
The letters were grauen fayre and pure
To reade their names, I did my busye cure
The one was Gouernaūce, the other named Grace
Then was I gladde, of all this sodayne cace

And then the ladye, with fiery flambe
Of brennyng tongues, was in my presence
Upon her palfrey, whiche had vnto name
Pegase the swifte, so faire in excellence
Whiche sometime longed, with his preminence
To kyng Percius, the sonne of Jubiter
On whom he rode, by the worlde so farre

To me she saied, she marueyled muche why
That her greyhoundes, shewed me that fauoure
What was my name, she asked me truely
To whom I saied, it was La Graunde Amoure
Besechyng you to be to me succoure,
To the tower of Doctrine, and also me tell
Your proper name, and where you do dwell.

My name quod she, in all the world is knowen
I clipped Fame, in euery region
For I my horne in sundrye wise haue blowen
After the deathe, of many a champion
And with my tongues, haue made aye mencion
Of their great actes, agayne to reuiue
In flamyng tongues, for to abide on liue.

It was the custome of olde antiquitye
When the golden world, had domination
And nature highe, in her auctoritie
More stronger had, her operation
Then she hath nowe, in her digression
The people then did, all their busye payne
After their death, in fame to liue agayne

Recorde of Saturne, the first kyng of Crete
Whiche in his youth, throughe his diligence
Founde first plowing, of the landes swete
And after this, by his great sapience
For the commen profite, and beneuolence
Of all metalles, he made diuision
One from an other, by good prouision.

And then also, as some poetes fayne
He founde shotyng, and drawyng of the bowe
Yet as of that, I am nothynge certaine
But for his cunnynge, of hye degre and lowe
He was well beloued, as I do well knowe
Throughe whose laboure, and aye busy cure
His fame shall liue, and shall right long endure

In whose time raigned, also in Thessayle
A parte of Grece, the kyng Melizyus
That was right strong, and fierce in battaile
By whose laboure, as the storye sheweth vs
He brake first horses, wilde and rigorious
Teachyng his men, on them right wel to ryde
And he him selfe, did first the horse bestryde.

Also Mynerue, the right hardy goddese
In the same time, of so hyghe renowne
Vainquished Pallas, by her great worthines
And first made harneys, to laye his pride adowne
Whose great defence, in euery realme and towne
Was spredde about, for her hye chyualrye
Whiche by her harneys, wanne the victorye

Dothe not remayne, yet in remembraunce
The famous actes, of the noble Hercules
That so many monsters put to vtteraunce
By his great wisdome, and hye prowes
As the recule of Troye, beareth good witnes
That in his time, he would no battayle take
But for the wealthe, of the commens sake

Thus the whole mindes, were euer fixt and set
Of noble men, in olde time to deuise
Suche thinges as were to the cōmen profite
For in that time, suche was their goodly guise
That after death their fame shoulde arise
For to endure, and abide in mynde
As yet in bokes, we maye them written fynde.

O ye estates, surmountyng in noblenes
Remembre well, the noble paynyms all
Howe by their labour, they wanne the highnes
Of worthy fame, to raygne memoriall
And them applyed, euer in speciall
Thinges to practise, whiche should profite be
To the comen wealth, and their heires in fee.

OF THE SWETE REPORT OF FAME, OF THE FAIRE LADY LA BEL PUCELL, IN THE TOWER OF MUSIKE. CHAP. II.

And after this, Fame gan to expresse
Of iopardous waye to the tower perillous
And of the beautye, and the semelinesse
Of La bel Pucell, so gaye and glorious
That dwelled in the tower so marueylous,
Unto which might come, no maner of creature
But by great laboure, and hard aduenture

For by the waye, there lye in waite
Gyantes great, disfigured of nature
That all deuoureth, by their euil conceite
Against whose strēgth, there may no man endure
They are so huge, and strong out of measure
With many serpentes, foule and odious
In sundry likenesse, blacke and tedious

But beyonde them, a great sea there is
Beyonde whiche sea, there is a goodly land
Most full of fruite, replete with ioye and blisse
Of right fine golde, appeareth all the sande
In this faire realme, where the tower doth stand
Made all of golde, enameled aboute
With noble stories, whiche do appeare without

In whiche dwelleth by great auctoritye
Of La bel Pucell, whiche is so fayre and bryght
To whom in beautye, no peare I can see
For lyke as Phebus, aboue all starres in lyght
When that he is, in his spere aryght
Dothe excede, with his beames cleare
So dothe her beauty, aboue other appeare

She is bothe good, aye wise, and vertuous
And also discended of a noble lyne
Ryche, comely, ryght meke, and bouteous
All maner vertues, in her clearely shine
No uyce of her, maye ryght longe domyne
And I dame Fame, in euery nacion
Of her do make the same relation.

Her swete report, so my hart set on fyre
With brennyng loue, most hote and feruent
That her to see, I had great desyre
Saiynge to Fame, O ladye excellent
I haue determined in my iudgement
For La bel Pucell, the most fayre ladye
To passe the waye, of so great ieopardye.

You shall quod Fame, attayne the victory
If you wyll do, as I shal to you say
And all my lesson, retayne in memory
To the tower of Doctrine, ye shall take your waye
You are now wythin a dayes iourney
Both these greyhoundes, shal kepe you company
Loke that you cherishe them full gentely.

And Countenaunce the goodly portres,
Shall let you in full well and nobly
And also shewe you, of the perfectnes
Of all the seuen sciences, ryght notably
There in your mynd, you may ententifely
Unto dame Doctrine, geue perfite audience
Whiche shall enfourme you, in euery science

Farewell she sayed, I may not nowe abide
Walke on your way, with all your whole delite
To the tower of Doctrine, at this morowe tide
Ye shall to morowe, of it haue a syght
Kepe on your waye, nowe before you ryght
For I must hence, to specifye the dedes
Of their worthines accordyng to their medes.

And with that she did, from me departe
Upon her stede, swifter then the wynde
When she was gone, full wofull was my hart
With inward trouble, oppressed was my mynde
Yet were the greyhoundes, left with me behind
Whiche did me comforte, in my great vyage
To the tower of Doctrine, with their fawning courage.

So forthe I went, tossynge on my brayne
Greatly musynge, ouer hyll and vale
The way was troublous, and ey nothing playne
Tyll at the laste, I came to a dale
Beholdyng Phebus, declinyng lowe and pale
With my greyhoundes, in the fayre twy light
I sate me downe, for to rest me all nyght.

Slouthe vpon me, so fast began to crepe
That of fyne force, I downe me layed
Upon an hyll, with my greyhoundes to slepe
When I was downe, I thought me well apayed
And to my selfe these wordes then I sayed
Who will attaine, sone to his iourneys ende
To nourishe slouthe, he may not condiscende.

HOWE FAME DEPARTED FROM GRAUNDE AMOURE, AND LEFT WYTH HYM GOUERNAUNCE AND GRACE, AND HOWE HE WENT TO THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE. CA. III.

Thus thē I slept, til that Auroras bemes
Gan for to spreade, about the firmament
And the clere sūne, w' his goldē stremes
Began for to rise, faire in the orient
Without Saturnus, blacke encombrement
And the litle birdes, makyng melodye
Did me awake, with their swete armony.

I loked about, and sawe a craggy roche
Farre in the west, neare to the element
And as I did then, vnto it approche
Upon the toppe, I sawe refulgent
The royall tower, of Morall Document
Made of fine copper, w' turrettes faire and hye
Which against Phebus, shone so marueylously

That for the verye perfect brightnes,
What of the tower, and of the cleare sunne
I coulde nothing, beholde the goodlines
Of that palaice, where as Doctrine did wonne
Tyll at the last, with misty windes donne
The radiant bryghtnes, of golden Phebus
Auster gan couer, with clowdes tenebrus.

Then to the tower I drewe nere and nere
And often mused, of the great hyghnes
Of the craggy rocke, which quadrant did appeare
But the fayre tower, so muche of riches
Was all about sexangled doubtles
Gargeyld with greyhoundes, and with many lyons
Made of fyne golde, with diuers sundry dragons

The little turrets, wyth ymages of golde
About was set, which with the wynde aye moued
Wyth propre vyces, that I did well beholde
About the towers, in sundry wise they houed
Wyth goodly pypes in their mouthes ituned
That with the wynde, they pyped a daunce
Iclipped, amour de la hault pleasaunce.

HOWE HE WAS LET IN BY COUNTENAUNCE THE PORTERES, AND OF THE MARUELOUS BUILDYNGE OF THE SAME TOWER. CAPITULO. IIII.

The tower was greate, and of maruelous wydenesse,
To whiche there was, no way to passe but one
Into the tower, for to haue an intresse
A grece there was, ychesyled all of stone
Out of the rocke, on whyche men did gone
Up to the tower, and in likewise did I
Wyth bothe the greyhoundes, in my company

Tyll that I came, to a royall gate
Where I sawe standyng, the goodly portres
Whiche axed me, from whence I came alate
To whom I gan, in euery thing expresse
All myne aduenture, chaunce and busines
And eke my name, I tolde her euery dell
When she hearde thys, she liked me ryght well

Her name she sayed, was called Countenaunce
Into the busy court, she did me then leade

Where was a fountayne, depured of pleasaunce
A noble spring, a royal conduit heade
Made of fyne golde, enameled with redde
And on the toppe, foure dragons blew and stoute
This dulcet water, in foure partes did spoute,

Of whiche there flowed, foure riuers right cleare.
Sweter thē Nysus, or Ganges was their odour
Tygris, or Eufrates, vnto them no pere
I dyd then taste, the aromatike licoure
Fragrant of fume, swete as any flower
And in my mouthe, it had a marueylous cent
Of diuers spices, I knew not what it mente.

And after this, furder forthe me brought
Dame Countenaunce, into a goodly hall
Of jasper stones, it was wonderslye wrought
The windowes cleare, depured all of christal
And in the roufe, on hye ouer all
Of golde was made, a ryght crafty vyne
In stede of grapes, the rubies there did shyne.

The flore was paued, with berall clarified
With pillers made of stones precious
Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,
It might be called a palaice glorious
So muche delectable, and solacious
The hall was hanged hye and circuler,
With clothe of arras, in the richest maner.

That treated well, of a full noble story
Of the doubty waye, to the tower perillous
Howe a noble knight, shoulde winne the victory
Of many a serpent fowle and odious,
And the first matter, then appeared thus
Howe at a venture, and by sodaine chaunce
He met with Fame, by Fortune's purueyaunce.

Whiche did him shewe, of the famous pulcritude
Of La bell Pucell, so cleare in beauty
Excellyng all other, in euery similitude
Nature her fauoured, so muche in degree
When he hearde this, with feruent amitie,
Accompanied, with Grace and Gouernaunce,
He toke his waye, without encombraunce

Unto the right famous, tower of Learnyng
And so from thence, vnto the tower of Chiualry,
Where he was made knight, the noble kyng
Called Melyzyus, well and worthely,
And furdermore, it shewed full notably
Upon the arras, imbrodred al of blew,
What was his name, with letters all of grewe

Thus with his verlet he toke on his waye
To the perillous tower, and sytuation,
Metyng Folye, as he rode on his journey
Ridynge on a mare, by great illusion
After whom, ensued fast Correction
And in her hande, a strong knotted whippe
At euery iarte she made him for to skyppe.

And then Correction, brought La graund Amour
Unto the tower, wheras he might well see
Diuers men, makyng right great doloure
That defrauded women, by their duplicitie
Yet before this, in perfite certayntie,
As the arras well did make relation
In Venus temple, he made his oblation.

After which he mette, an hydeous gyant
Hauyng thre heades, of marueilous kinde,
With his great strokes, he did him daunt
Castyng him downe, under the linde
With force and myght, he did him bynde,
Strikyng of his heades, then euery chone
That of all three heades, he left not one

This terrible gyaunt, yet had a brother
Whiche Graunde Amoure, destroyed also
Hauinge foure heades, more then the other
That vnto him wrought mikel wo
But he slewe sone, his mortall foe,
Whiche was a great gyaunt, with heades seuen,
To marueylous, nowe for me to neuen

Yet more ouer, he put to vtteraunce
A venemous beast, of sundry likenes
Of diuers beastes, or ryght great mischaunce
Wherof the pycture bare good witnes
For by his power and his hye worthines
He did discomfyte the wonderous serpente
Of the seven metals, made by enchauntment

And eke the clothe, made demonstration
How he wedded, the great ladye beauteous
La bell Pucell, in her owne dominacion
After his labour, and passage daungerous
With solemne joye and mirthe melodious
This famous storye, well pyctured was
In the fayre hall, vpon the arras.

The marshall, yclipped was dame Reason
And the yewres, also Obseruaunce
The panter Pleasaunce, at euery season
The good butler, curteys Continuaunce
And the chiefe coke, was called Temperaunce.
The lady chamberlayne, named Fidelitye
And the hye stewarde, Liberalitye.

There sate dame Doctrine, that lady gent
Whyche called me, vnto her presence
For to knowe all the whole entent
Of my commyng, vnto her excellence
Madame I sayed, to learne your scyence
I am comen, now me to applye
Wyth all my cure, in perfect studye.

And yet also, I vnto her then shewed
My name and purpose, without doublenes,
For very great joye, than were endued
Her cristall eyes, full of lowlines
When that she knewe, for very sikernes
That I was he, that should so attayne
La bell Pucell, with my busy payne.

And after this, I had right good chere
Of meate and drinke, there was great plentye
Nothing I wanted, were it chepe or dere
Thus was I serued w' delicate dishes dainty
And after this, with all humilitie
I went to Doctrine, praiyng her good grace
For to assigne me, my first learnyng place

Seuen daughters, most expert in cunnyng
Without foly, she had well engendred
As the seuen sciences, in vertue so shinyng,
At whose encrease, there is great thankes rēdred
Unto the mother, as nothing surrendred
Her good name, and her dulcet sounde
Whiche did engender, their originall ground.

And first to Gramer, she first me sent
To whose request, I did well obey
With diligence, forth on my way I went
Up to a chambre, depaynted fayre and gaye,
And at the chambre, in right riche araye
We were let in, by highe auctheritye
Of the ryght noble, dame Congruitie.

HOWE SCIENCE SENT HIM FIRSTE TO GRAMMER, WHERE HE WAS RECEIUED BY DAME CONGRUITIE. CAPI. V.

The lady Gramer, in al humble wise
Did me receiue into her goodly scole
To whose doctrine, I did me aduertyse
For to attayne, in her artyke pole
Her gilted dewe for to oppresse my dole
To whom I sayed, that I would gladly learne
Her noble cunnyng, so that I might decerne.

What that it is, and why that it was made
To whiche she aunswered, then in speciall
Because that cunnyng, should not pale ne fade
Of euery science, it is origynall
Whiche dothe vs teache, euer in generall
In all good order, to speke directly
And for to write by true artografy.

Sometyme in Egypt, raygned a noble kyng
Iolipped Euander, whiche did well abound
In many vertues, especially in learnyng
Which had a daughter, that by her studye found
To write true Latyn, the first perfect grounde
Whose goodly name, as her story sayes
Was called Carmentis, in her liuyng dayes

Thus in the tyme, of olde antiquitie
The noble philosophers, w' their whole delite,
For the commen profite, of all humanitie
Of the seuen sciences, for to knowe the ryght
They studied many, a long winters nyght
Eche after other, their partes to expresse
This was their guise, to eschue idlenes.

The pomped carkes, with fode delicious
They did not fede, but to their sustinaunce
They folowed not their flesh so vycious
But ruled it, by prudent gouernaunce
They were content, alway wyth suffisaunce
They coueted not, no worldely treasure
For they knewe, that it might not endure

But nowe adayes, the contrary is vsed
To winne the money, their studies be all set
The commen profite, is often refused
For well is he, that may the money get
From his neyghbour, wythout any let
They thinke nothyng, they shal from it passe
When all that is, shal be turned to was

The brittle fleshe, nourisher of vyces
Under the shadowe, of euil slogardy
Must nedes haunt, the carnall delyces
When that the brayne, by corrupt glotony
Up so downe, is turned then contrary
Frayle is the bodye, to great vnhappines
When that the heade, is full of dronkennes.

So do they nowe, for they nothing prepence
Howe cruel death, dothe them sore ensue
They are so blynded, in worldly negligence
That to their merite, they wyll nothyng renue
The seuen sciences, their slouthe to eschue
To an others profite, they take now no kepe
But to their owne, for to eate, drynke, and slepe

And all this dame Gramer, tolde me euery dele
To whom I harkened, wyth all my diligence
And after this she taught me ryght wel
First my donet, and then my accedence,
I set my mynde, with percyng influence
To learne her science, the first famous arte
Eschuyng idlenes, and layyng all aparte

Madame quod I, for as muche as there be
VIII partes of speche, I would knowe right faine
What a nowne substantiue is in his degree
And wherefore it is, so called certayne
To whom she aunswered, right gently agayne
Saiyng alwaye, that a nowne substantyue
Might stande without helpe of an adjectyue

The Latyn worde, whiche that is referred
Unto a thing, which is substanciall
For a nowne substantiue, is well auerred
And with a gender, is declinall
So, all the eyght partes in generall
Are Latyn wordes, annexed proprelye
To euery speache, for to speake formally

And Gramer is, the first foundement
Of euery scyence, to haue construction
Who knewe Grammer, without impediment
Shoulde perfectly haue intellection
Of a lytterall cense, and moralization
To construe euery thing ententifiye
The worde is Grammer well and ordinately

By worde the worlde, was made originally
The hye Kyng saied, it was made incontinente
He did commaunde, all was made shortlye
To the world, the word is sentencious iudgment
I marked well, dame Gramer's sentment,
And of her then, I did take my lycence
Goyng to Logyke, wyth all my dilligence

HOWE HE WAS RECEIUED OF LOGYKE. CAPIT. VI.

So by I went vnto a chamber bryght
Where was went, to be a ryght fayre lady
Before whom then, it was my hole delite
I kneled adowne, full well and mekely
Besechyng her to enstruct me shortly
In her noble science, whiche is expedient
For man to knowe, in many an argument

You shall quod she, my scyence well learne
In time and space, to your great vtilitye
So that in me lokyng, you shal then discerne
A frende from foe, and good from iniquitie
Ryght from wrong, ye shall knowe in certaintye
My scyence is, all the yll to eschewe
And for to knowe, the false from the true.

Who will take payne, to folowe the trace
In this wretched worlde, of trouth and ryghteousnes

In heuen aboue, he shal haue dwelling place
And who that walketh, the way of darkenes
Spendyng his tyme, in worldely wretchednes
A myddes the earth, in hell most horrible
He shall haue payne, nothyng extinguyssyble

So by Logyke, is good perceueraunce
To deuide the good, and the euil a sunder
It is alwaye, at mannes pleasaunce
To take the good, and cast the euyl vnder,
If God made hell, it is therof no wonder
For to punyshe man, that had intelligence
To know good from yll, by true experience

Logyke alway, dothe make probacion
Prouyng the pro, well from the contrary
In sundry wise, by argumentation
Grounded on reason, well and wondersly
Who vnderstode all logike truely
Nothyng by reason, myght be in pleadynge
But he the trouthe, shoulde haue in knowlegyng

Her wise doctrine, I marked in memory
And toke my leaue, of her hye person
Because that I myght, no lenger tary
The yere was spent, and so farre then gone
And of my ladye, yet syght had I none
Whiche was abidyng, in the tower of Musyke
Wherfore anone, I went to Rethoryke.

HOWE HE WAS RECEYUED OF RETHORYKE, AND WHAT RETHORIKE IS. CAPIT. VII.

Than aboue Logike, vp we went a stayre
Into a chamber, gaylye glorified
Strowed w' flowers, of al goodly ayre
Where sate a lady, greatly magnified
And her true vesture, clearly purified
And ouer her heade, that was bryght and shene
She had a garlande, of the laurell grene

Her goodly chamber, was set all about
With depured mirrours, of speculation
The fragraunt fumes, did well encense out
All misty vapours, of perturbacion
More liker was, her habitation
Unto a place which is celestiall
Then to a terrayne, mancion fatall

Before whom then, I did knele a downe
Saying, O starre of famous eloquence
O gilted goddesse, of the hyghe renowne
Enspyred, with the heauenly influence
Of the dulcet well, of complacence
Upon my mynde, with dewe aromatike,
Distyll adowne, thy lusty Rethorike

And depaynt my tonge, w' thy royall flowers
Of delicate odours, that I may ensue
In my purpose, to glad my auditours
And with thy power, that thou me endue
To morallise, thy litterall censes true
And clense away, the mist of ignoraunce
With depured beames, of goodly ordinaunce.

With humble eares, of parfite audience
To my request, she did then encline
Saiyng she woulde, in her goodly science
In short space, me so well indoctrine
That my dull mynde, it shoulde enlumyne
With golden beames, for euer to oppresse
My rude language, and all my symplenes

I thanked her, of her great gentlenes,
And axed her, after this question
Madame I saied, I woulde knowe doubtles
What Rethorike is, wythout abusyon
Rethorike she saied, was founde by reason
Man for to gouerne, well and prudently
His wordes to order, his speache to purifye

Fiue partes hath Rethorike, for to worke true
Without whiche fiue there can be no sentence
For these fyue, do well euermore renue
The matter perfite: with good intelligence
Who that wyll se them, wyth all hys diligence
Here folowyng, I shall them specifye
Accordyng well, vnto myne ordinary.

OF THE FIRST: CALLED INUENTION. AND A COMMENDATION OF POETES. CAPIT. VIII.

The first of them, is called Inuention
Which surdeth of the most noble warke
Of. v. inwarde wittes, w' whole affection
As wryteth ryght many a noble clarke,
Wyth misty coloure, of clowdes darke
Howe commen wytte, dothe full well elect
What it shoulde take, and what it shall abiecte

And secondlye, by 'magination
To drawe a matter, ful facundious
Full marueylous, is the operation
To make of nought, reason sentencious
Clokyng a trouthe, wyth coloure tenebrous
For often vnder, a fayre fayned fable
A trouthe appeareth, greatly profitable

It was the guyse, in olde antiquitye
Of famous poetes, ryght ymaginatife
Fables to fayne, by good auctboritye
They were so wyse, and so inuentyfe
Theyr obscure reason, fayre and sugratyfe
Pronounced trouthe, vnder clowdy fygures
By the inuention, of theyr fatall scriptures

And thirdly, they had suche as fansy
In thys hye art, to be intelligible
Their fame encreasyng euermore truely,
To slouthe euer, they were inuyncible
To their wofull hartes, was nought impossible
Wyth brennyng loue, of insaciate fyre
Newe thynges to fynde, they set their desyre

For thoughe a man, of hys propre mynde
Be inuentyfe, and he do not applye
His fantasye, vnto the busye kynde
Of hys cunnynge, it may not ratifye,
For fantasye, must nedes exemplifye
His new inuention, and cause hym to entende
Wyth whole desyre, to bryng it to an ende

And fourthly, by good estimation
He must number, all the whole circumstaunce

Of this matter, with breuiacion
That he walke not, by long continuaunce
The perambulat way, full of all variaunce
By estimacion, is made annunciate
Whether the matter, be long or breuiate

For to Inuention, it is equipolent
The matter founde, ryght well to comprehende
In suche a space, as is conuenient
For properlye, it dothe euer pretende
Of all the purpose, the length to extende
So estimation, may ryght well conclude
The perfite number, of euery similitude

And yet then, the retentife memory
Whiche is the fift, must euer agregate
All matters thought, to retayne inwardlye
Tyll reason therof, hath made aprobate
And by scripture, will make demonstrate
Outwardly, accordyng to the thought
To proue a reason, vpon a thyng of nought

Thus whē the fourth, hath wrought ful wōderly
Then must the mynde, worke vpon them all
By cours ingenious, to runne directly
After their thoughtes, then in generall
The mynde must cause them, to be memorial
As after this, shall appeare more openlye
All whole exprest, by dame Philosophye.

O trust of vertue, and of royall pleasure
Of famous poetes, many yeres ago
O insaciate couetise, of the special treasure
Of newe inuencion, of idlenes the fo
We may you laude, and often praise also
And specially, for worthy causes thre
Whiche to this daye, we may bothe here and see

As to the first, your whole desire was set
Fable to fayne, to eschue idlenes
With ampliation, more cnnnyng to get
By the laboure, of inuentife busines
Touching the trouthe, by couert likenes
To disnull vyce, and the vycious to blame
Your dedes therto, exemplified the same.

And secondly, right well you did endite
Of the worthy actes, of many a conqueroure
Throughe which labour, that you did so write
Unto this daye, rayneth the honoure
Of euery noble, and myghty warriour
And for your labour, and your busy paine
Your fame yet liueth, and shal endure certaine

And eke to praise you, we are greatly bounde
Because our cunnyng, from you so precedeth
For you therof, were first originall grounde
And vpon your scripture, our science ensueth
Your splendent verses, our lightnes renueth
And so we ought, to laude and magnifie
Your excellent springes, of famous poetry.

CAPITU. IX.

But rude people, opprest with blindnes
Against your fables, will often solisgise
Suche is their minde, such is their folishnes
For they beleue, in no maner of wyse
That vnder a coloure, a trouth may aryse
For folyshe people, blynded in a matter
Will often erre, when they of it do clatter

O all ye cursed, and suche euil foles
Whose sightes be blynded, ouer all with foly
Open your eyes, in the pleasaunt scholes
Of parfect cunnyng, or that you replye
Against fables, for to be contrarye
For lacke of cunnyng, no marueil though you erre
In suche scyence, whiche is from you so farre

For now the people, whiche is dull and rude
If that they do reade, a fatall scripture
And can not moralise, the similitude
Whiche to their wittes, is so harde and obscure
Then will they saye, that it is scrip in vre
That nought do poetes, but depayut and lye
Deceiuyng them, by tongues of flattery.

But what for that, they can not defame
The poetes actes, whiche are in effect
Unto themselues, remayneth the shame
To disprayse that, which they can not correct
And if that they, had in it inspect
Than they would it praise, and often eleuate
For it shoulde be to them, so delicate.

CAPITULO. X.

The seconde part, of crafty Rethorike
May well be called, Disposicion
That dothe so hye matters aromatike
Adowne distyll, by consolation
As olde poetes, make demonstration
That Mercury, throughe his preeminence
His natiues endueth, with famous eloquence

By very reason, it maye right well appeare
That diuers persons, in sundry wise delite
Their consolations, doth contrary so steere
That many mindes, may not agre aryght
Suche is the planets, of their course and myght
But what for that, be it good or yll
Them for to folowe, it is at mans fre wyll.

And Disposicion, the true seconde parte
Of Rethorike, doth euermore dyrect
The matters found, of this noble arte
Geuying them place, after the aspect
And oft tyme, it hath the inspect
As from a fayre, perfite narration
Or els by a stedfast, argumentation

The which was constitute, by begynning
As on the reason, and if apparaunce
Of the cause, then by outward semyng
Be harde and difficult, in the vttraunce
So as the minde, haue no perceueraunce
Nor of the beginnyng, can haue audience
Then must narration, begyn the sentence

And if it be, a little probable
From any maner stedfast argument
We order it, for to be right stable
And then we neuer begyn our sentment
Recityng letters, not conuenient
But this commutation, shoulde be rufused
Without cause or thing, make it be vsed.

This that I write, is hard and couert
To them that haue, nothing intelligence
Up so downe, they make it oft transuert
Or that they can knowe, the, experience
Of this craft, and facundious science
By disposition, the rethoricyan
To make lawes, ordinately began

Without disposicion, none order gan be
For the disposition, ordreth euery matter
And geueth the place, after the degree
Without order, without reason we clatter
Where is no reason, it vayleth not to chatter
Disposition, ordreth a tale dyrectlye
In a perfect reason, to conclude truely

The fatall problemes, of olde antiquitye
Cloked with mist, and with clowdes darke
Ordered with reason, and hye aucthoritye
The trouth did shewe, of all their couert warke
Thus haue they made, manye a noble clarke
To disnul mischefe, and inconuenience
They made our lawes, with great diligence

Before the lawe, in a tombling barge
The people sayled, without perfectnes
Throughe the worlde, all about at large
They had no order, nor no stedfastnes
Tyll rethoricians, founde justice doubtles
Ordeynyng kynges, of right high dignitie
Of all commens, to haue the soueraintie.

The barge to stere, with lawe and justice
Ouer the waues, of this life transitorye
To direct wronges, and also prejudyce
And tho that wil, resist a contrarye
Against their kyng, by justice openly
For their rebellion, and euill treason
Shall suffer death, by right and reason

O what laude, glory, and great honoure
Unto these poetes, shall be notified
The whiche distilled, aromatike lycoure
Clensyng our syght, with order purified
Whose famous draughtes, so exemplified
Set vs in order, grace, and gouernaunce
To lyue dyrectlye, without encombraunce.

But many one, the whiche is rude and dull
Will despise their worke, for lack of cunnyng
All in vayne, they do so hale and pull
When they therof, lacke vnderstandyng
They grope ouer, where is no felyng
So dull they are, that they can not fynde
This royall art, for to perceyue in mynde.

CAPITU. XI.

And then the thyrde part, is Elocution
When Inuention, hath the purpose wrought
And set it in order, by Disposicion
Without thys thyrd part, it vayleth ryght nought
Thoughe it be founde, and in order brought
Yet Elocution, wyth the helpe of Mercury
The matter exorneth, ryght well facundiously

In fewe wordes, swete and sentencious
Depaynted wyth golde, harde in construction
To the artike eares swete and delicious
The golden Rethoryke, is good refection
And to the reader, ryght consolation
As we do golde, from copper purifye
So that Elocution, dothe righte well clarifye

The dulcet speache, from the language rude
Tellyng the tale in termes eloquent
The barbary tongue, it dothe farre exclude
Electyng wordes, whiche are expedient
In Latyn, or in Englyshe, after the entent
Encensyng out, the aromatyke fume
Our language rude, to exile and consume

But what auayleth, euermore to sowe
The precious stones, among gruntyng hogges
Draffe unto them, is more meter I trowe
Let an hare, and swyne, be among curre dogges
Thoughe to the hares, were tyed great clogges
The gentle beast, they will regard nothyng
But to the swyne, take course of runnyng

To cloke the sentence, vnder misty figures
By many colours, as I make relacion
As the olde poetes, couered their scriptures
Of whiche the first, is distribution
That to the euyl, for theyr abusion
Dothe gyue payne, and to the worthye
Laude and prayse, them for to magnifye.

Of beast or byrde, they take a similitude
In the condicion, lyke to the partye
Feble, fayre, or yet of fortitude
And vnder coloure, of this beast priuely
The morall sence, they cloke full subtillye
In prayse or disprayse, as it is reasonable
Of whose faynyng, fyrste rose the fable

Concludyng reason, greatly profitable
Who that their fables, can well moralyse
The frutefull sentences, are delectable
Thoughe that the ficcion, they do so deuise
Under the coloure, the trouthe dothe arise
Concludyng reason, riches, and cunnyng
Pleasure, example, and also learnyng.

They fayned no fable, without reason
For reasonable is, all their moralitie
And vpon reason, was their conclusion
That the commen witte, by possibilitie
May well adjudge, the perfite veritye
Of their sentence, for reason openly
To the commen witte, it dothe so notifye.

RYCHES.

Their frutefull sentence, was great riches
The whiche right surely, they myght well domin
For lordeship, wealthe, and also noblesse
The chaunce of fortune, can sone determine
But what for this, she can not decline
The noble science, whiche after pouertie
May bryng a man, agayne to dignitye

SCYENCE.

Their sentence is cunnyng, as appeareth well
For by cunnyng, their arte doth engender
And w'out cunnyng, we knowe neuer a dele
Of their sentence, but may sone surrender
A true tale, that myght to vs render

Great pleasure, if we were intelligible
Of their cunnyng, nothyng impossible

PLEASURE.

O what pleasure, to the intelligent
It is to knowe, and haue perseueraunce
Of their cunnyng, so muche expedient
And therof, to haue good vtteraunce
Readyng newe thinges, of so great pleasaunce
Feadyng the minde, with fode insaciate
The tales newe, they are so delicate.

EXAMPLE.

In an example, with a misty cloude
Of couert likenes, the poetes do write
And vnderneth the trouthe, dothe so shroude
Bothe good and yll, as they lyst acquite
With similitude, they did so well endite
As I hereafter, shall the trouthe sone shewe
Of all their misty, and their fatall dewe.

The poetes fayne, how that kyng Athlas
Heauen shoulde beare, vpon his shoulders hye
Because in cunnyng, he did all other passe
Especially, in the highe astronomye
Of the sixe planets he knewe so perfectly
The operations, howe they were domified
For whiche poetes, him so exemplified.

And in likewise, vnto the Sagittary
They feyne the centaures, to be of likenes
As halfe man, and halfe horse truely
Because Mylyzyus, with his worthines
Did first attame, and breake the wildenes
Of the royall stedes, and ryght swiftly
His men and he, rode on them surely.

And also Pluto, sometyme kyng of hell
A citye of Grece, standyng in Thessayle
Betwene greate rockes, as the boke dothe tell
Wherin were people, without any fayle
Huge, fierce, and strong in battaile
Tyrauntes, theues, replete with treason
Wherfore poetes, by true comparison

Unto the deuils, blacke, and tedious
Did them resemble, in terrible fygure
For their misliuyng, so foule and vycious
As to this daye, it dothe appeare in vre
Of Cerberus, the defloured picture
The porter of hell, wyth thre heades vgly
Lyke an horrible gyant, fierce, and wonderly.

Because alway, his customed tyranny
Was eleuate in harte, by hygh presumption
Thinkyng him selfe, most strong and mighty
And secondly, he was destruction
Of many ladyes, by euill compulcion
And thirdly, his desire insaciable
Was to get riches, ful innumerable.

Thus for these thre vyces abhominable
They made him, wyth thre heads serpentine
And like a fende, his bodye semblable
For his pride, auarice, and also rapyne
The morall sence, can sone illumine
The fatall picture, to be exuberaunt
And to our syght cleare, and not variaunt.

Also rehearsed, the cronicles of Spaine
Howe redoubted Hercules, by puyssaunce
Fought with an Ydre, ryght great certayne
Hauyng seuen heades, of full great mischaunce
For when that he, wyth all his valeaunce
Had stricken of an heade, right shortly
An other anone, arose ryght sodaynely.

Seuen sophisms, full harde and fallacious
Thys Ydre vsed, in preposition
Unto the people, and was full rygorious
To deuoure them, where lacked responsion
And when one reason, had conclusion
An other reason, then incontinent
Began againe, with subtyll argument.

For whiche cause, the poetes couertly
With seuen heades, dothe this Ydre depaynt
For these seuen sophims, full ryght closely
But of rude people, the wittes are so faynt
That with their cunnyng, they can not acquaynt.
But who that list, their science to learne
Their obscure fygures, he shall well decerne

O redolent well, of famous poetrye
O cleare fountayne, replete with swetenes
Refleryng out, the dulcet delicacye
Of foure ryuers, in marueylous wydenes
Fayrer than Tygrys, or yet Eufrates
For the first ryuer is vnderstandyng
The seconde riuer, close concludyng.

The thirde riuer, is called nouelrye
The fourth ryuer, is called carbuncles
Amiddes of whom, the tower is so goodly
Of Vyrgill, standeth most solacious
Where he is entyred, in stones precious
By thys fayre tower, in a goodly grene
This well dothe spryng, both bryght and shene

To vnderstandyng, these. iiii. accident
Doctrine, perseueraunce, and exercise
And also therto, is epuipolent
Euermore, the perfite practise
For first doctrine, in all goodly wise
The perseuerant trouthe, in his booth of wil
In vnderstandyng, for to knowe good from yll

So famous poetes, did vs endoctrine
Of the ryght way, for to be intellectife
Their fables they did, ryght so ymagyne
That by example, we may voyde the strife
And without mischefe, for to leade our life
By the aduertence, of their stories olde
The fruite wherof, we may full well beholde

Depaynted on arras, howe in antiquitie
Destroyed was, the great citye of Troye
For a little cause, grounded on vanitye
To mortal ruyne, they turned their joye
Their vnderstandyng, they did then occoy
Nothing prepensyng, how they did prepare
To scourge them selues, and bryng them in a snare.

Who is opprest, with a little wrong
Reuengyng it, he may it sone encrease
For better it is, for to suffer among
An injury, as for to kepe the peace
Then to begyn, whiche he shall neuer cease
Warre once begon, it is harde to knowe
Who shall abide, and who shall ouerthrow.

The hyghe power, honoure, and noblenesse
Of the mighty Romayns, to whose excellence
All the wide worlde, so muche of greatnes
Unto their empyre, was in obedience
Suche was their famous porte, and preeminence
Tyll w'in themselues, there was a contrauersy
Makyng them lese, their worthy sygneoury

It is euer, the grounde of Sapience
Before that thou, accomplyshe outwardly
For to reuolue, vnderstandyng and prepence
All in thy selfe, full often inwardely
The begynnyng, and the middle certainelye
With the ende, or thou put it in vre
And worke with councell, that thou maiest be sure

And who that so dothe, shall neuer repent
For his dedes is founded, on a perfect ground
And for to fall, it hath none impediment
Wyth surenes, it is so hyghe walled rounde
In wealth and riches, it must nedes abounde
On euery syde, it hath suche ordinaunce
That nothyng can, do it anoyaunce.

Thus the poetes conclude full closelye
Their fruitefull probles, for reformation
To make vs lerne, to lyue dyrectly
Their good entent, and true construction
Shewyng to vs, the whole affection
Of the way of vertue, wealth, and stablenes
And to shutte the gate, of mischeuous entres

And euermore, they are ymaginatyue
Tales newe, from day to daye to fayne
The erryng people, that are retractiue
As to the ryght way, to bryng them agayne
And who that list, their sentence retayne
It shall hym profite, if he wyll apply
To do therafter, full conueniently.

Carbuncles, in the moste darke nyght
Dothe shyne fayre, wyth cleare radiant beames
Exilyng darkenes, wyth his rayes lyght
And so these poetes, wyth their golden streames
Deuoyde our rudenes, wyth great fyery leames
Their centencious verses, are refulgent
Encensyng out, the odoure redolent.

And is their worke also extinguishible
Nay truely, for it dothe shyne ryght cleare
Throughe cloudes darke, vnto the odible
To whom treuely, it may nothyng appeare
Where cunnynge fayleth, the scyence so deare
Ignoraunce hateth, with feruent enuy
And vnto cunnyng, is mortall enemy.

O ygnoraunce, with slouthe so opprest
Open thy curtayne, so ryght dymme and darke
And euermore remember, the behest
Of thy laboure, to vnderstande thy warke
Of many a noble, and ryght famous clarke
Fy vpon slouth, the nourisher of vyce
Whiche vnto youthe, dothe often prejudyce

Who in youthe lyst, nothyng to learne
He wyll repent him, often in hys age
That he the cunnyng, can nothyng decerne
Therfore nowe youthe, with lusty courage
Rule thy fleshe, and thy slouthe asswage
And in thy youthe, the scyence engender
That in thine age, it may the worshyp render

Cunnyng is lyght, and also pleasaunt
A gentle burden, wythout greuousnes
Unto hym, that is ryght well appliaunt
For to beare it, with all his busines
He shall attaste, the welle of fruitefulnes
Whiche Virgyll clarified, and also Tullius
With latyn pure, swete, and delicious.

From whence my master Lidgate verified,
The depured rethorike, in Englyshe language
To make our tongue, so clearely purified
That the vyle termes, shoulde nothing arage
As like a pye, to chatter in a cage
But for to speake, with rethorike formally
In the good order, withouten vylany.

And who his bokes, list to heare or see
In them he shall finde, elocution
With as good order, as any maye be
Kepyng full close, the moralization
Of the trouthe, of his great intencion
Whose name is regestred, in remembraunce
For to endure, by long continuaunce.

Nowe after this for to make relation,
Of famous rethorike, so in this party
As to the fourthe part, Pronunciation
I shall it shewe, anone ryght openly
With many braunches, of it sykerly
And howe it taketh, the whole effect
In euery place, degre and aspect.

CAPITU. XII.

When the matter, is founde by inuention
Be it merye, or yet of great sadnes
Set in a place, by the disposition
And by Elocucion's, famous clearenes
Exornate well, and ready to expresse
Then pronunciacion, w' chere and countenaunce
Conueniently, must make the vtteraunce.

With humble voyce, and also moderate
Accordyng, as by him is audience
And if there be, a ryght hye estate
Then vnder honoure, and obedience
Reasonably done, vnto his excellence
Pronouncyng his matter, so facundious
In all due maner, to be sentencious.

For thoughe a matter, be neuer so good
If it be tolde, with tongue of barbary
In rude maner, without the discrete mode
It is disturbaunce, to a whole company
For to se them, so rude and boystously
Demeane themselues, vtteryng the sentence
Without good maner, or yet intelligence

It is a thing, ryght greatly conuenable
To pronounce the matter as it is conuenient
And to the hearers, ryght delectable
When the vtterer, wythout impediment
With right good maner, countenaunce and entent
Dothe tell his tale, vnto them treatably
Kepyng his maner, and voyce full moderately

This is the custome, that the poetes vse
To tell their tale, with all due circumstaunce

The vylayne courage, they do muche refuse
That is boysteous, and rude of gouernaunce
And euermore, they do to them auaunce
Nurture, maner, and all gentlenes
In their behauyng, wyth all semelines.

And thus the gentle, rethorician
Throughe the laboure of his royall cleargye
The famous nurture, oryginally began
Oppressyng our rudenes, and our foly
And for to gouerne vs ryght prudently
The good maner, encreaseth dignitie
And the rudenes, also iniquitie

The famous poete, who so list to here
To tell his tale, it is solatious
Beholdyng his maners, and also his chere
After the maner, be it sadde, or joyous
If it be sadde, his chere is dolorous
As in bewaylyng, a wofull tragedy
That worthy is, to be in memory.

And if the matter, be ioyfull and gladde
Lyke countenaunce, outwardly they make
But moderation, in their mindes is had
So that outrage, may them not ouertake
I can not write, to muche for their sake
Them to laude, for my tyme is shorte
And the matter long, which I must report.

CAPITULO. XIII.

And the. v. parte, is then Memoratyfe
The whiche, the perfect ministration
Ordinatly causeth, to be retentyfe
Driuyng the tale, to good conclusion
For it behoueth, to haue respection
Unto the tale, and the very grounde
And on what ymage, he his matter founde.

If to the oratour, many a sundry tale
One after other, treatably be tolde
Then sundry ymages, in his closed male
Eche for a matter, he doth then well holde
Like to the tale, he doth then so beholde
And inwarde, a recapitulation
Of eche ymage, the moralization.

Whiche be the tales, he grounded priuely
Upon these ymages, signification
And when time is, for him to specifye
All his tales, by demonstration
In due order, maner, and reason
Then eche ymage, inwarde dyrectly
The oratour, dothe take full properly

So is enprynted, in his propre mynde
Euery tale, with whole resemblaunce
By this ymage, he dothe his matter finde
Eche after other, withouten variaunce
Who to this arte, will geue attendaunce
As therof to knowe, the perfectnes
In the poetes schole, he must haue intresse

Then shall he knowe, by perfect study
The memoriall arte, of rethorike defuse
It shall to him, so well exemplifye
If that him list, the science to vse
Thoughe at the first, it be to him obtuse
With exercise, he shall it well augment
Under clowdes darke, and termes eloquent.

But nowe of dayes, the synne of auaryce
Exileth the mynde, and the whole delite
To couet cunnyng, whiche is great prejudice
For insaciatly, so blinded is their syght
With the siluer, and the golde so bryght
They nothing thinke, on fortune variable
Whiche all their riches, can make transmutable

The olde sawes, they ryght cleane abiect
Whiche for our learnyng, the poetes did write
With auarice they are so sore infect
They take no hede, nothing they write
Whiche morally, did so nobly endite
Reprouyng vyce, praysyng the vertue
Whiche idlenes, did euermore eschue.

Nowe, will I cease, of lusty rethoryke
I maye not tarye, for my tyme is shorte
For I must procede, and shewe of Arismetrike
With diuers numbres, whiche I must report
Hope inwardely, dothe me well comforte
To brynge my boke, vnto a fynishment
Of all my matter, and my true entent.

CAPITULO. XIIII.

O thoughtfull harte, tombled all about
Upon the sea, of stormy ignoraunce
For to sayle forthe, thou art in greate doubt
Ouer the waues, of great encombraunce
Without any comfort, safe of esperaunce
Whiche the exhorteth, hardely to sayle
Unto thy purpose, wyth diligent trauayle.

Aufrycus Auster, bloweth frowardlye
Towarde the lande, and habitation
Of thy well fauoured, and most fayre lady
For whose sake, and delectation
Thou hast take, this occupacion
Principally, ryght well to attayne
Her swete rewarde, for thy busy payne.

O pensyfe harte, in the stormy pery
Mercury northwest, thou maist se appeare
After tempest, to gladde, thine emispery
Hoyse vp thy sayle, for thou must drawe neare
Towarde the ende, of thy purpose so cleare
Remembre the, of the trace and daunce
Of poetes olde, wyth all thy purueyaunce.

As moral Gower, whose sentencious dewe
Adowne reflareth, with fayre golden beames
And after Chaucer's, all abroade dothe shewe
Our vyces to clense, his depared streames
Kindlyng our hartes, wyth the fiery leames
Of morall vertue, as is probable
In all his bokes, so swete and profitable

The boke of fame, whiche is sentencious
He drewe him selfe, on his owne inuention
And then the tragidies, so piteous
Of the nintene ladyes, was his translation
And vpon his ymagination
He made also, the tales of Caunterbury
Some vertuous, and some glad and merye

And of Troylus, the piteous doloure
For his ladye Cresyde, full of doublenes
He did bewayle, full well the langoure
Of all his loue, and great vnhappines
And many other bokes doubtles
He did compyle, whose goodly name
In prynted bookes, dothe remayne in fame.

And after him, my master Lydgate
The monke of Bury, did him well apply
Bothe to contryue, and eke to translate
And of vertue, euer in especially
For he did compyle, then full nyally
Of our blessed ladye, the conuersation
Saynt Edmundes life, martred with treason

Of the fall of princes, ryght wofully
He did endite, in all piteous wise
Folowyng his auctoure, Bocas rufully
A ryght great boke, he did truely compryse
A good ensample, for vs to despyse
This worlde so full, of mutabilitie
In whiche no man, can haue a certaintie.

And thre reasons, ryght greatly profitable
Under coloure, he cloked craftely
And of the chorle he made the fable
That shitte the byrde, in a cage so closely
The pamflete, sheweth it expreslye
He fayned also, the court of sapience
And translated, with all his diligence.

The great boke, of the last destruction
Of the citye of Troye, whylome so famous
Howe for a woman, was the confusion
And betwene vertue, and the life vicious
Of gods and goddesses, a boke solacious
He did compyle, and the time to passe
Of loue he made, the bryght temple of glasse

Were not these thre, greatly to commende
Whiche them applied, such bokes to contriue
Whose famous draughtes, no man can amend
The tyme of slouthe, they did from them driue
After their deathe, for to abide or lyue
In worthy fame, by many a nacion
Their bokes, their actes, do make relation

O master Lydgate, the most dulcet sprynge
Of famous rethoryke, wyth ballade royall
The chefe originall, of my learnyng
What vayleth it, on you for to call
Me for to ayde, now in especiall
Sythen your bodye, is now wrapte in chest
I pray God to geue, your soule good rest

O what losse is it, of suche a one
It is to great truely, for me to tell
Sythen the tyme, that his life was gone
In all this realme his pere did not dwell
Aboue all other, he did so excell
None sythe his tyme, in arte woulde succede
After their death, to haue for their mede

But many a one, is ryght well expert
In this cunnyng, but vpon auctboritie
They fayne no fables, pleasaunt and couerte
But spende their time, in vaynefull vanitie
Makyng ballades, of feruent amitie
As gestes and trifles, without fruitefulnes
Thus all in vayne, they spende their busines

I little or nought, expert in poetrye
Of my master Lidgate, will folowe the trace
As euermore, so his name to magnifye
With suche little bokes, by God's grace
If in this worlde, I may haue the space
The little cunnyng, that his grace me sent
In tyme among, in such wise shal be spent.

And yet nothing, vpon presumption
My master Lydgate, I will not enuy
But all onely, is myne intencion
With suche laboure, my selfe to occupy
As white by blacke, dothe shyne more clearely
So shal their matters, appeare more pleasaunt
Bisyde my draughtes, rude, and ignoraunt

CAPITU. XV.

Nowe in my boke, farther to procede
To a chamber I wente, replete w' ryches
Where sate Arismetryke, in a golden wede
Like a lady pure, and of great worthines
The walles about, did full well expresse.
With golde depainted, euery perfect number
To adde, detray, and to deuide a sunder.

The roufe was painted, with golden beames
The windowes cristall, clearely clarified
The golden raies, and depured streames
Of radiant Phebus, that was purified
Right in the Bull, that time so domified
Throughe windowes, was resplendishant
About the chamber, faire and radiaunt

I kneled downe, right sone on my knee
And to her I saied O lady marueylous
I right humbly, beseche your majestie
Your arte to shewe, me so facundious
Whiche is defuse, and right fallacious
But I shall so, apply mine exercise
That the very trouthe, I shall well deuise

My science said she, is right necessary
And in the middes of the sciences all
It is nowe set, right well and perfectly
For vnto them, it is so speciall
Numbring so, their workes in generall
Without me, they had no perfectnes
I must them number, alway doubtles

Without number, is no maner of thing
That in our sight, we may well se
For God made all, at the beginnyng
In number perfite, well in certaintie
Who knewe arismetrike, in euery degre
All maner number, in his minde were had
Bothe to detray, and to deuide and adde.

But who will knowe, all the experience
It behoueth him, to haue great learning
In many thinges, with true intelligence
Or that he can, haue perfite rekenyng
In euery number, by expert cunnyng
To rehearse in Englyshe, more of this science
It were folie, and eke great negligence.

I thought full long, till I had a sight
Of La bell Pucell, the most fayre ladye

My minde vpon her, was bothe day and night
The feruent loue, so perst me inwardly
Wherfore I went anone, right shortly
Unto the tower, swete and melodious
Of dame Musike, so gaye and glorious.

CAPITU. XVI.

When splendēt Phebus, in his middaye speare
Was highe in Gemine, in the freshe season
Of lustye Maye, with golden beames cleare
And darke Dyane, made declination
When Flora florished, in this nacion
I called vnto minde, right inwardly
The report of Fame, so muche ententiflye

Of La bell Pucell, in the tower musicall
And ryght anone, vnto the tower I went
Where I sawe, a temple made of chrystal
In whiche Musyke, the lady excellent
Played on base organes, expedient
Accordyng well, vnto dyopason
Dyapenthe, and eke dyetesseron.

In this temple, was great solemnitie
And of muche people, there was great prease
I loked about, whether I coulde se
La bell Pucell, my langour to cease
I coulde not se her, my payne did encrease
Tyll that I spied her, aboue in a vaute
Whiche to my hart, did make so sore assaut.

With her beauty cleare, and swete countenaunce
The stroke of loue, I coulde nothing resist
And anone, without lenger circumstaunce
To her I went, or that her person wist
Her thought I knewe not, she thought as she list
By her I stode, with hert sore and faynt
And did my selfe with her sone acquaynt.

The commen witte, did full little regarde
Of dame Musike, the dulcet armonye
The eares hearde not, for the mynde inwarde
Venus had wrapt, and taken feruently
Imagination, wrought full priuely
The fantasye, gaue perfect judgement
Alway to her, for to be obedient.

By estimation, muche doubtefully I cast
Whether I shoulde, by long tyme and space
Atteyne her loue, or els to loue in waste
My hart sobbed and quaked in this case
I stode by her, ryght neare in the place
With many other, fayre ladies also
But so fayre as she, I neuer sawe no mo.

The feast done, dame Musyke did go
She folowed after, and she woulde not tary
Fare well she saied, for I must part you fro
Alas thought I, that fortune dothe so vary
My sadde body, my heauy harte did carye
I could not speake my harte was neare broken
But wyth my heade, I made her a token

When she was gone, inwardely then wrought
Upon her beauty, my minde retentife
Her goodly fygure, I graued in my thought
Except her selfe, all were expulsyfe
My minde to her, was so ententyfe
That I folowed her into a temple farre
Replete with joye, as bryght as any starre.

Where dulcet Flora, her aromatyke dewe
In the fayre temple, adowne did distyll
All abroade, the fayre dropes did shewe
Encencyng out, all the vapours yll
With suche a swetenes, Flora did fulfyll
All the temple, that my gowne well shewed
The lycoure swete, of the droppes endued

And so to a chamber, full solacious
Dame Musyke went, with La bell Pucell
All of jasper, with stones precious
The roufe was wrought, curiously and well
The windowes glased, maruelously to tell
With clothe of tissue, in the riches maner
The walles were hanged, hie and cyrculer.

Where sate dame Musike, with all her minstrelsy
As tabours, trumpets, with pipes melodious
Sakbuttes, organs, and the recorder swetely
Harpes, lutes, and crowdes right delicious
Timphans, doucemers, w' claricymbals glorious
Rebeckes, claricordes, eche in their degre
Did sit about their ladyes majestye.

Before dame Musike, I did knele adowne
Saiyng to her, O faire ladye pleasaunt
Your prudence raigneth most hye in renowne
For you be euer, right concordaunt
With perfite reason, whiche is not variaunt
I beseche your grace, with all my diligence
To instruct me, in your noble science

It is she saied, right greatly profitable
For musike dothe set, in all vnitie
The discorde thinges, whiche are variable
And deuoydeth mischiefe, and great iniquitie
Where lacketh musike, there is no plenty
For musike is concorde, and also peace
Nothing without musike, may well encrease

The seuen sciences, in one monacorde
Eche upon other, do full well depende
Musike hath them, so set in concorde
That all in one, may right well extende
All perfite reason, they do so comprehende
That they are way, and perfite doctrine
To the ioye aboue: whiche is celestine

And yet also, the perfect phisyke
Which apperteyneth, well to the bodye
Dothe well resemble, vnto the musyke
When the inwarde intrailes, turneth contrary
That nature can not, worke dyrectly
Then dothe phisyke, the partes interiall
In order set, to their originall.

But yet phisyke, can not be liberall
As the seuen scyences, by good auctoritie
Whiche leadeth the soule, the way in speciall
By good doctrine, to dame Eternitie
Onely of phisike, it is the propertie
To ayde the body, in euery sickenes
That is right fraile, and full of brittlenes

And because phisike, is appendant
Unto the body, by helpe of medicine

And to the soule, nothing apportenaunt
To cause the body for to encline
In eternall health, so the soule to domine
For to the body, the sciences seuen
Dothe teache to leade, the soule to heauen

And musyke it selfe, is melodious
To rejoyce the eares, and comfort the braine
Sharpyng the wittes, with sound solacious
Deuoydyng bad thoughtes, whiche did remayne
It gladdeth the hart, also well certaine
Length the lyfe, with dulcet armonye
As is good recreation, after study.

She cõmaũded her minstrels, right anone to play
Mamours the swete, and the gentle daunce
With La bell Pucell, that was fayre and gay
She me recommended, with all pleasaunce
To daunce true measure, withoute variaunce
O lorde God, howe glad then was I
So for to daunce, with my swete ladye.

By her proper hande, soft as any silke
With due obeysaunce, I did her then take
Her skynne was white, as whales bone or mylke
My thoughtes was rauished, I might not aslake
My brennyng hart, she the fire did make
These daunces truely, musyke hath me taught
To lute or daunce, but it auayled nought.

For the fyre kindled, and waxed more and more
The dauncyng blewe it, with her beauty cleare
My hart sickened, and began to waxe sore
A minute. vi. houres, and. vi. houres a yere
I thought it was, so heauy was my chere
But yet for couer, my great loue aryght
The outwarde coũtenaunce, I made glad and light

And for feare mine eyes, should mine hart bewray
I toke my leaue, and to a temple went
And all alone, I to my selfe did saye
Alas what fortune, hath me hither sent
To deuoyde my ioye, and my hart torment.
No man can tell, howe great a paine it is
But if he will fele it, as I do iwysse

Alas O lady, howe cruell art thou
Of piteous doloure, for to builde a nest
In my true hart, as thou doest ryght nowe
Yet of all ladyes, I must loue the best
Thy beauty therto, did me surely arest
Alas with loue, when that it doth the please
Thou maiest cease my care, and my payne sone ease.

Alas howe sore, may I nowe bewayle
The piteous chaunce, whiche did me happe
My ladyes lokes, did me so assayle
That sodaynely, my harte was in a trappe
By Venus caught, and with so sore a clappe
That throughe, the great stroke did perse
Alas for wo, I coulde not reuerse.

Farewell all ioye, and all perfect pleasure
Fare well my lust, and my likyng
For wo is comen, with me to endure
Nowe must I leade, my life in mournyng
I may not lute, or yet daunce, or syng
O La bell Pucell, my ladye glorious
You are the cause, that I am so dolorous

Alas faire lady, and mine owne swete hart
With my seruyce, I yelde me to your will
You haue me fettred, I may not astart
At your pleasure, you maye me saue or kyll
Because I loue you, wyll you me spyll
Alas it were, a piteous case in dede
That you with death, shoulde rewarde my mede.

A a, that I am right wo begone
For I of loue, dare not to you speake
For feare of nay, that may encrease my mone
A nay of you, might cause my hart to breake
Alas I wretche, and yet vnhappy peke
Into suche trouble, misery, and thought
With sight of you, I am into it brought

And to myselfe, as I made complaint
I spied a man, right nere me beforne
Whiche right anone, did with me acquaynt
Me thinke he sayed, that ye are neare forlorne
With inwarde payne, that your hart hath borne
Be not to pensyfe, call to mynde agayne
Howe of one sorowe, ye do nowe make twayne

Mine inwarde sorowe, ye begyn to double
Go your way quod I, for ye can not me ayde
Tell me he sayed, the cause of your trouble
And of me nowe be nothing afrayed
Me thynke that sorowe, hath you ouerlayed
Driue of no lenger, but tell me your mynde
It may me happe, a remedy to fynde.

A a quod I, it vayleth not your speache
I wyll wyth you, neuer haue medlyng
Let me alone, the most vnhappy wretche
Of all the wretches, that is yet liuyng
Suche is the chaunce, of my bewaylyng
Go on your waye, you are nothing the better
To me to speake, to make my sorowe greater

Forsothe he sayed, remember thinges thre
The first is, that ye may sorowe long
Unto your selfe, or that you ayded be
And secondly, in great paynes stronge
To muse alone, it myght turne you to wrong
The thirde is, it myght you well ease truely
To tell your mynde, to a frende ryght trusty

It is a iewell, of a frende of trust
As at your nede, to tell your secretenes
Of all your payne, and feruent lust
His councell sone, may helpe and redresse
Your paynefull wo, and mortall heauines
Alone is nought, for to thinke and muse
Therfore good sonne, do me not refuse.

And sythe that you are, plunged all in thought
Beware the pytte, of dolorous dispayre
So to complayne, it vayleth you right nought
It may so fortune, ye loue a ladye fayre
Whiche to loue you, will nothing repayre
Or els ye haue lost, great lande or substaunce
By fatall chaunce, of fortune's ordinaunce.

Tell me the cause, thoughe that it be so
In case you loue, I knowe it by experience
It is a payne engendryng great wo
And harde it is, for to make resistaunce
Agaynst suche loue, of feruent vyolence
The loue is dreadfull, but neuertheles
There is no sore, nor yet no syckenes

But there is a salue, and remedy therfore
So for your payne, and your sorowe great
Councell is medicine, whiche may you restore
Unto your desire without any let
If ye will tell me, where your harte is set
In the chayre of sorowe, no great doubt it is
To fynde a remedye, for your payne I wys

A phisition truely, can little decerne
Any maner sickenes, without sight of vryne
No more can I, by good counsaile you learne
All suche wofull trouble, for to determine
But if you mekely, will to me enclyne
To tell the cause, of your great greuousnes
Of your inwarde trouble, and wofull sadnes

Then I began, with all my diligence
To heare him speake, so grounded on reason
And in my minde, did make aduertence
Howe it was holesome, in tribulation
To saue a good, and a true companion
For to knowe my sorowe, and wofull grefe
It might me comforte, and right well relefe

And of him then, I asked this question
What was his name, I prayed him me tell
Councell quod he, the whiche solucion
In my wofull minde, I liked right well
And priuely I did, his lesson spell
Saiyng to him, my chaunce and destiny
Of all other, is the most vnhappy.

Why so quod he, thoughe fortune be straunge
To you a while, turnyng of her face
Her louryng chere, she may right sone chaunge
And you accept, and call vnto her grace
Dispayre you not, for in good time and space
Nothing there is, but wisdome may it winne
To tell your mynde, I praye you to begyn.

Unto you quod I, with all my whole assent
I will tell you trouthe, and you will not bewraye
Unto none other, my matter and entent
Nay nay quod he, you shall not se that daye
Your whole affiaunce and trust, well ye may
Into me put, for I shall not vary
But kepe your councell, as a secretary.

And then to him, in the maner folowyng
I did complayne, with sighing teares depe
Alas quod I, you shall haue knowlegyng
Of my heauy chaunce, that causeth me to wepe
So wo I am, that I can neuer slepe
But wallowe and tumble, in the trappe of care
My hart was caughte, or that I was ware

It happened so, that in a temple olde
By the tower of Musike, at great solemnitie
La bell Pucell, I did right well beholde
Whose beauty cleare, and great humilitie
To my hart did cast, the darte of amitie
After whiche stroke, so harde and feruent
To her excellence, I came incontinent

Beholdyng her chere, and louely countenaunce
Her garmentes riche, and her propre stature
I regestered well, in my remembraunce
That I neuer sawe, so fayre a creature
So well fauouredly, create by nature
That harde it is, for to wryght with ynke
All her beautie, or any harte to thinke.

Fayrer she was, then was quene Helene
Proserpyne, Cresyde, or yet Ypolyte
Medea, Dydo, or young Polexyne
Alcumena, or quene Menelape
Or yet dame Rosamonde, in certaintie
None of all these, can haue the preeminence
To be compared, to her highe excellence

Duryng the feast, I stode her neare by
But then her beauty, encreased my paine
I coulde nothing, resist the contrary
She wrapt my hart, in a brennyng chayne
To the musicall tower, she went then againe
I went after, I coulde not be behinde
The chaine she haled, whiche my hart did binde.

Till that we came, into a chamber gaye
Where that Musike, with all her minstrelsy
Diuers base daunces, most swetely did playe
That them to here, it was great melody
And dame Musike, commaunded curteously
La bell Pucell, with me then to daunce
Whom that I toke, with all my pleasaunce

By her swete hande, begynnyng the trace
And long did daunce, till that I might not hide
The painefull loue, whiche did my hart embrace
Bicause wherof, I toke my leaue that tide
And to this temple, where I do abide
Forth then I went, alone to bewaile
My mortall sorowe, without any faile,

Now haue I tolde you, all the very trouth
Of my wofull chaunce, and great vnhappines
I pray you, nothing with me to be wrothe
Whiche am drowned, in careful wretchednes
By fortune plunged, full of doublenes
A a said Councell, doubt ye neuer a deale
But your disease, I shall by wisedome heale

Remember you, that neuer yet was he
That in this worlde, did leade all his life
In ioye and pleasure, without aduersitie
No worldly thing, can not be without strife
For vnto pleasure, paine is affirmatife
Who will haue pleasure, he must first apply
To take the payne, with his cure busely.

To deserue the ioye, which after doth ensue
Rewardyng paine, for the great busines
No doubt your lady, wil vpon you rue
Seyng you apply, all your gentlenes
To do her pleasure, and seruice doubtles
Harde is the harte, that no loue hath felt
Nor for to loue, will then encline and melt.

Remember ye, that in olde antiquitie
Howe worthy Troylus, that mighty champion
What paine he suffered, by great extremitie
Of feruent loue, by a great long season
For his lady Cresyde, by great tribulation
After his sorowe, had not he great ioye
Of his lady, the fayrest of all Troy

And the famous knight, yclepped Ponthus
Whiche loued Sydoyne, so moche entirely
What paine had he, and what care dolorous
For his lady, with loue so marueylously
Was not her hart, wounded right wofully
After his paine, his ladie did her cure
To do him ioye, honoure and pleasure.

Who was with loue, more wofully arayed
Then were these twaine, and many other mo
The power of loue, had them so asayed
That and I liste, I coulde rehearse also
To whom true loue, hath wrought mykle wo
And at the ende, haue had their desire
Of all their sorowe, for to quench the fire

Languishe no more, but plucke vp thy hart
Exile dispayre, and liue a while in hope
And kepe your loue, all close and couert
It may so fortune, that your lady wil grope
Somewhat of loue, for to drynke a sope
Thoughe outwardely, she dare not let you knowe
But at the last, as I beleue and trowe.

She can not kepe it, so priuye and close
But that somewhat, it shall to you appeare
By countenaunce, howe that her loue arose
If that she loue you, the loue it is so deare
When you come to her, she wil make you chere
With countenaunce, according vnto loue
Full priuely, for to come to her aboue

Sending of loue, the messenger before
Whiche is her eyes, with louelye lokes swete
For to beholde you, then euer more and more
After the time, that you together mete
With louing wordes, she wil you then grete
Sorowe no more, for I thinke in my minde
That at the last, she will be good and kinde

Alas quod I, she is of hye degre
Borne to great lande, treasure, and substaunce
I feare to sore, I shal disdayned be
The whiche will trouble, all my greuaunce
Her beautie is, the cause of my penaunce
I haue no great lande, treasure, and riches
To winne the fauoure, of her noblenes.

What thoughe quod he, drawe you not backe
For she hath inough, in her possession
For you bothe, for you shall neuer lacke
If that ye order it, by good reason
And so in perfect consideration,
She will with loue, her grene flouryng age
Passe forthe in ioye, pleasure, and courage

Youthe is alway, of the course right light
Hote and moyst, and full of lustines
Moste of the ayre, it is ruled by ryght
And her complexion, hath chiefe intresse
Upon sanguine, the ayres holesomenes
She is not yet in all, aboue. xviii. yere
Of tender age, to pleasure most deare

Golde or siluer, in any maner of wise
For sanguyne youth, it is all contrary
So for to couer, for it dothe arise
Onely engendred, vpon the malencoly
Which is drye, colde, and also earthly
In whiche the golde, is truely nutrified
Farre from the ayre, so clearely purified

Thus couetise, shall nothing surmount
Your yong ladies hart, but onely nature
Shall in her minde, make her to account
The great losse of youthe, her speciall treasure
She knoweth she is, a right faire creature
No doubt it is, but yet priuely among
So hye is nature, with his workes strong.

That she of force, the mans company
Must well couet, for she may not resist
Dame Nature's worke, whiche is so secretely
Thoughe she be maide, let her saye what she list
She woulde haue man, thoughe no man it wist
To make her ioye, when nature doth agre
Her thought is her's, it is vnto her free.

Who spareth to speake, he spareth to spede
I shall prouide, for you conuenient
A gentle time, for to attaine your mede
That you shall go, to your lady excellent
And right before, take good aduisement
Of all the matter, that ye will her shewe
Upon good reason, and in wordes fewe

Thus past we time, in communication
The after none, with many a sentment
And what for loue, was best conclusion
We demed oft, and gaue a iudgement
Till that in the euen, was refulgent
Fayre golden Mercury, with his beames bryght
About the ayre, castyng his pured light

Then to a chamber, swete and precious
Councell me ledde, for to take my rest
The night was wete, and also tenebrous
But I my selfe, with sorowe opprest
Did often muse, what was for me best
Unto my fayre lady, for to tel or saye
And all my dreade was, for feare of a nay.

Thoughe that my bedde, was easy and softe
Yet did I tomble, I might not lye still
On euery side, I turned me full oft
Upon the loue, I had so set my will
Longyng right sore, my minde to fulfyll
I called Councell, and prayed him to wake
To geue me councell, what were best to take

Ha ha quod he, loue dothe you so pricke
That yet your hart, will nothing be eased
But euermore, be feble and sicke
Till that your lady, hath it well pleased
Thoughe ye thinke long, yet ye shal be pleased
I woulde quod I, that it were as ye saye
Fy fye quod he, driue suche dispayre away

And liue in hope, whiche shall do you good
Joye cometh after, when the payne is past
Be ye pacient, and sober in mode
To wepe and waile, all is for you in waste
Was neuer payne, but it had ioye at last
In the fayre morowe: rise and make you ready
At nine at the clocke, the time is necessarye

For vs to walke, vnto your lady gent
The bodies aboue, be them well domified
To helpe vs forwarde, without impediment
Loke what ye saye, loke it be derified
From perfect reason, well exemplified
Forsake her not, though that she saye nay
A woman's guise, is euermore to delay.

No castell can be, of so great a strength
If that there be, a sure siege to it layed
It must yelde up, or els be wonne at length
Thoughe that tofore, it hath bene long delayed
So continuaunce, may you right well ayde
Some woman's harte, can not so harded be
But busy labour, may make it agree

Laboure and diligence, is full marueylous
Whiche bryngeth a louer, to his promocion
Nothinge to loue, is more desierous
Then instaunt laboure, and delectation
The harded harte, it geueth occasion
For to consider, howe that her seruaunt
To attayne her loue, is so attendaunt.

Thus all in cõmunyng, we the night did passe
Tyll in the ayre, with clowes fayre and redde
Rysen was Phebus, shinyng in the glasse
In the chamber, his golden rayes were spredde
And Dirane, declinyng, pale as any leade
When the little byrdes, swetely did syng
With tunes musicall, in the faire mornyng

OF THE DOLOROUS AND LOWLY DISPUTATION, BETWENE LA BELL PUCELL, AND GRAUNDE AMOURE. CAPIT. XVIII.

Councell and I, then rose full quickely
And made vs ready, on our way to walke
In your clenly wede, appareled properly
What I woulde saie, I did unto him talke
Tyll on his boke, he began to calke
Howe the sunne, entred was in Geminy
And eke Dyane, full of mutabilitie

Entred the Crabbe, hir propre mancion
Then ryght amiddes, of the Dragon's Head
And Venus and she, made conjunction
From her combust way, she had her so sped
She had no let, that was to be dredde
The assured ayre, was depaynted cleare
With golden beames, of fayre Phebus speare

Then forth so went, good Councell and I
At. vi. at clocke, vnto a garden fayre
By Musike's tower, walled most goodly
Where La bell Pucell vsed to repayre
In the swete mornyng, for to take the ayre
Among the flowers, of aromatyke fume
The misty ayre, to exile and consume

And at the gate, we met the portresse
That was right gentle, and called Curtesye
Whiche salued vs, with wordes of mekenes
And asked vs, the very cause and why
Of our commyng, to the garden sothell
Truely saied we, for nothing but well
A little to speake, with La bell Pucell.

Truely quod she, in the garden grene
Of many a swete, and sundry floure
She maketh a garlande, that is verye shene
With trueloues wrought, with many a coloure
Replete with swetenes, and dulcet odoure
And all alone, withouten company
Amiddes an harber, she sitteth pleasauntly

Nowe stande you styll, for a little space
I will let her, of you haue knowledgyng
And right anone, she wente to her grace
Tellyng her then, howe we were commyng
To speake with her, greatly desirynge
Truely she saied, I am ryght well content
Of their commyng, to knowe the whole entent

Then good Curtesy, without tariyng
Came vnto vs with all her diligence
Praiyng vs to take our entrynge
And come vnto, the ladie's presence
To tell your errande, to her excellence
Then in we went, to the garden glorious
Like to a place, of pleasure most solacious

With Flora painted, and wrought curiously
In diuers knottes, of marueylous greatnes
Rampande lyons, stode vp wondersly
Made all of herbes, with dulcet swetenes
With many dragons, of marueylous likenes
Of diuers floures, made full craftely
By Flora couloured, with colours sundrye

Amiddes the garden, so muche delectable
There was an harber, fayre and quadrant
To paradise, right wel comparable
Set all about, with floures fragrant
And in the middle, there was resplendishaunt
A dulcet spring, and marueylous fountaine
Of golde and asure, made all certaine

In wonderfull, and curious similitude
There stode a dragon, of fine golde so pure
Upon his tayle, of mighty fortitude
Wrethed and skaled, all wyth asure
Hauyng thre heades, diuers in figure
Whiche in a bathe, of the siluer great
Spouted the water, that was so dulcet.

Beside whiche fountaine, the most fayre lady
La bell Pucell, was gayly sittyng
Of many floures, fayre and royally
A goodly chaplet, she was in makynge
Her heere was downe, so clearely shinyng
Like to the golde, late purified with fire
Her heere was bryght, as the drawen wyre

Like to a ladye, for to be right true
She ware a fayre, and goodly garment
Of most fine veluet, all of Indy blewe
With armines powdred, bordered at the vent
On her fayre handes, as was conuenient
A payre of gloues, right slender, and soft
In approchyng nere, I did beholde her oft.

And when that I came, before her presence
Unto the grounde, I did knele adowne
Saiyng O ladye, most fayre of excellence
O starre so clere, of vertuous renowne
Whose beauty fayre, in euery realme and towne
Indued with grace, and also goodnes
Dame Fame the her selfe, dothe euermore expresse

AMOURE.

Please it your grace, for to geue audience
Unto my wofull, and piteous complainte
Howe feruent loue, wythout resistence
My carefull hart, hath made lowe and faynt
And you therof, are the whole constraynt
Your beauty truely, hath me fettred fast
Without your helpe, my life is neare hand past.

PUCELL.

Stande by quod she, I maruell of this cace
What sodayne loue, hath you so arayed
With so great payne, your hart to embrace
And why for me, ye shoulde be so dismayed
As of your life, ye nede not be afrayed

For ye of me nowe, haue no great awe
But when ye list, ye may your loue with drawe

AMOURE.

Then stode I vp, and right so did she
Alas I saied then, my hart is so set
That it is your's, it may none other be
Your selfe hath caught it, in so sure a nette
That if that I may not, your fauour get
No doubt it is, the great paine of loue
May not asswage, till death it remoue.

PUCELL.

Truely quod she, I am obedient
Unto my frendes, whiche do me so gyde
They shall me rule, as is conuenient
In the snare of loue, I will nothing slide
My chaunce or fortune, I will yet abide
I thanke you, for your loue right humblye
But I your cause, can nothing remedy.

AMOURE.

Alas madame, if I haue enterprised
A thing to hye, truely for my degree
All those causes, whiche I haue commised
Hath bene on Fortune's, gentle vnitie
Trustyng truely, that she woulde fauour me
In this case, wherfore nowe excuse
Your humble seruaunt, and not me refuse

PUCELL.

Ha ha, what vayleth all your flattery
Your fayned wordes, shal not me appose
To make mine hart, to encline inwardly
For I my selfe nowe, do nothing suppose
But for to proue me, you flatter and glose
You shal not dye, as long as you speake
There is no loue, can cause your hart to breake

AMOURE.

I woulde madame, you had prorogatiue
To knowe the priuitie, of my perfect mynde
Howe all in payne, I leade a wofull liue
Then as I trowe, ye woulde not be vnkinde
But that some grace, I might in you finde
To cause mine hart, whiche you fettred sure
With brennyng chaynes, suche wo to endure

PUCELL.

By very reason, I may geue iudgement
That it is the guise, of you euerychone
To faine you sicke, by subtill argument
When to your lady, you list to make youre mone
But of you true, there is few or none
For all your payne, and wordes eloquente
With dame Repentaunce, I will not be shent

AMOURE.

O swete madame, nowe all my destiny
Unhap and happy, vpon you dothe knowe
If that you call me, vnto your mercy
Of all happy, the most happy I trowe
Then shall I be, of hye degree or lowe
And if ye list, so me then to forsake
Of all vnhappy, none shal be my make.

PUCELL.

Your fortune on me, is not more applied
Then vpon other, for my minde is free
I haue your purpose, oft inoughe denied
You knowe your aunswere, nowe certaintie
What nede your wordes, of curiositie
Woe here no more, for you shall not spede
Go loue an other, where ye may haue mede.

AMOURE.

That shall I not, thoughe that I continue
All my life in payne and heauines
I shall not chaunge you, for none other new
You are my lady, you are my mistris
Whom I shall serue, with all my gentlenes
Exyle him neuer, from your hart so deare
Whiche vnto his, hath set you most neare

PUCELL.

The minde of men, chaungeth as the mone
If you mete one, whiche is fayre and bright
Ye loue her best, till ye se right sone
An other fayrer, vnto your owne sight
Unto her then, your mind is turned ryght
Truely your loue, though ye make it straunge,
I know full well, ye will it often chaunge.

AMOURE.

Alas madame, nowe the bright lodes starre
Of my true hart, whereeuer I go or ride
Though that my bodye, be from you afarre,
Yet my hart onely, shall with you abide
When then you list, ye may for me prouide
A remedy swete lady, of my harte
It is your owne, it can nothing astart

PUCELL.

Nay truely, it can nothing be mine
For I therof, take no possession
Your hart is your's, by substanciall line,
It is not in my domination,
Loue where ye list, at euery season
Your hart is free, I do not it accept
It is your owne, I haue it neuer kept.

AMOURE.

Alas madame, ye may say what you list
With your beauty, ye take mine hart in snare
Your louely lokes I coulde not resist
Your vertuous maner, encreaseth my care
That of all ioye, I am deuoyde and bare
I se you right often, when I am a slepe
And when I wake, do sigh with teares depe

PUCELL.

So great deceite, among men there is
That harde it is, to finde one full stable
Ye are so subtill, and so false iwys
Your great deceite, is nothing commendable
In stories olde, it is well probable
Howe many ladies, hath bene right falsely
With men deceyued, yll and subtilly

AMOURE.

O good madame, thoughe that they abused
Them to their ladies, in their great deceipt
Yet am I true, let me not be refused
Ye haue me taken, with so faire a baite
That ye shall neuer, out of my conceite
I can not wrinche, by no wile nor croke
My hart is fast, vpon so sure a hoke

PUCELL.

Ye so saied they, til that they had their will
Their will accomplished, they did fle at large
For men say well, but they thinke ful yll
Though outward swetenes, your tōg doth enlarge
Yet of your hart, I neuer can haue charge
For men do loue, as I am right sure
Nowe one, nowe an other, after their pleasure

AMOURE.

All that madame, I knowe right perfectly
Some men there be, of that condicion
That them delite, often in nouelry,
And many also, loue perfection
I cast all suche nouels, in abiection
My loue is set, vpon a perfite grounde
No falshede in me, truely shalbe founde.

PUCELL.

Ye say full wel, if ye meane the same
But I in you can haue no confidence
I thinke right well, that it is no game
To loue vnloued, with percing influence
You shall in me finde, no suche negligence
To grant you loue, for ye are vnthrifty
As two or thre, to me dothe specifie.

AMOURE.

Was neuer louer, without enemies thre
As enuy, malice, and perturbaunce
Their tongues are poyson, vnto amitie
What man on liue, can vse suche gouernaunce
To attaine fauoure, withouten variaunce
Of euery person, but right priuely
Behinde his backe, some saieth vnhappilye.

PUCELL.

Trouthe it is, but yet in this case
Your loue and mine, is full farre a sunder
But thoughe that I do, your hart so race
If I dreade you, it is therof no wonder
With my frendes, I am so sore kept vnder
I dare not loue, but as they accorde
They thinke to wedde me, to a mighty lorde

AMOURE.

I knowe madame, that your frendes all
Unto me, sure will be contrarious
But what for that, your selfe in speciall
Remember there is, no loue so ioyous
As is your owne, to you most precious
Will you geue your youthe, and your flouryng age
To them, against your minde in mariage

PUCELL.

Against my minde, of that were I lothe
To wedde for feare, as them to obey
Yet had I rather, they were somewhat wrothe
For I my selfe, do beare the locke and keye
Yet of my minde, and will do many a daye
Mine owne I am, what that I list to do
I stand vntied, there is no ioye therto.

AMOURE.

O swete lady, the good perfect starre
Of my true hart, take ye nowe pitie
Thinke on my paine, whiche am tofore you here
With your swete eyes, beholde you and se
Howe thought and wo, by great extremitie
Hath chaunged my hue, into pale and wanne
It was not so, when I to loue began.

PUCELL.

So me thinke, it dothe right well appeare
By your coloure, that loue hath done you wo
Your heuy countenaunce, and your doleful cheare
Hath loue suche might, for to aray you so
In so short a space, I maruell muche also
That ye woulde loue me, so sure in certayne
Before ye knew, that I woulde loue agayne

AMOURE.

My good deare hart, it is no maruaile why
Your beauty cleare, and louely lokes swete
My hart did perce, with loue so sodainely
At the firste time, that I did you mete
In the olde temple, when I did you grete
Your beauty my hart, so surely assayed
That sithe that time, it hath to you obeyed.

CAPITU. XIX.

PUCELL.

Your wo and paine, and all your languishyng
Continually, ye shall not spende in vayne
Sithē I am cause, of your great morning
Nothinge exile you, shall I by disdaine
Your hart and mine, shall neuer part in twaine
Thoughe at the first, I woulde not condescende
It was for feare, ye did some yll entende

AMOURE.

With thought of yll, my minde was neuer mixt
To you madame, but alway cleane and pure
Bothe daye and nyght, vpon you whole perfixt
But I my minde, yet durst nothing discure
Howe for your sake, I did suche wo endure
Till nowe this houre with dredfull hart so faint
To you swete hart, I haue made my complaint

PUCELL.

I demed oft, you loued me before
By your demenoure, I did it espye
And in my minde, I iudged euermore
That at the last, ye woulde full secretely
Tell me your minde, of loue right gentlely
As ye haue done, so my mercy to craue
In all worship, you shall my true loue haue

AMOURE.

O Lorde God then, howe joyfull was I
She loked on me, with louely countenaunce
I kiste her once or twise, right swetely
Her depured vysage, repleate with pleasaunce
Rejoyced my hart, with amerous purueyaunce
O lady cleare, that perst me at the rote
O floure of comfort, all my heale and bote

O gemme of vertue, and lady excellent
Aboue all other, in beauteous goodlines
O eyen bright as starre refulgent
O profounde cause, of all my sickenes
Nowe all my joye, and all my gladnes
Woulde God that we were, joyned in one
In mariage before, this daye were gone

PUCELL.

A, a, saied she, ye must take payne a while
I must depart, by the compulcion
Of my frendes, I will not you begile
Thoughe they me leade, to a farre nacion
My hart shalbe, without variacion
With you present, in perfite sikernes
As true and stable, without doublenes

To me to come, is harde and daungerous
When I am there, for gyantes vgly
With monsters also, blacke and tedious
That by the way, awaite full cruelly
For to destroye you, yll and vtterly
When you that waye, do take the passage
To attaine my loue, by hye aduauntage.

AMOURE.

All that madame, was to me certified
By good dame Fame, at the beginnyng
When she to me, of you well notified
As she came from, the tower of Learnyng
Of all suche enemies, the might excluding
I promise vnto you, here full faithfully
When I depart, from dame Astronomy

That I will to, the tower of Chiualry
And for your sake, become aduenturous
To subdue all enemies, to me contrary
That I may after, be right joyous
With you my lady, most swete and precious
Wo worthe the cause, of your departynge
Whiche all my sorowes, is in renuyng.

Alas what pleasure, and eke without disport
Shall I now haue, when that ye be gone
Ha ha truely, nowe without good comfort
My dolorous hart, shalbe left alone
Without your presence, to me is none
For euery houre, I shall thinke a yere
Till Fortune bryng me, vnto you more neare

Yet after you, I will not be right long
But haste me after, as fast as I may
In the tower of Chiualry, I shall make me strong
And after that, passe shortly on my way
With diligent labour, on my iourney
Spite of your enemies, I shall me so spede
That in short time, ye may reward my mede

I thanke you quod she, with my hart entire
But yet with me, ye shall make couenaunte
As I to you, am right lefe and deare
Unto no person, ye shall so aduante
That I to loue you, am so attendaunt
For any thing, your councell not bewraye
For that full sone, might vs bothe betray

And to tell me, I pray you hartely
Yonder is Councell, howe were you acquainted
He is bothe honest and true certainely
Dothe he not knowe, how your hart is fainted
With feruent loue, so surely attainted
If he so do, yet I nothing repent
He is so secrete, and true of entent

Truely madame, because ye are contente
I shall you tell, howe the matter was
When that your beauty, clearely spendent
Into my hart, full wondersly did passe
Like as fayre Phebus, dothe shine in the glasse
All alone, with inwarde care so rent
Into a temple, forthe on my way I wente

Where that I walked, plunged in the pitte
Of great dispayre, and he then me mette
Alas he saied, me thinke ye lose your witte
Tell me the trouthe nowe, without any let
Why ye demeane, suche mortall sorowe great
Auoyde quod I, you shall nothing it knowe
You can not helpe me, in the case I trowe.

But he suche reason, and fruitefull sentence
Did for him laye, that I tolde him all
When he it knewe, with all his diligence
He did me comfort, then in speciall
Unto my minde, he bade me to call
Who spareth to speake, he to spede dothe spare
Go tell your lady, the cause of your care

By whose councell, grounded in wisdome
To the entent, I shoulde spede the better
And right shortly, I did then to you come
But dreade alway, made my sorow greater
After great paine, the ioyes is the sweter
For who that tasteth, painefull bitternes
The ioye to him, is double swetenes

And therwithall, I did vnto her bryng
Councell my frende, and full right make
Did him receiue, as he was comming
And of all thinges, she did him beseke
After her parting, the same weke
To haste me forwarde, to my iourneyes ende
Thereto quod I, I do well condescende

Fare well quod she, I may no lenger tarye
My frendes will come, of that were I lothe
I shall retaine you, in my memory
And thei it knewe, they woulde with me be wroth
To loue you best, I promise you my trouth
And then mine eyen, great sorowe shewed
With teares salte, my chekes were endued

Her eyes graye, began to loke right redde
Her gaye white coloure, began for to pale
Upon her chekes, so the droppes were spredde
Whiche from her eyen, began to aduale
From her swete hart, she did the sighes hale
Neuer before, as I trowe and wene
Was such departing, true louers betwene

We wiped our chekes, our sorowes to cloke
Outwardly fayning vs, to be gladde and mery
That the people should, not perceiue the smoke
Of our hote fire, to light the emispery
Thoughe inwardly, with a stormy pery
The fire was blowen, yet wee did it couer
Because abroade, it shoulde nothing perceuer

Out of the garden, to an hauen side
Forthe we went, where was a shippe ryght large
That taried there, after the flowyng tide
And so then did there, many a boat and barge
The shippe was great, fiue. C. tunne to charge
La bell Pucell, right anone me tolde
In yonder shippe, whiche that ye beholde

Forthe must I sayle, without lenger delay
It is full sea, my frendes will come sone
Therfore I pray you, to go hence your way
It draweth fast nowe, towarde the none
Madame quod I, your pleasure shal be done
With wofull hart, and great sighes oft
I kissed her lippes, that were swete and soft

She vnto me, nor I vnto her coulde speake
And as of that, it was no great wonder
Our hartes swelled, as that they shoulde breake
The fire of loue, was so sore kept vnder
When I from her, shoulde departe asunder
With her fayre heade, she did lowe encline
And in likewise, so did I with myne

OF THE GREATE SOROWE THAT GRAUNDE AMOURE MADE AFTER HER DEPARTYNG, AND OF THE WORDES OF COUNCELL. CAPITU. XX.

Her frendes and she, on their way they sayled
Along the hauen, God them saue and brynge
Unto the land, I heard whē that they haled
With a great peale of gunnes, at their departyng
The marueylouse tower, of famous cunnyng
No gunne was shotte, but my hart did wepe
For her departyng, with wofull teares depe

Councell me comforted, as euer he might
With many stories, of olde antiquitie
Remember he saied, that neuer yet was wight
That liued alway, in great tranquilitie
But that him happed, some aduersitie
Then after that, when the payne was past
The double ioye, did comfort them at last.

Ye nede nothing, for to make great doloure
Fortune to you, hath bene right fauourable
Makyng you, to attayne the good fauour
Of your lady, so swete and amiable
No doubt it is, she is true and stable
And demeane you so, that in no wise
No man perceiue, or of your loue surmise.

Be hardy, fearce, and also couragious
In all your battailes, without feblenes
For ye shall be, right well victorious
Of all your enemies, so full of subtilnes
Arme yow with wisdome, for more surenes
Let wisdome worke, for she can stedfastlye
In time of nede, resist the contrary

Was neuer man, yet surely at debate
With Sapience, but that he did repent
Who that is ruled, by her highe estate
Of his after witte, shall neuer be shent
She is to man, right beneuolent
With walles sure, she dothe him fortifie
When it is nede, to resist a contrary.

Was neuer place, where as she did guide
With enemies, brought to destruction
A remedy, she can so well prouide
To her high worke, is no comparison
It hath so strong, and sure foundation
Nothing there is, that can it molifye
So sure it is, agaynst a contrarye

Of her alwayes, it is the perfect guise
To begyn nothing, of mutabilitie
As is the warre, whiche may sone aryse
And will not downe, it maye so sturdy be
The beginner oft, hath the iniquitie
When he began, wisdome did reply
In his great nede, to resist the contrary

The mighty Pryant, sometime king of Troye
With all his citye, so well fortified
Little regarded, all his wealth and ioye
Without wisdome, truely exemplified
His proper death, him selfe he nutrified
Agaynst his warre, wisdome did replye
At his great nede, to resist the contrary

And where that wisdome, ruleth hardines
Hardines then is, euer inuincible
There may nothing it vanquishe or oppresse
For prudence is, so well intelligible
To her there is, nothing impossible
Her grounded worke, is made so perfitely
That it must nedes, resist the contrary

To wofull creatures, she is goodly leche
With her good sister, called Pacience
To the tower of Ioye, she dothe them tell weche
In the way of hope, without resistence
Who to her list, to apply his diligence
She will him bringe, to worship shortelye
That he shall well, resist the contrary.

Right so let wisdome, your sorowe surrender
And hye you fast, vnto dame Geometry
And let no thought, in your hart engender
But after this, speake to Astronomy
And so from thence, to the tower of Chiualry
Where of the worthy king Melyzyus
You shalbe made, sone knight aduenturous

And fare you well, for I must from you go
To other louers, whiche are in dispaire
As I did you, to comfort them also
It is grete nede, that I to them repayre
Haboundaunt teares, their hartes do refleire
Fare well quod I, my good frende so true
I woulde with me, ye might alway ensue

Then agayne I went, to the tower melodious
Of good dame Musike, my leaue for to take
And priuely, with these wordes dolorous
I saied O tower, thou maiest wel aslake
Suche melody nowe, in the more to make
The gemme is gone, of all famous port
That was chefe cause, of the great comfort

Whilome thou was, the faire tower of light
But nowe thou art, replete with darkenes
She is nowe gone, that shone in the so bright
Thou wast sometime, the tower of gladnes
Nowe maist thou be, the tower of heauines
For the chefe is gone, of all thy melody
Whose beauty cleare, made most swete armony

The faire carbuncle, so full of clearenes
That in the truely, did most purely shine
The pearle of pitie, replete with swetenes
The gentle gilloflour, the goodly columbine
The redolent plante, of the dulcet vyne
The dede aromatike, may no more encense
For she is so farre, out of thy presence.

A a truely, in the time so past
Mine errande was, the often for to se
Nowe for to enter, I may be agast
When thou art hence, the starre of beauty
For all my delite, was to beholde the
A tower tower, all my ioye is gone
In the to enter, comfort is there none

So then inwardly, my selfe bewaylyng
In the tower I went, into the habitacle
Of dame Musike, where she was singyng
The ballades swete, in her fayre tabernacle
Alas thought I, this is no spectacle
To fede mine eyen, whiche are nowe all blynde
She is not here, that I was wont to finde.

Then of dame Musike, with all lowlines
I did take my leaue, withouten tariyng
She thanked me, with all her mekenes
And all alone, forthe I went musyng
A a quod I, my loue and likyng
Is nowe farre hence, on whom my whole delite
Daiely was set, vpon her to haue sight

Farewell swete harte, farewell, farewel, farewel
Adieu, adieu, I woulde I were you by
God geue me grace, with you sone to dwell
Like as I did, for to se you dayly
Your lowly cheare, and gentle company
Reioysed my hart, with fode most delicate
Mine eyen to se you, were insaciate

Nowe good swete hart, my lady and mistrys
I recommende me, vnto your pitie
Besechyng you, with all my gentilnes
Yet other while, to thinke vpon me
What payne I suffer, by great extremitie
And to pardon me, of my rude writyng
For with wofull hart, was mine endityng.

CAPITU. XXI.

So forthe I went, vpon a craggy roche
Unto the tower most wōderfully wrought
Of Geometrye, and as I did approche
The altitude, all in my mynde I sought
Sixe hundred fote, as I by number thought
Quadrant it was, and did heue and sette
At euery storme, when the winde was great

Thus at the last, I came into an hall
Hanged with arras, ryche and precious
And euery windowe, glased with cristall
Like a place of pleasure, muche solacious
With knottes sexangled, gaye and glorious
The roufe did hange, right high and pleasantly
By Geometry made, right well and craftlye

In this marueylous hall, replete with riches
At the hye ende, she sate full worthely
I came anone, vnto her great nobles
And kneled adowne, before her mekely
Madame I saied, ye worke full royally
I beseche you, with all my diligence
To instruct me, in your wonderfull science.

My science, saied she, it is most profitable
Unto astronomy, for I do it measure
In euery thing, as it is probable
For I my selfe, can right well discure
Of euery starre, whiche is sene in vre
The marueylous greatnes, by me measuryng
For God made all, at the beginnyng.

By good measuryng, both the height and depenes
Of euery thing, as I vnderstande
The length and breadth, with all the greatnes
Of the firmament, so passyng the lande
And who my cunnyng, list to take in hande
In his emispery, of hye or lowe degre
Nothing there is, but it may measure be.

Thoughe that it be, from vs hye and farre
If any thing fall, we may it truly se
As the sunne or mone, or any other starre
We may therof, knowe well the quantitie
Who of this science, dothe knowe the certentie
All maistries might, measure perfitely
For Geometrye, dothe shewe it openlye

Where that is measure, there is no lackyng
Where that is measure, whole is the body
Where that is measure, good is the liuyng
Where that is measure, wisdome is truely
Where that is measure, worke is dyrectly
Where that is measure, nature's workynge
Nature encreaseth, by right good knowledgynge.

Where lacketh measure, there is no plentie
Where lacketh measure, sicke is the courage
Where lacketh measure, there is iniquitie
Where lacketh measure, there is great outrage
Where lacketh measure, is none aduauntage
Where lacketh measure, there is great glottony
Where lacketh measure, is most vnhappy

For there is no hye, nor great estate
Withouten measure, can kepe his dignitie
It doth preserue him, bothe early and late
Kepyng him from, the pitte of pouertie
Measure is moderate, to all bountie
Greatly nedefull, for to take the charge
Man for to rule, that he go not at large

Who loueth measure, can not do amisse
So perfitely is, the highe operation
Among all thinges, so wonderfull it is
That it is full, of all delectation
And to vertue, hath inclination
Measure also, dothe well exemplifie
The hasty dome, to swage and modefye.

Without measure, wo worthe the iudgement
Without measure, wo worthe the temperaunce
Without measure, wo worthe the punishment
Without measure, wo worthe purueyance
Without measure, wo worthe the sustenaunce
Without measure, wo worthe the sadnesse
And without measure, wo worthe the gladnes

Measure measuryng, measuratly taketh
Measure measuryng, measuratly dothe all
Measure measuryng, measuratly maketh
Measure measuryng, measuratlye guide shall
Measure measuryng, mesuratly dothe call
Measure measuryng, to right hye preeminence
For alway measure, is grounde of excellence

Measure measureth, measure in effect
Measure measureth, euery quantitie
Measure measureth, alway the aspecte
Measure measureth, in certaintie
Measure measureth, in the stabilitie
Measure measureth, in euery doubtfull case
And measure is the lodestarre of all grace.

Affect of measure, is long continuaunce
Quantitie without measure is nought
Aspect of measure, deuoydeth repentaunce
Certayne woulde weye, all thinges thought
Stabilitie, vpon a perfect grounde is wrought
Case doubtfull may, yet a while abide
Grace may in space, a remedy prouide

Countenaunce causeth, the promocion
Nought auayleth seruice, without attendaunce
Repentaunce is after all abusion
Thought afore, woulde haue had perceueraunce
Wrought howe should be, by dede the mischaunce
Abide nothing, till thou do the dede
Prouide in minde, how thou maist haue mede.

Promocion groweth, after good gouernaunce
Attendaunce dothe, attayne good fauoure
Abusion is causer, of all variaunce
Perceueraunce causeth the great honoure
Mischaunce alway, is rote of doloure
Dede done, can not be called agayne
Mede well rewarded, bothe with ioye and payne.

Then I toke my leaue, and went from Geometrye
Towarde Astronomy, as fast as I myght
For all my minde, was set right inwardly
Upon my lady, that was fayre and bryght
My hart with her, was bothe day and nyght
She had it locked, with a locke so sure
It was her owne, she had therof toe cure.

CAPITU. XXII.

Then forthe I went, into a medowe grene
With Flora painted, in many a sundry colour
Like a gay goddesse, of all flours the quene
She encensed out, her aromatike odoure
The brethe of Zepherus, encreased the floure
Amyddes the medowe fayre, resplendishant
Was a pauilion, ryght hye and quadrant.

Of grene sarcenet, bordred with golde
Wherin did hange, a fayre astrology
Whiche oft Astronomy, did full well beholde
Unto whom then, I came full shortly
And kneled adowne, before her mekely
Besechyng her, of her great gentlenes
Of her science, to shewe the perfectnes.

My science, sayed she, it is right reasonable
And is the last, of the sciences seuen
Unto man, it is also ryght profitable
Shewyng the course, aboue of the heauen
Ryght marueylous, for any man to neuen
Who knewe astronomy, at euery maner season
Myght set in order, euery thing by reason.

Also the other. vi. sciences liberall
By astronomy, principally were founde
And one were loste, they were vanished all
Eche vpon other, hath so sure a grounde
In all the worlde, that is so wide and rounde
Is none so wise, that can them multiply
Nor knowe them all, right well and surely.

The high astronomer, that is God omnipotent
That the first day, deuided all the light
From the darkenes, with his will prepotent
And the second day, with his excellent might
The waters aboue, he did deuide a ryght
From the earthly waters, whiche are inferial
The thirde day, herbes and fruites in special

In earth he planted, for to haue their life
By diuers vertues, and sundry growyng
So to continue, and be vegitatife
And the fourthe day, he set in workyng
The bodies aboue, to haue their mouyng
In the. xii. signes, them selues to domifye
Some rethrogarde, and some directly

The fift daye, he did fishes make
In the sea, the great stormy flowde
To and fro, their courses for to take
And in the water, for to haue their fode
Like to the same, colde alway their bloude
The sixt daye, beastes with fowles sensatiue
And man also, with soule intellectyue.

The seuenth day, he rested of his worke
Nothing constrayned, as of werines
As writeth many a right famous clarke
But that he had, accomplished doubtles
His purposed purpose by infinite prowes
As to vs dothe most plainely discure
The perfect grounde, of holy scripture

Thus God him selfe, is chefe astronomer
That made all thing, accordyng to his will
The sunne, the mone, and euery little starre
To a good entent, and for no maner of yll
Withouten vayne, he did all thing fulfyll
As astronomy, dothe make apparaunce
By reason he weyed, all thinges in balaunce

CAPITULO. XXIII.

And for as muche, that he made Nature
First of all, to haue domination
The power of her, I shall anone discure
Howe that she taketh, her operation
And where vpon is her foundation
I simple and rude, opprest with negligence
Shall discriue the might, of her preeminence

For thoughe that aungell be inuincible
In palpable, and also celestiall
Without substaunce, as incencible
Yet haue they nature, whiche is angelicall
For Nature, naturyng, naturate made all
Heauen and earth, and the bodies aboue
By course of nature, for to worke and moue.

On man or beast, without any misse
She worketh directly, after the aspect
Of the matter, be it more or lesse I wisse
And dothe therof, the whole forme direct
After the qualitie, it dothe take effect

If there be more, then may one suffise
I by member, she will then more deuise.

As that in vre, ye may it dayly se
Upon one hande, some hath thombes twayne
And other also, sometime armes thre
The superfluitie, is cause therof certayne
Whiche that dame Nature, dothe constrayne
So for to do, for she leseth nought
Of the matter, but hath it wholy wrought.

And in likewise, where is not sufficient
Of the matter, for the whole formation
There lacketh a member, by great impediment
So that there can be, no perfite fashion
As may be iudged, by perfite reason.
After the qualitie, of the matter lackyng
So lacketh they, of Nature's formyng.

Some lacketh a legge, some an arme also
Some a finger, and some more or lesse
All these causes, with many other mo
Nature worketh, so directly doubtles
Upon the matter, as I do expresse
After the qualitie, in many a sundry wise
The kinde of her, we ought nothing despise.

Some be fayre, and replete with grace
Some be fayre, and yet right vnhappy,
Some be foule, and can sone purchase
Landes and possessions, to them shortly
Some be fooles, and some be right wittye
Whereupon I shal shewe a difference,
Of the v. wittes, by good experience.

CAPIT. XXIIII.

The eyen, the eares, and also the nose
The mouth and hands, inward wits are none
But outward offices, as ye may suppose
To the inward wittes, whiche do iudge alone
For vnto them, all thinges haue gone
By these outward gates, to haue the knowledging
By the inwarde wittes, to haue decernyng

These are the fiue wittes, remouyng inwardly
First commen witte, and then ymagination
Fantasy, and estimation truely
And memory, as I make narration
Eche vpon other, hath occupation
First the commen witte, vnto the front applied
Dothe thinke, decerne, it may not be denied

Of the eyen, the office onely is the syght
To se the fayre, the lowe, or altitude
The white or blacke, the heauy, or the light
The litle or great, the weake or fortitude
The vgly fauoure, or yet the pulcritude
This is the vse, of the eyen enteare
To se al thinges, whiche may well appeare.

But of them selues, they can decerne nothing
One from an other, but the commen witte
Decerneth coloures, by spirituall cunnyng
To the fiue inwarde wittes, it is so well knitte
Nothing is sene, but it dothe iudge it
It dothe decerne, the good from badnes
The hye, the lowe, the foule, the fairenes

The nose also, euery ayre dothe smell
But yet it hath, nothing auctoritie
If it be swete, for to iudge and tell
But the commen witte, dothe it in certainetie
Decernyng fauours, in euery degre
Knowyng the swete ayre, from the stinkyng
When that the nose, therof hath smellyng

The eares also, ryght well geue audience
Unto a tale, hearyng it right perfectly
But they can not, discerne the sentence
To knowe wherupon it dothe so ratifie
Upon great wisdome, or els vpon foly
Thus whether the tale, be ryght good or badde
By the commen witte, the knowledge is had

Foly hath eares, as well as Sapience
But he can not determine, by his hearyng
What tale it is, for lacke of intelligence
For the commen witte, is all vnderstandyng
And that he lacketh, to geue him knowyng
Wherfore the eares, are but an intresse
To the cõmen witte, that sheweth the perfectnes

The mouthe tasteth, bothe swete and bitternes
But the commen witte, decerneth properly
If it be soure, or replete with swetenes
Nor yet the handes, fele nothing certainely
But the commen witte, decerneth subtilly
Whether it be harde, moist, or of drynes
Hote, heauy, soft, or yet colde doubtles

Thus commen witte, worketh wondersly
Upon the v. gates, whiche are receptatyue
Of euery thing, for to take inwardely
By the commen witte, to be affirmatyue
Or by decernyng, to be negatyue
The commen witte, the first of wittes all
Is to decerne, all thinges in generall

And then secondly, ymagination
When the commen witte, hath the thing elect
It worketh by all, due inclinacion
For to bryng the matter, to the whole affect
And fantasy, then hath the whole aspect
The ymagined matter, to bring to finishment
With good desire, and inwarde iudgement

And estimacion, dothe well comprehende
The space, the place, and all the purueyaunce
At what tyme the power, myght entende
To bryng the cause, vnto perfect vtteraunce
Often it weygheth, the cause in balaunce
By estimation, any thing is numbred
By lengthe or shortnes, howe it is accombred

Fiftely the mynde, when the fourth haue wrought
Retayned all, tyll the mynde haue made
An outwarde knowledge, to the matter thought
Because nothing, shall decline and fade
It kepeth the matter, nothinge rethrogarde
But dyrectly, till the mynde haue proued
All suche matters, which the. iiii. haue moued

Plato the cunnyng, and famous clarke
That well experte, was in philosophy
Dothe ryght rehearse, vpon Nature's warke
Howe that she worketh vpon al wondersly
Bothe for to minishe, and to multiplye
In sundry wise, by great direction
After the matter, with all the whole affection

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In my natiue language, I will not expresse
More of her worke, for it is obscure
Who will therof, knowe all the perfectnes
In philosophy, he shall finde it ryght sure
Whiche all the trouth, can to him discure
No man can attayne, perfect cunnyng
But by long study, and diligent learnyng

CAPIT. XXV.

The right hye power, Nature naturyng
Naturate made, the bodyes aboue
In sundry wise, to take their workyng
That aboute the worlde, naturallye do moue
As by good reason, the philosophers proue
That the planets and starres, instrumentes be
To Nature's workyng, in euery degre.

God gaue great vertue, to the planets all
And specially, vnto depured Phebus
To enlumine the worlde, euer in speciall
And then the mone, of her selfe tenebrous
Made light with the beames, gay and glorious
Of the sunne, is fayre resplendishaunt
In the long nyght, with rayes radiaunt

By these twayne, euery thing hath growynge
Bothe vegitatiue, and censatyue also
And also intellectiue, without leasyng
No earthly thyng, may haue life and go
But by the planets, that moue to and fro
When that God set them, in operation
He gaue them vertue, in diuers fashion

Some hote and moyst, and some colde and drye
Some hote and drye, moist and colde
Thus euery one, hath vertues sundrye
As is made mencion, in the bokes olde
They shew their power and worke, many a folde
Man vpon them, hath his disposion
By the naturate power, of constellation

What shoulde I write more, in this matter hye
In my maternall tonge, opprest with ignoraunce
For who that list, to learne astronomye
He shall fynde, all fruitfull pleasaunce
In the Latine tongue, by goodly ordinaunce
Wherfore of it, I will no lenger tarye
For feare from trouth, that I happen to vary

Of dame Astronomy, I did take my licence
For to trauell, to the tower of Chiualry
For all my mynde, with percyng influence
Was set vpon, the most fayre ladye
La bell Pucell, so muche ententiflye
That euery day, I did thinke fiftene
Till I againe, had her swete person sene.

To you expert, in the seuen science
Nowe all my masters, I do me excuse
If I offended, by my great necligence
This little worke, yet do ye not refuse
I am but yonge, it is to me obtuse
Of these matters, to presume to endite
But for my learnyng, that I list to write

Under obedience, and the correction
Of you my masters, expert in cunnyng
I me submit, nowe with whole affection
Unto your perfite vnderstanding
As euermore mekely, to you enclinynge
With diligent laboure, nowe w'out doubtaunce
To detray, or adde, all at your pleasaunce.

HOWE GRAUNDE AMOURE CAME TO THE TOWER OF CHIUALRYE. CAPI. XXVI.

When clene Aurora, w' her goldē beames
Gan to enlumine, the darke clowdy ayre
And cōbust Dyane, her great fiery lemes
Amiddes of the Bull, began to reflayre
Then on my journey, my selfe to repayre
With my verlet, called Attendaunce
Forthe on I rode, by long continuaunce

With my greyhounds, bothe Grace and Gouernaunce
Ouer an hill, and so downe in a valey
Among the thornes, of great encombraunce
The goodly greyhoundes, taught me on my waye
So forthe I passed, my troublous iourney
Till that I came, into a royall playne
With Flora paynted, in many a sundry vayne

With purple colour, the floure enhewed
In diuers knottes, with many one full blewe
The gentle gillofloure, his odoure renued
With sundry herbes, replete with vertue
Among these floures, as I did ensue
Castyng my sight, sodaynely so farre
Ouer a tower, I sawe a flambynge starre

Towarde this tower, as I rode nere and nere
I behelde the rocke, of marueilous altitude
On whiche it stode, that quadrant did appere
Made all of stele, of wonderous fortitude
Gargeylde with beastes, in sundry similitude
And many turrettes, aboue the towers hye
With ymages was set, full marueylously

Towarde this tower, forthe on my way I went
Tyll that I came, to a mighty fortresse
Where I sawe hange, a marueylous instrument
With a shelde and helmet, before the entres
I knewe nothing, thereof the perfectnes
But at auenture, the instrument I toke
And blewe so loude, that all the tower I shoke

When the porter, hearde the hydeous sounde
Of my right lusty, and stormy blast
That made the walles, thereof to redounde
Full like a knight, that was nothing agast
Towarde the gate, he gaue him selfe to haste
And opened it, and asked my name
And fro whence I came, to certifie the same.

My name quod I, is Graunde Amoure
Of late I came, from the tower of Doctrine
Where I attayned, all the high honoure
Of the seuen sciences, me to enlumyne
And from thence, I did determine
Forthe to trauaile, to this tower of Chiualry
Where I haue blowen, this blast so sodainely

When he hearde this, ryght gentilly he said
Unto this tower, ye must resort by right

For to renue, that hath bene longe decayed
The flower of chiualry, with your whole delite
Come on your way, it draweth toward night
And therwithall, he ledde me to his warde
Me to repose, in pleasaunt due safeguarde

After the trauell, my selfe for to ease
I did there rest, then in all goodly wise
And slept right well, without any disease
Tyll on the morowe, the sunne did arise
Then vp I rose, as was my perfect guise
And made me ready, into the courte to go
With my verlet, and my greyhoundes also

The gentle porter, named Stedfastnes
Into the base courte, on my way me brought
Where stode a tower, of marueylous highnes
That all of jasper, full wondersly was wrought
As any man, can printe in his thought
And foure ymages, aboue the tower there were
On horse backe armed, and euery one a speare.

These ymages were made, full curiouslye
With their horses, of the stele so fine
And eche of them, in their places sundry
About were set, that clerely did shine
Like Dyane cleare, in her celestyne
And vnder eche horse, there was full priuelye
A great whele made, by crafty Geometry.

With many cogges, vnto which were tied
Diuers cordes, that in the horses hollowe
To euery ioynte, full wonderslye applied
When the wheles went, the horses did folowe
To trotte and galop, bothe euen and morow
Breakyng their speares, and coulde them discharge
Partyng a sunder, for to turney at large

CAPI. XXVII.

Beside this tower, of olde foundation
There was a temple, strongly edified
To the highe honoure, and reputation
Of the mighty Mars, it was so fortified
And for to knowe, what it signified
I entred in, and sawe of golde so pure
Of worthy Mars, the marueylous picture.

There was depaynted, all about the wall
The great destruction, of the citye of Troy
And the noble actes, to raygne memoriall
Of the worthy Hector, that was all their ioye
His dolorous death, was harde to occoye
And so when Hector, was cast all downe
The hardy Troylus, was most hygh of renowne.

And as I cast my sight so aside
Beholdyng Mars, howe wonderfully he stode
On a whele toppe, with a lady of pryde
Haunced about, I thought nothing but good
But that she had, two faces in one hode
Yet I kneled adowne, and made myne orison
To doubty Mars, with great deuocion

Saiyng, O Mars, O god of the warre
The gentle lodestarre, of an hardy hart
Distyll adowne, thy grace from so farre
To cause all feare, from me to astarte
That in the felde, I may ryght well subuert
The hydeous monsters, and winne the victory
Of the sturdy gyauntes, with famous chyualry

O prynce of honoure, and of worthy fame
O noble knyghtes, of olde antiquitie
O redoubted courage, the causer of their name
Whose worthy actes, Fame caused to be
In bokes written, as ye may well se
So geue me grace, ryght well to recure
The power of Fame, that shall long endure.

I thought me past, all childely ygnoraunce
The. xxi. yere, of my yonge flouryng age
I thought that Venus, myght nothyng auaunce
Her strength agaynst me, with her lusty courage
My witte I thought, had suche aduauntage
That it shoulde rule, bothe Venus and Cupide
But alas for wo, for all my sodayne pride.

When that Phebus entred was, in Geminye
Towarde the Crabbe, takyng ascention
At the time, of the great solemnitie
From heauen above, of God's descention
In a great temple, with whole entencion
As I went walkyng, my selfe to and fro
Full sodaynely, Venus wrought me suche wo

For as I cast then, my syght all aloft
I sawe Venus, in beauty so cleare
Whiche caused Cupide, with his dart so soft
To wounde my hart, with feruent loue so deare
Her louyng countenaunce, so highe did appeare
That it me rauished, with a sodaine thought
Alas for wo, it auayled me right nought

To geue audience, vnto the melody
Of waytes and organs, that were at the feast
Loue had me wounded so sore inwardly
What was to do, I knewe not the best
Replete with sorowe, and deuoyde of rest
Sithen the time, that she my harte so wounded
My ioy and pride, she hath full lowe confounded.

And so nowe, for to attayne her grace
As thou doest knowe, become aduenturous
Besechyng the, in this perillous case
O Mars me succoure, in time tempestious
That I may passe, the passage daungerous
And to thy laude, honoure, and glory
I shall a temple, right strongly edifye

Well then saied Mars, I shall the fortify
In all thy warre, as fast as I can
But for thy payne, I knowe no remedy
For Venus raygned, when that thou began
First for to loue, makyng the pale and wanne.
And of the trouthe, to make relation
Thou was borne vnder, her constellation

Wherfore thou must, of very perfite ryght
Unto her sue, by the disposicion
Whiche the constrayneth, with whole delite
For to loue ladyes, by true affection
Suche is her course, and operation
Wherfore when thou hast learned perfitely
The for to gouerne, by prudent chiualrye.

Then to fulfill, thy right hye enterprise
Forthe on thy way, thou shalt thy iourney take

Unto a temple, in all humble wise
Before dame Venus, thine oblation to make
Whiche all thy paine, maye sone redresse and slake
For at that time, she holdeth a parliment
To redresse louers, of their impediment

Aha quod Fortune, with the faces twayne
Behinde sir Mars, I haue a great maruayle
That thou doest promise him, that he shal attayne
Unto his purpose, with all diligent trauayle
Throughe thine ayde, eke strength and counsayle
Sythence dependeth, in mine ordinaunce
Him to promote, or bryng to mischaunce

My power, estate, and royall dignitie
Dothe turne the whele, of worthely glory
Often vp so downe, by mutabilitie
Haue not I promoted, full noblye
Many a low degre, to raygne full royallye
And often haue made, a transmutation
Of worldely wealthe, into tribulation.

Thus can I make, an alterasion
Of worthely honoure, whiche dothe depende
All onely in my dominacion
Throughe the worlde, my whele dothe extende
As reason dothe, ryght well comprehende
Of my great chaunces, whiche are vnsure
As dayly dothe appere well in vre.

If I shoulde worke, with perfect stedfastnes
As to exalt some, to be honourable
And that they knewe, by perfite sykernes
That it shoulde dure, and not be variable
It were a thing, vnto me culpable
For great orguel pride, shoulde them so blynde
To know them selues, they should lose their mind

Thus when that they, shoulde them selues forget
And in nowise, their owne person knowe
Full little then, they woulde by me sette
That them exalted, to hye degree from lowe
And by my chaunce, coulde nought thē ouerthrow
Thus shoulde they do, and dreade me nothing
Wherfore my whele, is euermore turnyng

And where that I, shoulde turne my face
Castyng s me, in pytte of pouertye
They were condempned, without any grace
As for to attayne, any prosperitie
Whiche were a cause, of greate iniquitie
For riche men's goodes, I must oft translate
Unto the pore, them for to eleuate

And thirdely, I shoulde lose my name
For this worde fortune, is well derified
Of an accident chaunce, bothe good or shame
When that the dede, is so exemplified
Wherfore by reason, I must be duplified
And nothing stable, in my hye warke
As writeth many, a ryght noble clarke

Therfore by reason, I must be mutable
And turne my w[illegible] ryght oft vp so downe
Labourynge in workes, whiche are vnstable
On some to laughe, and on some I must frowne
Thus all about, in euery realme and towne
I shewe my power, in euery sundry wise
Some to descende, and on some to arise.

Wherfore my power, dothe right well excell
Above the Mars, in thine house enclosed
For to rule man, thou hast power neuer adell
Saue after the, somewhat he is disposed
Thy constelation, hath him so apposed
Who vnder the, taketh his natiuitie
Yet God hath geuen him, power to rule the

Wherfore I am, of a farre higher power
Then thou arte, for there is no defence
Agaynst my will, at any time or houre
And in my name, there is a difference
For in these wordes, in my magnificence
Predestinate, and also desteny
As I shall shewe, anone more formably

Predestinate, dothe right well signifie
A thing to come, whiche is prepared
None but God doth knowe it openly
Tyll that the dede, cause it to be declared
For many a one, when they well fared
Full little thought, that tribulation
To them was ordeyned, by predestination

The desteny, is a thing accident
And by the worke, dothe take the effect
Tyll it be done, it is ay precedent
No man from it, can him selfe abiect
Thus euery chaunce, dothe Fortune direct
Wherfore by reason, La graunde Amoure
Must sue vnto me, to do him socoure

Aha quod Mars, suche a one as thou
I neuer knewe before this season,
For thou thy selfe, doest so muche enproue
Aboue the heauens, by exaltation
But what for all, thy commendation
Arte thou nowe any thing substanciall
Spirituall, or els yet terrestriall

Howe can a worke, perfitely be grounded
But in these two, and thou arte of those
Wherfore for nought, thou maiest be confounded
For nought in substaunce, can nothing transpose
Of none effect, thou canst thy selfe disclose
Howe hast thou power, in any maner of case
In heauen or earth, without a dwellyng place

But that poetes, hath made a figure
Of thee, for thy great signification
The chaunce of man, so for to discure
Accordyng to a moralization,
And of the trouthe, to make relation
The man is fortune, in his proper dede
And not thou, that causeth him to spede

What neadeth him, vnto him selfe to sue
Sithens thou art, the dedes of his chaunce
Thou to rule man, it is a thing not true
Nowe wherupon, dothe hang this ordinaunce
But accedent, vpon the *gouernaunce*
Of the hye bodyes, whiche dothe man dispose
The dede to do, as him lyst purpose.

CAPI. XXVIII.

To heare of Mars, the maruelous argumēt
And of Fortune, I was sore amased

Tyll that I sawe, a lady excellent
Clearely armed, vpon whom I gased
And her armes, full priuely I blased
The shelde of golde, as I well vnderstande
With a lyon of asure, throughe passande.

To me she came, with lowely countenaunce
And bade me welcome, vnto that mancion
Leadyng me forthe, with ioye and pleasaunce
Into an hall, of marueylous fashion
Right strongly fortified, of olde foundation
The pillers of yuory, garnished with gold
With pearles set, and brodred many a folde

The flore was paued, with stones precious
And the roufe, was braunched curiously
Of the beaten golde, bothe gay and glorious
Knotted with pommaunders right swetely
Encencyng out, the yll odours misty
And on the walles, right well did appeare
The siege of Thebes, depaynted fayre and cleare

There were knyghtes, playyng at the chest.
Whiche sawe Minerue, leade me in the hall
They lefte their playe, and all their busines
And welcomed me, right gently withall
With sir Nurture, then most in speciall
Accompanied of his brother Curtesy
They made me chere then, full effectuallye.

And after that, they brought me vp a stayre
Into a chamber, gayly glorified
And at the dore, there stode a knight right fayre
Yclipped Trouthe, right clearely purified
His countenaunce was, ryght well modified
To me he sayed, that before myne entresse
Him for to loue, I should him promise

Of ryght he sayed, I haue in custodye
This chamber dore, of kyng Melizyus
That no man enter, into it wrongfully
Without me Trouthe, for to be chiualrous
Here knyghtes be made, to be victorious
I shall you promise, quod I fayethfully
You for to loue, and serue perdurably

Abide quod he, I will speake with the kyng
Tell me your name, and habitation
And the chefe cause, nowe of your cōmyng
That I to him, may make relation
To knowe his minde, without variation
La graunde Amoure, my name is saied I
The cause of my commyng, intentifly

Is forbicause that I haue enterprised
Nowe for the sake, of fayre La bell Pucell
To passe the passage, whiche I her promised
That is so daungerous, with serpentes cruell
And for as muche, as I knowe neuer a deale
The feates of armes, to attayne honoure
I am come to learne, with diligent laboure

Then forthe he wente, vnto the maiestie
Of kyng Melizyus, the myghty conqueroure
Saiyng O power, so hye in dignitie
O prince victorious, and famous emperoure
Of iustyng truely, the originall floure
One Grand Amoure, woulde be acceptable
In your hye courte, for to be tendable

With all my harte, I will quod he accepte
Him to my seruice, for he is ryght worthy
For vnto doctrine, the hye waye he kept
And so from thence, to the tower of Chiualry
He shall attayne, great actes wondersly
Go on your way, and bryng him fast to me
For I thinke long, him to beholde and se

And then the good knyght Trouthe, incontinent
Into the chamber so pure, sone me ledde
Where sate the kyng, so muche beniuolent
In purple clothed, set full of rubyes redde
And all the floore, on whiche we did treade
Was cristall clere, and the roufe at nyght
With carbuncles, did geue a marueylous lyght

The walles were hanged, with clothe of tissue
Brodred with pearles, and rubies rubiconde
Mixte with emeraudes, so full of vertue
And brodred about, with many a dyamonde
An heauy hart, it will make ioconde
For to beholde, the marueylous riches
The lordship, wealth, and the great worthines

There sate Melizyus, in his hye estate
And ouer his heade, was a payre of balaunce
With his crowne, and scepter, after the true rate
Of another worldly king, for to haue gouernaūce
In his hande a ball, of right great circumstaunce
Before whom then, I did knele adowne
Saiyng O emperoure, most hye of renowne

I the beseche, of thyne haboundaunt grace
Me to accept in this courte, the for to serue
So to continue, by long time and space
Of chiualry, that I may nowe deserue
The order ryght, and well it to obserue
For to attayne, the hye aduauntage
Of the enterprise, of my doubty vyage

Welcome he saied, to this court ryall
Mynerue shall arme you, with great diligence
And teache you the feates, of armes all
For she them knoweth, by good experience
In the olde time, it was her science
And I my selfe, shall geue you a worthy stede
Called Galantyse, to helpe you in your nede.

I humbly thanked, his great highnes
And so to Minerue, I did then apply
Whiche did me teache, with siker perfitnes
For to haunt armes, right well and nobly
Sapience me ruled, well and prudently
Thus among knightes, for to iust and tourney
Mynerue me taught, in sundry wise all day

It was a ioyfull, and a knightly sight
For to beholde so fayre, and goodly a sorte
Of good knightes, armed clere and bryght
That I sawe there, whiche did me well exhort
Armes to haunt, with couragious comforte
Mynerue me taught, my strokes and defence
That in short space, was no resistence

Against my power, and mighty puissaunce
To my wilfull harte, was nought impossible
I bare my selfe, so without doubtaunce
My hart made, my courage inuincible
Of whiche the trouthe, was sone intelligible

With my behauyng, before the preeminence
Of kyng Milizyus, famous excellence.

Whiche ryght anone, for dame Mynerue sent
And me also, with sir Trouthe to obey
We thought full little, what the matter ment
But vnto hym, we toke anone the way
Entryng the chamber, so fayre, cleare, and gay
The kyng vs called, vnto his persone
Saiyng, I will Graunde Amoure anone

Truely make knyght, for the time approcheth
That he must haunte, and seke aduenture
For La bell Pucell, as true loue requireth
And first of all, began to me discure
The high order, howe I should take in cure
And then anone, he began to expresse
What knighthode was, to perfite sykernes.

Knighthode he sayed, was first established
The commen wealthe, in ryght to defende
That by the wrong, it be not minished
So euery knight, must truely condescende
For the commen wealthe, his power to entende
Agaynst all suche rebels contrarious
Them to subdue, with power victorious

For knyghthode is not, in the feates of warre
As for to fight, in quarrell ryght or wrong
But in a cause, whiche trouthe can not defarre
He ought himselfe, for to make sure and strong
Justice to kepe, myxt with mercy among
And no quarell, a knyght ought to take
But for a trouthe, or for the commens sake

For first good hope, his legge harneyes shoulde be
His habergion, of perfect ryghteousnes
Gyrde fast, wyth the girdle of chastitie
His riche placarde, shoulde be good busines
Brodred with almes, so full of larges
The helmet mekenes, and the shelde good fayeth
His swerde God's worde, as. S. Paule sayeth.

Also true wydowes, he ought to restore
Unto their ryght, for to attayne their dower
And to vpholde, and mayntayne euermore
The wealth of maydens, w' his myghty power
And to his souerayne, at euery maner hower
To be ready, true, and eke obeysaunt
In stable loue fyxte, and not variaunt

Thus after this noble, and solemne doctrine
He made me knyght, and gaue me in charge
Unto these poyntes, right lowe to encline
And to stere well, the frayle tumblyng barge
Ouer vayne glory, when I sayle at large
When the winde is right, the barge can not fayle
Unto his purpose, so with hardines to sayle

I did well register, in my remembraunce
Euery thing, whiche he hath to me tolde
And right anone, in good resemblaunce
The kyng I thanked, with courage ryght bold
Of his great giftes, and grace many a folde
Which vnto me, ryght openly he shewed
With golden droppes, so liberally endued

I toke my leaue, of his ryght hye estate
And then Minerue, into the hall me brought
Accompanied of Trouth, my faythfull mate
Us for to solace, there lacked ryght nought
That any man, can prynte in his thought
The knyghtes all, vnto their armes went
To bryng me forwarde, with a true entent

And Minerue armed me, as she coulde deuise
And brought vnto me, my fayre barbed stede
On whom I mounted, in all goodly guise
With shelde and speare, as nothing to dreade
In ryght to fight, for to attayne my mede
So with me went, bothe my greyhoundes twayne
And good Attendaunce, my verlet certayne.

The good knight Trouth, brought me on my way
Accompanied then, with sir Fidelitie
With haute courage, betrapped fayre and gay
With shinyng trappers, of curiositie
And then also, there rode forthe with me
The sturdy knight, well named Fortitude
With the noble veterane, sir Consuetude.

And eke sir Iustice, and sir Misericorde
Sir Sapience, with good sir Curtesye
With famous Nurture, and then syr Concord
Accompanied me, full ryght gently
Out of the castell, ridyng royally
And dame Minerue, the chiualreous goddesse
Did me endue then, with harty hardines

And when we came, into a goodly playne
Right of them all, I toke my licence
Me thought it time, that they turne agayne
Unto the kyng, with all their diligence
I made mine othe, with percyng influence
Unto them all, for to remayne full true
In stedfast loue, all treason to eschue

Full lothe they were, fro me to depart
Euery one of them, as ye may vnderstande
With salt teares, full wofull was my hart
When all on rowe, they toke me by the hande
Adue they saied, and grace with you stande
You for to ayde, when that you do fight
And so they turned, vnto the castell ryght.

And good dame Mynerue, vnto me then saied
Be not adredde, of your hye enterprise
Be bolde, and hardy, and nothing afrayed
And rather dye, in any maner of wise
To attayne honoure, and the life despise
Then for to liue, and to remaine in shame
For to dye with honoure, it is a good name

Farewell, she saied, and be of good cheare
I must depart, I may no lenger tary
Ryde on your way, the wether is full cleare
Seke your aduenture, and loke ye not vary
From your hye order, by any contrary
And therwithall, forthe on her way she rode
Right so did I, whiche no lenger abode

With bothe my greyhoundes and my verlet
Throughe the playne, and into wildernes
And so aloft, among the hilles great
Tyll it was nyght, so thicke of darkenes
That of constraint, of very werines
We lighted adowne, vnder an hyll syde
Unto the day, to rest vs there that tide.

And when my page, my helmet vnlaced
He layed it downe, vnderneth my heade
And to his legge, he my stede enbraced
To grase about, while on the grasse he fedde
And then also, his horse in like stede
With bothe our greyhoundes liyng vs nere by
And slouth our heades, had caught so sodaynely

That all the night, we slept in good rest
Till agaynst day, began to neye and crye
My stede Galantise, with a roaryng brest
And eke began, to stampe full marueylouslye
Whose hye courage, awaked vs wondersly
And ryght anone, we cast vp our eyes
Beholdyng aboue, the fayre crystall skyes

Seyng the cloudes, rayed fayre and redde
Of Phebus risyng, in the orient
And Aurora, her golden bemes spredde
About the ayre, clearely refulgent
Withouten mistye blacke, encombrement
Up I arose, and also my page,
Makyng vs ready, for to take our voage

CAPIT. XXIX.

And so forthe we rode, till we sawe afarre
To vs come ridyng on a little nagge
A folyshe dwarfe, nothyng for the warre
With a hode, a bell, a foxtayle, and a bagge
In a pyed coate, he rode brygge a bragge
And when that he, vnto vs drewe nye
I beheld his body, and his visenamye.

His heade was great, betted was his browes
His eyen holowe, and his nose croked
His bryes brystled, truely like a sowes
His chekes heerie, and God wotte he loked
Full like an ape, here and there he toted
With a pyed beарde, and hangyng lyppes great
And euery tothe, as blacke as any gete

His necke short, his shoulders stode awry
His breast fatte, and bolne in the waste
His armes great, with fingers crokedly
His legges kewed, he rode to me fast
Full like a patron, to be shaped in haste
Good euen he saied, and haue good day
If that it like you, for to ride merely away.

Welcome, I sayed, I pray the nowe tell
Me what thou art, and where thou dost dwell
Sotheych quod he, when I cham in Kente
At home I cham, though I be hether sent
I cham a gentilman, of muche noble kynne
Thoughe Iche be cladde, in a knaues skynne

For there was one, called Peter Pratefast
That in all his life, spake no worde in waste
He wedded a wife, that was called Maude
I trowe quod I, she was a gorgious baude
Thou lyest, quod he, she was gentle and good
She gaue her husbande, many a furde bode

And at his meales, without any misse
She woulde him serue in clenly wise iwys
God loue her soule, as she loued clenlines
And kepe her dishes, from all foulenes
When she lacked clowtes, without any fayle
She wyped her dishes, with her dogges tayle.

And they had issue, Sym Sadle Gander
That for a wife, in all the worlde did wander
Tyll at the last, in the wynters nyght
By Thamys he sayled, and ariued a ryghte
Among the nunnes, of the grene coate
He went to lande, out of his prety boate
And wedde there one, that was comen of newe
He thought her stable, and faiethfull, and true

Her name was Betres, that so clenlye was
That no filthe by her, in any wise should passe
For in her life, that any man coulde spye

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Whiche was my father, that in Kent did wonne

His name was Dauy Dronken Nole
He neuer dranke, but in a fayre black bole
He toke a wife, that was very fayre

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Her name was Alyson, that loued nought elles
But euermore, to ring her blacke belles

Nowe are they deade all, so mote I well thryue
Except my self Godfrey Gobilyue
Whiche ride about, a wife me to seke
But I can finde none, that is good and meke
For all are shrewes, in the worlde about
I coulde neuer mete, with none other route

For some deuils will, their husbandes beate
And those that can not, they will neuer let
Their tonges cease, but geue thre wordes for one
Fie on them all, I will of them haue none
Who loueth any, for to make him sadde
I wene that he become, worse then madde

They are not stedfast, nothinyng in their minde
But alway turnyng, like a blast of winde
For let a man loue them, neuer so well
They will him loue againe, neuer a deale
For thoughe a man, all his life certayne
Unto her sue, to haue release of payne

And at the last, she on him do rue
If by fortune, there come another newe
The first shal be clene, out of her fauore
Record of Creside, and of Troylus the dolbure
They are so subtile, and so false of kynde
There can no man wade, beyonde their minde

Was not Aristotle, for all his cleargy
For a woman wrapt, in loue so marueylously
That all his cunnyng, he had sone forgotten
This vnhappy loue, had his minde so broken
That euermore, the salt teares downe hayled
When the chaunce of loue, he him selfe bewayled

Aferde he was, of the true loue to breake
For saiyng naye, when he therof shoulde speake
Till of constraint, of wofull heauines
For to haue remedy, of his sore sickenes
When he her spied, right secrete alone
Unto her he went, and made all his mone

Alas he saied, the cause of my wo
Mine onely lady, and mistris also

Whose goodly beautie, hath my harte enrached
With feruent loue, and fiery lemes entached
Wherfore take pitye, of the paynefull sorowe
Of me your seruaunt, bothe euen and morowe

She stode right styll, and heard what he saied
Alas quod she, be ye no more dismayed
For I am content, to fulfill your wyll
In euery maner, be it good or yll
Of this condicion, that ye shall release
Me first of wo, and great distresse.

For I my selfe, haue thought many a day
To you to speake, but for feare of a nay
I durst neuer of the matter meue
Unto your person, lest it shoulde you greue
Nay nay quod he, with all my whole entente
I shall obey, to your commaundement

Well then quod she, I shall you nowe tell
Howe the case standeth, truely every dele
For you knowe well, that some women do long
After nyce thinges, be it ryght or wrong
Right so must I, vpon your backe nowe ryde
In your mouthe also, a brydle you to guide

And so a brydle, she put in his mouthe
Upon his backe she rode, bothe northe and southe
About a chamber, as some clarkes wene
Of many persons it was openly sene
Lo, what is loue, that can so sore blynde
A philosopher, to bryng him out of kynde

For loue dothe passe any maner of thing
It is harde, and priuy in workyng
So on the grounde Aristotle crept
And in his teeth, she long the bridle kept
Till she therof, had inoughe her fyll
And yet for this, he neuer had his wyll

She did nothing, but for to mocke and scorne
This true louer, which was for loue forlorne
But when he knewe, the poynt of the case
The fiery anger, did his hart enbrace,
That he him selfe, did anone well knowe
His anger did, his loue so ouerthrowe

And right anone, as some poetes write
He that great mockage, did her well acquite.
Did not a woman, the famous Virgyle
By her great fraude, full craftely begile,
For on a daye, for his owne disport
To the courte of Rome, he gan to resorte

Among the ladyes, the time for to passe
Till at the last, like Phebus in the glasse
So did a lady, with her beauty cleare
Shine throughe his hart, with suche loue so deare
Then of great force, he must nedes obey
She of his minde, bare bothe the locke and key

So was his hart, set vpon a fire
With feruent loue, to attayne his desire
She had him caught, in suche a wily snare
Great was his payne, and muche more his care
To fynde a time, when it shoulde be meued
To her of loue, and he nothing repreued

Thus euery day, by ymagination
In his minde, was suche perturbation

And at the last, he had founde a time
He thought to speake, and vnto him no cryme
Mercy lady, nowe in all humble wise
To her he saied, for if ye me despise

So hath your beauty, my true hart arayed
It is no maruaile, thoughe I be afrayed
To you to speake, if that you denye
My purpose, truely I am marde vtterly
So do I loue you, with all my hart entere
With inwarde care, I bye your beauty dere

I must abide, with all my whole entente
Of life or death, your onely iudgement
With fayned eares, of perfite audience
She did him heare, geuyng this sentence
Vyrgyll she saied, I woulde fayne you ease
Of your trouble, and of your great disease

But I wotte not howe, that it shoulde be
Without turnyng vs, to great dishonestie
If it be knowen, then bothe you and I
Shalbe reheyted at, full shamefully
But what for that, I haue me be thought
A prety craft, by me shalbe wrought.

Ye knowe my chamber, ioyneth to a wall
Being ryght hye, and a windowe withall
Soue at nyght, when all folke be at rest
I shall take a basket, as me thinketh best
And therto I shall, a longe coarde well tye
And from the windowe, let it downe priuely

Right so when it is, adowne on the ground
Ye may well enter, in it bothe hole and sounde
And my two maydens, the whiche secrete be
Shall anone helpe, to hale you vp with me

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At a. xi. of the clocke, in the nyght so darke
They did appoint, for to fulfill this warke
He often thanked, her great gentilnes
And so departed, with great gladnes
And so he went, vnto his studye
Passyng the time, him selfe full merely

Tyll that the clocke, did strike aleuen,
Then to the wall, he went full euen
And founde the basket, at the grounde already
And entred into it, full sodaynlye
Waggyng the rope, whiche the lady espied
Whiche to the windowe, right anone her hied

With her two maydens, she did him vp winde
Amiddes the wall, and left him there behinde
That was fiue fadom, and more from the ground
When him selfe in suche a case he founde
Alas he saied, myne owne lady saue
Mine honestie, and what ye list to haue

Ye shall haue it, at your owne desire
Nowe winde me vp, my hart is on fire
Thou shalt quod she, in that place abide
That all the citye, so ryght long and wide
May the beholde, and the matter knowe,
For mine honesty, and thy shame I trowe

So there he hong, tyll noone of the daye
That euery person, which went by the way

Might him well se, and also beholde
And vnto them the very cause she tolde
Lo howe with shame, she her loue rewarded
His payne and sorowe, she nothing regarded

Thus at the last, he adowne was brought
Replete with shame, it vayled him right nought
Thus with great anger, he his loue confounded

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Thus all the citye, vpon her did wonder
For perfite sorowe, her hart was nere a sunder
And thus Vyrgile, with crafty subtilnes
Rewarded her falshode and doublenes
All this I tell, thoughe that I be a fole
To the yong knyght, for thou maist go to schole.

In time commyng, of true loue to learne
Beware of that, for thou canst not deceme
Thy ladies mynd, though that she speake the faire
Her hart is false, she will no trouth repayre
Nay quod I, they are not all disposed
So for to do, as ye haue here disclosed

Aha quod he, I trowe well ye be
A true louer, so mote I thriue and the
Let not thy ladye of thy hart be rother
When thou art gone, she will sone haue an other
Thus forth we rode, till we sawe a farre
A royall tower, as bryght as any starre

To whiche we rode, as fast as we myght
When we came there, adowne my stede I lyght
So did this Godfrey Gobiliue also,
Into the temple, after me gan go
There sate dame Venus, and Cupide her sonne
Whiche had their parliament, right newly begone

To redresse louers, of their payne and wo
Whiche in the temple, did walke to and fro
And euery one, his bill did present
Before Venus, in her highe parliament
The temple of her royall consistory,
Was walled all about, with yuorye

All of golde, like a place solacious
The roufe was made, of knottes curious
I can nothing, extende the goodlines
Of her temple, so muche of riches
This Godfrey Gobilyue, went lightly
Unto dame Sapience, the secretarye

That did him make, this supplication
To the goddesse Venus, with breuiation

O lady Venus, of loue the goddesse
Redresse my paine, of mortall heauines
I did once woe, an olde mayden ryche
A foule thefe, an olde wydred wiche

Fayre mayed I sayed, will ye me haue
Nay sir so God me kepe and saue
For you are euill fauoured, and also vgly
I am the worse, to se your visnamy
Yet was she fouler, many an hundred folde
Then I my selfe, as ye may well beholde

And therwithall, he caused to depaynte
His face and hers, all vnder his complainte
And to Venus, he made deliueraunce
Of his complaynt, by a shorte circumstaunce,
Whiche right anone, when she had it sene
Began to laughe, with all the courte I wene

Lo here the figures, of them bothe certayne
Judge whiche is best fauored, of them twayne.

Thus Godfrey Gobilyue, did make such a sport
That many louers, to him did resorte
When I sawe time, I went to Sapience
Shewyng to her, with all my diligence
Howe that my hart, by Venus was trapt
With a snare of loue, so priuely bewrapt

And in her tower, to haue a dwellyng place
I seke aduentures, to attaine her grace
Her name quod I, La bell Pucell is
Bothe east and west, she is well knowen ywis
And my name, La graunde Amoure is called
Whose hart with payne, she all about hath walled

With her beautie, which dame Nature create
Aboue all other, in most high estate
Well saied Sapience, I thinke in my minde
Her loue and fauore, you shall attayne by kinde
And I will drawe, to you incontinent
All your complaynt, as is conuenient

Unto dame Venus, to see directly
For your payne and sorowe, sone a remedye,
She drewe my piteous lamentation,
Accordyng to this supplication.

THE SUPPLICATION. CAPIT. XXX.

O Venus lady, and excellent goddesse
O celestiall starre, hauyng the soueraynte
Aboue all other starres, as lady and princes
As is accordynge, vnto your deitye
Pleaseth it nowe, your great benignitie
Unto my complaynt, for to geue audience
Whiche burne in loue, with pearcyng vyolence

For so it happened, that the lady Fame
Did with me mete, and gan to expresse
Of a faire lady, whiche had vnto name
La bell Pucell, come of hye noblesse,
Whose beauty cleare, and comely goodliness,
From day to day, dothe right well renue
With grace brydled, and with great vertue

She tolde me, of her fayre habitation
And of the wayes, therto full daungerous
Her swete report, gaue me exhortation
Unto my hart, for to be couragious
To passe the passage, harde and troublous
And to bryng me out, of great encombraunce
She me deliuered, bothe Grace and Gouernaunce

So forthe we wente, to the tower of Scyence
For to attayne, in euery artyke pool
And first Doctrine, by good experience
Unto dame Gramer, did set me to schole
Of misty ignoraunce, to oppresse the dole
And so I ascended, vnto dame Logyke
And after her, vnto lusty Rethorike

Tyll at the last, at a feast solemply
To a temple I went, dame Musyke to heare
Play on her organs, with swete armony
But then on loft, I sawe to me appeare
The flower of comfort, the starre of vertue cleare
Whose beauty bright, into my hart did passe
Like as fayre Phebus, dothe shyne in the glasse

So was my hart, by the stroke of loue
With sorowe perst, and with mortall payne
That vnneth I myght, from the place remoue
Where as I stode, I was so take certayne
Yet vp I loked, to se her agayne
And at aduenture, with a sory mode
Up then I went, where as her person stode

And first of all, my hart gan to learne
Right well to regester, in remembraunce
Howe that her beauty, I might then decerne
From toppe to tooe, endued with pleasaunce
Whiche I shall shewe withouten variaunce,
Her shining heere, so properly she dresses
Aloft her forheade, with fayre golden tresses

Her forheade stepe, with fayre browes ybent
Her eyen gray, her nose straight and fayre
In her white chekes, the faire bloude it went
As among the wite, the redde to repayre
Her mouthe right small, her breathe swete of ayre
Her lippes soft, and ruddy as a rose
No hart on liue, but it woulde him appose.

With a little pitte, in her well fauoured chynne
Her necke long, as white as any lillye
With vaynes blewe, in which the bloude ranne in
Her pappes rounde, and therto right pretye
Her armes slender, and of goodly bodye
Her fingers small, and therto right long
White as the milke, with blewe vaynes among.

Her fete proper, she gartred well her hose
I neuer sawe so fayre a creature
Nothing she lacketh, as I do suppose
That is longyng, to faire dame Nature,
Yet more ouer, her countenaunce so pure
So swete, so louely, woulde any hart enspire
With feruent loue, to attayne his desire.

But what for her maners passeth all
She is bothe gentle, good, and vertuous
Alas what fortune, did me to her call
Without that she be to me pitifull,
With her so fettred, in paynes delorous
Alas shall pitie, be from her exiled
Whiche all vertues, hath so vndefiled

Thus in my minde, when I had engraued
Her goodly countenaunce, and faire fygure
It was no wonder, that I was amased
My hart and minde, she had so tane in cure
Nothing of loue, I durst to her discure
Yet forbicause, I was in her presence
I toke acquayntaunce, of her excellence

My hart was drenched, in great sorowe depe
Though outwardly, my countenaunce was light
The inwarde wo, into my hart did crepe
To hide my payne, it was great force and might
Thus her swete beauty, with a sodaine sight
My hart hath wounded, whiche must nedes obey
Unto suche a sorowe, nowe alas well away.

For she is gone, and departed right farre
In her countrey, where she dothe abid
She is nowe gone, the fayre shinyng starre
O lady Venus, I pray the prouide
That I may after, at the morowe tide
And by the waye, with hart right rigorious
To subdue mine enemies, to me contrarious.

And yet thy grace, most humbly I praye
To sende thy sonne, little Cupide before
With louyng letters, as fast as thou maye
That she maye knowe, somewhat of paynes sore
Whiche for her sake, I suffer euermore
Nowe lady Venus, with my whole entent
Of life or deathe, I abide thy judgement

Well then saied Venus I haue perseueraunce
That you knowe somewhat, of mighty power
Whiche to my courte, sue for acquaintaunce
To haue release, of your great paines sower
Abide a while, ye must tary the houre
The time runneth, towarde right fast
Joye cõmeth after, when the sorowe is past

Alas I saied, who is fettred in chaynes
He thinketh long, after deliueraunce
Of his great wo, and eke mortall paynes
For who abideth painefull penaunce
Thinketh a shorte while, a longe continuaunce
Who may not speake, with her he loueth best
It is no wonder, thoughe he take no rest.

Abide quod she, you must a while yet tary
Thoughe to haue comfort, ye right long do thinke
I shall prouide for you a lectuary,
Whiche after sorowe, into your hart shall synke
Though you be brought now, vnto death's brinke
Yet dreade exile, and liue in hope and trust
For at the last, you shall attayne your lust

And specially, I geue to you a charge
To fixe your loue, for to be true and stable
Upon your lady, and not to flee at large
As in sundry wise, for to be variable
In corrupt thoughtes, vile, and culpable
Prepence nothing, vnto her dishonestie
For loue dishonest, hath no certaintie

And sithen that I, was cause you begone
First for to loue, I shal a letter make
Unto your lady, and sende it by my sonne
Little Cupide, that shall it to her take
That she your sorowe, may detraye or slake
Her harded hart, it shall well reuolue
With piteous wordes, that shall it desolue.

And right anone, as the maner foloweth
She caused Sapience, a letter to write
Lo what her fauoure, vnto me auayleth
When for my sake, she did so well endite
As I shall shewe, in a short respite
The gentle forme, and tenoure of her letter
To spede my cause, for to attayne the better

THE COPYE OF THE LETTER. CAPI. XXXI.

RIGHT gentle hart, of grene flowryng age
The starre of beautie, and of famous port
Consider well, that your lusty courage
Age of his cours, must at the last transporte
Nowe trouthe of right, dothe our selfe exhorte
That you your youthe, in ydlenes will spende
Withouten pleasure, to bring it to an ende

What was the cause, of your creacion
But man to loue, the worlde to multiplye
As to sowe the sede, of generation
With feruent loue, so well conueniently
The cause of loue, engendreth perfitely
Upon an entent, of dame Nature
Whiche you hath made, so fayre a creature

Then of dame Nature, what is the entent
But to accomplishe, her faire sede to sowe
In suche a place, as is conuenient
To Goddes pleasure, for to encrease and growe
The kinde of her, ye may not ouerthrowe
Saye what ye list, ye can nothing denye
But otherwhile ye thinke, full priuely

What the man is, and what he can do
Of chamber worke, as nature will agree
Thoughe by experience, ye knowe nothing therto
Yet oft ye muse, and thinke what it may be
Nature prouoketh, of her strong degre
You so to, as hath bene her olde guise
Why will you then, the true loue despise.

In our courte, there is a bill presented
By Graunde Amoure, whose hart in duresse
You fast haue fettred, not to be absented
From your person, with mortall heauines
His hart and seruice, with all gentilnes
He to you oweth, as to be obedient
For to fulfill, your swete commaundement.

What you auayleth, your beauty so faire
Your lusty youthe, and gentle countenaunce
Without that you, in your minde will repayre
It for to spende, in ioye and pleasaunce
To folowe the trace, of dame Nature's daunce
And thus in doyng, you shall your seruaunt heale
Of his disease, and hurt you neuer a deale.

One must you loue, it can not be denied
For harde it is, to voyde you of the chaunce
Then loue him best, that you haue so arayed
With fiery chaynes, fettred in penaunce
For he is ready, without doubtaunce
In euery thing, for to fulfill your will
And as ye list, ye may him saue or spill

Alas what payne, and mortall wo
Were it to you, and ye were in like case
With him dismaide, whiche you haue rayed so
Woulde you not then, thinke it a long space
In his swete hart, to haue a dwellyng place
Then in your minde, ye may reuolue that he
Moste long dothe thinke, that ioyfull day to se.

Is not he yong, bothe wise and lustye
And eke descended, of the gentle line
What will you more, haue of him truely
Then you to serue, as true loue will encline
But as I thinke, you do nowe determine
To fyxe your mynde, for worldly treasure.
Though in your youthe, ye lese your pleasure

Alas remember, first your beautye
Your youthe, your courage, and your tender hart
What payne here after, it may to you be
When you lacke that, whiche is true louers desert
I tell you this, your selfe to conuerte
For little knowe ye, of this payne iwys
To liue with him, in whom no pleasure is.

Where that is loue, there can be no lacke
Fye on that loue, for the lande or substaunce
For it must nedes, right sone abacke
When that youth hath, no ioye nor pleasaunce
In the party, with nature's suffisaunce
Then will you, for the sinne of auarice
Unto your youthe, do suche a preiudice

Thus sithen Nature, hath you well endued
With so muche beauty, and dame Grace also
Your vertuous maners, hath so much renued
Exile disdayne, and let her from you go
And also straungenes, vnto loue the foe
And let no couetise, your true hart subdue
But that in ioye, ye may your youthe ensue

For I of loue the goddesse, dame Venus
Right well do knowe, that in the worlde is none
That vnto you, shalbe more ioyous
Then graunde Amoure, that loueth you alone
Sythe he so did, it is many dayes agone
Who euer sawe, a faire yong hart so harde
Whiche for her sake, would se her true loue marde

And so shall he, without ye take good hede
If he so be, ye be cause of the same
For loue with death, will ye rewarde his mede
And if ye do, ye be to muche to blame
To loue vnloued, ye knowe it is no game
Wherfore me thinke, ye can do no lesse
But with your loue, his paynes to redresse.

If ye do not, this may be his songe
Wo worthe the time, that euer he you mette
Wo worthe your harte, so doyng him wronge
Wo worthe the houre, that his true hart was set
Wo worthe disdayne, that woulde his purpose let
Wo worthe the flower, that can do no boote
Wo worthe you, that perst him at the roote

Wo worthe my loue, the cause of my sorowe
Wo worthe my lady, that will not it release
Wo worthe fortune, bothe euen and morowe
Wo worthe trouble, that shall haue no peace
Wo worthe cruelty, that may neuer cease
Wo worthe youthe, that will no pitie haue
Wo worthe her, that will not her loue saue.

Wo worthe the trust, without assuraunce
Wo worthe loue, rewarded with hate
Wo worthe loue, replete with variaunce
Wo worthe loue, without a friendly mate
Wo worthe the hart, with loue at debate
Wo worthe the beauty, whiche toke me in snare
Wo worthe her, that will not cease my care

Wo worthe her maners, and her goodlines
Wo worthe her eyes, so cleare and amiable
Wo worthe suche cause, of my great sickenes
Wo worthe pitie, on her not tendable
Wo worthe her minde, in disdaine, so stable
Wo worthe her, that hath me fettred fast
And wo worthe loue, that I do spende in waste.

Wherefore of right, I pray you to remember
All that I write, vnto you right nowe
Howe your true loue, is of age but tender.
His humble seruice, we pray you alowe
And he him selfe, shall euermore enprowe
You for to please, and geue the soueraintie
Howe can you haue, a more true loue than he.

And fare ye well, there is no more to saye
Under our signet, in our courte royall
Of September, the. xxii. daye
She closed the letter, and to her did call
Cupide her sonne, so dear in speciall
Commaundyng him, as fast as he might
To La bell Pucell, for to take his flyght

So did Cupide, with the letter flye
Unto La bell Pucel's domination
There that he sped, full well and wondersly
As I shall after, make relation
But to my matter, with breuiacion
A turtle I offred, for to magnifye
Dame Venus hye estate, to glorifye.

She me exhorted, for to be right hardy
Forthe on to trauaile, and to dreade nothing
I toke my leaue, of her full humbly
And on my way, as I was ridyng
This Godfrey Gobilyue, came rennyng
With his little nagge, and cried tary, tary
For I wyll come, and beare you company.

CAPIT. XXXII.

And forbicause, that I was then full sadde
And by the way, he made me good game
To haue his company, I was somwhat glad
I was not proude, I toke of him no shame
He came to me, and saied ye are to blame
So to ride louryng, for a woman's sake
Unto the deuill, I do them all betake.

They be not stedfast, but chaunge as the mone
When one is gone, they loue another sone
Who that is single, and will haue a wife
Right out of ioye, he shall be brought in strife
Thus when Godfrey, did so merye make
There did a lady, vs sone ouertake

And in her hande, she had a knotted whippe
At euery yerke, she made Godfrey to skipe
Alas he saied, that euer I was borne
Nowe am I take, for all my mocke and scorne
I loked about, when that I hearde him crye
Seyng this lady, on her palfrey ride hye

Madame I saied, I pray you me tell
Your propre name, and where that ye dwell
My name quod she, is called Correction
And the tower of Chastice, is my mancion
This strong thefe, called False Report
With vilayne courage, and an other sort

And vile perlers, False Coniecture
All these I had, in prison full sure
But this False Report, hath broken prison
With his subtill craft, and euill treason
And this iourney, priuely to spede
He hath cladde him, in this foles wede

Nowe haue I aunswered you, your question
And I pray you of, a like solution
You seme me thinke, for to be a knyght
I pray you tell me first, your name aright
My name quod I, is La graunde Amoure
A well quod she, you are the perfite floure

Of all true louers, as I do well knowe
You shall attayne, La bell Pucell I trowe
I knowe right well, ye are aduenturous
Onwarde your way, to the tower perillous
And for as muche, as the night is neare
I humbly pray you, for to take the cheare

That I may make you, in my tower this night
It is here by, you shall of it haue sight
And I pray you, to helpe me to bynde
This False Reporte, as you shoulde do by kinde
What Godfrey quod I, will ye chaung your name
Nay nay quod he, it was for no shame

But alas for wo, that she hath me taken
I must obey, it can not be forsaken
His fete were fettred, vndernethe his nagge
And bounde his handes, behinde to his bagge
Thus Correction, with her whippe did driue
The little nagge, wyth Godfrey Gobilyue.

Till at the last, we gan to approche
Her royall tower, vpon a craggy roche
The night was come, for it was right late
Yet right anone, we came to the gate
Where we were let in, by dame Measure
That was a faire, and a goodly creature.

And so Correction, brought me to the hall
Of gete well wrought, glased with cristall
The roufe was golde, and amiddes was set
A carbuncle, that was large and great
Whose vertue cleare, in the hall so bright
About did cast, a great marueylous lyght

So forthe we went, into a chambre faire
Where many ladyes, did them selues repayre
And at our commyng, then incontinent
They welcomed vs, as was conuenient
But of Correction, they were very glad
Whiche False Report, againe taken had

There was quene Panthasile, with Penalape
Quene Helene, and quene Menelape.
Quene Ithesyle, and quene Proserpyne
The lady Meduse, and young Polixyne

With many moe, that I do not rehearse
My time is shorte, I muste fro them reuerce

And dame Correction, into a chamber ledde
Me right anone, for to go to my bedde
What nede I shewe, of my great cheare and rest
I wanted nought, but had all of the best
And so I slept, tyll that Aurora cleare
Began to shine, amiddes her golden spere

Then vp I rose, and my verlet also
Which made me ready, and to my stede did go
And dame Correction, at this morowe tyde
Did me entreate, a while to abide
And right anone, my breakefast was brought
To make me cheare, there wanted right nought

And after this, dame Correction
Did leade me to a marueylous dongeon
And first she ledde me, to the upper warde
Where Shamefastnes, did vs well regarde
For he was iaylour, and had at his charge
Euery rebell, not for to go at large

In the first warde, there went to and fro
Bothe men and women, that might no furder go.
But yet they hoped, for to haue releue
Of their enprison, whiche did them so greue
These prisoners, when true loue was meued
They woulde driue of, and not release the greued.

And for this cause, by equall iudgement
Like as they did, here haue they punishment
And Shamefastnes, lower did vs bryng
Where we sawe men, that were in tormentyng
With many ladies, that their mouthes gagged
And False Reporte, on me his heade wagged

Then right anone, a lady gan to scrape
His furred tonge, that he cried like an ape
And vyle Peller, in like wise also
His tonge was scraped, that he suffred wo
And yet we went, into a deper vale
Where I sawe men, that were in great bale

In hollowe bushes, they did hange alofte
Their heades downewarde, for to fall vnsoft
And two ladyes, did their bodies bete
With knotted whippes, in the fleshe to frete
That the desire, it shoulde sone aswage
And specially, of the vylayne courage

These men, with sugred mouthes so eloquent
A maydens hart, coulde right sone relent.
And these yong maydens, for to take in snare
They fayne great wo, and for to suffer care
The folyshe maydens, did beleue they smarted
That to their will, the men, them conuerted

Thus when that they, had them so begiled
And with their fraude, these maydens defiled
They cast them of, they toke no lenger kepe
Go where ye list, thoughe they crye and wepe.
Therfore these ladyes, wyth their whippes harde
Their bodies beate, that their bodies hath marde

And euery man, as he hath deserued
A payne there is, whiche is for him obserued
Thus when I had, all the pryson sene
With the torment, of many a one I wene

And forthe we went, agayne to the hall
My stede was ready, and brought to the wall

And of the ladyes, cleare in excellence
I toke my leue, with all due reuerence
And thanked Correction, with my hart entire
Of my repose, and of her louyng chere
To me she saied, remember you well
Of the swete beauty, of La bell Pucell

When you her hart, in fetters haue chayned
Let her haue yours, in likewise retayned
Loke that your hart, your worde, and countenaunce
Agree all in one, withouten variaunce
If she for pitye, do release you your payne
Consider it, and loue her best againe.

Be true and secrete, and make none aduaunt
When you of loue, haue a perfite graunte
And if ye will come, vnto your wyll
Bothe here and see, and then holde you styll
Dreade you nothing, but take a good harte
For right sone, after you from hence depart

Right high aduentures, vnto you shall fall
In time of fyght, vnto your minde then call
If you preuayle, you shall attayne the fame
Of hye honoure, to certifie the same
And therwith I light, vpon my stede
Madame I saied, I praye God do you mede
Fare well she saied, for you must nowe hence
Adue quod I, with all my diligence.

HOWE GRAUNDE AMOURE DISCOMFITED THE GYAUNT WITH THREE HEADES, AND WAS RECEIUED OF THREE FAYRE LADYES. CAPI. XXXIII.

When golden Phebus, in the Capricorne
Gan to ascende, fast vnto Aquary
And Janus bifrus the croune had worn
With his frosty bearde in January,
When cleare Dyana, ioyned with Mercury
The cristall ayre, and assured firmament
Were all depured, without encumbrement.

Forthe then I rode, at mine owne aduenture
Ouer the mountaines, and the craggy rockes
To beholde the countres, I had great pleasure
Where corall growed, by right hye stockes
And the Popingayes, in the tree toppes
Then as I rode, I sawe me beforne
Beside a well hang, bothe a shelde and a horne

When I came there, adowne my stede I light
And the faire bugle, I right well beheld
Blasyng the armes, as well as I myght
That was so grauen, vpon the goodly shelde
First all of siluer, did appear the felde
With a rampyng Lyon, of fine golde so pure
And vnder the shelde, there was this scripture.

If any knyght, that is aduenturous
Of his great pride, dare the bugle blowe
There is a gyaunt, bothe fierce and rigorious
That with his might, shall him sone ouerthrow
This is the waye, as ye shall nowe knowe
Tc La bell Pucell, but withouten faile
The sturdy gyaunt, will geue you battaile.

When I the scripture, once or twise had reade
And knewe therof, all the whole effect
I blewe the horne, without any dreade
And toke good hart, all feare to abiect
Makyng me ready, for I did suspect
That the great gyaunt, vnto me woulde haste
When he had hearde me, blowe so loude a blast.

I alite anone, vpon my gentle stede
About the well, then I rode to and fro
And thought right well, vpon the ioyfull mede
That I shoulde haue, after my payne and wo
And of my lady, I did thinke also
Tyll at the last, my verlet did me tell
Take hede quod he, here is a fende of hell

My greyhoundes leaped, and my stede did start
My spere I toke, and did loke about
With hardy courage, I did arme my hart
At last I sawe, a sturdy gyaunt stoute
Twelve fote of length, to feare a great route
Thre heades he had, and he armed was
Bothe heades and bodye, all aboute with brasse

Upon his first heade, in his helmet crest
There stode a fane, of the silke so fine
Where was written, with letters of the best
My name is Falshode, I shall cause encline
My neighbours goodes, for to make them myne
Alway I get, their lande or substaunce
With subtile fraude, deceypt, or variaunce

And when a knight, with noble chyualry
Of La bell Pucell, shoulde attayne the grace
With my great falshode, I worke so subtilly
That in her hart, he hath no dwellyng place
Thus of his purpose, I do let the case
This is my power, and my condicion
Loue to remoue, by a great illusion

And of the seconde heade in a silken tassell
There I sawe written, Ymagination
My crafty witte, is withouten fayle
Loue for to bring, in perturbacion
Where La bell Pucell, woulde haue affection
To Graunde Amoure, I shall a tale deuise
To make her hate him, and him to despise

By my false witte, so muche ymaginatife
The trouthe full oft, I bryng in disease
Where as was peace, I cause to be strife
I will suffer no man, for to liue in ease
For if by fortune, he will be displease
I shall of hym, ymagen suche a tale
That out of ioye, it shall turne into bale.

And on the thirde heade, in a stremer grene
There was written, my name is Pariury
In many a towne, I am knowen as I wend
Where as I list, I do great iniury
And do forswere, my selfe full wrongfully
Of all thinges, I do hate conscience
But I loue lucre, with all diligence

Betwene two louers, I do make debate
I will so swere, that they thinke I am true
For euer falshode, with his owne estate
To a lady cometh, and sayeth to eschue
An inconuenience, that ye do not rue
Your loue is nought, ymagination knoweth
I sweare in likewise, and anone she troweth
That we haue saied, is of very trouthe
Her loue she casteth, right cleane out of minde
That with her loue, she is wondersly wrought
With fayned kindenes, we do her so blinde
Then to her louer, she is full vnkinde
Thus our thre powers, were ioyned in one
In this mighty gyaunt, many dayes agone

And when that I, had sene euery thing
My spere I charged, that was very great
And to this gyaũt, so fiercely cõmyng
I toke my course, that I with him mette
Breakyng my spere, vpon his first helmet
And right anone, adowne my stede I light
Drawyng my swerde, that was faire and bright.

I clipped Clara Prudence, that was faire and sure
At the gyaunt I stroke, with all my valeaunce
But he my strokes, might right well endure
He was so great, and huge of puysaunce
His glaue he did against me aduaunce
Whiche was. iiii. fote, and more of cuttyng
And as he was, his stroke dischargyng

Because his stroke, was heauy to beare
I lept aside, from him full quickely
And to him I ranne, without any feare
When he had discharged, agayne full lightly
He rored loude, and sware I shoulde abye
But what for that, I strake at him fast
And he at me, but I was not agast.

But as he fought, he had a vauntage
He was right hye, and I vnder him lowe
Till at the last, with lusty courage
Upon the side, I gaue him suche a blowe
That I right neare, did him ouerthrowe
But right anone, he did his mighte enlarge
That vpon me, he did suche strokes discharge

That I vnneth, might make resistence
Against his power, for he was so strong
I did defende me, agaynst his vyolence
And thus the battayle, dured full right long
Yet euermore, I did thinke among
Of La bell Pucell, whom I shoulde attayne
After my battailles, to release my payne.

And as I loked, I sawe then anale
Fayre golden Phebus, with his beames redde
Then vp my courage, I began to hale
Whiche nighe before, was agone and deade
My swerde so entred, that the gyant bledde
And with my strokes, I cutte of anone
One of his legges, amiddes the thyghe bone.

Then to the grounde, he adowne did fall
And vpon me, he gan to loure and glumme
Enforsyng him, so for to ryse withall
But that I shortly, vnto him did come
With his thre heades, he spitte all his venyme
And I with my sworde, as fast as coulde be
With all my force, cut of his heades three.

When I had so, obtayned the victory
Unto me then, my varlet well sayed
You haue demeaned you, well and worthely
My greyhoundes lept, and my stede then brayed
And then from farre, I sawe well arayed
To me come ridyng, thre ladyes right swete
Forthe then I rode, and did with them mete.

The first of them, was called Veritie
And the seconde, good Operation
The thirde also, yclipped Fidelitie
All they at once, with good opinion
Did geue to me, great laudation
And me beseched, with their hart entire
With them to rest, and to make good chere.

I graunted them, and then backewarde we rode
The mighty gyaunt, to se and beholde
Whose huge bodye, was more then fiue cart lode
Whiche lay there bledyng, that was almost colde
They for his deathe, did thanke me many a folde
For he to them, was enemy mortall
Wherefore his thre heades, they toke in speciall

And then Veritie, on the first faue
Did set aloft, of Falshode the heade
And good Operacion, in likewise had tane
Of Ymagination, that full sore then bledde
Upon his heade aloft, vpon his banner redde
And in likewise, Fidelitie had serued
Periuries heade, as he had well deserued

And with swete songes, and swete armony
Before me they rode, to their fayre castell
So forthe I rode, with great ioye and glory
Unto the place, where these ladyes did dwell
Set on a rocke, beside a spryng or a well
And fayre Obseruaunce, the goodly portresse
Did vs receiue, with solemne gladnes

Then to a chamber, that was very bryght
They did me leade, for to take mine ease
After my trouble, and my great sturdy fight
But thre woundes I had, causyng my disease
My payne and wo, they did sone appease
And healed my woundes, with salue aromatike
Tellyng me of a great gyaunt lunatike.

Whose name truely, was called Variaũce
Whom I shoulde mete, after my departyng
These ladies, vnto me did great pleasaunce
And in the meane while, as we were talkyng
For me my supper, was in ordeynyng
Thus when by Temperaunce, it was prepared
And then to it we went, and ryght well fared

Tell me quod Veritie, if you be content
What is your name, so hye aduenturous
And who that you, into this coast hath sent
Madame I saide, I was so amorous
Of La bell Pucell, so fayre and beauteous
La graunde Amoure, truely is my name
Whiche seke aduentures, to attayne the fame

A ha quod she, I thought asmuche before
That you were he, for your great hardines
La bell Pucell must loue you euermore
Whiche for her sake, in your hye nobles
Dothe such actes, by chyualrous excesse
Her gentle hart, may nothing denye
To rewarde your mede, wyth loue full feruently.

Thus did we passe time, in all maner of ioye
I lacked nothing, that might make me solace
But euermore, as noble Troylus of Troye
Full oft I thought, on my faire ladyes face
And her to se, a muche lenger space
When time was come, to rest I was brought
All to me longyng, there lacked right nought.

What shoulde I wade, by perambulucion
My time is shorte, and I haue farre to sayle
Unto the lande, of my conclusion
The winde is east, right slowe without fayle
To blowe my shippe, of diligent trauayle
To the last ende, of my matter troublous
With waues enclosed, so tempestuous.

Right in the morowe, when Aurora clere
Her radiaunt beames, began for to spreade
And splendent Phebus, in his golden spere
The crystall ayre, did make fayre and redde
Darke Dyane, declinyng pale as anye ledde
When the little byrdes, swetely did syng
Laudes to their Maker, early in the mornyng.

CAPIT. XXXIIII.

Vp I arose, and did make me readye
For I thought long, vnto my iourneys ende
My greyhoundes lept, on me right merely
To cheare me forwarde, they did condescende
And the thre ladies, my cheare to amende
A good breakefast, did for me ordayne
They were right gladde, the gyaunt was slayne.

I toke my leaue, and on my way I ryde
Throughe the woodes, and on rockes hye
I loked about, and on the hill abode
Till in the vale, I sawe full hastely
To me come ridyng, a lady sikerly
I well behelde, the hye waye so vsed
But of this lady, right often I mused.

Till at the last, we did mete together
Madame I saied, the hye God you saue
She thanked me, and did aske me whither
That I so rode, and what I woulde haue
Truely quod I, nothing els I craue
Of the hye God, but to be so fortunate
La bell Pucell, to haue to my mate.

What is your name, then saied she
La graunde Amoure, forsothe madame quod I
Then was she glad, as any one might be
And saied she was sent, fro mine own ladye
Tidynges I saied, I praye you hartely
Your lady quod she, is in perfect health
And woulde be glad, to heare of your wealth.

She promised you, in a garden grene
To loue you best, of any creature
So dothe she yet, as I thinke and wene
Though that disdayne, brought her to her lure
But of her hart nowe, you shall be sure
Be of good chere, and for nothing dismaye
I spake with her, but nowe this other day.

And she my selfe, vnto you hath sent
My name is called, dame Perceueraunce
A little before, that I from her went
To her came Cupide, with great circumstaunce
And brought a letter, of Venus ordinaunce
Whiche vnto her, he did anone present
When she it reade, and knewe the entent,

All inwardly, full wondersly dismaied
Withouten worde, she did stande right well

Her harded hart, was full well delayed
What for to do, she knewe not good or yll
You for to helpe, or let you so spyll
Disdayne and Strangenes, did stand then therby
Seing her countenaunce, they gan to drawe nye.

Madame quod they, why are ye so sadde
Alas quod she, it is no maruaile why
Right nowe, of Cupide, a letter I had
Sent from Venus, full right marueilously
By whiche I haue, perceyued vtterly
That a yong knight, called Graunde Amoure
Dothe for my sake, suffer suche doloure

That of constraint, of wofull heauines
He is nere deade, all onely for my sake
Shall he nowe dye, or shall I him relese
Of his great wo, and to my mercy take
Abide quod Strangenes, and your sorowe slake
Haue you him sene, in any time before
Yes yes quod she, that dothe my wo restore,

At penticost, nowe many dayes agone
Musike to heare, at great solemnitie
To and fro he walked, him selfe all alone
In a great temple, of olde antiquitie
Till that by fortune, he had espied me
And right anone, or that I was ware
To me he came, I knewe nought of his care

He semed gentle, his maners right good
I beheld right well, all his condicion
Humble of chere, and of goodly mode
But I thought nothing, of his affliction
But his behauoure, shewed the occasion
Of feruent loue, as then in mine entent
I oft did deme, and geue a iudgement.

So after this, I did then sone depart
Home to my countrey, where I did abide
When I was gone, full heauy was his hart
As Cupide saieth, I must for him prouide
A gentle reamedy, at this sodayne tide
And for my sake, he is aduenturous
To subdue mine enemies, to me contrarious

A quod Disdayne, knowe ye his substaunce
Why will you loue, suche a one as he
Though he seme gentle, and of good gouernaunce
You shall haue one, of farre hier degree
He is nothing mete, as it semeth me
To be your fere, your fauoure to attaine
What is it to you, thoughe he suffer payne.

Coulde your selfe, let his eyen to haue a sight
Of your beauty, or his hart to be set
What skilleth you, though that he dye this night
You called him not, when he with you mette
And he will loue you, you can not him let
Be as be may, ye shall haue mine assente
Him for to forsake, as is most expedient

Alas madame, then saied dame Strangenes
When he cometh hither, your courage abate
Loke hye vpon him, beware of mekenes
And thinke that you shall haue, an hye estate
Let not Graunde Amoure, say to you chekmate
Be straunge vnto him, as ye know nothing
The perfite cause, of his true commyng

And in meane while, came to her presence
Dame Peace and Mercy, and to her they saied
Alas madame, consider your excellence
And howe your beauty, hath him so arayed
If you haue him, ye may be well apayed
And doubt you not, if that ye loue for loue
God will sende riches, to come to you aboue.

Will you for loue, let him dye or perishe
Whiche loueth you so, with feruent desyre
And you your selfe, may his sorowe minishe
That with your beauty, set his hart a fire
Your swete lokes, did his hart enspire
That of fine force, he must to you obey
To liue or dye, there is no more to say

Alas quod Peace, will ye let him endure
In mortall payne, withouten remedy
Sithen his harte, you haue so tane in cure
Your hastye dome, loke that ye modefy
Exile Disdayne, and Strangenes shortly
And sende Perceueraunce, as fast as ye may
To comfort him, in his troublous iourney

Then in her minde, she gan to reuolue
The louyng wordes, of Mercy and Peace
Her hardy hart, she gan for to dissolue
And inwardly, she did to me release
Her perfite loue, your great payne to cease
And did exile then from her, to wildernes
Bothe dame Disdayne, and eke dame Strangenes.

And did me sende, to you incontinent
With this goodly shelde, that ye shoulde it were
For her swete sake, as is conuenient
It is sure, ye shall not nede to feare
The stroke of swerde, or yet the grate of spere
She prayeth you, for to be of good chere
Aboue all men, ye are to her most deare.

Nowe sayed Perceueraunce, I pray you repose
This long nyght, with my cosen Comfort
A gentle ladye, as any may suppose
She can you tell, and also well exhort
Of La bell Pucell, with a true report
I thanked her, of her great goodnes
And so we rode, with ioye and gladnes.

Tyll that we came, vnto a manour place
Moted about, vnder a woode side
Alight she saied, for by right long space
In payne and wo, you did euer abide
After an ebbe, there cōmeth a flowyng tide
So downe I light, from my goodly stede
After my paine, to haue rest for my mede.

Then dame Perceueraunce, on the way me ledde
Into the place, where did vs gentillye mete
The lady Comfort, without any dredde
With Countenaunce, that was demure and swete
In goodly maner, she did vs then grete
Leadyng vs, to a chamber precious
Dulcet of odoure, and most solacious.

And priuely, she asked a question
Of Perceueraunce, what I called was
La graunde Amoure, without abusion
Cosen quod she, he dothe all louers passe
Like as dothe Phebus, in the pure glasse
So dothe his dedes, extolle the soueraintie
Of the darke gyauntes, by highe aucthoritie.

When she it knewe, she was of me ryght fayne
Nothing I lacked, that was to my pleasaunce
After my trauayle, and my wofull payne
Good meate and drinke, I had to sustenaunce
We sate together, by long continuaunce
But euermore Comfort, gaue exhortation
To me of pacience, in tribulation.

Thinke well quod she, that in the worlde is none
Whiche can haue pleasure, without wo and care
Joye cometh after, when the payne is gone
Was neuer man, that was deuoyde or bare
Alway of ioye, after his wofull snare
Who knoweth payne, and hath bene in trouble
After his wo, his ioye is to him double.

It may so fortune, that La bell Pucell
Hath diuers frendes, that be not contente
That her fauoure, ye shoulde attayne so well
For you, of them, she may often be shent
But what for that, she shall not her repent
And if her frendes, be with you angrye
Suffer their wordes, and take it pacientlye

Agaynst their yll, do vnto them good
Them for to please, be alwaye diligent
So shall you swage, the tempesteous floode
Of their stormy mindes, so impacient
And inwardly, they shall them selues repent
That they to you, haue bene contrarious
In suche fyrye anger, hote and furious.

Thus by your wisdome, ye shall them so winne
Unto your frendes, that did you so hate
For it is reason, you shoulde obey your kynne
As by obedience, bothe early and late
Make them your frendes, without the debate
For euermore, the spirite of pacience
Dothe ouercome, the angry vyolence.

Be hardy, bolde, and also couragious
For after that, ye be gone from hence
You shall mete, with a gyaunt rigorious
Hauyng seuen heades, of yll experience
You shall subdue him, with your prudence
And other aduentures, shall vnto you fall
Whiche Fame shall cause, to be memoriall

When it was time, I was brought to bedde
So all the long nyght, I endured in rest
With suche a slouthe, itaken was my heade
That my soft pyllowe, I founde a good gest
For long before, I was so oppresst
With inwarde trouble, that I myght not slepe
But oft wake, and sigh with teares depe.

CAPPT. XXXV.

When mornyng came, vp anone I rose
And armed me, as fast as I might
Forthe for to trauell, vnto my purpose
I toke my leaue, and on my stede I light
Thankyng dame Cõforte, of her chere that nyght
She with Perceueraunce, in my companye
Forthe on the waye, we rode full merely

Ouer the hothe, tyll we sawe from farre
A royall castell, ryght strongly fortified
Bulwarkes about, accustomed for warre
On a craggy roche, it was so edified
Walled with gete, so clearely purified
To whiche we rode, and drewe nere and nere
Till in our sight, did openly appeare.

A mighty gyaunt. xv. fote of length
With heades seuen, and armed full sure
He semed well, to be a man of strength
Then quod Perceueraunce, ye must put in vre
This daye your power, in honoure to endure
Against this gyaunt, your mortall enemy
Be of good cheare, you shall haue victory.

Besides this gyaunt, vpon euery tree
I did se hang, many a goodly shelde
Of noble knightes, that were of hye degree
Whiche he had slayne, and murdred in the felde
From farre this gyaunt, I right well beholde
And towarde him, as I rode my way
On his first heade, I sawe a banner gaye

Wherin was written, Dissimulation
Whose nature false, is full of flatery
That vnder a fayned commendation,
Can cloke a mocke, and fraude full subtilly
So dothe he loue, deceyue oft priuely
For the blinde loue, dothe perceiue right nought
That vnder hony, the poyson is wrought

And the seconde heade, was a banner blewe
In whiche was written, in letters right white
Delay my name is, that can long eschue
A true louer, with my fatall respite
That loue for loue, shall not him acquite
For euermore, I lye oft in awayte
Loue to delay, and cast him from consayte.

On the thirde head, in a banner square
Al of reade, was written Discomfort
Causyng a louer, for to drowne in care
That he of loue, shall haue no report
But lokes hye, his hart to transport
And I my selfe, shall him so assayle
That he in loue, shall nothing preuayle

On the fourthe heade, on the helmet crest
There was a stremer, right white, large, and long
Where on was written, with bise of the best
My name is Variaunce, that euer among
The mind of loue doth chaung, with great wrong
That a true louer, can not be certayne
Loue for his mede, right stedfast to retayne,

And yet aloft, on the fifte helmet
In a blacke banner, was written Enuy
Whose hart euer, inwardly is fret
When Graunde Amoure, shoulde attayne his ladye
He museth oft, in him selfe inwardly
To let the lady, for to set her harte
On Graunde Amoure, for to release his smarte.

In a russet banner, on the sixt heade
There was written, this worde Detraction
That can open, in a couert stede
His subtile male, replete with treason
To cause a lady, to haue suspection
Unto her true louer, with his bitter tale
That she her loue, from him then did hale,

On the seuenth heade, in a banner of riches
Was written, with letters all of grewe
My name truely, is called Doublenes
Whiche I do owe, vnto all ladyes true
At a time vnware, my det shalbe due
To Graunde Amoure, for to make him repent
That he his loue, on La bell Pucell spent.

When in my minde, I had well agregate
Euery thing, that I in him had sene
Bothe of his heade, and of his hye estate
I called for helpe, vnto the heauen quene
The day was fayre, the sunne was bright and shene
Beside a riuer, and a craggy roche
Thys gyaunt was, whiche spied me approche.

He hurled about, and cast his shelde afore
And toke his axe, of myghty fortitude
That was of length. xx. fote and more
Whiche he had vsed, by long consuetude
To daunce true louers, and their power exclude
I toke my spere, and did it well charge
And with hardines, I made my force enlarge.

I toke my course, and to the gyaunt ranne
On his seconde heade, breaking then asunder
My myghty spere, that he to rore began
With so base a crye, that I had great wonder
His seuen heades so rored, like the thunder
Right from my stede, I light to the grounde
And drew Clara Prudence, that was whole and sound

The myghty gyaunt, his axe did vp lift
Upon my heade, that the stroke shoulde fall
But I of him, was full ware and swift
I lept aside, so that the stroke withall
In the grounde lighted, beside a stone wall
Thre fote and more, and anone then I
Did lepe vnto him, striking full quickely.

But aboue me, he had suche altitude
That I at him, coulde haue no full stroke
He stroke at me, with many strokes rude
And called me boye, and gaue me many a mocke
At the last he saied, I shall geve the a knocke
That with thy braynes, I shall the trees depaynt
Abide quod I, thou shalt be first full faint.

And right anone, I by me espyed
On the rockes side, twelue steppes full sure
And then right fast, I vpon them hyed
That we were bothe, about one stature
My strength I doubled, and put so in vre
The great strokes, that I cut of anone
Sixe of his heades, leauyng him but one

When he felt him selfe hurt so greuously
He stretched him vp, and lifte his axe a loft
Strikyng at me, with strokes wonderfly
But I full swiftly, did geue backe full oft
For to deuoyde, his great strokes vnsoft
When he sawe this, he thought him forlore
With a hideous voyce, he began to rore

The battaile dured, betwene vs right long
Till I sawe Phebus, declinyng full lowe
I auaunced my swerde, that was sure and strong
And with my might, I gaue him suche a blowe
On his seuenth heade, that he did ouerthrowe
When he was downe, he gan to crye and yell
Full like a serpent, or a fende of hell.

When I sawe this, as fast as might be
A downe I came, and did then vnlace
His seuenth helmet, right riche for to see
And him beheaded, in a right short space
And then full sone, there came to the place
Perseueraunce, and my verlet also
Alas they saied, we were for you right wo.

But we were glad, when ye had forsaken
The lowe vale, and vp the craggy fayre
For your aduauntage, the hye waye had taken
Thus as we walked, we did se ladies fayre
Seuen in number, that were debonayre
Upon white palfreys, eche of them did ryde
For vs ryght gentilly, from the castell side.

The first of them, was named Stedfastnes
And the second, Amerous Purueyaunce
The thirde, was Ioye, after great heauines
The fourth of them, was dame Cõtinuaunce
And the fift of them, called dame Pleasaunce
The sixte was called, Report famous
The seuenth Amitie, to louers dolourous

And right anone, with al humilitie
They lighte adowne, and then incontinente
Eche after other, they came vnto me
I kissed them, with all my whole entente
Hayle knyght they sayed, so cleare and excellent
Whiche of this gyaunt, our hydeous enemy
So worthely, hath wonne the victory.

Ladyes he saied, I am muche vnworthy
So to accept, your great prayse and fame
They prayed me, to kepe them company
I will quod I, or elles I were to blame
They prayed me, to shewe them my name
La graunde Amoure it is, I saied in dede
And then saied they, no wonder thoughe ye spede.

No doubt it is, but ye shall obtayne
La bell Pucell, so right fayre and clere
We were with her, exiled by Disdayne
And then besieged, in this castell here
With this great gyaunt, more then a whole yere
And you this nyght, if it do you please
In this pore castell, shall take your ease.

I thanked them, and so I rode anone
Into the castell, of olde foundation
Walled about, with the blacke touche stone
I toke there then, my recreation
Among these ladyes, with commendation
And when time came, that they thought best
To a royall bedde, I was brought to rest.

After my wery, and troublous trauayle
I toke mine ease, tyll that it was day
Then vp I rose, without any fayle
And made me ready, for to ride my waye
But then anone, into the chamber gaye
The seuen ladyes came, with Perseueraunce
Saiyng they woulde, geue me attendaunce.

And bring me, to La bell Pucell
Where that she is, in her court royall
And likewise, as Phebus dothe hye excell
In brightnes truely, the fayre starres all
So in beauty, and vertue speciall
She dothe excede, any earthly creature
That is nowe made, by fayre dame Nature

We brake our fast, and we made vs readye
To La bell Pucell, on our way to ryde
My stede was brought, I lept vp shortlye
So did the ladyes, they woulde nothing abide
Thus forthe we rode, at the morowe tyde
Out of the castell, with all ioye and pleasure
Forthe on our waye, at all aduenture.

CAPI. XXXVI.

So long we rode, ouer hill and valey
Tyll that we came, into a wildernes
On euery syde, there wilde beastes laye
Right straunge and fierce, in sundry likenes
It was a place, of dissolute darkenes
The ladyes and I, were in feare and doubt
Tyll at the last, that we were gotten out.

Of the great woode, vpon a craggy roche
When cleare Dyana, in the Scorpion
Agaynst fayre Phebus, began to approche
For to be, at her whole opposition
We sawe from farre, a goodly region
Where stode a palaice, hye and precious
Beyonde an hauen, full tempestuous

Then saied Perceueraunce, beholde ye and se
Yonder is the palaice, gaye and glorious
Of La bell Pucel's great humilitie,
A place of pleasure, most solacious
But then we spied, a fende fallacious
Beyonde the hauen, at the sure entresse
Blowyng out fire, by marueylous widenes

The fire was great, it made the ylande lyght
He rored loude, it semed like the thunder
But as me thought, he was of great might
To knowe his likenes, we were farre asunder
But of the fire, we did often wonder
We asked Perceueraunce, what that it might be
Alas quod she, with fraude and subtiltye.

Of dame Strangenes, and of dame Disdayne
When La bell Pucell, did them so abiect
Because that they might not, reuert agayne
With mortall Enuy, they did then coniect
To make a fende, in likewise to directe
Syr Graunde Amoure, wyth the feruent fyre
Of euill treason, to let his desire.

For dame Disdaine, the crafty sorceres
With arte magyke, hath wrought full craftely
Of the. vii. metalles, a dragon doubtles
And dame Strangenes, by her nygromancy
Hath closed therin, a fende right subtilly
That the fyre encenseth, by great outrage
But Graunde Amoure, shall it well asswage

Beneth this roche, there is well fortified
An olde temple, to the laude and glory
Of wise dame Pallas, it was so edified
We will ride, vnto it full lightly
And do oblation vnto her truely
She will vs tell, by good experience
Howe we may scape, the brennyng vyolence.

So to the temple, of dame Pallas
Anone we rode, and did light adowne
Of depured cristall, her whole ymage was
The temple walles, were right olde and browne
And then right sone, before her highe renowne
Prostrate we fell, mekely to the grounde
And sodainely, we were cast in a sownde

Thus as we laye, in a deadely chaunce
We thought to her, we made peticion
And all in Englishe, with long circumstaunce
She shewed us, all the whole condicion
Of the marueylous, serpentes operation
And did shewe vs, a perfite remedy
To withstande, all the craft of Sorcery

And in likewise, as the maner foloweth
In depured verses, of crafty eloquence
Euery thing, vnto vs she sheweth
And first of all, with all our diligence
These verses we saied, vnto her excellence
But she with crafty, verses eloquent
Gaue vs an aunswere, full expedient.

When golden Phebus, in the first houre
Of his owne daye, began for to domime
The sorceresse, the false roote of doloure
All of golde, that was so pure and fyne
Of the best, made the heade serpentyne
And eke therof, she did make his face
Full lyke a mayde, it was a wonders case.

And euery houre, as the planettes raygned
She made the serpent, of the metalles seuen
Till she her purpose, had fully attayned
And when fiue bodies, aboue on the heauen
Went retrogarde, marueylously to neuen
With diuers quartyls, and the more combust
In the dragon's tayle, to let a louers lust.

These cursed witches, Disdayne and Straungenes
Made the monster, of a subtile kynde
To let my purpose, and all my gladnes
But that dame Pallas, of her gentle minde
Of marueylous herbes, a remedye did finde
And anone a boxe, of marueylous oyntment
She toke to me, to withstande the serpent.

Thus all esmarueyled, we did then awake
And in my hand, I had the oyntment
Closed in a boxe, of whiche I shoulde take
To anoynt my harneys, for the serpent
Whiche shall deuoyde, his fire so feruent
And my swerde also, to cause to depart
Astrothe the fende, so set with magikes arte.

Then whē the sunne, with his beames mery
Began to rise, in the fayre morowe gray
All about, lightyng our emispery
Exilyng mistes, and darke clowdes away
And when we sawe, that it was bright daye
Nere by the ryuage, at the last we spied
A goodly shippe, which unto us fast hyed.

And right anone, by the riuage syde
She cast an anker, and did vs than hayle
With a peale of gunnes, at the morowe tyde
Her bonet she vailed, and gan to strike sayle
She was right large, of thre toppes without faile
Her boate she made out, and sent to the lande
What that we were, to knowe and vnderstande

That so did walke, by the riuer coast
And with two ladyes, we sodaynely mette
So when that they, were come to vs almost
From their shippe boate, curiously counterfaite
Hayle knyght they saied, nowe from a lady great
Called dame Pacience, we are hither sent
To knowe your name, and all the whole entent

What you make here, and the ladyes all
Truely quod I, ouer this stormy flowde
We woulde haue passage, nowe in speciall
Tary she sayde, it were to you not good
There is a serpent, euill, right fierce, and woode
On the other side, whiche will you deuoure
Nay then quod I, my name is Graunde Amoure

I haue discomfited, the gyauntes terrible
For La bell Pucell, the most fayre ladye
And for her sake, shall be inuincible
Of this great monster, to haue the victory
You haue quod they, demeaned you nobly
And we anone, to our lady Pacience
Will geue of you, perfite intelligence

Thus they departed, and to their boate they went
And the royall shippe, yclipped Perfitenes
They did aborde, and then incontinent
Unto dame Pacience, they gan to expresse
My name, mine actes, and all my prowes
Ha ha quod she, howe glad may I nowe be
Whiche in this place, may him bothe heare and se

And in great haste, she made them rowe agayne
Towarde the lande, with all due reuerence
For to receyue me, and the ladyes certayne
And so we then, with all our diligence
Entred the boate, without resistence
And did aborde then, perfitenes so sure
Whiche the great waues, might right well endure

And Pacience, with great solemnitie
Did me receiue, and the ladyes also
Welcome she sayed, by hye auctboritye
I am ryght gladde, that it hath happened so
That La bell Pucell, must redresse your wo
And on your selfe, with your worthy dedes
Of Fame and her, hath wonne right hie medes

And then their anker, they weyed in haste
And hoyst their sayle, when many a clarion
Began to blowe, the mornyng was past
But Afrycus Auster, made surrection
Blowyng his belowes, by great occasion
So forthe we sayled, right playne southwest
On the other syde, where the serpent did rest

HOWE GRAUNDE AMOURE DISCOMFITED THE WONDERFULL MONSTER OF THE SEUEN METALLES, MADE BY ENCHAUNTMENT. CAPIT. XXXVII.

And at the lande, we ariued than
With all the ladyes, in my company
Whiche to pray for me, sodaynely began
To the god Mars, lodestarre of chiualrye
I toke my leaue, of them full gentilly
And right anone, to finde out my fo
This mortall dragon, I went to and fro.

Tyll at the last, beside a craggy roche
I sawe the dragon, whiche did me espye
And nere and nere, as I gan to approche
I beheelde his heade, with his great body
Whiche was mishaped, full ryght wondersly
Of golde so shyne, was bothe his heade and face
Full like a mayde, it is a marueylous case.

His necke siluer, and thicke like a bull
His brest stele, and like an olyphant
His forelegges laten, and of feders full
Right like a gripe was euery tallaunt
And as of strength he nothing did want
His backe afore, like bristles of a swyne
Of the fyne copper, did moste clearly shine.

His hynder legges, was like to a catte
All of tynne, and like a scorpion
He had a tayle, with a heade therat
All of leade of pliaunt fashion,
His hart stele, without menission
Towarde me he came, roaryng like the thunder
Spittyng out fyre, for to se great wonder.

In his forheade, with letters all of grewe
Was written, my name is Malyce priuy
That olde debate, can full sone renue
Betwene true louers, wyth coloure crafty
Agaynst Graunde Amoure, I shall so fortifye
My euill subtill power, and cursed courage
To let him truely, of his hye passage.

I toke my boxe, as Pallas commaunded
And my swerde and shelde, with all my armure
In euery place, I ryght well anoynted
To hardines, I toke my hart in eure
Makyng me ready, and when I thought me sure
I toke my swerde, and with an hardy harte
Towarde the dragon, I began to starte

And as I gan, my great stroke to charge
He blewe out so muche fyre innumerable
That on the grounde, I did my might discharge
The smoke was darke, full greatly domageable
And the hote fire, was so intollerable
About me fliyng, that vnneth I myght
Throughe my vysure, cast abroade my sight.

But the swete oyntment, had suche a vertue
That the wilde fire, myght nothing endomage
Me throughe heate, for it did extue
The magikes art, with great aduauntage
Causyng the fyre, right well to asswage
And with my swerde, as nothing agast
Upon the serpent, I did strike full fast.

His body was great as any tunne
The deuill about, did his bodye beare
He was as egre, as grype or lyon
So with his tallauntes, he did my harneyes teare
That oft they put me, in a mortall feare
Tyll at the last, I did his body perce
With my good swerde, he might it not reuerce.

Right therwithall, the dragon to brast
And out there flewe, right blacke and tedious
A foule Ethiope, whiche suche smoke did cast
That all the ylande, was full tenebrous
It thundred loude, with clappes tempestious
Then all the ladyes, were full sore adreade
They thought none other, but that I was deade

The spirite vanished, the ayre waxed cleare
Then did I loke, and beholde about
Where was the tower, of my lady so deare
Tyll at the laste, I had espied it out
Set on a rocke, ryght hye without doubt
And all the ladyes, with perceueraunce
To me did come, with ioye and pleasaunce.

Forsothe quod they, you are muche fortunate
So to subdue, the serpent venemous
Whiche by sorcery, was surely ordinate
Yoñ for to flea, with fire so vycious
Blessed be Pallas, the goddesse glorious
Whiche that you taught, a perfite remedye
For to deuoyde, the craft of sorcery.

It was no wonder, though that I was glad
After the payne, and tribulation
That in many places, I right often had
For to attayne, the hye promocion
Of La bell Pucelles domination
Considerynge, in my passage daungerous
All I subdued, to me contrarious

And then ryght sone, with great solemnitie
So forthe we rode, to the solemne mancion
Of La bell Pucelles, worthy dignitie
Whiche was a tower, of marueylous fashion
Replete with ioye, without suggestion
Walled with siluer, and many a story
Upon the wall, enameled royally.

So at the last, we came vnto the gate
Whiche all of siluer, was knotted properlye
Where was a lady, of right hye estate
Whiche vs receiued, well and nobly
And then Perceueraunce, went full shortly
To La bell Pucell, shewyng euery thing
Of mine aduenture, and sodayne commyng.

HOWE GRAUNDE AMOURE WAS RECEIUED OF LA BELL PUCELL. CAPIT. XXXVIII.

When she it knewe, then right incontinent
She called to her, Peace and dame Mercy
With Justice and Reason, the lady excellent
Pleasaunce, Grace, w' good dame Memorye
To wayte vpon her, full ententiflye
Me to receiue, with all solemne ioye
A downe her chamber, she went on her way.

And in the meane while, the gentle porteresse
Called Countenaunce, on my way then me ledde
Into the base courte, of great widenes
Where all of golde, there was a conduite heade
With many dragons, enameled with redde
Whiche did spoute out, the dulcet lycoure
Like crystall cleare, with aromatike odoure.

Aloft the base tower, foure ymages stode
Whiche blewe the clarions, well and wondersly
Aloft the towers, the golden fanes good
Did with the winde, make full swete armony
Them for to here, it was great melody
The golden towers, with cristall clarified
About were glased, most clearely purrified

And the grauel wherupon we went
Full like the golde, that is moste pure and fine
Withouten spotte, of blacke encombrement
About our fete, it did right clearely shyne
It semed more like a place celestine,
Then an earthly mansion, whiche shall away
By long tyme and processe, an other day.

And towarde me, I did se then commyng
La bell Pucell, the most fayre creature
Of any faire earthly person liuyng,
Whiche with me mette, with cheare so demure
Of the shinyng golde, was all her vesture
I did my duty, and once or twise iwys
Her lippes soft, I did full swetely kysse.

Aha quod she, that I am very fayne
That you are come, for I haue thought long
Sythen the time, that we parted in twaine
And for my sake, you haue had often wrong
But your courage, so hardy and strong
Hath caused you, for to be victorious
Of your enemies, so muche contrarious.

With her faire hande, white as any lillye
She did me leade, into a royall hall
With knottes kerued, full right craftely
The windowes fayre, glased with cristall
And all about, vpon the golden wall
There was enameled, with fygures curious
The siege of Troye, so harde and dolorous

The floore was paued, with precious stones
And the roufe, of marueylous geometry
Of the swete Cypres, wrought for the nonce
Encensyng out, the euill odours mistye
Amiddes the roufe, there shone full wondersly
A poynted dyamonde, of marueylous bygnes
With many other, great stones of riches.

So vp we went, to a chamber fayre
A place of pleasure, and delectation
Strowed with flowers, flagraunte of ayre
Without any spotte of perturbacion
I behelde right well the operation,
Of the marueylous roufe, set full of rubies
And tynst with saphers, and many turkeys

The walles were hanged, with golden arras
Whiche treated well, of the siege of Thebes
And yet all about vs depured was,
The cristallyne windowes, of great bryghtnes
I can nothing extende the goodlines
Of this palaice, for it is impossible
To shewe all that vnto me was vysible.

But La bell Pucell, full right gentilly
Did sit adowne, by a windowe side
And caused me also, full swetely
By her to sit, at that gentle tide
Welcome she saied, ye shall with me abide
After your sorowe, to liue in ioye and blisse
You shall haue that, you haue deserued iwys

Her redolent wordes, of swete influence
Degouted vapoure, moste aromatike
And made conuersion, of my complacence
Her depured, and her lusty rethorike
My courage reformed, that was so lunatike
My sorowe defeted, and my minde did modefy
And my dolourous hart, began to pacifye.

All thus my loue, we began to deuise
For eche of other, were ryght ioyous
Then at the last, in a marueylous wise
Full sodainely, there came vnto vs
Little Cupide, with his mother Venus
Whiche was well cladde, in a faire mantell blewe
With golden hartes, that were perst anewe

And rounde about vs, she her mantle cast
Saiyng that she, and her son Cupide
Woulde vs conioyne, in mariage in haste
And to let knowe, all your courte so wyde
Sende you Perceueraunce, before to prouide
To warne your ladyes, for to be ready
To morowe by time, right well and solemnely

We aunswered, bothe our hartes were in one
Saiyng that we, did ryght well agree
For all our foes, were added and gone
Right gladde I was, that ioyfull daye to see
And then anone, with great humilitie
La bell Pucell, to a fayre chamber bright
Did me then bring, for to rest all nyght

And she toke her leaue, I kissed her louely
I went to bedde, but I coulde not slepe
For I thought so muche, vpon her inwardely
Her most swete lokes, into my hart did crepe
Percyng it throughe, with a wounde so depe
For Nature thought, euery houre a daye
Tyll to my lady, I shoulde my dette well paye.

OF THE GREAT MARIAGE, BETWENE GRAUNDE AMOURE, AND LA BELL PUCELL. CAPIT. XXXIX.

Then Perceueraunce, in all goodly haste
Unto the stewarde, called Liberalitie
Gaue warnyng for to make ready fast
Agaynst this tyme, of great solemnitie
That on the morowe, halowed shoulde be
She warned the cooke, called Temperaunce
And after that the ewres Obseruaunce.

With Pleasaunce the panter, and dame Curtesy
The gentle butler, with the ladyes all
Eche in her office, was prepared shortly
Agaynst this feast, so muche triumphall
And La bell Pucell, then in speciall
Was vp by time, in the morowe graye
Right so was I, when I sawe the daye.

And right anone, La bell Pucell me sent
Agaynst my weddyng, of the saten fyne
White as the mylke, a goodly garment
Brandred with pearle, that clearely dyd shine
And so the mariage for to determine,
Venus me brought, to a royall chapell
Whiche of fine golde, was wrought euerydell.

And after that, the gay and glorious
La bel Pucel, to the chapell was leade
In a white vesture, fayre and precious
With a golden chaplet, on her yelowe heade
And Lex Ecclesie, did me to her wedde
After whiche weddyng, there was a great feast
Nothing we lacked, but had of the best

What shoulde I tary, by long continuaunce
Of the feast, for of my ioye and pleasure
Wisdome can iudge, without variaunce
That nought I lacked, as ye may be sure
Paiyng the swete due dette of nature
Thus with my lady, that was fayre and cleare
In ioye I liued, full ryght many a yere.

O lusty youth, and yong tender hart
The true companion, of my lady bright
God let vs neuer, from other astart
But all in ioye, to liue bothe daye and nyght
Thus after sorowe, joye ariued aryght
After my payne, I had sport and playe
Full little thought I, that it shoulde decaye.

Till that dame Nature, naturyng had made
All thinges to growe, vnto their fortitude
And nature naturyng, waxt retrograde
By strength my youthe, so for to exclude
As was euer, her olde consuetude
First to augment, and then to abate
This is the custome, of her hye estate.

Thus as I liued, in suche pleasure gladde
Into the chamber, came full priuely
A fayre olde man, and in his hand he had
A croked staffe, he wente full wekely
Unto me then, he came full softly
And with his staffe, he toke me on the breast
Obey he saied, I must you nedes arest.

My name is Age, whiche haue often sene
The lusty youthe, perishe vnhappely
Through the deserte, of the selfe I wene
And euermore, I do thinke inwardly
That my dedes of youthe, were of great foly
And thou thy selfe, right ioyous may be
To liue so long, for to be lyke to me.

Happy is he, that may well ouer passe
The narrowe brydge, ouer fragilitie
Of his wanton youthe, brittle as the glasse
For the youthe is open, to all frailtye
Ready to fal, into great iniquitye
Full well is he, that is brydled fast
With faire dame Reason, till his youthe be past

I obeyed his rest, there was no remedy
My youthe was past, and all my lustines
And right anone, to vs came Policye
With Auaryce, bringyng great riches
My whole pleasure, and delite doubtles
Was set vpon, treasure insaciate
It to beholde, and for to agregate.

The fleshely pleasure, I had cast aside
Little I loued, for to playe, or daunce
But euer I thought, howe I myght prouide
To spare my treasure, lande and substaunce
This was my minde, and all my purueyaunce
As vpon deathe, I thought little or neuer
But gathered riches, as I shoulde liue euer.

But when I thought, longest to endure
Death with his dart, arest me sodainely
Obey he sayed, as ye may be sure
You can resist, nothing the contrary
But that you must, obey me naturally
What you auayleth, suche treasure to take
Sythens by force, ye must it now forsake.

Alas quod I, nothing can me ayde
This worldely treasure, I must leaue behinde
For earth of earth, will haue his dette now payed
What is this worlde, but a blast of winde.
I must neades dye, it is my natife kinde
And as I was, at this conclusion
To me did come, dame Confession.

With dame Contricion, whiche gan to bewaile
My sinnes great, with whole repentaunce
And Satisfaction, without any fayle
With dame Conscience, did weye in balaunce
Howe that they might, then without doubtaunce
My treasure and good, so gotten wrongfully
To restore againe, to the rightfull party.

Of holy churche, with all humilitie
My rightes I toke, and then incontinent
Nature anailed in so lowe degree.
That death was come, and all my life spent
Out of my bodye, my soule then it went
To Purgatory, for to be purified
That after that, it might be glorified.

CAPI. XLII.

The good dame Mercy, with dame Charitie
My body buried, full right humbly
In a faire temple, of olde antiquitie
There was for me, a dyrege deuoutly
And with many a masse, full right solemnely
And ouer my graue, to be in memory
Remembraunce made, this little epitaphy.

O earth on earth, it is a wonders case
That thou art blinde, and will not the knowe
Though vpon earth, thou hast thy dwellyng place
Yet earth at last, must nedes the ouerthrowe
Thou thinkest the, to be no earth I trowe
For if thou diddest, thou wouldest then apply
To forsake pleasure, and to learne to dye.

PRIDE.

O earth of earth, why art thou so proude
Nowe what thou art, call to remembraunce
Open thine eares, vnto my song aloude
Is not thy beutye, strength, and puissaunce
Though it be cladde, with clothes of pleasaunce
Very earth, and also wormes fode
When earth to earth, shall turne the bloude.

WRATHE.

And earth with earth, why art thou so wrothe
Remember the, that it vayleth right nought
For thou maiest thinke, of a perfite trouthe
If with the earth, thou hast a quarell sought
Amiddes the earth, there is a place ywrought
When earth to earth, is turned properly
The for thy sinne, to punishe wondersly.

ENUY.

And earth for earth, why hast thou Enuy
And the earth vpon earth, to be more prosperous
Then thou thy selfe, fretyng the inwardly
It is a synne, right foule and vycious·
And vnto God, also full odious
Thou thinkest I trowe, there is no punishment
Ordeyned for sinne, by egall iudgement.

SLOUTHE.

Towarde heauen to folowe on the way,
Thou art full slowe, and thinkest nothing
That thy nature, dothe full sone decay
And death right fast, is to the commyng
God graunt the mercy, but no tyme enlongyng
When thou hast time, take time and space
When time is past, lost is the time of grace

COUETISE.

And when earth to earth, is next to reuert
And nature lowe, in the last age
Of earthly treasure, earthe dothe set his hart
Insatiatly, vpon couetise to rage
He thinketh not, his life shall asswage
His good is his God, with his great riches
He thinketh not, for to leaue it doubtles.

GLOTONY.

The pomped clarkes, with fode delicious
Earth often feadeth, with corrupt glotony
And not hynge, with workes vertuous
The soule dothe fede, right well ententiflye
But without measure, full inordinately
The body liueth, and will not remember
Howe earth to earth, must his strenthe surrender

LECHERY.

The vile carkasse, set vpon a fyre
Dothe often haunt, the sinne of lechery
Fulfillyng the fowle carnall desire,
Thus earth with earth, is corrupt marueylouslye
And earth on earth, will nothing purifye
Till earth to earth, be neare subuerted
For earth with earth, is so peruerted.

O mortall folke, you may beholde and se
Howe I lye here, sometime a mighty knight
The ende of ioye, and all prosperitie
Is death at last, through his course and myght
After the day, there cometh the darke nyght
For thoughe the day, be neuer so long
At last the belles, ringeth to euensong

And my selfe, called La graunde Amoure
Sekyng aduenture, in the worldely glory
For to attaine, the riches and honoure
Did thinke full little, that I shoulde here lye
Till death did marke me, full right priuely
Lo what I am, and wherto you must
Like as I am, so shall you be all dust

Then in your minde, inwardly despise
The brittle worlde, so full of doublenes
With the vyle fleshe, and right sone aryse
Out of your slepe, of mortall heauynes
Subdue the deuill, with grace and mekenes
That after your life, frayle and transitory
You may then liue, in ioye perdurably.

CAPIT. XLIII.

And as remembraunce, mine epytaphy set
Ouer my graue, in came dame Fame
With brennyng tongues without any let
Saiyng that she would spreade about my name
To liue in honoure, without any shame

Though that deade were, my earthly body
Yet my renowne, shoulde raigne eternally.

The power, estate, and royall dignitye
Of dame Fame, in euery region
Is for to spreade, by hye aucthoritye
The noble dedes, of many a champion
As they are worthy, in mine opinion
For thoughe his body, be deade and mortall
His fame shall endure, and be memoriall.

Did not Graunde Amoure, with his royall dedes
Winne La bell Pucell, the most fayre lady
And of hye honour, attayned the medes
In the demeanyng him, so worthely
Sleyng the great terrible giauntes vgly
And also the fyrye monster vyolent,
Of the seuen metalles, made by enchauntment

About the worlde, in euery nacion
That euermore, he shall abide alyue
Of his great actes, to make relation
In bokes many, I shall of him contriue
From one to other, I shall his name so dryue
That euermore without extinguishment
In burnyng tongues, he shall be parmanent

HECTOR OF TROY.

Unto this day, raygneth the hye renowne
Of the worthy Hector, prince vyctorious
About is spreade, in euery region and towne
His noble actes, and courage chyualrous.
In full many bokes, right delicious
Unto the readers, who list to geue audience
To heare report, of hys great excellence

JOSUE.

And in likewise, duke Josue the gent
Whiche was right strong, and fierce in battayle
Whose noble feates, hyghe and excellent
I haue caused, with diligent trauayle
To abide in bokes, without any fayle
Who list his story, for to see or here
In the Bible it dothe well appeare.

JUDAS MACHABEUS.

Also the noble and hardy feates of warre
Of Judas Machabeus, I about haue cast
In euery nacion, for to raygne afarre
Though that his life, out of this worlde be past
His fame shall prospere, and shall neuer waste
Thus with my power, of euery worthy
I spreade his dedes, in tongues of memory.

DAUID.

Did not kyng Dauid, a lyons iawes teare
In his tender youthe, he so hardy was
The lyons crueltye, might nothing him feare
And after that, he slew great Golias
All in his tyme, he did in honoure passe
And I dame Fame, without any doubt
Haue spreade his name, in all the worlde about.

ALEXANDER.

Also king Alexander, the noble conqueroure
Whose great power, in all the worlde was knowen
Of me dame Fame, he wanne the honoure
As I my trumpe, after his death haue blowen
Whose sounde aloude, can not be ouerthrowen
Thus in flamyng tonges, all about I flye
Through the worlde, with my winges swiftly.

JULIUS CEZAR.

And of the worthy Cezar Julius.
All about, wyth golden beames bryght
His name shall dure, and be full glorious
In all the worlde, with ardaunt tongues lyght
His fame shall raygne, he hath it wonne by right
For to abide, and euer to augment
Withouten let, or yet impediment.

ARTHURE.

Also yet Arthur, the good kyng of Britayne
With all his knightes, of the rounde table
I nowe dame Fame, shall make to remayne
Their worthy actes, hygh and honourable
Perpetually, for to be commendable
In royall bokes, and gestes historiall
Their fame is knowen, ryght hye tryumphall.

CHARLES.

And then Charles, the great kyng of Fraunce
With all his noble dousepers also
As Roulande and Oliuer, of his alyaunce
With all the residue, and many other mo
Their fame encreaseth, runnyng to and fro
The hardy dedes, did them magnifye
Unto me Fame, their names to notify.

GODFREY OF BOLEYN.

And Godfrey of Boleyn, of hardy courage
That of the paynyms wanne the victory
His worthy actes did theyr strength aswage
Whose fame renowned is full openly
About the world reygnyng so royally
In flamyng tongues to be intelligible
His most hie actes so much inuincible.

And in lykewyse wythout abatment
I shall cause for to be memoryal
The famous actes so highe beneuolent
Of Graunde Amoure my knyght in speciall
Hys name shall dure and be eternall
For though his body be wrapt in claye
Yet his good fame shall remayne alwaye

And ryght anone she called Remembraunce
Commaundyng her ryght truely for to wryte
Both of myne actes and my gouernaunce
Whych than ryght sone began to endyte
Of my feates of armes, in a short respyte
Whose goodly stories, in tongues seuerall
About were sent, for to be perpetuall.

And thus I Fame, am euer magnified
When earth in earth, hath tane his estate
Thus after death, I am all glorified
What is he nowe, that can my power abate
Infinite I am, nothing can me mate
The spryng of honour, and of famous clarkes
My selfe I am, to renowne their warkes.

CAPITU. XLIIII.

And as dame Fame, was in laudation
Into the temple, with marueylous likenes

Sodainely came Tyme, in breuiacion
Whose similitude, I shall anone expresse
Aged he was, with a bearde doubtles
Of swalowes feaders, his wynges were long
His body federed, he was hye and strong.

In his left hande, he had an horology
And in his ryght hande, a fyre brennyng
A swerde about him, gyrte full surely
His legges armed, clearely shynynge
And on his noddle, darkely flamyng
Was set Saturne, pale as any leade
And Jupiter, amiddes his foreheade.

In the mouthe Mars, and in his right winge
Was splendent Phebus, with his golden beames
And in his breast, there was replendishyng
The shinyng Venus, with depured streames
That all about, did cast her fyrye leames
In his left wynge Mercury, and aboue his waste
Was horned Dyane, her opposition past.

My name quod he, is in diuision
As time was, time is, and the time future
I marualle muche, of the presumption
Of thee dame Fame, so puttyng in vre
Thy great praise, saiyng it shall endure
For to be infinite, euermore in preasę
Seyng that I shall all thy honoure cease.

Shall not I Time, destroy bothe sea and lande
The sunne, and mone, and the starres all
By very reason, thou shalt vnderstande
At last shall lese, their course in generall
On time past, it vayleth not to call
Nowe by this horologe it dothe well appeare
That my last name, dothe euermore draw neare.

In my right hande, the great fire so feruent
Shall burne the time, and also minyshe
The fatall tongues, for it is accident
Unto me Time, all thinges to peryshe
When my laste ende, I shall accomplishe
And thus in vaine, thou hast thy laboure spent
When by me Time, thou shalt be so brent.

In eternitie, before the creation
Of aungell and man all thing was visible
In Goddes sight, as due probacion
Of his godheade, whiche is intelligible
To whom nothing, can be impossible
For in my selfe, a hye and sufficient
Before all thinges he was refulgent.

Unto whom onely, is apparaunce
Of my last ende, as mine origynall
Was in his sight, without doubtaunce
For onely of hym, it is especiall
The hye power, and godhead infinall
The future tence, to knowe dyrectly
Unto whom, it appeareth openly.

I am the lodestarre, to dame Eternitie
When man of earth, hath his creation
After the minute, of his natiuitie
He taketh then his operation,
Upon me Tyme, at euery season
In the same houre, the worlde was create
Originally, I toke mine estate.

Coulde the nine worthyes so vyctorious,
Do all their actes, without time or space
Tyme is a thing, bothe gaye and glorious
When it passeth, with vertue and grace
Man in this worlde hath a dwellyng place
Eyther hell or heauen, without leasyng
Alway he getteth, in his time spendyng.

Withouten tyme is no earthly thing
Nature, fortune, or yet dame Sapience
Hardines, cleargy, or yet learnyng
Past, future, or yet in presence
Wherfore I am, of more hye preeminence
As cause of fame, honoure and cleargy
They can nothing, without him magnify.

Do not I Time, cause nature to augment
Do not I Time, cause nature to decay
Do not I Time, cause man to be present
Do not I Time, take his lyfe away
Do not I Time, cause death take his saye
Do not I Tyme, passe his youth and age
Do not I Time euery thing asswage.

In time, Troy the eitye was edified
By tyme also, was the destroction
Nothing without tyme, can be fortified
No earthly ioye, nor tribulation
Without tyme, is for to suffer passion
The tyme of earth, was our destruction
And the tyme of earth, was our redemption

Adam of earth, sonne of virginitie
And Eue by God, of Adam create
These two, the worlde dampned in certainetie
By disobedience, so foule and vycyate
And all other, then from them generate
Tyll peace, and mercy, made ryght to encline
Out of the Lyon, to enter the Vyrgyn.

Like as the worlde, was destroyed totally
By the vyrgyns sonne, so it semed well
A vyrgyns sonne, to redeme it pyteously
Whose hye Godheade, in the chosen vessell
Forty wekes, naturally did dwell
Nature wekes, naturally did God of kinde
In the virgyn, he did suche nature finde.

Thus without nature, nature wondersly
In a virgyn pure, openly hath wrought
To the God of nature, nothing truely
Impossible is, for he made of nought
Nature first, whiche naturyng hath taught
Naturately, right naturate to make
Why may not he then, the pure nature take.

By his Godheade, of the virgyn Mary
His elect mother, and arcke of testament
Of holy churche, the blessed luminary
After the birthe, of her sonne excellent
Virgyn she was, yet alway permanent
Disnullyng the sectes, of false ydolatry
And castyng downe, the fatall heresy.

Thus when I Tyme, in euery nacion
Raygned in rest, and also in peace
And Octauian, in his domination
Through the worlde, and the peopled preace
Letters had sent, his honoure to enerease
Of all the number, for to be certaine
For to obey him, vs their souerayne.

In whose time God toke his natiuitie
For to redeme vs, with his precious bloude
From the deuils bonde, of great iniquitie
His hart was perst, hangyng on the rode.
Was not this time, vnto man right good
Shall not I Time, euermore abide
Tyll that in Libra, at the dreadefull tide

Of the day of dome, then in the balaunce
Almighty God, shall be iust and egall
To every person, withouten doubtaunce
Eche as they did deserue in generall
Some to haue ioye, some payne eternall
Then I am past, I may no lenger be
And after me, is dame Eternitie.

And thus as Tyme made his conclusion,
Eternitie in a fayre white vesture
To the temple came, with whole affection
And on her heade, a dyademe right pure
With thre crownes, of precious treasure
Eternitie she saied, I am nowe doubtles
Of heauen quene, and of hell empresse.

First God made heauen, his proper habitacle,
Though that his power, be in euery place
In eterne heauen, is his tabernacle
Time is there in no maner of case
Time renneth alway, his ende to embrace
Nowe I my selfe, shall haue no endyng
And my maker had no begynnyng.

In heauen and hell, I am continually
Withouten ende, to be in extinguissible
As euermore, to rayne full royally
Of euery thing, I am inuincible
Man of my power, shall be intelligible
When the soule, shall rise against the body
To haue iudgement, to liue eternally.

In heauen or hell, as he dothe deserue
Who that loueth God aboue euery thing
All his cōmaundementes he will then obserue
And spende his tyme, in vertuous liuyng
Idlenes wil euermore be eschuynge
Eternall ioye, he shall then attayne
After his laboure, and his busy payne

O mortall folke, reuole in your mynde
That worldly ioye, and frayle prosperitie
What is it like, but a blast of winde
For you therof, can haue no certaintie
It is nowe so full, of mutabilitie
Set not your mynde, vpon worldly wealth
But euermore, regarde your soules health.

When earth in earth, hath tane his corrupt taste
Then to repent, it is for you to late
When you haue time, spende it nothing in waste
Tyme past with vertue, must enter the gate
Of ioye and blysse, with mine hye estate
Without tyme, for to be euerlastyng
Whiche God graunt vs, at our last endyng

Nowe blessed lady of the health eternall
The quene of comfort, and of heauenly glory
Praye to thy swete sonne, whiche is infinal
To geue me grace, to winne the victory
Of the deuill, the worlde, and of my body
And that I may, my selfe well apply
Thy sonne and the, to laude and magnifie.

EXPLICIT. THE PASTIME OF PLEASURE.

THE EXCUSATION OF THE AUCTHOURE.

CAPIT. XLVI.

Unto all Poetas, I do me excuse
If that I offende, for lacke of science
This little boke, yet do ye not refuse
Though it be deuoyde, of famous eloquence
Adde or detray, by your hye sapience
And pardon me, of my hye enterprise
Whiche of late, this fable did fayne and deuise.

Go little boke, I pray God the saue
From misse metryng, by wrong impression
And who that euer, list the for to haue
That he perceyue, well thyne intencion
For to be grounded, wythout presumption
As for to eschue, the synne of ydlenes
To make such bokes, I apply my busines.

Besechyng God, for to geve me grace
Bokes to compyle, of morall vertue
Of my master Lidgate, to folowe the trace
His noble fame, for to laude and renue
Whiche in his lyfe, the slouthe did eschue
Makyng great bokes, to be in memory
On whose soule, I pray God haue mercy.

FINIS.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

BEHEADED 1546-7.

HENRY HOWARD, son of Thomas Earl of Surrey, and afterwards third Duke of Norfolk, is supposed to have been born either at Framlingham in Suffolk, or at Kenninghall, his grandfather's principal place of residence, in Norfolk. It had become the fashion in high life to give both sexes a learned education: that fashion was encouraged by Henry VIII.; as it had been by his father; and some of the first and fairest fruits of it were seen in this most illustrious of the Howards. There is an unsupported tradition, but probable in itself, that he was placed at Wolsey's new College, in Oxford; and the fact that he was chosen High Steward of the other University affords strong presumption that he belonged to Cambridge. Before he was sixteen, however, his scholastic education was finished, and he was contracted to the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John Earl of Oxford. That same year he was one of the nobles who accompanied Henry VIII. to his interview with the French King at Boulogne; and at the coronation of Anne Boleyn he carried the fourth sword, with the scabbard, upright, before the King, as representative of his father-in-law, the Lord High Chamberlain. He lived in the closest intimacy with Henry's natural son, the Duke of Richmond, who was at that time betrothed to his only sister, the Lady Mary Howard, and some of his happiest days were past with this friend at Windsor.

That was an age in which a dear price was paid for pre-eminence in rank. Anne Boleyn was his kinswoman and his friend; yet Surrey was compelled to appear at her iniquitous trial, as representing his father in the character of Earl Marshal; the Duke in his own person presiding as Lord High Steward. He was one of the chief mourners at the funeral of Queen Jane, and one of the defendants in the jousts upon the marriage of Queen Anne of Cleves. Soon afterwards he was made Knight of the Garter. This was the season of his highest favour. It was followed by disgrace and imprisonment for having challenged John à Leigh, of Stockwell, upon a private quarrel. On his release he accompanied his father to the war in Scotland, and was present when Kelsal was burnt. He had then to answer before the Privy Council upon two charges: the one was for eating meat in Lent; the other for breaking windows in the streets of London with a cross-bow in the dead of night. For the first he pleaded a licence, but confessed that he had made use of it too publicly; for the second he made the strange excuse, that being shocked at the licentiousness of the citizens, he thought that by thus alarming them he might put them in mind of the suddenness of God's judgments, and so awaken them to repentance. Wyatt was one of his companions in this freak of fanaticism, and they were both committed to the Fleet for it.

Surrey is next found distinguishing himself at the siege of Landrecy. At that siege Bonner, who was afterwards so eminently infamous, invited Hadrian Junius to England. When that distinguished scholar arrived, Bonner wanted either the means, or, more probably, the heart, to assist him; but Surrey took him into his family in the capacity of physician, and gave him a pension of fifty angels. About the same time he received Churchyard into his house; who was then a hopeful boy, and who in his old age bore grateful testimony to his benefactor's worth. In the campaign of 1544 he was Marshal of the Army, and with his father conducted the siege of Montreuil: there he was dangerously wounded in an attempt to take the place by storm; but recovered in time to cover the retreat, and so to prove that the failure of the siege has not been owing to any want of skill or courage on his part.

He had next the command at Guisnes, and then at Boulogne, from whence he was soon removed through the jealousy, as he believed, of Hertford (afterwards the Protector Seymour), to whom he was indebted for many ill offices; and for the resentment which he expressed with characteristic freedom, he was imprisoned in Windsor Castle. In August he was released, and apparently once more in favour; in December he was committed to the Tower, and brought to trial upon a preposterous charge of high treason, in which his father was involved. Hertford, who has crimes enough upon his head, is supposed to have sought his destruction in order to rid himself of a formidable enemy; and Surrey's only sister, — the widow of his dearest friend — of that friend whose early loss he had continually regretted, — appeared as a voluntary witness, to take away the lives of her father and her brother! The Duke was saved by Henry's timely death; but Surrey, in the flower of his age, was beheaded a few days before that event took place; this judicial murder, (for not the shadow of a crime was proved against him,) being last of those acts by which the name of Henry VIII. has deservedly been rendered hateful.

It is said, that on the birth of his eldest son, the child's nativity was cast, and the scheme contained a prognostication of his own untimely death.

Few poets, who have written so little, have produced so great an effect upon the literature of their country. In this he resembles his contemporary Garcilaso, with whom he has other points of resemblance: but Garcilaso wrote in a language which was more formed; and though he affected the fashion of his country's poetry as much, was far from improving it in an equal degree. Surrey was the first English poet who wrote metrically; and the first who used blank verse, — that verse which, for its peculiar and excellent adaptation to the English language, ought to be called the English measure. He wrote also the first English sonnets; and he used the ternal rhyme of Dante, — a metre, by its solemn continuity, so suited to grave subjects, that some poet will surely one day make for himself a lasting reputation by worthily employing it.

DESCRIPTION OF

THE RESTLESS STATE OF A LOUER,

WITH SUTE TO HIS [illegible]UE ON HIS DYE: [illegible]T.

THE sunne hath twise brought forth his tender gr[illegible]ne,
Twise clad the earth in liuely lustinesse;
Ones haue the windes the trees dispoyled clene,
And ones again begins their cruelnesse,
Sins I haue hid under my brest the harme,
That neuer shal recouer healthfulnesse.
The winters hurt recouers with the warme:
The parched grene restored is with shade:
What warmth, alas! may serue for to disarme
The frosen hart, that mine in flame hath made?
What cold againe is able to restore
My fresh grene yeres, that wither thus and fade?
Alas! I se nothing hath hurt so sore,
But Time, in time, reduceth a returne:
In time my harme increaseth more and more,
And semes to haue my cure alwayes in scorne:
Strange kindes of death, in life that I do trie;
At hand to melt, farre off in flame to burne.
And lyke as time list to my cure apply,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
Al thyng alive, that seeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer, and excuse
It selfe from travaile of the dayes unrest,
Saue I, alas! against al others use,
That then stirre up the torments of my brest,
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate.
And when the sunne hath eke the darke opprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The trauailes of mine endlesse smart and paine;
For then as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more couertly to plaine;
And me withdraw from every haunted place,
Lest by my chere my chance appere to plaine:
And in my mynde I measure pace by pace,
To seke the place where I my self had lost,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In seming slack, that knitteth ever most.
But never yet the trauaile of my thought,
Of better state could catch a cause to bost:
For if I founde, some time that I haue sought,
Those sterres by whom I trusted of the port,
My sailes do fall and I advance right nought;
As ankerd fast my spirites doe all resort
To stand agazed, and sink in more and more
The deadly harme which she doth take in sport.
Lo, if I seke, how do I finde my sore?
And yf I flee, I cary with me still
The venomd shaft, which doth his force restore
By haste of flight: And I may plaine my fill
Unto my self, unlesse this carefull song
Print in your hart some parcel of my tene
For I, alas! in silence all to long,
Of mine old hurt yet felt the wound but grene,
Rue on my life, or els your cruel wrong
Shall well appere, and by my deth be sene.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

WHERIN ECHE THING RENEWES SAUE ONELY THE LOVER.

THE soote season, that bud and blome forth brings,
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale:
The nightingale with fethers new she sings:
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale:
Somer is come, for euery spray now springs:
The hart hath hong his old hed on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coate he flings:
The fishes flete with new repaired scale:
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swalow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her hony now she mings,
Winter is worne, that was the flowers bale.
And thus I se among these pleasant things
Eche care decayes; and yet my sorow springs.

COMPLAINT OF A LOUER,

THAT DEFIED LOVE AND WAS BY LOVE AFTER THE MORE TORMENTED.

WHEN somer toke in hand the winter to assail,
With force of might, and vertue great, his stormy blasts to quail;
And when he clothed faire the earth about with grene,
And every tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene;
Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood did stur
Me to withdrawe my wynter woes, that kept within the dore.
Abrode, quod my desire, assay to set thy fote
Where thou shalt finde the savour swete, for sprong is euery rote.
And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire to fele a space.
There shalt thou heare and se al kyndes of birdes ywrought,
Wel tune their voice with warble smal, as nature hath them tought.
Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leaue:
And for my health I thought it best such counsel to receaue.
So on a morow furth, vnwist of any wight,
I went to proue how well it woulde my heauy burthen light.
And when I felt the aire so pleasant roundе about,
Lord, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out.
There might I se how Ver had euery blossome hent:
And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how they went:
And in their songes me-thought they thanked nature much,
That by her license al that yere to loue their happe was such,
Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout;
With much reioysing to their Lord thus flew they al about.

Which when I gan resolue, and in my head conceaue [birdes receaue;
What pleasant lyfe, what heapes of joy these little
And saw in what estate I wery man was wrought,
By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at nought:
Lord, how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane!
I cursed Loue and him defied: I thought to turne the streame,
But when I well beheld he had me vnder awe,
I asked mercy for my fault, that so transgrest his lawe,
Thou blinded god, quod I, forgeue me this offence,
Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy pretence. [swore;
Wherwith he gaue a beck, and thus me-thought he
Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it were more.
The vertue of which sound mine hert did so reuiue,
That I, me-thought, was made as whole as any man alive.
But here I may perceiue mine errour al and some,
For that I thought that so it was; yet was it stil undone:
And al that was no more but mine expressed minde,
That faine would haue some good reliefe of Cupide wel assinde.
I turned home forthwith and might perceiue it wel,
That he agreued was right sore with me for my rebel. [more;
My harmes haue, euer since, encreased more and
And I remaine without his help, vndone for ever-
A mirror let me be vnto ye louers all: [more.
Striue not with Loue, for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOUE GERALDINE.

From Tuskane came my ladies worthy race:
Faire Florence was sometime her auncient seate
The western yle, whose plesant shore doth face
Wilde Cambers clifs, did gyve her liuely heate:
Fostred she was with milke of Irish brest;
Her sire, an Erle; her dame of princes blood:
From tender yeres, in Britain she doth rest
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.
Honsdon did first present her to mine yien;
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight:
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine:
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her vertues from aboue;
Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue!

THE FRAILTIE AND HURTFULNESS OF BEAUTIE.

Brittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,
Wherof the gift is small and short the season;
Flowring to day, to morowe apt to faile:
Fickell treasure, abhorred of reason:
Daungerous to deal with, vaine, of none auaile;
Costly in keping, past not worthe two peason:
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile;
Harde to attaine, onee gotten not geason:
Iewell of jeopardie that peril doth assaile;
False and vntrue, enticed oft to treason;
Enmy to youth, that most may I bewaile:
Ah, bitter swete, infecting as the poyson,
Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken,
To day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOUER NOT BELOUED.

Alas, so all thinges now doe holde their peace,
Heaven and earth disturbed in no thing. [cease,
The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their songe doe
The nightes chare the starres aboute doth bring;
Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse:
So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great encrease
Of my desires, wherat I wepe and sing,
In joy and wo, as in a doubtful case:
For my swete thoughtes, sometime do pleasure bring;
But by and by the cause of my disease
Geues me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,
When that I thinke what grief it is againe,
To liue and lack the thing should rid my paine.

HOW ECHE THING SAUE THE LOUER IN SPRING REUIUETH TO PLEASURE.

When Windsor walles susteined my wearied arme
My hand my chin, to ease my restlesse hed:
The pleasant plot reuested green with warme,
The blossomed bowes with lusty Ver yspred,
The flowred meades, the wedded birdes so late
Mine eyes discouer: and to my minde resorte
The joly woes, the hatteless short debate,
The sakelesse life that longes to loues disporte:
Wherewith, alas, the heauy charge of care
Heapt in my breast breakes forth, against my will,
In smoky sighes, that ouercast the ayer,
My vapord eyes such drery teares distill,
The tender spring which quicken where they fall,
And I halfe bend to throwe me downe withall.

A VOW TO LOUE

FAITHFULLY HOWSOEUER HE BE REWARDED.

Set me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene,
Or where his beames do not dissolue the yse:
In temperate heate where he is felt and sene:
In presence prest of people madde or wise;
Set me in hye, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest daye:
In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye:
Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
In hyll or dale, or in the foming flood,
Thrall, or at large, aliue whereso I dwell,
Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good:
Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
Content my self, although my chaunce be nought.

COMPLAINT

THAT HIS LADY AFTER SHE KNEW OF HIS LOVE, KEPT HER FACE ALWAY HIDDEN FROM HIM.

I NEVER sawe my Lady laye apart,
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith fyrst she knew my griefe was growen so greate;
Whiche other fansies driueth from my hart
That to my self I do the thought reserue,
The which unwares did wound my woeful brest;
But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest:
Yet sins she knew I did her loue and serue,
Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke;
Her smyling lokes that hid thus euermore,
And that restraines whiche I desire so sore:
So dothe thys cornet gouerne me alacke:
In somer, sunne: in winters breathe, a froste:
Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

REQUEST TO HIS LOUE

TO IOINE BOUNTIE WITH BEAUTIE.

THE golden gift that nature did the give,
To fasten frendes and fede them at thy will;
With fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue,
How thou arte made to showe her greatest skil;
Whose hidden vertues are not so vnknowen,
But lively dames mighte gather at the first
Where beauty so her perfecte seede hath sowen,
Of other graces folow nedes there must.
Now certesse Ladie, sins all thys is true,
That from aboue thy giftes are thus elect:
Do not deface them than with fansies newe,
Nor change of mindes let not the minde infect:
But mercy hym thy frende, that doth thee serve,
Who sekes always thine honour to preserue.

PRISONER IN WINDSOR,

HE RECOUNTETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison, how could betide, alas!
As proude Windsor: where I in lust and joye,
Wythe a kynges sonne[1], my childishe yeres did passe,
In greater feast, than Priam's Sonnes of Troye:
Where eche swete place returnes a taste full sower:
The large grene courtes where we were wont to hove,
With eyes cast vp into the mayden tower,
And easie sighes, such as folk drawe in Loue;
The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe;
The daunces shorte, long tales of great delight
With wordes and lokes, that tygers could but rewe,
Where ech of vs did pleade the others right.
The palme play, where, despoyled for the game,
With dazed yies oft we by gleames of loue,
Haue mist the ball, and gote sighte of our dame,
To bayte her eyes, which kept the leads aboue.[2]
The grauell grounde, wythe sleues tide on the helme
On fomyng horse, with swordes and friendly hartes;
With chear as though one should another whelme,
Where we haue fought, and chased oft with dartes;
With siluer droppes the meade yet spred for ruthe,
In actiue games of nimblenes and strength, [youth,
Where we did straine, trayned with swarmes of
Our tender limmes, that yet shot vp in length:
The secrete groues which oft we made resounde,
Of pleasaunt playnt, and of our ladies praise,
Recording oft what grace ech one had founde,
What hope of spede, what drede of long delayes:
The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene,
With rayns auailed and swift ybreathed horse;
With cric of houndes and mery blastes betwene,
Where we did chase the fearful harte of force.
The wide vales eke, that harborde vs eche nighte,
Wherwith, alas, reuiueth in my brest
The swete accorde, such slepes as yet delight,
The pleasant dreames, the quiet bed of rest:
The secrete thoughtes imparted with such trust,
The wanton talke, the diuers change of play,
The frendship sworne, eche promise kept so iust;
Wherwith we past the winter night away.
And with this thought, the bloud forsakes the face,
The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
The whyche as sone as sobbing sighes, alas,
Upsupped haue, thus I my plaint renewe:
O place of blisse! renuer of my woes,
Giue me accompt, where is my noble fere;
Whom in thy walles thou dost ech night enclose;
To other leefe, but unto me most dere:
Eccho alas, that doth my sorow rewe,
Returns therto a hollowe sounde of playnte.
Thus I alone, were all my fredome grewe,
In prison pine with bondage and restrainte,
And with remembrance of the greater greefe,
To banish the lesse, I find my cheefe releefe,

[1] The young duke of Richmond. *W.*
[2] The ladies were ranged on the leads or battlements of the castle to see the play. *W.*

A PRAISE OF HIS LOUE,

WHERIN HE REPROUETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

GEVE place, ye louers, here before,
That spent your bostes and bragges in vain,
My ladies beawty passeth more,
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Then doth the sunne the candle light;
Or brightest day the darkest night,

And therto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the faire,
For what she sayth, ye may it trust,
As by it writing sealed were:
And virtues hath she many moe,
Than I with pen have skill to showe.

I could reherse if that I would,
The whole effect of Natures plaint,
When she had lost the perfite mould,
The like to whome she could not paint:
With wringyng hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with raging minde
Her kingdome onely set apart;
There was no losse, by lawe of kinde,
That could haue gone so nere her hart;
And this was chefely all her paine,
She could not make the like againe.

Sith Nature thus gaue her the praise,
To be the chefest worke she wrought;
In faith me thinke some better wayes,
On your behalfe might well be sought.
Then to compare (as you haue done)
To matche the candle withe the sunne.

THOMAS SACKVILLE,

LORD BUCKHURST AND EARL OF DORSET,

1527—1608.

THOMAS SACKVILLE was born at Buckhurst, in the parish of Withiam, in Sussex. Richard Sackville, Esq. was his father, after whose death, his mother married John Powlet, Marquis of Winchester. He studied first at Hart Hall, Oxford; and after residing there some time, removed to Cambridge for a short while only, and there had a Master's degree conferred upon him, having distinguished himself in both Universities by his compositions in English and Latin verse. He then entered at the Inner Temple, and was called to the bar early in life.

As a statesman, Sackville was employed in the most important negociations, and held the highest offices. It was his painful charge to act as one of the commissioners for the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots, and to communicate her sentence to her, and be present at its execution. He sat also as Lord High Steward, in judgement upon Essex; and these seem to have been the only misfortunes (for such they may be called), of his long and honourable life. He was knighted in Elizabeth's presence by the Duke of Norfolk, and at the same time raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Buckhurst; the Order of the Garter was given him, and he was chosen Chancellor of the University of Oxford. After Burleigh's death he succeeded him as Lord Treasurer: James, who created him Earl of Dorset, continued him in that high station, which he held till, in the eighty-first year of his age, he died, at the council table, of serous apoplexy, leaving an unblemished memory in murderous times.

Few as his poems are, they are singularly important. With Norton he was joint author of our first regular tragedy; and the induction to the single legend, which he contributed to the Mirror for Magistrates, was imitated by Spenser, not in particular passages alone, and in the character of its allegory, but in its cast of language, and in the flow of its verse.

THE INDUCTION TO

A MIRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES.

THE wrathfull winter prochinge on a pace,
With blustring blastes had al ybared the treen,
And olde Saturnus with his frosty face
With chilling colde had pearst the tender green;
The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsom groves that nowe laye overthrowen,
The tapets torne, and every blome down blowen.

The soyle that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoyled of her beauties hewe:
And soot freshe flowers (where with the sommers queen
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blastes downe blewe
And small fowles flocking, in their song did rewe
The winters wrath, wher with eche thing defaste
In woful wise bewayled the sommer past.

Hawthorne had lost his motley lyverye,
The naked twigges were shivering all for colde;
And dropping downe the teares abundantly;
Eche thing (me thought) with weping eye me tolde
The cruell season, bidding me witholde
My selfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the feldes whereas I walkte about.

When loe the night with mistie mantels spred,
Can darke the daye, and dim the azure skyes,
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bluddy Mars, to wyl him not to ryse,
While she her selfe approcht in speedy wise;
And Virgo hiding her disdainful brest
With Thetis now had layd her downe to rest.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius dart,
Whose bowe prest bent in sight, the string had slypt,
Downe slyd into the ocean flud aparte,
The Beare that in the Iryshe seas had dipt
His griesly feete, with speede from thence he whypt;

For Thetis hasting from the Virgines bed
Pursued the Bear, that ear she came was fled.

And Phæton nowe neare reaching to his race
With glistering beames, gold streamynge where they bent
Was prest to enter in his resting place.
Crythius that in the earte fyrste went
Had even now attaynde his journeys stent
And fast declining hid away his head,
While Titan couched him in his purple bed.

And pale Cinthea with her borowed light
Beginning to supply her brothers place,
Was past the noonsteede syre degrees in sight,
When sparkling starres amyd the heavens face
With twinkling light sheen on the earth apace,
That whyle they brought about the nightes chare
The darke had dimmed the day ear I was ware.

And sorowing I to see the sommer flowers
The livly greene, the lusty leas forlorne,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The fields so fade that flourisht so beforne
It taught me wel all earthly thinges be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may last;
The sommers beauty yeeldes to winters blast.

Then looking upward to the heavens leames
With nightes starres thick powdred every where,
Which erst so glistened with the golden streames
That chearefull Phebus spread downe from his sphere,
Beholding darke oppressing day so neare:
The sodayne sight reduced to my minde
The sundry chaunges that in earth we fynde.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faster than we see
The flyekering flame that with the fyer is wrought,
My busie minde presented unto me
Such fall of pieres as in this realme had be:
That ofte I wisht some would their woes descryve,
To warne the rest whom fortune left alive.

And strayt forth stalking with redoubled pace
For that I sawe the night drewe on so fast,
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had al forwaste,
Furth from her iyen the cristall teares outbrast,
And syghing sore her handes she wrong and folde,
Tare al her heare, that ruth was to beholde.

Her body small forwithered and forespent,
As is the stalk that sommers drought opprest;
Her wealked face with wofull teares besprent,
Her colour pale, and (as it seemd her best)
In woe and playnt reposed was her rest.
And as the stone that droppes of water weares;
So dented wher her cheekes with fall of teares.

Her iyes swollen with flowing streames aflote,
Wherewith her lookes throwen up full piteouslie,
Her forecles handes together ofte she smote,
With doleful shrikes, that ecchoed in the skye:
Whose playnt such sighes dyd strayt accompany,
That in my doome was never man did see
A wight but halfe so woe begon as she.

I stoode agast beholding all her plight,
Tweene dread and dolour so distreynd in hart,
That while my heares upstarted with the sight,
The teares out streamde for sorowe of her smart:
But when I sawe no ende that could aparte
The deadly dewle, which she so sore dyd make,
With dolefull voice then thus to her I spake.

Unwrap thy woes what ever wight thou be,
And stint betime to spill thy selfe wyth playnt;
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure with sorowe thus attaynt.
And with that worde of sorrowe all forfaynt
She looked up, and prostrate as she laye
With piteous sound loe thus she gan to saye.

Alas! I wretche whom thus thou seest distreyned
With wasting woes that never shall aslake,
Sorrowe I am, in endeles tormentes payned,
Among the furies in the infernall lake:
Where Pluto god of hel so griesly blacke
Doth hold his throne, and *Letheus* deadly taste
Doth rievé remembraunce of eche thyng forepast.

Whence come I am, the drery destinie
And luckeles lot for to bemone of those,
Whom fortune in this maze of miserie
Of wretched chaunce most wofull myrrours chose
That when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Theyr pope, theyr power, and that they thought most sure
Thou mayest soone deeme no earthly joy may dure.

Whose rufull voyce no sooner had out brayed
Those woful woordes, wherewith she sorrowed so,
But out alas! she shryght and never slayed,
Fell downe, and all to dasht her selfe for woe.
The cold pale dread my lymes gan overgo
And I so sorrowed at her sorowes eft, [reft.
That what with griefe and feare my wittes were

I strecht my selfe, and strayt my heart revives,
That dread and dolour erst did so appale;
Lyke him that with the fervent fever stryves,
When sicknes seekes his castell health to skale:
With gathered spirites so sorst I feare to availe;
And rearing her with anguishe all fordone,
My spirits return'd, and then I thus begonne.

O Sorrowe, alas! sith sorrowe is thy name,
And that to shee this drere doth wel pertayne,
In vayne it were to seeke to ceas the same
But as a man hym selfe with sorrowe slayne,
So I, alas! do comfort thee in payne,
That here in sorrowe art forsonke so depe
That at thy sight I can but sigh and wepe.

I had no sooner spoken of a stike,
But that the storm so rumbled in her breast,
As Eolus could never roare the like,
And showers downe rayned from her iyen so fast,
That all bedreynt the place, till at the last
Well eased they the dolour of her minde,
As rage of rayne doth swage the stormy wynde.

For furth she placed in her fearfull tale:
Cum, cum, quod she, and see what I shall shewe,
Cum heare the playning, and the bytter bale
Of worthy men, by fortune overthrowe.
Cum thou and see them rewing all in rowe.
They were but shades that erst in minde thou rolde.
Cum, cum with me, thine eyes shall them beholde.

What could these wordes but make me more agast:
To heare her tell whereon I musde while eare:
So was I mazed therewyth, tyll at the last,
Musing upon her wurdes, and what they were,
All sodaynly well lessoned was my feare:
For to my minde returned howe she telde
Both what she was, and where her wun she helde.

Whereby I knewe that she a goddesse was,
And therewithall resorted to my minde
My thought that late presented me the glas
Of brittle state, of cares that here we finde,
Of thousand woes to silly men assynde:
And howe she nowe byd me come and beholde,
To see with iye that erst in thought I rolde.

That downe I fell, and with al reverence
Adored her, perceyving nowe that she
A goddesse sent by godly providence
In earthly shape thus showed herself to me,
To wayle and rue this worldes uncertayntie:
And while I honoured thus her godheds might,
With playning voyce these wurdes to me she shryght:

I shall thee guyde first to the griesly lake,
And thence unto the blisful place of rest,
Where thou shalt see and heare the playnt they make,
That whilom here bare swinge among the best.
This shalt thou see, but great is the unrest
That thou must byde before thou canst attayne
Unto the dreadfull place where these remayne.

And with these wurdes as I upraysed stood,
And gan to folowe her that strayght furth paced,
Eare I was ware, into a desert wood
We nowe were cum: where hand in hand imbraced,
She led the way, and through the thicke so traced
As but I had beene guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortall wight.

But loe, while thus amid the desert darke,
We passed on with steppes and pace unmette:
A rumbling roar confusde with howle and bark'
Of dogs, shoke all the ground under our feete,
And stroke the din within our eares so deepe
As halfe distraught unto the ground I fell,
Besought retourne, and not to visite hell.

But she forthwith uplifting me apace
Removed my dread, and with a stedfast minde
Bad me come on, for here was now the place,
The place where we our travayle ende should finde.
Wherewith I arose, and to the place assynde,
Astoynde I stalke, when strayt we approched nere
The dredfull place, that you wil dread to here.

An hydeous hole al vaste, withouten shape,
Of endless depth, orewhelmde with ragged stone,
Wyth ougly mouth, and grisly jawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.
Here entred we, and yeding forth, anone
An horrible lothly lake we might discerne
As blacke as pitche, that cleped is Averne.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbishe grows,
With fowle blacke swelth in thickned lumpes lyes,
Which up in the ayer such stinking vapors throwes
That over there, may flye no fowle but dyes,
Choakt with the pestilent savours that aryse.

Hither we cum, whence forth we still dyd pace,
In dreadful feare amid the dreadfull place.

And first within the portche and jawes of hell
Sate diepe Remorse of Conscience, al besprent
With teares: and to her selfe oft would she tell,
Her wretchednes, and cursing never stent
To sob and sigh: but ever thus lament,
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vayne
Would weare and waste continually in payne.

Her iyes unstedfast rolling here and there,
Whurld on eche place, as place that vengeaunce brought,
So was her minde continually in feare,
Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:
With dreadful cheare and lookes thrown to the skye,
Wyshyng for death, and yet she could not dye.

Next sawe we Dread al tremblyng how he shooke,
With foot uncertayne proferd here and there:
Benumde of speache, and with a gastly looke
Searcht evry place al pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne up with starting of his heare,
Stoynde and amazde at his owne shade for deed,
And fearing greater daungers than was nede.

And next within the entry of this lake
Sate fell Revenge gnashing her teeth for yre,
Devising means howe she may vengeaunce take,
Never to rest tyll she have her desire:
But frets within so far forth with the fyer
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she,
To dye by death, or vengde by death to be.

When fell, Revenge with bloudy foule pretence
Had showed herselfe as next in order set,
With trembling limmes we softly parted thence,
Tyll in our iyes another sight we met:
When fro my hart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Rewing alas upon the wofull plight
Of Miserie, that next appeared in sight.

His face was leane, and sumdeale pyned away,
And eke his handes consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I can not say,
For on his carkas rayment had he none,
Save cloutes and patches pieced one by one.
With staffe in hande, and skrip on shoulders cast,
His chiefe defence agaynst the winters blast.

His foode for most, was wylde fruytes of the tree,
Unles sumtimes sum crummes fell to his share:
Which in his wallet long, God wote, kept he,
As on the which full dayntlye would he fare.
His drinke the running streame: his cup the bare
Of his palme closed: his bed the hard colde grounde.
To this poore life was Miserie ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well behelde
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,
In thoughtful cares, furth then our pace we helde;
And by and by, an other shape apperes,
Of greedy Care, stil brushing up the breres,
His knuckles knob'd, his fleshe depe dented in,
With tawed handes, and hard ytanned skyn.

The morrowe graye no sooner had begunne
To spreade his light even peping in our iyes,

When he is up and to his worke yrunne:
But let the nightes blacke mistye mantels rise,
And with fowle darke never so much disguyse
The fayre bright day, yet ceasseth he no whyle,
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle.

By him lay heavy Slepe the cosin of death
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, save yelding forth a breath.
Small kepe took he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the trone
Of high renowne, but as a living death,
So dead alyve, of lyef he drewe the breath.

The bodyes rest, the quyete of the hart,
The travayles ease, the still nightes seer was he.
And of our life in earth the better parte,
Reuen of sight, and yet in whom we see
Thinges of that tide, and ofte that never bee.
Without respect esteeming equally
Kyng Cresus pompe, and Irus povertie.

And next in order sad Old Age we found
His beard all hoare, his iyes hollow and blynde,
With drouping chere still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assinde
To rest, when that the sisters had untwynde
His vitall threde, and ended with theyr knyfe
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow playn,
Rewe with him selfe his ende approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched minde torment
With swete remembraunce of his pleasures past,
And freshe delites of lusty youth forwaste.
Recounting which, how would he sob and shrike,
And to be yong againe of Jove beseke.

But and the cruell fates so fixed be
That time forpast can not retourne agayne,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he:
That in such withered plight, and wretched paine,
As elde (accompanied with his lothsome trayne)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe,
He might a while yet linger forth his lief;

And not so soone descend into the pit,
Where death, when he the mortall corps hath slayne,
With retchles hande in grave doth cover it,
Thereafter never to enjoye agayne
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylayne
In depth of darknes waste and weare to nought,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seene him sobbing, howe he stoode
Unto himselfe, and howe he would bemone
His youth forepast, as though it wrought hym good
To talke of youth, al wer his youth foregone,
He would have mused, and mervayled muche whereon
This wretched age should life desyre so fayne,
And knowes ful wel life doth but length his payne.

Crookebackt he was, tooth shaken, and blere iyed,
Went on three feete, and sometime crept on fower,
With olde lame bones, that ratled by his syde,
His skalpe all pilde, and he with elde forlore:
His withered fist stil knocking at deathes dore,
Tumbling and drivcling as he drawes his breth;
For briefe, the shape and messenger of death.

And fast by him pale Maladie was plaste,
Sore sicke in bed, her colour all forgone,
Bereft of stomake, savor, and of taste,
Ne could she brooke no meat but brothes alone.
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
Abhorring her, her sicknes past recure,
Detesting phisicke, and all phisickes cure.

But oh the doleful sight that then we see;
We turnde our looke, and on the other side
A griesly shape of Famine mought we see,
With greedy lookes, and gaping mouth that cryed,
And roard for meat as she should there have dyed.
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whearto was left nought but the case alone;

And that alas was knawen on every where
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrayne
From teares to see how she her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vayne:
When all for nought she fayne would so sustayne
Her starven corps, that rather seemde a shade,
Then any substaunce of a creature made.

Great was her force whom stonewall could not stay,
Her tearyng nayles scratching at all she sawe:
With gaping jawes that by no means ymay
Be satisfyed from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her selfe as she that hath no lawe:
Gnawing alas her carkas all in vayne,
Where you may count eche sinow, bone, and vayne.

On her while we thus firmly fixt our iyes,
That bled for ruth of such a drery sight,
Loe sodaynelye she shryght in so huge wyse,
As made hell gates to shyver with the myght.
Wherewith a dart we sawe howe it did lyght
Ryght on her breast, and therewithal pale death
Enthryiling it to rave her of her breath.

And by and by a dum dead corps we sawe,
Heavy and colde, the shape of death aryght,
That dauntes all earthly creatures to his lawe:
Agaynst whose force in vayne it is to fyght
Ne pieres, ne princes, nor no mortall wyght,
No townes, ne realmes, cities, ne strongest tower,
But al perforce must yeeld unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corps he tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumphe eftsones the same he shocke,
That most of all my feares affrayed me:
His bodie dight with nought but bones perdye,
The naked shape of man there sawe I playne,
All save the fleshe, the synowe, and the vayne.

Lastly stoode Warre in glitteryng armes yclad,
With visage grym, sterne lookes, and blackely hewed;
In his right hand a naked sworde he had,
That to the hiltes was al with bloud embrewed:
And in his left (that kinges and kingdomes rewed)
Famine and fyer he held, and therewythall
He razed townes, and threwe downe towers and all.

Cities he sakt, and realmes that whilom flowered,
In honour, glory, and rule above the best,
He overwhelmde, and all theyr fame devowred,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceast,
Tyll he theyr wealth, their name, and all opprest.
His face forehewed with woundes, and by his side
There hunge his terge with gashes depe and wyde.

In mids of which, depaynted there we founde
Deadly Debate, al ful of snaky heare,
That with a bloudy fillet was ybound,
Out breathing nought but discord every where.
And round about were portrayed here and there
The hugie hostes, Darius and his power,
His kynges, prynces, his pieres, and all his flower;

Whom great Macedo vanquisht there in fight,
With diepe slaughter, dispoyling all his pryde,
Pearst through his realmes, and daunted all his might.
Duke Hanniball beheld I there beside,
In Cannas field, victor howe he did ride,
And woful Romaynes that in vayne withstoode,
And Consul Paulus covered all in bloode.

Yet sawe I more, the fight at Trasimene,
And Trebery fyeld, and eke when Hannibal
And worthy Scipio last in armes were seene
Before Carthago gate, to trye for all
The worldes empyre, to whom it should befal.
There sawe I Pompeye, and Cesar clad in armes,
Theyr hostes alyed, and al theyr civil harmes.

With conquerours hands forbathde in their owne blood,
And Cesar weeping over Pompeyes head.
Yet sawe I Scilla and Darius where they stoode,
Theyr great crueltie, and the diepe bludshed
Of frendes: Cyrus I sawe and his host dead,
And howe the queene with great despyte hath flonge
His head in bloud of them she overcome.

Xerxes the Percian kyng yet sawe I there,
With his huge host that dranke the rivers drye,
Dismounted hilles, and made the vales uprere,
His hoste and all yet sawe I slayne perdye.
Thebes I sawe all razde howe it dyd lye
In heapes of stones, and Tyrus put to spoyle,
With walles and towers flat evened with the soyle.

But Troy, alas! (me thought) above them all,
It made mine iyes in very teares consume,
When I beheld the wofull werd befall,
That by the wrathful wyl of Gods was come:
And Jove's unmooved sentence and foredome
On Priam kyng, and on his towne so bent,
I could not lyn, but I must there lament.

And that the more sith Destinie was so sterne
As force perforce, there might no force avayle,
But she must fall: and by her fall we learne,
That cities, towres, wealth, world, and al shall quayle,
No manhoode, might, nor nothing mought prevayle,
Al wer there prest, ful many a prynce and piere,
And many a knight that sold his death full deere.

Not wurthy Hector wurthyest of them all,
Her hope, her joye; his force is now for nought.
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale;
The hugie horse within thy walles is brought:
Thy turrets fall, thy knightes that whilom fought
In armes amyd the fyeld, are slayne in bed;
Thy gods defylde, and all thy honour dead.

The flames upspring, and cruelly they crepe
From walle to roofe, til all to cindres waste:
Some fyer the houses where the wretches slepe,
Some rushe in here, some run in there as fast.
In every where or sword or fyer they taste.
The walles are torne, the towers whurld to the ground;
There is no mischiefe but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there sawe I howe they haled
From Pallas' house, with spercled tresse undone,
Her wristes fast bound, and with Greeks rout empaled:
And Priam eke in vayne howe he did runne
To armes, when Pyrrhus with despite hath done
To cruel death, and bathed him in the bayne
Of his sonnes blud before the altare slayne.

But howe can I descryve the doleful sight,
That in the shylde so livlike layer did shyne!
Sith in this world I think was never wyght
Could have set furth the halfe, nor halfe so fyne.
I can no more but tell howe there is seene
Fayer Ilium fall in burning red gledes downe,
And from the soyle great Troy Neptunus towne.

Herefrom when scarce I could mine iyes withdrawe
That fylde with teares as doth the spryngyng well,
We passed on so far furth tyl we sawe
Rude Acheron, a lothsome lake to tell,
That boyles and bubs up swelth as blacke as hell,
Where grisly Charon at theyr fixed tide
Still ferries ghostes unto the farder side.

The aged god no sooner Sorowe spyed,
But hasting strayt unto the banke apace
With hollow call unto the rout he cryed,
To swarve apart, and geve the goddesse place.
Strayt it was done, when to the shoar we pace,
Where hand in hand as we then linked faste,
Within the boate we are together plaste.

And furth we launch full fraughted to the brinke,
Whan with the unwonted weght the rustye keele
Began to cracke as if the same should sinke.
We hoyse up mast and sayle, that in a whyle
We fet the shore, where scarcely we had while
For to arryve, but that we heard anone
A thre sound barke confounded al in one.

We had not long furth past, but that we sawe,
Blacke Cerberus the hydeous hound of hell,
With bristles reard, and with a thre mouthed jawe,
Foredinning the ayr with his horrible yel.
Out of the diepe dark cave where he did dwell,
The goddesse strayt he knewe, and by and by
He peaste and couched, while that we passed by.

Thence cum we to the horrour and the hel,
The large great kyngdomes, and the dreadful raygne
Of Pluto in his trone where he dyd dwell,
The wyde waste places, and the hugye playne:
The waylinges, shrykes, and sundry sortes of payne,
The syghes, the sobbes, the diep and deadly groane,
Earth, ayer, and all resounding playnt and moane.

Here pewled the babes, and here the maydes unwed
With folded handes theyr sory chaunce bewayled;
Here wept the gyltles slayne, and lovers dead,
That slewe them selves when nothing else avayled:
A thousand sortes of sorrowes here that wayled
With sighes and teares, sobs, shrykes, and all yfere,
That (oh, alas!) it was a hel to heare.

We stayed us strayt, and wyth a rufull feare,
Beheld this heavy sight, while from mine eyes

The vapored teares downstilled here and there,
And Sorowe eke in far more woful wyse,
Looke on with playnt, up heaving to the skyes
Her wretched handes, that with her crye the rout
Gan all in heapes to swarme us round about.

Loe here (said Sorrowe) prynces of renowne,
That whilom sat on top of Fortune's wheele
Now layed ful lowe, like wretches whurled downe,
Even with one frowne, that stayed but with a smyle,
And now beholde the thing that thou erewhile,
Saw only in thought, and what thou now shalt heare
Recompt the same to Kesar, King, and Pier.

Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His cloke of blacke al pilde and quite forworne,
Wringing his handes, and Fortune ofte doth blame,
Which of a duke hath made him now her skorne,
With ghastly lookes as one in manner lorne,
Oft spred his armes, stretcht handes he joynes as fast,
With ruful chere, and vapored eyes upcast.

His cloke he rent, his manly breast he beat,
His heare al torne about the place it laye,
My hart so molte to see his griefe so great,
As felingly me thought it dropt awaye:
His iyes they whurled about withouten staye,
With stormy syghes the place dyd so complayne,
As if his hart at eche had burst in twayne.

Thryse he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thryse the sighes did swallowe up his voyce,
At eche of which he shryked so wythal
As though the heavens vied with the noyse:
Tyll at the last recovering his voyce,
Supping the teares that all his brest beraynde,
On cruel Fortune weeping thus he playnde.

THE COMPLAYNT
OF
HENRYE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Who trustes to much in honour's highest trone
And warely watche not sly dame Fortune's snare:
Or who in courte will beare the swaye alone,
And wysely weygh not how to wyeld the care,
Beholde he me, and by my death beware:
Whom flattering Fortune falsely so begylde,
That loe she slewe, where erst ful smooth she smylde.

And Sackevylle sith in purpose nowe thou hast
The woful fal of prynces to discryve,
Whom Fortune both uplyft, and gayn downe cast,
To shewe thereby the unsurety in this life,
Mark wel my fal, which I shall shewe belyve,
And paynt it furth that all estates may knowe:
Have they the warning, and be mine the woe.

For noble bloud made me both prince and pier,
Yea pierles too, had reason purchast place,
And God with giftes endowed me largely here.
But what avayles his giftes, where fayles his grace:
My mothers syer sprong of a kyngly race
And calde was Edmund Duke of Somerset,
Bereft of lyfe ere tyme by nature set.

Whose faythful hart to Henry fyrt so wrought,
That never he hym in weale or woe forsooke,
Tyl lastly he at Tewxbury fyeld was cought
Wherewith an axe his violent death he toke:
He never could Kyng Edwardes party brooke,
Tyll by his death he vouchte that quarell good,
In which his syer and graundsyer spylt theyr bloud.

And such was erst my fathers cruell chaunce,
Of Stafford Earle, by name that Humfrey hyght,
Who ever prest dyd Henries parte avaunce,
And never ceast tyl at Saynt Albones fight
He lost his lyfe, as than did many a knyght:
Where eke my graundsyer Duke of Buckingham
Was wounded sore, and hardly skapte untane.

But what may boote to stay the sisters three?
When Atropos perforce will cut the threde:
The doleful day was come when you might see
Northampton fyeld with armed men orespred,
Where fate would algates have my graundsyer dead:
So rushing furth amyds the fyercest fight,
He lived and dyed there in his masters ryght.

In place of whom, as it befel my lot,
Like on a stage, so stept I in strayt waye,
Enjoying there but wofully, God wot,
As he that had a slender part to playe:
To teache therby, in earth no state may stay,
But as our partes abridge, or length our age,
So passe we all, while others fyll the stage.

For of my selfe, the drery fate to playne,
I was sometime a prince withouten pier,
When Edward Fift began his ruful raygne,
Ay me, then I began that hatefull yeare,
To cumpas that which I have bought so deare:
I bare the swynge, I and that wretched wyght,
The Duke of Glocester that Rychard hyght.

For when the fates had reft that royal prince
Edward the Fourth, chiefe myrrour of that name,
The Duke and I fast joyned ever since,
In faythfull love, our secrete driftes to frame:
What he thought best to me so seemde the same,
My selfe not bent so much for to aspyer,
As to fulfyl that greedy Dukes desyre;

Whose restless minde sore thyrsting after rule,
When that he sawe his nephewes both to ben
Through tender yeares as yet unfit to rule,
And rather ruled by theyr mothers kyn,
There sought he first his mischyefe to begyn,
To plucke from them theyr mothers frendes assynde,
For wel he wist they would withstand his mynde.

To folowe which, he ran so headlong swyft,
With eyger thyrst of his desired draught,
To seeke theyr deathes that sought to dashe his dryft,
Of whom the chiefe the queenes allyes he thought,
That bent thereto with mountes of mischiefe fraught,
He knewe theyr lyves would be so sore his let,
That in theyr deathes his only helpe he set.

And I most cursed caytief that I was,
Seeing the state unstedfast howe it stood,
His chief complyce to bryng the same to passe,
Unhappy wretche, consented to theyr blood:
Ye kinges and piers that swim in worldly good,
In seeking blud the ende advert you playne,
And see if bloud ey aske not blud agayne.

Consyder Cyrus in your cruell thought,
A makeles prynce in ryches and in myght,
And weygh in minde the bloudy dedes he wrought,
In sheading which he set his whole delyght:
But see the guerdon lotted to this wyght,
He whose huge power no man might overthrowe,
Tomyris queen with great despite hath slowe.

His head dismembred from his mangled corps,
Her selfe she cast into a vessel fraught
With clottered bloud of them that felt her force.
And with these wordes a just reward she taught:
Drynke nowe thy fyll of thy desyred draught.
Loe marke the fine that did this prynce befall:
Marke not this one, but marke the ende of all.

Behold Cambises and his fatal daye,
Where murders mischiefe myrrour like is left:
While he his brother Mergus cast to slaye,
A dreadful thing, his wittes were him bereft.
A sword he caught, wherewith he perced eft
His body gored, which he of liefe benooms:
So just is God in all his dreadfull doomes.

O bluddy Brutus, rightly didst thou rew,
And thou Cassius justly came thy fall,
That with the swurd wherewith thou Cesar slewe
Murdrest thy selfe, and reft thy life withall.
A myrrour let him be unto you all
That murderers be, of murder to your meede:
For murder crieth out vengeance on your seede.

Loe Bessus, he that armde with murderers knyfe,
And traytrous hart agaynst his royall king,
With bluddy handes bereft his maysters life,
Advert the fine his fowle offence dyd bryng:
And lothing murder as most lothly thing,
Beholde in him the just deserved fall,
That ever hath, and shall betide them all.

What booted him his false usurped saygne,
Whereto by murder he did so ascende?
When like a wretche, led in an yron chayne
He was presented by his chiefest frende
Unto the foes of him whom he had slayne:
That even they should venge so fowle a gylt,
That rather sought to have his bloud yspylt.

Take hede ye princes and ye prelates all
Of this outrage, which though it sleepe a while,
And not disclosde, as it doth seeld befall,
Yet God that suffreth silence to beguyle
Such gyltes, wherewith both earth and ayre ye file,
At last discryes them to your fowle deface,
You see the examples set before your face.

And deepely grave within your stony hartes,
The drery dewle that myghty Macedo,
With teares unfolded wrapt in deadly smartes,
When he the death of Clitus sorowed so,
Whom erst he murdred wyth the deadly blowe,
Raught in his rage upon his frende so deare,
For which beholde loe how his panges appere.

The launced spear he writhes out of the wound,
From which the purple blud spins on his face:
His heynous gylt when he returned found,
He throwes him selfe upon the corpes alas.
And in his armes howe ofte doth he imbrace
His murdred frende? and kyssyng him in vayne,
Furth flowe the fluds of salte repentant rayne.

His frendes amazde at such a murder doen,
In fearful flockes begyn to shrynke away.
And he thereat with heapes of grief forenoen,
Hateth him selfe, wishing his latter daye.
Nowe he him selfe perceyved in lyke staye,
As is the wilde beast in the desert bred,
Both dreading others, and him selfe adred.

He calles for death, and loathing lenger lyfe,
Bent to his bane, refuseth kyndely foode:
And ploungde in depth of death and dolours stryfe,
Had quelde him selfe, had not his frendes wyth stoode.
Loe he that thus had shed the gylteles blud,
Though he were kyng and Cesar over all,
Yet chose he death to guerdon death withall.

This prynce whose pyer was never under sonne,
Whose glystening fame the earth did overglyde,
Whych with his power welnye the world had wonne,
His bluddy handes him selfe could not abyde,
But fully bent with famine to have dyed:
The wurthy prynce deemed in his regarde
That death for death could be but just rewarde.

Yet we that were so drowned in the depth
Of diep desyre to drinke the gylteles blud,
Lyke to the wulfe, with greedy lookes that lepth
Into the snare, to feede on deadly foode,
So we delyghted in the state we floode,
Blinded so farre in all our blynded trayne,
That blind, we sawe not our destruction playne.

We spared none whose life could ought forlet
Our wycked purpose to his pas to cum.
Fower wurthy knyghtes we headed at Pomfret,
Gyltles (God wot) withouten lawe or doome.
My heart even bleedes to tell you al and some,
And howe Lord Hastinges when he feared least,
Dispiteously was murdred and opprest.

These rockes upcught, that threatned most our wreck,
We seemde to sayle much surer in the streame:
And fortune fayring as she were at becke,
Layed in our lap the rule of all the realme.
The nephewes strayt deposde were by the graine;
And we advaunst to that we bought full deare,
He crowned king, and I his chyefest pyer.

Thus having wonne our long desirid pray,
To make him king that he might make me chiefe,
Downthrow we strayt his sellie nephews twaye
From princes pompe, to woful prisoners lyfe:
In hope that nowe stynt was all furder stryfe.
Sith he was king, and I chief stroke did beare,
Who joyed but we, yet who more cause to feare?

The gyltles bloud which we unjustly shed,
The royal babes devestest from theyr trone,
And we like traytours raygning in theyr sted,
These heavy burdens pressed us upon,
Tormenting us so by our selves alone,
Much like the felon that pursued by night,
Starts at eche bushe as his foe were in sight.

Nowe doubting state, nowe dreading losse of life,
In fear of wrecke at every blast of wynde,
Now start in dreames through dread of murdrers knyfe,
As though even then revengement were assynde.
With restles thought so is the guylty minde
Turmoyled, and never feeleth ease or stay,
But lives in feare of that which followes aye.

Well gave that judge his doome upon the death
Of Titus Clelius that in bed was slayne:
Whan every wight the cruell murder leyeth
To his two sonnes that in his chamber layen,
The judge, that by the proofe perceyveth playne,
That they were found fast sleeping in theyr bed,
Hath deemde them gyltles of this blud yshed.

He thought it could not be, that they which brake
The lawes of God and man in such outrage,
Could so forthwith themselves to slepe betake:
He rather thought the horror and the rage
Of such an haynous gylt, could never swage,
Nor never suffer them to slepe or rest,
Or dreadles breath one breath out of theyr brest.

So gnawes the griefe of conscynce evermore,
And in the hart it is so diepe ygrave,
That they may neyther slepe nor rest therefore,
Ne thynke one thought but on the dread they have.
Styl to the death fortossed with the wave
Of restles woe, in terror and dispeyre,
They lead a lyef continually in feare.

Like to the dere that stryken with the dart,
Withdrawes him selfe into some secrete place,
And feeling green the wound about his hart,
Startles with panges tyl he fall on the grasse,
And in great feare lyes gasping there a space,
Furth braying sighes as though eche pange had brought
The present death which he doeth dread so oft.

So we diepe wounded with the bluddy thought,
And gnawing wurme that grieved our conscience so,
Never took ease, but as our hart furth brought
The strayned syghes in wytnes of our woe,
Such restles cares our fault did well beknowe:
Wherewith of our deserved fall the feares
In every place rang death within our eares.

And as yll grayne is never well ykept,
So fared it by us within a while:
That which so long wyth such unrest we reapt,
In dread and daunger by all wyt and wyle.
Loe see the fine, when once it felt the whele
Of slipper fortune, stay it mought no stowne,
The wheele whurles up, but strayt it whurleth downe.

For having rule and riches in our hand,
Who durst gaynsay the thing that we averde?
Wyl was wysedome, our lust for lawe dyd stand,
In sorte so straunge, that who was not afeard
When he the sound but of Kyng Rychard heard?
So hatefull wart the hearying of his name,
That you may deeme the residewe by the same.

But what awaylde the terror and the fear,
Wherewyth he kept his lieges under awe?
It rather wan him hatred every where,
And fayned faces forst by feare of lawe:
That but while fortune doth with favour blaw
Flatter through fear: for in their hart lurkes aye
A secrete hate that hopeth for a daye.

Recordeth Dionisius the kynge,
That with his rigor so his realme opprest,
As that he thought by cruell feare to bryng
His subjects under, as him lyked best:
But loe the dread wherewyth him selfe was strest,
And you shall see the fine of forced feare,
Most myrrour like in this proud prynce appeare.

All were his head with crowne of golde ysprad,
And in his hand the royal scepter set,
And he with pryncely purple ryclely clad,
Yet was his hart wyth wretched cares orefret:
And inwardly with deadly fear beset,
Of those whom he by rygour kept in awe,
And sore opprest with might of tyrants lawe.

Agaynst whose feare, no heapes of golde and glie,
Ne strength of garde, nor all his hired power,
Ne prowde hyghe towers that preaced to the skye,
His cruel hart of safetie could assure:
But dreading them whom he should deeme most sure,
Hym selfe his beard wyth burning brand would cear,
Of death deservde so vexed him the feare.

This might suffice to represent the fine
Of tyrantes force, theyr feares, and theyr unrest.
But hear this one, although my hart repyne
To let the sound once synk wythin my brest;
Of fell Phereus, that above the rest,
Such lothsum crueltee on his people wrought,
As (oh alas!) I tremble wyth the thought.

Sum he encased in the coates of beares,
Among wylde beastes devoured so to be:
And sum for preye unto the hunters speares,
Lyke savage beastes withouten ruth to dye.
Sumtime to encrease his horrible crueltye,
The quicke with face to face engraved hee,
Eche others death, that eche mought living see.

Loe what more cruell horror mought be found,
To purchase feare, if feare could staye his raygne?
It booted not, it rather strake the wounde
Of feare in him, to feare the lyke agayne.
And so he dyd full ofte and not in vayne:
As in his life his cares could wytness well
But moste of all his wretched ende doth tell.

His owne dere wyfe whom as his life he loved,
He durst not trust, nor proche unto her bed,
But causing fyrst his slave with naked sworde
To go before, him selfe with tremblyng dread
Strayt foloweth fast, and whorling in his head
His rolling iyen, he searcheth here and there
The diepe daunger that he so sore did feare.

For not in vayne it ranst yll in his brest,
Sum wretched hap should hale him to his ende.
And therefore alwaye by his pillowe prest
Had he a sworde, and with that sworde he wende,
In vayne (God wote) all peryls to defende:
For loe his wife foreyrked of his rayne,
Sleeping in bed this cruell wretche hath slayne.

What should I more now seeke to say in this?
Or one jot farder linger furth my tale?
With cruel Nero, or with Phalaris,
Caligula, Domician, and all
The cruell route? or of theyr wretched fall?
I can no more, but in my name advert
Al earthly powers beware of tyrants hart.

And as our state endured but a throwe;
So best in us the staye of such a state
May best appeare to hang an overthrowe,
And better teache tyrantes deserved hate
Than any tyrantes death to fore or late.
So cruell seemde this Richard Thyrd to me,
That loe my selfe now loathde his crueltee.

For when, alas! I saw the tyrant kyng
Content not only from his nephewes twayne
To ryve worldes blysse, but also al worldes beyng,
Saunce earthly gylt ycausing both be slayne,
My hart agreyved that such a wretch shoulde raygne,
Whose bluddy brest so salvaged out of kynde,
That Phalaris had never so bluddy a minde.

Ne could I brooke him once wythin my brest,
But wyth the thought my teeth would gnashe withal:
For though I earst wer his by sworne behest;
Yet when I sawe mischiefe on mischiefe fall,
So diepe in blud, to murder prynce and all,
Ay then thought I, alas, and wealaway,
And to my selfe thus mourning would I say.

If neyther love, kynred, ne knot of bloud,
His own alegeaunce to his prynce of due,
Nor yet the state of trust wherein he stoode,
The worldes defame, nor nought could turn him true,
Those gylteles babes, could they not make him rue?
Nor could theyr youth, nor innocence withal
Move him from reving them theyr lyfe and all?

Alas, it could not move him any jote,
Ne make him once to rue or wet his iye,
Sturde him no more than that that styrreth not:
But as the rocke or stone that wyl not plye,
So was his hart made hard to crueltye,
To murder them; alas I weepe in thought,
To thinke on that which this fell wretche hath wrought.

That nowe when he had done the thinge he sought,
And as he would, complysht and cumpast all,
And sawe and knewe the treason he had wrought
To God and man, to slaye his prynce and all,
Then seemde he fyrst to doubte and dreade us all,
And me in chiefe, whoes death all meanes he myght,
He sought to wurke by malice and by might.

Such heapes of harmes upharbard in his brest,
With envyous hart my honour to deface,
As knowing he that I whych woted best
His wretched dryftes, and all his cursed case,
If ever sprang within me sparke of grace,
Must nedes abhorre him and his hatefull race:
Now more and more can cast me out of grace.

Which sodayne chaunge, when I by secrete chaunce,
Had well perceyved by proofe of envious frowne,
And sawe the lot that did me to advaunce
Hym to a kyng that sought to cast me downe,
To late it was to linger any stowne:
Syth present choyse lay cast before myne iye,
To wurke his death, or I my selfe to dye.

And as the knyght in fyeld among his foes,
Beset wyth swordes, must slay or there be slayne:
So I, alas, lapt in a thousand woes,
Beholding death in every syde so playne,
I rather chose by sum slye secrete trayne
To wurke his death, and I to lyve thereby,
Than he to lyve, and I of force to dye.

Which heavy choyse so hastened me to chose,
That I in parte agreyved at his disdayne,
In part to wreke the dolefull death of those
Two tender babes, his sillye nephewes twayne,
By him alas commaunded to be slayne,
With paynted chere humbly before his face,
Straught tooke my leave, and rode to Brecknocke place.

And there as close and covert as I myght,
My purposed practise to his passe to bryng,
In secrete driftes, I lingred day and night:
All howe I might depose this cruell kyng,
That seemd to all so much desyred a thyng,
As thereto trusting I emprysde the same;
But to much trusting brought me to my bane.

For while I nowe had fortune at my becke,
Mistrusting I no earthly thing at all,
Unwares, alas, least looking for a checke,
She mated me in turning of a ball:
When least I fearde, then nerest was my fall,
And when whole hoastes wer prest to stroy my foen,
She chaunged her chere, and left me post alone.

I had upraysde a mighty band of men,
And marched furth in order of array,
Leadyng my power amyd the forest Dene,
Agaynst that tyrant banner to displaye:
But loe my souldiers cowardly shranke away.
For such is fortune when she lyst to frowne;
Who seemes most sure, him soonest whurles she downe.

O let no prynce put trust in commontie,
Nor hope in fayth of gyddy peoples mynde,
But let all noble men take hede by me,
That by the proofe to well the payne do fynde:
Loe, where is truth or trust? or what could bynde
The vayne people, but they will swarve and swaye,
As chaunce bryngs chaunge, to dryve and draw that way?

Rome, thou that once advaunced up so hye,
Thy staye, patron, and flower of excellence,
Hast nowe throwen him to depth of miserye,
Exiled him that was thy whole defence,
He comptest it not an horryble offence:
To reven him of honour and of fame,
That wan it thee, when thou hadst lost the same.

Beholde Camillus, he that erst revyved
The state of Rome, that dyeng he dyd fynde,
Of his own state is nowe alas depryved,
Banisht by them whom he dyd thus det bynde:
That cruel folke, unthankeful and unkynde,
Declared wel theyr false inconstancye,
And fortune eke her mutability.

And thou Scipio, a myrrour mayst thou be
To all nobles, that they learn not too late,
Howe they once trust the unstable commontye,
Thou that recuredst the torne dismembred state,
Even when the conquerour was at the gate,
Art now expide, as though thou not deserved
To rest in her, whom thou hadst so preserved.

Ingrateful Rome hast shewed thy crueltye,
On hym, by whom thou lyvest yet in fame,
But nor thy dede, nor his desert shall dye,
But his owne wurdes shal witness aye the same:
For loe hys grave doth thee most justly blame.
And with disdayne in marble sayes to thee:
Unkynde countrey, my bones shalt thou not see.

What more unwurthy than this his eryle:
More just than this the wofull playnt he wrote:
Or who could shewe a playner proofe the while,
Of moste false fayth, than they that thus forgot
His great desertes: that so deserved not:
His cindres yet loe, doth he them denye,
That him denyed amongst them for to dye.

Milciades, O happy hast thou be,
And well rewarded of thy countrey men.
If in the fyeld when thou hadst forst to flye
By thy prowes, thre hundred thousand men,
Content they had bene to eryle thee then:
And not to cast thee in depth prison so,
Laden wyth gyves to ende thy lyfe in woe.

Alas howe harde and steely hartes had they,
That not contented there to have thee dye,
With fettred gyves in pryson where thou laye,
Increast so far in hateful crueltye,
That buryall to thy corps, they eke denye
He wyl they graunt the same tyll thy sonne have
Put on thy gyves to purchase thee a grave.

Loe Hanniball as long as fired fate,
And bryttle fortune had ordayned so,
Who evermore advaunst his countrey state
Then thou, that lyvedst for her and for no moe:
But when the stormy waves began to grow,
Without respect of thy desertes erwhile,
Art by thy countrey throwen into exyle.

Unfrendly Fortune, shall I thee now blame:
Or shal I faulte the fates that so ordayne?
Or art thou Jove the causer of the same?
Or crueltie her selfe, doth she constrayne?
Or on whom els alas shal I complayne?
O trustles world I can accusen none,
But fyckle fayth of commontye alone.

The polipus nor the chameleon straunge,
That turne them selves to every hewe they see,
Are not so full of bayne and fickle chaunge
As is this false unstedfast commontye.
Loe I alas with mine adversitie
Have tryed it true, for they are fled and gone,
And of an host there is not left me one.

That I alas in this calamitie
Alone was left, and to my selfe mought playne
This treason, and this wretched cowardye,
And eke with teares bewepen and complayne
My hateful hap, styll lookyng to be flayne.
Wandryng in woe, and to the gods on hye
Cleapyng for vengeance of this treacherye.

And as the turtle that hath lost her make,
Whom grypyng sorowe doth so sore attaynt,
With doleful voyce and sound whych she doth make
Mourning her losse, fylles all the grove with playnt;
So I, alas! forsaken, and forsaynt,
With restles foote the wud come up and downe,
Which of my dole al shyvering doth resowne.

And beyng thus alone, and all forsake,
Amyd the thycke, forwandred in despayer,
As one dismayed ne wyst what waye to take,
Untyll at last gan to my mynde repayer,
A man of mine called Humfrey Banastar:
Wherewyth me feeling much recomforted,
In hope of succour to his house I fled,

Who beyng one whom earst I had upbrought
Even from his youth, and loved and lyked best,
To gentrye state avaunceng him from nought;
And had in secrete truste above the rest,
Of specyal trust nowe being thus dystrest
Full secreatly to him I me conveyed
Not douting there but I should fynde some ayde.

But out alas on cruell trecherye,
When that this caytief once an ynkling hard,
How that Kyng Rychard had proclaymde, that he
Which me descryed should have for his rewarde
A thousand poundes, and farther be prefarde,
His truthe so turnde to treason, all distaynde,
That fayth quyte fled, and I by truste was traynde.

For by this wretch I beyng strayt betrayed,
To one John Mitton, shiriffe of Shropshire then,
All sodaynely was taken, and convayed
To Salisbury, wyth rout of harnest men,
Unto Kyng Rychard there encamped then:
Fast by the citye with a myghtye hoste
Withouten doome where head and lyfe I lost.

And with these wordes, as if the are even there
Dismembred had his head and corps aparte,
Dead fel he downe: and we in woful feare
Stoode mazed when he would to lyef revert:
But deadly griefes still grewe about his hart,
That styll he laye, sumtyme revived wyth payne,
And wyth a sygh becuming dead agayne.

Mydnyght was cum, and every vitall thing
With swete sound slepe theyr weary lyms did rest,
The beastes were still, the lytle byrdes that syng,
Nowe sweetely slept besides theyr mothers brest.
The olde and all were shrowded in theyr nest.
The waters calme, the cruel seas did ceas,
The wuds, the fyeldes, and all thinges held theyr peace.

The golden stars wer whyrlde amyd thyer race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling lyght,
When eche thing nestled in his restyng place,
Forgat dayes payne with pleasure of the nyght:
The hare had not the greedy houndes in sight,
The fearfull dear of death stood not in doubt,
The partrydge drept not of the falcons foot.

The ougly beare nowe myndeth not the stake,
Nor howe the cruell mastyves do hym tear;
The stag lay still unroused from the brake,
The fomy boar feard not the hunters spear.
All thing was still in desert, bush, and brear,
With quyet heart now from their travailes rest,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

When Buckyngham amidst his plaint opprest,
With surgyng sorowes and with pinching paynes
In sort thus sowned, and with a sigh he ceast.
To tellen furth the treachery and the traynes,
Of Banastar, which him so sore distraynes.
That from a sigh he falles into a sounde,
And from a sounde lyeth ragyng on the ground.

So twiching wer the panges that he assayed,
And he so sore with rufull rage distraught,
To thinke upon the wretch that hym betrayed,
Whom earst he made a gentylman of naught,
That more and more agreved with this thought,
He stormes out sighes, and with redoubled sore,
Stroke with the furies, rageth more and more.

Who so hath seene the bull chased with dartes,
And with dyepe woundes forgald and gored so,
Tyl he oppressed with the deadlye smartes,
Fall in a rage, and runne upon his foe,
Let him I saye, beholde the ragyng woe
Of Buckyngham, that in these grypes of gryefe
Rageth gaynst him that hath betrayed his lyef.

With blud red iyen he stareth here and there,
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as cloute:
When loe my lymmes were trembling all for feare,
And I amazde, stoode styll in dread and doubt,
While I mought see him throwe his armes about:
And gaynst the ground him selfe plounge with such force,
As if the lyfe forth wyth should leave the corps.

With smoke of syghes sumtyme I myght beholde
The place al dymde, like to the mornyng myst:
And strayt agayne the teares how they downrolde
Alongst his cheekes, as if the ryvers hyst:
Whoes flowing streemes ne wer no sooner whist,
But to the stars such dreadfull shoutes he sent,
As if the trone of mighty Jove should rent.

And I the while with spirites wel nye bereft,
Beheld the plyghe and panges that dyd him strayne,
And howe the blud his deadly colour left,
And strayt returnde with flamyng red agayne:
When sodaynly amid his ragyng payne,
He gave a sygh, and with that sygh he sayed:
O! Banaster, and strayt agayne he stayed.

Dead laye his corps as dead as any stone,
Tyll swellyng syghes stormyng within his brest
Upraysde his head, that downe ward fell anone,
With lookes upcast, and syghes that never ceast:
Furth streamde the teares, recordes of his unrest,
When he wyth shrykes thus groveling on the ground,
Ybrayed these wordes with shryll and doleful sound.

Heaven and earth, and ye eternal lampes
That in the heavens wrapt, wyl us to rest,
Thou bryght Phebe, that clearest the nightes dampes,
Witnes the playntes that in these panges opprest
I woful wretche unlade out of my brest.
And let me yeald my last wordes ere I part,
You, you, I call to record of my smart.

And thou, Alecto, feede me wyth thy foode,
Let fal thy serpentes from thy snaky heare,
For such relyefe wel fittes me in this moode,
To feede my playnt with horror and wyth feare,
While rage afreshe thy venomd worme arear.
And thou Sibilla, when thou seest me faynte,
Addres thy selfe the gyde of my complaynt.

And thou, O Jove, that with thy depe fordoome
Dost rule the earth, and raygne above the skyes,
That wrekest wronges, and gevest the dreadful doome
Agayast the wretche that doth thy trone despyse,
Receyve these wurdes, and wreake them in such wyse,
As heaven and earth may witnesse and beholde,
Thy heapes of wrath upon this wretche unfolde.

Thou, Banaster, gaynst thee I clepe and call
Unto the gods, that they just vengeaunce take
On thee, thy bloud, thy stayned stocke and all:
O Jove, to thee, above the rest I make
My humble playnt, guyde me that what I speake
May be thy wyll upon thys wretche to fall,
On thee, Banaster, wretche of wretches all.

O would to God, that cruel dismal daye,
That gave me fyghe fyrst to behold thy face,
With fowle eclipse had reft my syght away:
The unhappy hower, the tyme, and eke the place,
The sunne and moone, the sters, and all that was
In theyr aspectes helping in ought to thee,
The earth, and ayer, and all accursed bee.

And thou, caytief, that like a monstar swarved,
From kynde and kyndenes, hast thy mayster lorne,
Whom neyther truth, nor trust wherein thou served,
Ne his desertes, could move, nor thy fayth sworne
Howe shal I curse, but wysh that thou unborne
Had bene, or that the earth had rent in twaye,
And swallowed thee in cradle as thou laye.

To this did I even from thy tender youth
Witsave to bring thee up: dyd I therefore
Beleve the oath of thy undoubted trouth?
Advaunce thee up, and trust thee evermore?
By trusting thee that I should dye therefore?
O wretche, and wurse than wretche, what shal I say,
But cleap and curse gaynst thee and thyne for aye?

Hated be thou, disdaynd of every wyght,
And poynted at where ever that thou goe,
A trayterous wretche, unwurthy of the light,
Be thou estemed: and to encrease thy woe,
The sound be hatefull of thy name also:
And in this sort with shame and sharpe reproche,
Leade thou thy life till greater griefe approch.

Dole and despayer, let those be thy delight,
Wrapped in woes that can not be unfolde,
To wayle the day, and wepe the weary night,
With rayny iyen and syghes can not be tolde,
And let no wyght thy woe seeke to withholde:
But coumpt thee wurthy (wretche) of sorrowes store,
That suffryng much, oughtest still to suffer more.

Deserve thou death, yea be thou demed to dye
A shamefull death, to ende thy shamefull lyfe:
A syght longed for, joyfull to everye iye,
Whan thou shalt be arraygned as a thief,
Standing at bar, and pleading for thy lyef,
With trembling toung in dread and dolors rage,
Lade with white lockes, and fowerskore yeres of age.

Yet shall not death delyver thee so soone
Out of thy woes, so happye shalt thou not bee:
But to the eternal Jove this is my boone,
That thou may live thine eldest sonne to see
Reft of his wits, and in a fowle bores stye
To ende his dayes in rage and death distrest,
A wurthy tumbe where one of thyne should rest.

And after this, yet pray I more, thou may
Thy second sonne see drowned in a dyke,
And in such sorte to close his latter daye,
As heard or seen earst hath not bene the lyke:
Ystrangled in a puddle not so deepe
As halfe a foote, that such hard losse of lyfe,
So cruelly chaunst, may be thy greater gryefe.

And not yet shall thy hugie sorrowes cease;
Jove shal not so withholde his wrath fro thee,

But that thy plagues may more and more increas,
Thou shalt still lyve, that thou thy selfe mayst see
Thy deare doughter stroken with leprosye:
That she that earst was all thy hole delyght,
Thou now mayst loath to have her cum in sight.

And after that, let shame and sorrowes gryefe.
Feede furth thy yeares continually in wo,
That thou mayst live in death, and dye in lyef,
And in this sorte forewayld and wearyed so,
At length thy ghost to parte thy body fro:
This pray I Jove, and wyth this latter breath,
Vengeaunce I aske upon my cruell death.

This sayd, he floung his retchles armes abrode,
And groveling flat upon the ground he lay,
Which with his teeth he al to gnasht and gnawed:
Depe groanes he set, as he that would awaye.
But loe in vayne he dyd the death assay:
Although I thinke was never man that knewe,
Such deadly paynes where death dyd not ensewe.

So strove he thus a while as with the death,
Nowe pale as lead, and colde as any stone.
Nowe styl as calme, nowe storming forth a breath
Of smoaky syghes, as breath and al were gone:
But every thing hath ende: so he anone
Came to him selfe, when wyth a sygh outbrayed,
With woful cheare these woful wurdes he sayd.

Ah where am I, what thing, or whence is this?
Who reft my wyts? or howe do I thus lye?
My lims do quake, my thought agasted is,
Why syghe I so? or whereunto do I
Thus grovel on the ground: and by and by
Upraysde he stoode, and with a sygh hath stayed,
When to him selfe returned, thus he sayed.

Suffiseth nowe this playnt and this regrete,
Whereof my hart his bottome hath unfraught:
And of my death let pieres and princes wete
The wolves untrust, that they thereby be taught.
And in her wealth, sith that such chaunge is wrought,
Hope not to much, but in the myds of all
Thinke on my death, and what may them befall.

So long as fortune would permyt the same,
I lyved in rule and ryches wyth the best:
And past my time in honour and in fame;
That of mishap no feare was in my brest:
But false fortune whan I suspected least,
Dyd turne the wheele, and wyth a dolefull fall
Hath me bereft of honour, life, and all.

Loe what avayles in ryches fluds that flowes:
Though she so smylde as all the world wer his:
Even kinges and kesars lyden fortunes throwes,
And simple sorte must bear it as it is.
Take hede by me that blithd in balefull blisse:
My rule, my riches, royall blud and all,
Whan fortune frounde, the feller made my fall.

For hard mishaps that happens unto such,
Whoes wretched state earst never fell no chaunge,
Agryve them not in any part so much,
As theyr distres to whome it is so straunge,
That all theyr lyves nay passed pleasures raunge:
Theyr sodayne wo that ay wield welth at will,
Algates their hartes more pearcingly must thrill.

For of my byrth, my blud was of the best,
Fyrst borne an Earle, than Duke by due discent:
To swinge the sway in court amonge the rest,
Dame Fortune me her rule most largely lent:
And kynd with corage so my corps had blent,
That loe on whom but me dyd she most smyle:
And whom but me lo, dyd she most begyle?

Now hast thou heard the whole of my unhap,
My chaunce, my chaunge, the cause of all my care:
In wealth and wo, how fortune dyd me wrap,
With world at will to win me to her snare.
Byd kynges, byd kesars, byd all states beware,
And tell them this from me that tryed it true:
Who reckles rules, right soone may hap to rue.

THOMAS TUSSER.

About 1520—1580.

This good, honest, homely, useful old rhymer was born about the year 1520, at Rivenhall, near Witham, in Essex. He died about the year 1580, in London, and was buried in St. Mildred's church, in the Poultry. The course of his industrious but unprosperous life, is related by himself among the multifarious contents of his homespun Georgics; a work once in such repute that Lord Molesworth, writing in 1723, and proposing that a school for husbandry should be erected in every county, advised that "Tusser's old Book of Husbandry should be taught to the boys, to read, to copy, and to get by heart;" and that it should be reprinted and distributed for that purpose.

Tusser's poem, though in all respects one of the most curious books in our language, and formerly one of the most popular, has never been included in any general collection of the poets.

FIVE HUNDRED POINTS OF GOOD HUSBANDRY,

AS WELL FOR THE CHAMPION OR OPEN COUNTRY, AS FOR THE WOODLAND OR SEVERAL.

A Lesson how to confer every Abstract with his Month, and how to find out Huswifery Verses by the *Pilcrow*, and Champion from Woodland.

In every Month, ere in aught be begun,
Read over that month what avails to be done;
So neither this travell may seem to be lost,
Nor thou to repent of this trifeling cost.

The figure of Abstract and Month do agree,
Which one to another relations be:
These Verses so short, without figure that stand,
Be points of themselves, to be taken in hand.

¶ In Husbandry matters, where *Pilcrow* ye find,
That Verse appertaineth to Huswif'ry kind;
So have ye more lessons, if there ye look well,
Than Huswifery Book doth utter or tell.

Of Champion Husbandry now do I write,
Which heretofore never this book did recite;
With lessons approved, by practise and skill,
To profit the ignorant, buy it that will.

The Champion differs from Severall much,
For want of partition, closier, and such:
One name to them both do I give now and than,
For Champion country, and Champion man.

¶ *The Author's Epistle to the late Lord William Paget, wherein he doth discourse of his own bringing up, and of the goodness of the said Lord his Master unto him, and the occasion of this his Book, thus set forth of his own long Practise.*

CHAP. I.

THOMAS TUSSAR MADE ME.

Time tries the troth in every thing;
Herewith let men content their mind,
Of works which best may profit bring,
Most rash to judge, most often blind.
As therefore troth in time shall crave,
So let this book just favor have.

Take you, my Lord and Master, than
Unless mischance mischanceth me,
Such homely gift of me your man,
Since more in court I may not be.
And let your praise won heretofore,
Remain abroad for evermore.

My serving you, thus understand,
And God his help, and yours withall,
Did cause good luck to take mine hand,
Erecting one, most like to fall.

My serving you, I know it was,
Enforced this to come to pass.

Since being once at Cambridge taught,
Of court, ten years, I made assay;
No musick then was left unsaught,
Such care I had to serve that way,
When joy 'gan slake, then made I change,
Expelled mirth for musick strange.

My musick since hath been the plough,
Intangled with some care among;
The gain not great, the pain enough,
Hath made me sing another song.
Which song, if well I may avow,
I crave it judged be by you.

Your Servant, THOMAS TUSSER.

¶ *To the Right Honorable and my speciall good Lord and Master, the Lord Thomas Paget of Beaudesert, Son and Heir to his late Father deceased.*

CHAP. II.

My Lord, your father loved me
And you, my Lord, have proved me,
And both your loves have moved me,
To write, as here is done.
Since God hath hence your father,
Such flowers as I gather
I dedicate now rather
To you, my Lord, his son.

Your father was my founder,
Till death became his wounder,
No subject ever sounder,
Whom prince advancement gave:
As God did here defend him,
And honor here did send him,
So will I here commend him,
As long as life I have.

His neighbours then did bless him,
His servants now do miss him,
The poor would gladly kiss him,
Alive again to be;
But God hath wrought his pleasure,
And blest him out of measure,
With heaven and earthly treasure,
So good a God is he.

His counsell had I used,
And CERES' art refused,
I need not thus have mused,
Nor droop, as now I do:
But I must play the farmer,
And yet no whit the warmer,
Although I had his armer,
And other comfort too.

The fox doth make me mind him,
Whose glory so did blind him,
Till tail cut off behind him,
No fare could him content.
Even so must I be proving,
Such glory I had in loving
Of things to plough behoving,
That makes me now repent.

Loiterers I kept so meany,
Both Philip, Hob, and Cheany,
That, that way nothing geany,
Was thought to make me thrive:
Like *Jugurth*, prince of *Numid*,
My gold away consumed,
With losses so perfumed,
Was never none alive.

Great fines so near did pare me,
Great rent so much did scare me,
Great charge so near did dare me,
That made me at length cry creak:
Much more of all such fleeces,
As oft I lost by pieces,
Among such wily geeses,
I list no longer speak.

Though country health long staid me,
Yet lease expiring fraid me,
And (*ictus sapit*) pray'd me,
To seek more steady stay.
New lessons then I noted,
And some of them I quoted,
Lest some should think I doted,
By bringing naught away.

Though PALLAS hath deny'd me,
Her learned pen to guide me,
For that she daily spy'd me,
With country how I stood;
Yet CERES so did bold me,
With her good lessons told me,
That rudeness cannot hold me,
From doing country good.

By practise and ill speeding,
These lessons had their breeding,
And not by hearsay or reading,
As some abroad have blown;
Who will not thus believe me,
So much the more they grieve me,
Because they grudge to give me,
What is of right mine own.

At first for want of teaching,
At first for trifles breaching,
At first for over-reaching,
And lack of taking heed,
Was cause that toil so tost me,
That practise so much cost me,
That rashness so much lost me,
Or hindred as it did.

Yet will I not despair,
Through God's good gift so fair,
Through friendship, gold, and prayer,
In country again to dwell:
Where rent, so shall not pain me,
But pains shall help to gain me,
And gains shall help maintain me,
New lessons more to tell.

For city seems a wringer,
The penny for to finger,
From such as there do linger,
Or for their pleasure lie.
Though country be more painfull,
And not so greedy gainfull;
Yet is it not so vainfull,
In following fancy's eye.

I have no labour wanted,
To prune this tree, thus planted,
Whose fruit to none is scanted,
In house, or yet in field:
Which fruit, the more ye taste of,
The more to eat, ye haste of,
The less this fruit ye waste of;
Such fruit this tree doth yield.

My verse or book thus framed
With title already named,
I trust goes forth, unblamed,
In your good Lordship's name;
As my good Lord I take you,
And never will forsake you,
So now I crave to make you
Defender of the same.

Your Servant,

THOMAS TUSSER.

TO THE READER.

CHAP. III.

I HAVE been pray'd
To shew mine aid,
In taking pain,
Not for the gain,
But for good will,
To shew such skill,
As shew I could;
That husbandry
With huswifery,
As cock and hen,
To countrymen,
All strangeness gone,
Might join in one,
As lovers should.

I trust both this
Performed is,
And how that here,
It shall appear,
With judgment right
To thy delight,
Is brought to pass;
That such as wive,
And fain would thrive,
Be plainly taught,
How good from naught
May trim be try'd
And lively spy'd,
As in a glass.

What should I win,
By writing in
My losses past,
That ran as fast
As running stream,
From ream to ream,
That flows so swift?
For that I could
Not get for gould,
To teach me how,
As this doth you,
Through daily gain,
The way so plain,
To come by thrift.

What is a groat
Or twain to note,
Once in the life,
For man or wife,
To save a pound,
In house or ground,
Each other week?
What more for health,
What more for wealth,
What needeth less,
Run, *Jack*, help *Bess*
To stay amiss,
Not having this
Far off to seek?

I do not crave
More thanks to have,
Than given to me
Already be;
But this is all
To such as shall
Peruse this book; —
That for my sake
They gently take
Whate'er they find,
Against their mind,
When he or she
Shall minded be,
Therein to look.

And grant me now,
Good reader, thou!
Of terms to use,
Such choice to chuse,
As may delight
The country wight,
And knowledge bring:
For such do praise
The country phrase,
The country acts,
The country facts,
The country toys,
Before the joys,
Of any thing.

Nor look thou here,
That every share
Of every verse,
I thus rehearse,
May profit take,
Or vantage make
By lessons such;
For, here we see,
Things severall be,
And there no dike,
But champion like,
And sandy soil,
And clayey toil,
Do suffer much.

This being waid,
Be not afraid,
To buy to prove,
To read with love,
To follow some,
And so to come,
By practise true.

My pain is past
Thou warning hast,
Th' experience mine,
The vantage thine,
May give thee choice
To cry, or rejoice, —
And thus adieu!

FINIS.

T. TUSSER.

¶ AN INTRODUCTION TO THE BOOK OF HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. IV.

Good husbandmen must moil and toil,
To lay to live, by laboured field:
Their wives, at home, must keep such coil,
As their like acts may profit yield.
For well they know,
As shaft from bow,
Or chalk from snow,
A good round rent their lords they give,
And must keep touch in all their pay;
With credit crackt, else for to live,
Or trust to legs, and run away.

Though fence, well kept, is one good point,
And tilth well done, in season due;
Yet needing salve, in time t'anoint,
Is all in all, and needfull true:
As for the rest,
Thus think I best,
As friend doth guest,
With hand in hand to lead thee forth,
To CERES camp, there to behold
A thousand things, as richly worth,
As any pearl is worthy gold.

A PREFACE TO THE BUYER OF THIS BOOK.

CHAP V.

WHAT lookest thou herein to have?
Fine verses thy fancy to please?
Of many my betters *that* crave:
Look nothing but rudeness in these.

What other thing lookest thou then?
Grave sentences many to find?
Such, poets have, twenty and ten,
Yea thousands, contenting thy mind.

What look ye, I pray you shew what?
Terms painted with rhetorick fine?
Good husbandry seeketh not that,
Nor is't any meaning of mine.

What lookest thou, speak at the last?
Good lessons for thee and thy wife?
Then keep them in memory fast,
To help as a comfort to life.

What look ye for more in my book?
Points needfull and meet to be known?
Then daily be süer to look,
To save to be süer thine own.

THE COMMODITIES OF HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. VI.

Let house have to fill her,
Let land have to till her,
No dwellers, — what profiteth house for to stand?
What goodness, unoccupied, bringeth the land?
No labour, no bread,
No host, we be dead.
No husbandry used, how soon shall we sterve?
House-keeping neglected, what comfort to serve.
Ill father, no gift,
No knowledge, no thrift,
The father an unthrift, what hope for the son?
The ruler unskilfull, how quickly undone?

CHAP. VII.

As true as thy faith,
This riddle thus saith.

I seem but a drudge, yet I pass any king,
To such as can use me, great wealth I do bring.
Since Adam first lived, I never did die;
When Noe was a shipman, there also was I.
The earth to sustain me, the sea for my fish,
Be ready to pleasure me, as I would wish.
What hath any life, but I help to preserve?
What wight without me, but is ready to sterve?
In woodland, in champion, city, or town,
If long I be absent, what falleth not down?
If long I be present, what goodness can want?
Though things, at my coming, were never so scant.
So many as love me, and use me aright,
With treasure and pleasure I richly requite.
Great kings I do succour, else wrong it would go,
The King of all kings hath appointed it so.

¶ THE DESCRIPTION OF HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. VIII.

Of husband, doth husbandry challenge that name,
Of husbandry, husband doth likewise the same:
Where huswife and huswifery joineth with these,
There, wealth in abundance is gotten with ease.

The name of a husband, what is it to say?
Of wife and the houshold, the band and the stay:
Some husbandly thriveth that never had wife,
Yet scarce a good husband in goodness of life.

The husband is he, that to labour doth fall,
The labour of him I do husbandry call:
If thrift, by that labour, be any way caught,
Then is it good husbandry, else it is naught.

So houshold and housholdry I do define,
For folk and the goods, that in house be of thine:
House-keeping to them, as a refuge is set,
Which like as it is, so report it doth get.

Be house or the furniture never so rude,
Of husband and husbandry, — thus I conclude,
That huswife and huswifery, if it be good,
Must pleasure together, as cousins in blood.

¶ THE LADDER TO THRIFT.

CHAP. IX.

1. To take thy calling thankfully,
And shun the path to beggary.
2. To grudge in youth no drudgery,
To come by knowledge perfectly.
3. To count no travell slavery,
That brings in penny saverly.
4. To follow profit, earnestly,
But meddle not with pilfery.
5. To get by honest practisy,
And keep thy gettings covertly.
6. To lash not out, too lashingly,
For fear of pinching penury.
7. To get good plot, to occupy,
And store and use it, husbandly.
8. To shew to landlord courtesy,
And keep thy covenants orderly.
9. To hold that thine is lawfully,
For stoutness, or for flattery.
10. To wed good wife for company,
And live in wedlock honestly.
11. To furnish house with housholdry,
And make provision skilfully.
12. To join to wife good family,
And none to keep for bravery.
13. To suffer none live idely,
For fear of idle knavery.
14. To courage wife in huswifery,
And use well doers gently.
15. To keep no more but needfully,
And count excess unsavoury.
16. To raise betimes the lubberly,
Both snorting *Hob* and *Margery*.
17. To walk thy pastures usually,
To spy ill neighbour's subtilty.
18. To hate revengement hastily,
For losing love and amity.
19. To love thy neighbour, neighbourly,
And shew him no discourtesy.
20. To answer stranger civilly,
But shew him not thy secresy.
21. To use no man deceitfully,
To offer no man villainy.
22. To learn how foe to pacify,
But trust him not too hastily.
23. To keep thy touch substantially,
And in thy word use constancy.
24. To make thy bands advisedly,
And come not bound through suerty.
25. To meddle not with usury,
Nor lend thy money foolishly.
26. To hate to live in infamy,
Through craft, and living shiftingly.
27. To shun all kind of treachery,
For treason endeth, horribly.
28. To learn to shun ill company,
And such as live dishonestly.
29. To banish house of blasphemy,
Lest crosses cross, unluckily.
30. To stop mischance through policy,
For chancing too unhappily.
31. To bear thy crosses, patiently,
For worldly things are slippery.
32. To lay to keep from misery,
Age coming on, so creepingly.
33. To pray to God, continually,
For aid against thine enemy.

34. To spend thy Sabbath holily,
And help the needy poverty.
35. To live in conscience quietly,
And keep thyself from malady.
36. To ease thy sickness speedily,
Ere help be past recovery.
37. To seek to God for remedy,
For witches prove unluckily.

These be the steps, unfeignedly,
To climb to thrift by husbandry.

These steps both reach, and teach thee shall,
To come by thrift, to shift withall.

¶ GOOD HUSBANDLY LESSONS,

WORTHY TO BE FOLLOWED OF SUCH AS WILL THRIVE.

CHAP. X.

1. God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat,
And blesseth us all with his benefits great:
Then serve we the God, who so richly doth give,
Shew love to our neighbours, and lay for to live.

2. As bud, by appearing, betok'neth the spring,
And leaf, by her falling, the contrary thing;
So youth bids us labour, to get as we can,
For age is a burden to labouring man.

3. A competent living, and honestly had,
Makes such as are godly, both thankfull and glad:
Life, never contented, with honest estate,
Lamented is oft, and repented too late.

4. Count never well gotten, what naughty is got,
Nor well to account of, which honest is not:
Look long not to prosper, that weighest not this,
Lest prospering faileth, and all go amiss.

5. True wedlock is best, for avoiding of sin;
The bed undefiled, much honour doth win:
Though love be in choosing, far better than gold,
Let love come with somewhat, the better to hold.

6. Where couples agree not, is rancour and strife,
Where such be together, is seldom good life;
Where couples in wedlock do lovely agree,
There foison remaineth, if wisdom there be.

7. Who looketh to marry, must lay to keep house,
For love may not alway, be playing with douse;
If children increase, and no stay of thine own,
What afterward follows is soon to be known.

8. Once charged with children, or likely to be,
Give over to sojourn, that thinkest to thee;
Lest grudging of hostess, and craving of nurse,
Be costly and noisome to thee and thy purse.

9. Good husbands that loveth good houses to keep,
Are oftentimes careful when others do sleep:
To spend as they may, or to stop at the first,
For running in danger, or fear of the worst.

10. Go count with thy coffers, when harvest is in,
Which way for thy profit to save or to win:
Of t'one or them both, if a savour we smell,
House-keeping is godly, wherever we dwell.

11. Son, think not thy money, purse bottom to burn,
But keep it for profit, to serve thine own turn:
A fool and his money be soon at debate,
Which after, with sorrow, repents him too late.

12. Good bargain adoing, make privy but few,
In selling, refrain not, abroad it to shew:
In making, make haste, and away to thy pouch,
In selling, no haste, if ye dare it avouch.

13. Good landlord, who findeth, is blessed of God,—
A cumbersome landlord is husbandman's rod;
He noyeth, destroyeth, and all to this drift,
To strip his poor tenant of farm and of thrift.

14. Rent-corn, whoso payeth, (as worldlings would have,
So much for an acre) must live like a slave;
Rent-corn to be paid, for a reas'nable rent,
At reas'nable prices, is not to lament.

15. Once placed for profit, look never for ease,
Except ye beware of such michers as these,—
Unthriftiness, Slothfulness, Careless and Rash,
That thrusteth thee headlong, to run in the lash.

16. Make Money thy drudge, for to follow thy work,
Make Wisdom comptroller, and Order thy clerk:
Provision cater, and Skill to be cook,
Make Steward of all, pen, ink, and thy book.

17. Make hunger thy sauce, as a med'cine for health,
Make thirst to be butler, as physic for wealth:
Make eye to be usher, good usage to have,
Make bolt to be porter, to keep out a knave.

18. Make husbandry bailiff, abroad to provide,
Make huswifery daily, at home for to guide:
Make coffer, fast locked, thy treasure to keep,
Make house to be sûer, the safer to sleep.

19. Make bandog thy scoutwatch, to bark at a thief,
Make courage for life, to be capitain chief:
Make trap-door thy bulwark, make bell to be gin,
Make gunstone and arrow, shew who is within.

20. The credit of master, to brothel his man,
And also of mistress, to minikin Nan,
Be causers of opening a number of gaps,
That letteth in mischief, and many mishaps.

21. Good husband he trudgeth to bring in the gains,
Good huswife she drudgeth, refusing no pains.
Though husband at home, be to count, ye wot what,
Yet huswife, within, is as needful as that.

22. What helpeth in store, to have never so much,
Half lost by ill usage, ill huswives and such?
So, twenty load bushes, cut down at a clap,
Such heed may be taken, shall stop but a gap.

23. A retcheless servant, a mistress that scowls,
A ravening mastiff, and hogs that eat fowls,
A giddy brain master, and stroyall his knave,
Brings ruling to ruin, and thrift to her grave.

24. With some upon Sundays, their tables do reek,
And half the week after, their dinners do seek,

Not often exceeding, but always enough,
Is husbandly fare, and the guise of the plough.

25. Each day to be feasted, what husbandry worse,
Each day for to feast, is as ill for the purse;
Yet measurely feasting, with neighbours among,
Shall make thee beloved, and live the more long.

26. Things husbandly handsome, let workman contrive,
But build not for glory, that thinkest to thrive;
Who fondly in doing, consumeth his stock,
In the end for his folly, doth get but a mock.

27. Spend none but your own, howsoever ye spend,
For bribing and shifting have seldom good end:
In substance although ye have never so much,
Delight not in parasites, harlots, and such.

28. Be süerty seldom, (but never for much)
For fear of purse, pennyless, hanging by such;
Or *Scarborow* warning, as ill I believe,
When, (Sir, I arrest ye!) gets hold of thy sleeve.

29. Use (*legem pone*) to pay at thy day,
But use not (*oremus*) for often delay:
Yet (*præsta quæsumus*) out of a grate,
Of all other collects, the lender doth hate.

30. Be pinched by lending, for kiffe nor for kin,
Nor also by spending, by such as come in;
Nor put to thine hand, betwixt bark and the tree,
Lest through thine own folly, so pinched thou be.

31. As lending to neighbour, in time of his need,
Wins love of thy neighbour, and credit doth breed;
So never to crave, but to live of thine own,
Brings comforts a thousand, to many unknown.

32. Who living but lends? and be lent to they must.
Else buying and selling must lie in the dust:
But shameless and crafty that desperate are,
Make many, full honest, the worser to fare.

33. At some time to borrow, account it no shame,
If justly thou keepest thy touch for the same:
Who quick be to borrow, and slow be to pay,
Their credit is naught, go they never so gay.

34. By shifting and borrowing, who so as lives,
Not well to be thought on, occasion gives:
Then lay to live warily, and wisely to spend;
For prodigall livers have seldom good end.

35. Some spareth too late, and a number with him,—
The fool at the bottom, the wise at the brim:
Who careth, nor spareth, till spent he hath all,
Of bobbing, not robbing, be fearful he shall.

36. Where wealthiness floweth, no friendship can lack,
Whom poverty pincheth, hath freedom as slack;
Then happy is he, by example that can
Take heed by the fall, of a mischieved man.

37. Who breaketh his credit, or cracketh it twice,
Trust such with a süerty, if ye be wise:
Or if he be angry, for asking thy due,
Once even, to him afterward, lend not anew.

38 Account it well sold, that is justly well paid,
And count it well bought, that is never denaid;
But yet here is t'one, here is t'other doth best,
For buyer and seller, for quiet and rest.

39. Leave princes' affaires, undescanted upon,
And tend to such doings as stands thee upon:
Fear God, and offend not the prince, nor his laws,
And keep thyself out of the magistrate's claws.

40. As interest, or usury playeth the devil,
So hil-back and fil-belly biteth as evil:
Put dicing among them, and docking the dell,
And by and by after, of beggary smell.

41. Once weekly, remember thy charges to cast,
Once monthly, see how thy expences may last:
If quarter declareth too much to be spent,
For fear of ill year, take advice of thy rent.

42. Who orderly ent'reth his payments in book,
May orderly find them again, (if he look:)
And he that intendeth, but once for to pay,
Shall find this in doing, the quietest way.

43. In dealing uprightly, this counsel I teach,
First reckon, then write, ere to purse ye do reach;
Then pay and dispatch him, as soon as ye can,
For ling'ring is hinderance, to many a man.

44. Have weights, I advise thee, for silver and gold,
For some be in knavery, now a-days bold;
And for to be süer, good money to pay,
Receive that is current, as near as ye may.

45. Delight not, for pleasure, two houses to keep,
Lest charge, without measure, upon thee do creep;
And *Jankin* and *Jenykin* cozen thee so,
To make thee repent it, ere year about go.

46. The stone that is rolling, can gather no moss,
Who often removeth is süer of loss:
The rich it compelleth, to pay for his pride,
The poor it undoeth, on every side.

47. The eye of the master enricheth the hutch,
The eye of the mistress availeth as much;
Which eye, if it govern, with reason and skill,
Hath servant and service, at pleasure and will.

48. Who seeketh revengement of every wrong,
In quiet nor safety, continueth long:
So he that of wilfulness, trieth the law,
Shall strive for a coxcomb, and thrive as a daw.

49. To hunters and hawkers take heed what ye say,
Mild answer with courtesy, drives them away;
So where a man's better will open a gap,
Resist not with rudeness, for fear of mishap.

50. A man in this world, for a churl that is known,
Shall hardly in quiet, keep that is his own:
Where lowly, and such as of courtesy smells,
Finds favour and friendship, wherever he dwells.

51. Keep truly thy Sabbath, the better to speed;
Keep servant from gadding, but when it is need:
Keep fish-day and fasting-day, as they do fall,
What custom thou keepest, let others keep all.

52. Though some in their tithing, be slack or too bold,
Be thou unto Godward, not that way too cold:
Evil conscience grudgeth, and yet we do see,
Ill tithers, ill thrivers most commonly be.

53. Pay weekly thy workman, his houshold to feed,
Pay quarterly servants, to buy as they need:
Give garment to such as deserve, and no mo,
Lest thou and thy wife, without garment do go.

54. Beware *raskabilia*, — slothful to work,
Purloiners and filchers, that loveth to lurk:
Away with such lubbers, so loth to take pain,
That rolls in expences, but never no gain.

55. Good wife and good children are worthy to eat,
Good servant, good labourer, earneth their meat;
Good fellow, good neighbour, that fellowly guest,
With heartile welcome, should have of the best.

56. Depart not with all that thou hast to thy child,
Much less unto other, for being beguil'd:
Lest if thou wouldst gladly possess it again,
Look, for to come by it, thou wettest not when.

57. The greatest preferment that child we can give,
Is learning and nurture, to train him to live;
Which whose it wanteth, though left as a squire,
Consumeth to nothing, as block in the fire.

58. When God hath so blest thee, as able to live,
And thou hast to rest thee, and able to give;
Lament thy offences, serve God for amends,
Make soul to be ready, when God for it sends.

59. Send fruits of thy faith to heaven, aforehand,
For mercy here doing, God blesseth thy land;
He maketh thy store with his blessing to swim,
And after, thy soul to be blessed with him.

60. Some lay to get riches, by sea and by land,
And vent'reth his life, in his enemies hand;
And setteth his soul upon six or on seven,
Not caring nor fearing, for hell nor for heaven.

61. Some pincheth and spareth, and pineth his life,
To coffer up bags, for to leave to his wife;
And she (when he dieth) sets open the chest,
For such as can soothe her, and all away wrest.

62. Good husband preventing the frailness of some,
Takes part of God's benefits, as they do come:
And leveth to wife and his children the rest,
Each one his own part, as he thinketh it best.

63. These lessons approved, if wisely ye note,
May save and advantage ye, many a groat;
Which if ye can follow, occasion found,
Then every lesson may save ye a pound.

¶ AN HABITATION ENFORCED,

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, UPON THESE WORDS, "SIT DOWN, ROBIN, AND REST THEE."

CHAP. XI.

My friend, if cause doth wrest thee,
Ere folly hath much opprest thee,
Far from acquaintance kest thee,
Where country may digest thee,
Let wood and water request thee,
In good corn soil to nest thee,
Where pasture and mead may brest thee,
And healthsome air invest thee;
Though envy shall detest thee,
Let that no whit molest thee,
Thank God that hath so blest thee,
And sit down, *Robin*, and rest thee.

¶ THE FARMER'S DAILY DIET.

CHAP. XII.

A plot set down, for farmer's quiet,
As time requires, to frame his diet:
With sometime fish, and sometime fast,
That houshold store may longer last.

Let Lent, well kept, offend not thee,
For March and April breeders be:
Spend herring first, save salt-fish last,
For salt-fish is good, when Lent is past.

When Easter comes, who knows not than
That veal and bacon is the man;
And Martilmas beef doth bear good tack,
When country folks do dainties lack.

When Mackrell ceaseth from the seas,
John Baptist brings grass-beef and pease.

Fresh herring plenty, Michell brings,
With fatted crones, and such old things.

All Saints do lay for pork and souse,
For sprats and spurlings for their house.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes, but once a-year.

Though some then do, as do they would,
Let thrifty do, as do they should.

For causes good, so many ways,
Keep Embrings well, and fasting-days.

What law commands we ought t' obey,
For Friday, Saturn, and Wednesday.

The land doth will, the sea doth wish,
Spare sometime flesh, and feed of fish.

Where fish is scant, and fruit of trees,
Supply that want, with butter and cheese.

Quoth Tusser.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTIES OF WINDS, AT ALL TIMES OF THE YEAR.

CHAP. XIII.

North winds send hail, South winds bring rain,
East winds we bewail, West winds blow amain:
North-east is too cold, South-east not too warm,
North-west is too bold, South-west doth no harm.

The North is a noyer to grass of all suites,
The East a destroyer to herb and all fruits;
The South, with his showers, refresheth the corn,
The West, to all flowers, may not be forborne.

The West, as a father, all goodness doth bring,
The East, a forbearer no manner of thing:
The South, as unkind, draweth sickness too near,
The North, as a friend, maketh all again clear.

With temperate wind, we be blessed of God,
With tempest we find, we are beat with his rod:
All power, we know, to remain in his hand,
How ever wind blow, by sea or by land.

Though winds do rage, as winds were wood,
And cause spring tides to raise great flood,
And lofty ships leave anchor in mud
Bereaving many of life, and of blood;
Yet true it is, as cow chews cud,
And trees, at spring, do yield forth bud,
Except wind stands, as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

¶ OF THE PLANETS.

CHAP. XIV.

As huswives are teached, instead of a clock,
How winter nights passeth, by crowing of cock;
So here by the Planets, as far as I dare,
Some lessons I leave, for the husbandman's share.

If day star appeareth, day comfort is nigh,
If sun be at south, it is noon by and bye:
If sun be at westward, it setteth anon,
If sun be at setting, the day is soon gone.

Moon changed, keeps closet, three day as a queen,
Ere she in her prime will of any be seen;
If great she appeareth, it showereth out,
If small she appeareth, it signifies drought.

At change or at full, come it late, or else soon,
Main sea is at highest, at midnight and noon;
But yet in the creeks, it is later high flood,
Through farness of running, by reason as good.

Tide flowing is feared, for many a thing,
Great danger to such as be sick, it doth bring;
Sea ebb, by long ebbing, some respite doth give,
And sendeth good comfort, to such as shall live.

¶ SEPTEMBER'S ABSTRACT.

CHAP XV.

1. Now enter, John,
Old farmer is gone.
2. What champion useth,
That woodland refuseth.
3. Good farm now take,
Keep still, or forsake.
4. What helps revive,
The thriving to thrive.
5. Plough, fence and store,
Aught else before.
6. By tits and such,
Few gaineth much:
7. Horse strong and light,
Soon charges quite.
Light head and pu...
What lightness worse.
8. Who goeth a borrowing,
Goeth a sorrowing.
Few lends, but fools,
Their working tools.
9. Green rye have some,
Ere Michelmas come.
10. Grant soil her lust,
Sow rye in the dust.
11. Clean rye that sows
The better crop mows.
12. Mix rye aright,
With wheat that is white.
13. See corn sown in,
Too thick, nor too thin.
For want of seed,
Land yieldeth weed.
14. With sling or bow,
Keep corn from crow.
15. Trench, hedge and furrow,
That water may thorough.
Deep dyke saves much,
From drovers, and such.
16. Amend marsh wall,
Crab holes and all.
17. Geld bulls and rams,
Sew ponds, amend dams.
Sell webster thy wool,
Fruit gather, grapes pull.
For fear of drabs,
Go gather thy crabs.
18. Pluck fruit to last,
When Michell is past.
19. Forget it not,
Fruit bruised, will rot.
Light ladder and long,
Doth tree least wrong.
Go gather with skill,
And gather that will.
20. Drive hive, good Coney,
For wax, and for honey.
No driving of hive,
Till years past five.
21. Good dwelling give bee,
Or else goes she.
22. Put boar in stye,
Till Hallontide nigh.
23. With boar, good Ciss,
Let naught be amiss.
24. Karle hemp, left green,
Now pluck up clean.
Drown hemp, as ye need,
Once had out its seed.
I pray thee (good *Kit*)
Drown hemp in pit.
25. Of all the rest,
White hemp is best.
Let skilfull be gotten,
Lest hemp prove rotten.
26. Set strawberries, wife,
I love them for life.
27. Plant respe and rose,
And such as those.
28. Go, gather up mast,
Ere time be past.

Mast fats up swine,
Mast kills up kine.
29. Let hogs be rung,
Both old and young.
30. No mast upon oak,
No longer unyoke.
If hog do cry,
Give ear and eye.
31. Hogs haunting corn,
May not be borne.
32. Good neighbour, thou,
Good custom allow.
No scaring with dog,
Whilst mast is for hog.
33. Get home with the brake,
To brew with and bake;
To cover the shed,
Dry over the bed;
To lie under cow;
To rot under mow;
To serve to burn,
For many a turn.
34. To saw-pit draw
Board log, to saw.
Let timber be haile
Lest profit do quaile.
Such board and pale,
Is ready sale.
35. Sawn slab let lie,
For stable and stye.
Saw-dust, spread thick
Makes alley trick.
36. Keep safe thy fence,
Scare break-hedge thence:
A drab and a knave,
Will prowl to have.
37. Mark wind, and moon,
At midnight and noon:
Some rigs thy plow,
Some milks thy cow.
38. Red cur, or black,
Few prowlers lack.
39. Some steal, some pilch,
Some all away filch.
Mark losses with grief,
Through prowling thief.

Thus endeth September's Abstract, agreeing with September's Husbandry.

¶ OTHER SHORT REMEMBRANCES.

Now, friend, as ye wish,
Go sever thy fish;
When friend shall come,
To be sure of some.
Thy ponds renew,
Put eels in stew,
To leave till Lent,
And then to be spent.
Set privy, or prim,
Set bore like him:
Set gilliflowers all,
That grows on the wall.
Set herbs some more,
For winter store.
Sow seeds for pot,
For flowers sow not.

Here ends September's short Remembrances.

SEPTEMBER'S HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. XVI.

September blow soft, Forgotten month past,
Till fruit be in loft, Do now at the last.

1. At Michelmas lightly, new farmer comes in,
New husbandry forceth him, new to begin;
Old farmer, still taking, the time to him given,
Makes August to last, untill Michelmas even.

2. New farmer may enter, (as champions say,)
On all that is fallow, at Lent Lady-day:
In woodland, old farmer to that will not yield,
For losing of pasture, and feed of his field.

3. Provide against Michelmas, bargain to make,
For farm to give over, to keep or to take;
In doing of either, let wit bear a stroke,
For buying or selling of pig in a poke.

4. Good farm and well stored, good housing and dry,
Good corn and good dairy, good market and nigh;
Good shepherd, good tillman, good *Jack* and good *Gill*,
Make husband and huswife their coffers to fill.

5. Let pasture be stored, and fenced about,
And tillage set forward, as needeth without;
Before ye do open your purse, to begin
With any thing doing, for fancy within.

6. No storing of pasture with baggagely tit,
With ragged, with aged, and evil at hit
Let carren and barren be shifted away,
For best is the best, whatsoever ye pay.

7. Horse, oxen, plough, tumbrell, cart, waggon and wain,
The lighter and stronger, the greater thy gain:
The soil and the seed, with the sheaf and the purse,
The lighter in substance, for profit the worse.

8. To borrow to-day, and to-morrow to miss,
For lender and borrower, noyance it is;
Then have of your own, without lending unspilt,
What followeth needful, here learn if thou wilt.

A DIGRESSION TO HUSBANDLY FURNITURE.

1. Barn-locked, gofe-ladder, short pitchfork, and long,
Flail, straw fork, and rake, with a fan that is strong;
Wing, cartnave and bushel, peck, strike ready hand,
Get casting shouel, broom, and a sack with a band.

2. A stable well planked, with key and with lock,
Walls strongly well lined, to bear off a knock;
A rack and a manger, good litter and hay,
Sweet chaff, and some provender, every day.

3. A pitch-fork, a dung-fork, sieve, skep, and a bin,
A broom, and a pail, to put water therein;
A hand-barrow, wheel-barrow, shovel, and spade,
A curry-comb, mane-comb, and whip for a jade.

4. A buttrice, and pincers, a hammer and nail,
And apron, and scissars for head and for tail,

Whole bridle and saddle, whitleather, and nall,
With collars and harness, for thiller and all.

5. A pannell and wanty, pack-saddle, and ped,
A line to fetch litter, and halters for head;
With crotchets and pins, to hang trinkets thereon,
And stable fast chained, that nothing be gone.

6. Strong axle-treed cart, that is clouted and shod,
Cart-ladder and wimble, with perser and pod;
Wheel ladder for harvest, light-pitch forks, and tough,
Shave, whip-lash well knotted, and cart-rope enough.

7. Ten sacks, whereof every one holdeth a coom,
A pulling-hook handsome, for bushes and broom;
Light tumbrel and dung-crone, for easing Sir wag,
Shouel, pickax, and mattock, with bottle and bag.

8. A grindstone, a whetstone, a hatchet and bill,
With hammer, and English nail, sorted with skill;
A frower of iron, for cleaving of lath,
With roll for a saw-pit, good husbandry hath.

9. A short saw, and long saw, to cut a-two logs,
An axe, and an adze, to make trough for thy hogs;
A Dover Court beetle, and wedges with steel,
Strong lever to raise up the block from the wheel.

10. Two ploughs and a plough-chain, two culters, three shares,
With ground clouts and side clouts for soil that sow tares
With ox-bows and ox-yokes, and other things mo,
For ox-team and horse-team in plough for to go.

11. A plough-beetle, plough-staff, to further the plough,
Great clod to asunder that breaketh so rough;
A sled for a plough, and another for blocks,
For chimney in winter, to burn up their docks.

12. Sedge-collars for plough-house, for lightness of neck,
Good seed and good sower, and also seed peck;
Strong oxen and horses, well shod, and well clad,
Well meated and used, for making thee sad.

13. A barley-rake, toothed with iron and steel,
Like pair of harrows, and roller doth well;
A sling for a mother, a bow for a boy,
A whip for a carter, is hoigh de la roy.

14. A brush scythe, and grass-scythe, with rifle to stand,
A cradle for barley, with rubstone and sand;
Sharp sickle and weeding-hook, hay-fork and rake,
A meak for the pease, and to swinge up the brake.

15. Short rakes for to gather up barley to bind,
And greater to rake up such leavings behind;
A rake for to hale up, the fitches that lie,
A pike for to pike them up, handsome to dry.

16. A skuttle or skreen, to rid soil from the corn,
And shearing-sheers ready, for sheep to be shorn;
A fork and a hook, to be tamp'ring in clay,
A lath-hammer, trowell, a hod or a tray.

17. Strong yoke for a hog, with a twitcher and rings,
With tar in a tar-pot, for dangerous things;
A sheep-mark, a tar-kettle, little or mitch,
Two pottles of tar to a pottle of pitch.

18. Long ladder to hang, all along by the wall,
To reach for a need, to the top of thy hall;
Beam, scales, with the weights, that be sealed and true,
Sharp mole-spear with barbs, that the moles do so rue.

19. Sharp-cutting spade, for the dividing of mow,
With skuppat and skavell, that marsh-men allow:
A sickle to cut with, a didall and crome,
For draining of ditches, that noyes thee at home.

20. A clavestock, and rabbetstock, carpenters crave,
And seasoned timber, for pinwood to have;
A jack for to saw upon, fuel for fire,
For sparing of fire-wood and sticks from the mire.

21. Soles, fetters, and shackles, with horse-lock and pad,
A cow-house for winter, so meet to be had,
A stye for a boar, and a hogscote for hog,
A roost for thy hens, and a couch for thy dog.

Here endeth Husbandly Furniture.

9. Thresh seed, and to fanning, September doth cry,
Get plough to the field, and be sowing of rye:
To harrow the ridges, ere ever ye strike,
Is one piece of husbandry Suffolk doth like.

10. Sow timely thy white-wheat, sow rye in the dust,
Let seed have his longing, let soil have her lust:
Let rye be partaker of Michelmas spring,
To bear out the hardness that winter doth bring.

11. Some mixeth to miller the rye with the wheat,
Tems loaf, on his table, to have for to eat:
But sow it not mixed, to grow so on land,
Lest rye tarry wheat, till it shed as it stand.

12. If soil do desire to have rye with the wheat,
By growing together, for safety more great;
Let white-wheat be t'one, be it dear, be it cheap,
The sooner to ripe, for the sickle to reap.

13. Though beans be in sowing, but scattered in,
Yet wheat, rye, and peason, I love not too thin:
Sow barley and dredge with a plentiful hand,
Lest weed, stead of seed, overgroweth thy land.

14. No sooner a sowing, but out by and by,
With mother or boy, that alarum can cry;
And let them be armed with sling or with bow,
To scare away pigeon, the rook, and the crow.

15. Seed sown, draw a furrow, the water to drain,
And dyke up such ends, as in harm do remain;
For driving of cattle, or roving that way,
Which being prevented, ye hinder their prey.

16. Saint Michel doth bid thee, amend the marsh wall,
The breck and the crab-hole, the foreland and all:
One noble, in season, bestowed thereon,
May save thee a hundred, ere winter be gone.

17. Now geld with the gelder, the ram and the bull,
Sew ponds, amend dams, and sell webster thy wool:
Out, fruit go and gather, but not in the dew,
With crab and the walnut, for fear of a shrew.

18. The moon in the wane, gather fruit for to last,
But winter fruit gather, when Michel is past;
Though michers that love not to buy or to crave,
Make some gather sooner, else few for to have.

19. Fruit gathered too timely will taste of the wood,
Will shrink and be bitter, and seldom prove good:
So fruit that is shaken, and beat off a tree,
With bruising in falling, soon faulty will be.

20. Now burn up the bees, that ye mind for to drive,
At Midsummer drive them, and save them alive;
Place hive in good aïer, set southly and warm,
And take in due season, wax, honey and swarm.

21. Set hive on a plank, not too low by the ground,
Where herb with the flowers may compass it round;
And boards to defend it from north and north-east,
From showers and rubbish, from vermin and beast.

22. At Michelmas, safely, go stye up the boar,
Lest straying abroad, ye do see him no more:
The sooner the better for hallontide nigh,
And better he brawneth, if hard he do lie.

23. Shift boar (for ill air) as best ye do think,
And twice a-day, give him fresh vittle and drink;
And diligent Cisley, my dairy good wench,
Make cleanly his cabin, for measling and stench.

24. Now pluck up thy hemp, and go beat out the seed,
And afterward water it, as ye see need;
But not in the river, where cattle should drink,
For poisoning them, and the people with stink.

25. Hemp huswifely used, looks clearly and bright,
And selleth itself, by the colour so white:
Some useth to water it, some do it not,
Be skilfull in doing, for fear it do rot.

26. Wife, into thy garden, and set me a plot,
With strawberry roots, of the best to be got:
Such growing abroad, among thorns in the wood,
Well chosen and picked, prove excellent good.

27. The barberry, respis and gooseberry too,
Look now to be planted, as other things do:
The gooseberry, respis, and roses all three,
With strawberries under them, trimly agree.

28. To gather some mast, it shall stand thee upon,
With servant and children, ere mast be all gone:
Some left among bushes shall pleasure thy swine;
For fear of a mischief, keep acorns fro kine.

29. From rooting of pasture, ring hog ye had need,
Which being well ringled, the better do feed.
Though young with their elders will lightly keep best,
Yet spare not to ringle both great and the rest.

30. Yoke seldom thy swine, while the shack time doth last,
For divers misfortunes that happen too fast;
Or if ye do fancy whole ear of the hog,
Give eye to ill-neighbour, and ear to his dog.

31. Keep hog, I advise thee, from meadow and corn,
For out aloud crying, that ere he was born:
Such lawless, so haunting, both often and long,
If dog set him chaunting, he doth thee no wrong.

32. Where love among neighbours doth bear any stroke,
While shack time endureth, men use not to yoke:
Yet surely ringling is needful and good,
Till frost do invite them to brakes in the wood.

33. Get home with thy brakes ere an summer be gone,
For teddered cattle, to sit thereupon;
To cover thy hovel, to brew and to bake,
To lie in the bottom, where hovel ye make.

34. Now saw out thy timber, for board and for pale,
To have it unshaken, and ready for sale:
Bestow it, and stick it, and lay it aright,
To find it in March, to be ready in plight.

35. Save slap of thy timber, for stable and stye,
For horse and for hog, the more cleanly to lie;
Save saw-dust and brick-dust, and ashes so fine,
For alley to walk in, with neighbour of thine.

36. Keep safely and warily thine uttermost fence,
With ope-gap and break hedge, do seldom dispense:
Such run about prowlers, by night and by day,
See punished justly, for prowling away.

37. At noon if it bloweth, at night if it shine,
Out trudgeth Hew Make-shift, with hook and with line;
Whiles Gillet, his blouse, is a milking thy cow,
Sir Hew is a rigging thy gate, or thy plow.

38. Such walk with a black, or a red little cur,
That open will, quickly, if any thing stur:
Then squalleth the master, or trudgeth away,
And after dog runneth, as fast as he may.

39. Some prowleth for fuel, and some away rig
Fat goose, and the capon, duck, hen, and the pig:
Some prowleth for acorns, to fat up their swine,
For corn and for apples, and all that is thine.

Thus endeth September's Husbandry.

¶ OCTOBER'S ABSTRACT.

CHAP. XVII.

1. Lay dry up and round,
For barley, thy ground.
2. Too late doth kill,
Too soon is as ill.
3. Maids, little and great,
Pick clean seed wheat.
Good ground doth crave,
Choice seed to have.
Flails lustily thwack,
Lest plough-seed lack.
4. Seed first, go fetch,
For edish, or etch.
Soil perfectly know,
Ere edish ye sow.
5. White wheat, if ye please,
Sow now upon pease.

Sow first the best,
And then the rest.

6. Who soweth in rain,
Hath weed for his pain;
But worse shall he speed,
That soweth ill seed.

7. Now, better than later,
Draw furrow for water.
Keep crows, good son;
See fencing be done.

8. Each soil no vein,
For every grain.
Though soil be but bad,
Some corn may be had.

9. Naught prove, naught crave,
Naught venture, naught have.

10. One crop, and away,
Some country may say.

11. All gravel and sand,
Is not the best land.
A rotterly mould,
Is land worth gould.

12. Why wheat is smitten,
Good lesson is written.

13. The judgment of some,
How thistles do come.

14. A judgment right,
Of land in plight.
Land, all forlorn,
Not good for corn.

15. Land barren doth bear,
Small straw, short ear.

16. Here must thou read,
For soil what seed.

17. 'Tis try'd every hour,
Best grain, most flour.

18. Cross corn, much bran,
The baker doth ban.

19. What croppers be,
Here learn to see.

20. Few, after crop much,
But noddies, and such.

21. Some woodland may crake,
Three crops he may take.

22. First barley, then pease,
Then wheat, if ye please.

23. Two crops and away,
Most champion say.

24. Where barley did grow,
Lay wheat to sow.
Yet better, I think,
Sow pease, after drink;
And then, if ye please,
Sow wheat after pease.

25. What champion knows,
That custom shews.

26. First barley ere rye,
Then pease by and by;
Then fallow for wheat,
Is husbandry great.

27. A remedy sent,
Where pease lack vent:
Fat pease-fed swine,
For drover is fine.

28. Each diverse soil,
Hath diverse toil.

29. Some countries use,
That some refuse.

30. For wheat, ill land,
Where water doth stand.
Sow pease or dredge,
Below in that redge.

31. Sow acorns to prove,
That timber do love.

32. Sow hastings now,
If land it allow.

33. Learn soon to get,
A good quickset.

34. For fear of the worst,
Make fat away first.

35. Fat that no more,
Ye keep for store.

36. Hide carren in grave,
Less noiance to have.

37. Hog measeled kill,
For Fleming that will.

38. With peasebolt and brake,
Some brew and bake.

39. Old corn worth gold,
So keep as it should.

40. Much profit is reapt,
By sloes well kept.

41. Keep sloes upon bow,
For flix of thy cow.

42. Of verjuice be sure,
Poor cattle to cure.

Thus endeth October's Abstract, agreeing with October's Husbandry.

¶ OTHER SHORT REMEMBRANCES.

Ciss, have an eye
To boar in stye.
By malt, ill kept,
Small profit is reapt.

Friend, ringle thy hog,
For fear of a dog.
Rye-straw up stack,
Lest Thacker do lack.

Wheat-straw, dry save,
For cattle to have.
Wheat-chaff, lay up dry
In safety to lie.

Make handsome a bin,
For chaff to lie in.

(Seed thresh'd) thou shalt,
Thresh barley to malt.
Cut bushes to hedge,
Fence meadow, and redge.

Stamp crabs that may,
For rotting away.
Make verjuice and perry,
Sow kernell and berry.

Now gather up fruit,
Of every suit.
Marsh wall, too slight,
Strength now, or good night.

Mend walls of mud,
For new it is good.
Where soil is of sand,
Quickset out of hand.

To plots not full,
Add bramble and hull.
For set no bar,
Whilst month hath an R.

Like note thou shalt
For making of malt
Brew none to last,
Till winter be past.

Here ends October's short Remembrances.

¶ OCTOBER'S HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. XVIII.

October good blast, Forgotten month past,
To blow the hog mast. Do now at the last.

1. Now lay up thy barley-land, dry as ye can,
Whenever ye sow it, so look for it than:
Get daily beforehand, be never behind,
Lest winter preventing, do alter thy mind.

2. Who layeth up fallow, too soon or too wet,
With noiances many, doth barley beset:
For weed and the water so soaketh and sucks,
That goodness from either, it utterly plucks.

3. Green rye in September, when timely thou hast,
October for wheat-sowing calleth as fast:
If weather will suffer, this counsel I give,
Leave sowing of wheat, before Hallowmas eve.

4. Where wheat upon eddish ye mind to bestow,
Let that be the first of the wheat ye do sow:
He seemeth to heart it, and comfort to bring,
That giveth it comfort of Michaelmas spring.

5. White wheat upon pease-etch doth grow as he would,
But fallow is best, if we did as we should:
Yet where, how, and when, ye intend to begin,
Let ever the finest, be first sowen in.

6. Who soweth in rain, he shall reap it with tears,
Who soweth in harms, he is ever in fears:
Who soweth ill seed, or defraudeth his land,
Hath eye-sore abroad, with a corsie at hand.

7. Seed husbandly sowen, water-furrow thy ground,
That rain when it cometh, may run away round:
Then stir about *Nicoll*, with arrow and bow,
Take penny for killing of every crow.

A DIGRESSION TO THE USAGE OF DIVERS COUNTRIES CONCERNING TILLAGE.

8. Each soil hath no liking, of every grain,
Nor barley and wheat, is for every vein:
Yet know I no country, so barren of soil,
But some kind of corn may be gotten with toil.

9. In *Brantham*, where rye, but no barley d'd grow,
Good barley I had, as a many d'd know.
Five seam of an acre, I truly was paid,
For thirty load muck, of each acre so laid.

10. In *Suffolk* again, whereas wheat never grew,
Good husbandry used, good wheat land I knew,
This proverb, experience long ago gave,
"That nothing who practiseth, nothing shall have."

11. As gravel and sand, is for rye and not wheat,
(Or yieldeth her burden, to t'one the more great)
So peason and barley delight not in sand;
But rather in lay, or in rottener land.

12. Wheat sometime is steely, or burnt as it grows,
For pride or for poverty, practice so knows.
Too lusty of courage, for wheat doth not well,
Nor after Sir Peeler he loveth to dwell.

13. Much wetness, hog-rooting, and land out of heart,
Makes thistles a number, forthwith to upstart:
If thistles so growing, prove lusty and long,
It signifieth land to be hearty and strong.

14. As land full of tilth, and in hearty good plight,
Yields blade to a length, and encreaseth in might:
So crop upon crop, on whose courage we doubt,
Yields blade for a brag, but it holdeth not out.

15. The straw and the ear, to have bigness and length,
Betokeneth land, to be good and in strength:
If ear be but short, and the straw be but small,
It signifieth bareness, and barren withall.

16. White wheat or else red, red rivet or white,
Far passeth all other, for land that is light;
White pollard or red, that so richly is set,
For land that is heavy, is best ye can get.

17. Main wheat that is mixed, with white and with red,
Is next to the best, in the market-man's head:
So Turkey or Purkey wheat many do love,
Because it is floury, as others above.

18. Gray wheat is the grossest, yet good for the clay,
Though worst for the market, as farmer will say;
Much like unto rye, be his properties found,
Coarse floüer, much bran, and a peeler of ground.

19. Oats, rye, or else barley, and wheat that is gray,
Brings land out of comfort, and soon to decay:
One after another, no comfort between,
Is crop upon crop, as will quickly be seen.

20. Still crop upon crop, many farmers do take
And reap little profit, for greediness sake.
Though bread-corn and drink-corn, such croppers do stand,
Count peason or brank, as a comfort to land.

21. Good land that is severall, crops may have three,
In champion country, it may not so be;
T'one taketh his season, as commoners may,
The tother with reason, may otherwise say.

22. Some useth at first, a good fallow to make,
To sow thereon barley, the better to take.
Next that to sow pease, and of that to sow wheat,
Then fallow again, or lie lay for thy neat.

23. First rye, and then barley, the champion says,
Or wheat before barley, be champion ways:
But drink before bread-corn, with Middlesex men:
Then lay on more compas, and fallow again.

24. Where barley ye sow, after rye or else wheat,
If land be unlusty, the crop is not great:
So lose ye your cost, to your corsie and smart,
And land (overburdened) is clean out of heart.

25. Exceptions take, of the champion land,
From lying along, from that at thy hand:
(Just by) ye may comfort, with compas at will;
Far off, ye must comfort, with favor and skill.

26. Where rye or else wheat, either barley ye sow,
Let codware be next, thereupon for to grow:
Thus having two crops, whereof codware is t'one,
Thou hast the less need, to lay cost thereupon.

27. Some far fro the market, delight not in pease,
For that ev'ry chapman, they seem not to please:
If vent of the market-place, serve thee not well,
Set hogs up a fatting, to drover to sell.

28. Two crops of a fallow, enricheth the plough,
Though t'one be of pease, it is land good enough:
One crop and a fallow, some soil will abide,
Where, if ye go further, lay profit aside.

29. Where peason ye had, and a fallow thereon,
Sow wheat ye may well, without dung thereupon;
New broken up land, or with water opprest:
Or overmuch dunged, for wheat is not best.

30. Where water all winter, annoyeth too much,
Bestow not thy wheat, upon land that is such;
But rather sow oats, or else bullimong there,
Grey peason, or runcivals, fitches, or tare.

31. Sow acorns, ye owners that timber do love,
Sow haw and rye with them, the better to prove:
If cattle or coney may enter to crop,
Young oak is in danger, of losing his top.

32. Who peasecods delighteth to have with the first,
If now ye do sow them, I think it not worst;
The greener thy peason, and warmer the room,
More lusty the layer, more plenty they come.

33. Go plow up or delve up, advised with skill.
The breadth of a ridge, and in length as ye will;
Where speedy quickset, for a fence ye will draw,
To sow in the seed of the bramble and haw.

34. Through plenty of acorns, the porkling to fat
Not taken in season, may perish by that:
If rattling or swelling, get once to the throat,
Thou losest thy porkling, a crown to a groat.

35. Whatever thing fat is, again if it fall,
Thou vent'rest the thing, and the fatness withall:
The fatter the better, to sell or to kill,
But not to continue, make proof if ye will.

36. Whatever thing dieth, go bury or burn,
For tainting of ground, or a worser ill turn;
Such pestilent smell, of a carrenly thing,
To cattle and people, great peril may bring.

37. Thy measeled bacon-hog, sow, or thy boar,
Shut up for to heal, for infecting thy store:
Or kill it for bacon, or souse it to sell,
For Flemming that loves it so daintily well.

38. With straw-wisp and pease-bolt, with fern and the brake,
For sparing of fuel, some brew and do bake;
And heateth their copper, for seething of grains: —
Good servant rewarded, refuseth no pains.

39. Good bread-corn and drink-corn full twenty weeks kept,
Is better than new, that at harvest is reapt:
But foisty the bread-corn, and bowd-eaten malt,
For health or for profit, find noisome thou shalt.

40. By th'end of October, go gather up sloes,
Have thou in a readiness, plenty of those;
And keep them in bed straw, or still on the bough,
To stay both the flix, of thyself and thy cow.

41. Seeth water, and plump therein plenty of sloes,
Mix chalk that is dried, in powder with those;
Which so, if ye give, with the water and chalk,
Thou makest the lax fro thy cow away walk.

42. Be süer of vergis (a gallon at least)
So good for the kitchen, so needfull for beast:
It helpeth thy cattle, so feeble and faint,
If timely such cattle, with it thou acquaint.

Thus endeth October's Husbandry.

NOVEMBER'S ABSTRACT.

CHAP. XIX.

1. Let hog, once fat,
Lose nothing of that,
When mast is gone,
Hog falleth anon.
Still fat up some,
Till Shrovetide come.
Now pork and souse,
Bears tack in house.
2. Put barley a malting,
Lay flitches a salting.
Through folly, too beastly,
Much bacon is reasty.
3. Some winnow, some fan,
Some cast that can.
In casting provide,
For seed lay aside.
4. Thresh barley thou shalt,
For chapman to malt;
Else thresh no more,
But for thy store.
5. Till March, thresh wheat,
But as ye do eat;
Lest baker forsake it,
If foistiness take it.
6. No chaff in bin,
Makes horse look thin.
7. Sow Hastings now,
That Hastings allow.
8. They buy it full dear,
In winter that rear.
9. Few fowls, less swine,
Rear now, friend mine!
10. What loss, what sturs,
Through ravening curs.

11. Make Martilmas beef, —
Dear meat is a thief,
12. Set garlike and pease,
Saint Edmond to please.
13. When rain takes place,
To threshing apace.
14. Mad brain, too rough,
Mars all at plough,
With flail and whips,
Fat hen, short skips.
15. Some threshing by task,
Will steal, and not ask.
Such thresher at night,
Walks seldom home light.
Some corn away lag,
In bottle and bag.
Some steals for a jest,
Eggs out of the nest.
16. Lay stover up dry,
In order to lie.
Poor bullock doth crave,
Fresh straw to have.
17. Make weekly up floor,
Though thresher do lour.
Lay grain in loft,
And turn it oft.
18. For muck regard,
Make clean foul yard.
Lay straw to rot,
In wat'ry plot.
19. Headland up plow,
For compas enow.
20. For herbs good store,
Trench garden more.
21. At midnight try
Foul privies to fye.
22. Rid chimney of soot,
From top to the foot.
23. In stable put now,
Thy horses for plow.
24. Good horsekeeper will,
Lay muck upon hill.
25. Cut mole-hills, that stand
So thick upon land.

Thus endeth November's Abstract, agreeing with November's Husbandry.

OTHER SHORT REMEMBRANCES.

Get pole, boy mine!
Beat haws to swine
Drive hog to the wood,
Brake-roots be good.

For mischief that falls,
Look well to marsh walls.
Dry layer get neat,
And plenty of meat.

Curst cattle that nurteth,
Poor wennel soon hurteth,
Good neighbour mine,
Ring well thy swine.

Such winter may serve,
Hog ringled will sterve.
In frost keep dog,
From hurting of hog.

Here ends November's short Remembrances.

¶ NOVEMBER'S HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. XX.

November take flail; Forgotten month past,
Let ship no more sail. Do now at the last.

1. At Hallontide, slaughter-time entereth in,
And then doth the husbandman's feasting begin:
From thence unto Shrovetide, kill now and then some,
Their offall for houshold the better will come.

2. Thy dredge and thy barley go thresh out to malt,
Let maltster be cunning, else lose it thou shalt:
Th' encrease of a seam, is a bushel for store,
Bad else is the barley, or huswife much more.

3. Some useth to winnow, some useth to fan,
Some useth to cast it, as clean as they can.
For seed go and cast it; for malting not so,
But get out the cockle, and then let it go.

4. Thresh barley as yet, but as need shall require,
Fresh threshed for stover, thy cattle desire;
And therefore that threshing, forbear as ye may,
Till Candlemas coming, for sparing of hay.

5. Such wheat as ye keep, for the baker to buy,
Unthreshed till March, in the sheaf let it lie;
Lest foistiness take it, if sooner ye thresh it,
Although by oft turning, ye seem to refresh it.

6. Save chaff of the barley, of wheat, and of rye,
From feathers and foistiness, where it doth lie;
Which mixed with corn, being sifted of dust,
Go give to thy cattle, when serve them ye must.

7. Green peason, or Hastings, at Hallontide sow,
In hearty good soil, he requireth to grow:
Grey peason, or runcivals, cheerly to stand,
At Candlemas sow, with a plentifull hand.

8. Leave latewardly rearing, keep now no more swine,
But such as thou may'st with the offall of thine.
Except ye have wherewith to fat them away,
The fewer thou keepest, keep better ye may.

9. To rear up much poultry, and want the barn door,
Is nought for the poulter, and worse for the poor;
So now to keep hogs, and to starve them for meat,
Is, as to keep dogs, for to bawl in the street.

10. As cat a good mouser, is needfull in house,
Because for her commons she killeth the mouse;
So ravening curs, as a many do keep,
Makes master want meat, and his dog to kill sheep.

11. (For Easter) at Martilmas, hang up a beef,
For stall-fed and pease-fed, play pickpurse the thief:
With that and the like, ere an grass beef come in,
Thy folk shall look cheerly, when others look thin.

12. Set garlike and beans at St. Edmond the king,
The moon in the wane, thereon hangeth a thing:
Th' encrease of a pottle, (well proved of some,)
Shall pleasure thy houshold, ere peasecod time come.

13. When rain is a let, to thy doings abroad,
Set threshers a threshing, to lay on good load:
Thresh clean, ye must bid them, though lesser they earn,
And looking to thrive, have an eye to thy barn.

14. Take heed to thy man, in his fury and heat,
With plough-staff and whip-stock for maiming thy neat,
To thresher, for hurting of cow with his flail,
Or making thy hen, to play tapple up tail.

15. Some pilfering thresher will walk with a staff,
Will carry home corn, as it is in the chaff;
And some in his bottle of leather so great,
Will carry home, daily, both barley and wheat.

16. If house-room will serve thee, lay stover up dry,
And every sort, by itself for to lie;
Or stack it for litter, if room be too poor,
And thatch out the residue, noying thy door.

17. Cause weekly thy thresher, to make up his floor,
Though slothfull and pilferer thereat do lour:
Take tub for a season, take sack for a shift;
Yet garner for grain, is the better for thrift.

18. All manner of straw, that is scattered in yard,
Good husbandly husbands have daily regard,
In pit, full of water, the same to bestow,
Where lying to rot, thereof profit may grow.

19. Now plough up thy headland, or delve it with spade,
Where otherwise profit but little is made;
And cast it up high, upon hillocks to stand,
That winter may rot it, to compas thy land.

20. If garden require it now trench it ye may,
One trench not a yard, from another go lay;
Which being well filled with muck by and by,
Go cover with mould, for a season to lie.

21. Foul privies are now to be cleansed and fy'd,
Let night be appointed, such baggage to hide;
Which buried in garden, in trenches a-low,
Shall make very many things better to grow.

22. The chimney all sooty, would now be made clean,
For fear of mischances, too oftentimes seen:
Old chimney and sooty, if fiër once take,
By burning and breaking, some mischief may make.

23. When ploughing is ended, and pasture not great,
Then stable thy horses, and tend them with meat:
Let season be dry, when ye take them to house,
For danger of nits, or for fear of a louse.

24. Lay compas up, handsomely, round on a hill,
To walk in thy yard, at thy pleasure and will;
More compas it maketh, and handsome the plot,
If horse-keeper, daily, forgetteth it not.

25. Make hillocks of mole-hills, in field thoroughout,
And so to remain, till the year go about:
Make also the like, whereas plots be too high,
All winter a rotting, for compas to lie.

Thus endeth November's Husbandry.

¶ DECEMBER'S ABSTRACT.

CHAP. XXI.

1. No season to hedge,
Get beetle and wedge.
Cleave logs now all,
For kitchen and hall.
2. Dull working tools,
Soon courage cools.
3. Leave off tittle tattle,
And look to thy cattle.
Serve young poor elves,
Alone by themselves.
4. Warm barth for neat,
Worth half their meat.
The elder that nurteth,
The younger soon hurteth.
5. House cow that is old,
While winter doth hold.
6. But once in a day,
To drink and to play.
7. Get Trusty to serve,
Lest cattle do sterve.
And such as in deed,
May help at a need.
8. Observe this law,
In serving out straw.
9. In walking about,
Good fork spy out,
10. At full, and at change,
Spring tides are strange.
If doubt ye fray,
Drive cattle away.
11. Dank ling, forgot,
Will quickly rot.
12. Here learn and try,
To turn it, and dry.
13. Now stocks remove,
That orchards love.
14. Set stock to grow,
Too thick, nor too low.
Set now, as they come,
Both cherry and plum.
15. Sheep, hog, and ill beast,
Bids stock to ill feast.
16. At Christmas is good,
To let thy horse blood.
17. Mark here what rabble
Of evils in stable.
18. Mix well (old gaff)
Horse-corn with chaff,
Let Jack nor Gill,
Fetch corn at will.
19. Some countries gift,
To make hard shift.
Some cattle well fare,
With fitches and tare.
Fitches and tares,
Be Norfolk wares.
20. Tares thresh'd with skill,
Bestow as ye will.
21. Hide strawberries, wife,
To save their life.
22. Knot, border, and all,
Now cover ye shall.
23. Help bees' sweet coney,
With liquor and honey.

24. Get campers a ball,
To camp therewithall.

Thus endeth December's Abstract, agreeing with December's Husbandry.

¶ OTHER SHORT REMEMBRANCES.

Let Christmas spy,
Yard clean to lie.
No labour, no sweat;
Go labour for heat.

Feed doves, but kill not,
If 'stroy them, ye will not.
Fat hog, ere ye kill it,
Or else ye do spill it.

Put ox in stall,
Ere ox do fall.
Who seetheth her grains,
Hath profit for pains.

Rid garden of mallow,
Plant willow and sallow.

Let boar life render,
See brawn sod tender.
For wife, fruit buy,
For Christmas pie.

Ill bread and ill drink,
Makes many ill think;
Both meat and cost,
Ill drest, half lost.

Who hath wherewithall,
May cheer when he shall:
But charged man,
Must cheer as he can.

Here ends December's short Remembrances.

¶ DECEMBER'S HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. XXII.

O dirty December, Forgotten month past,
For Christmas remember. Do now at the last.

1. When frost will not suffer to dike and to hedge,
Then get thee a heat, with thy beetle and wedge:
Once Hallowmas come, and a fire in the hall,
Such slivers do well for to lie by the wall.

2. Get grindstone and whetstone for tool that is dull,
Or often be letted, and fret belly full:
A wheel-barrow also be ready to have,
At hand of thy servant, thy compas to save.

3. Give cattle their fodder in plot dry and warm,
And count them for mixing, or other like harm:
Young colts with thy wennels together go serve,
Lest lurched by others, they happen to sterve.

4. The rack is commended for saving of dung,
To set as the old cannot mischief the young.
In tempest (the wind being northly or east)
Warm barth, under hedge, is a succour to beast.

5. The housing of cattle, while winter doth hold;
Is good for all such as are feeble and old:
It saveth much compas, and many a sleep,
And spareth the pasture for walk of thy sheep.

6. For charges so little, much quiet is won,
If strongly and handsomely all things be done;
But use to untackle them once in a day,
To rub and to lick them, to drink and to play.

7. Get Trusty to tend them, not lubberly 'squire,
That all the day long hath his nose at the fire:
Nor trust unto children, poor cattle to feed,
But such as be able to help, at a need.

8. Serve rye-straw out first, then wheat-straw and pease,
Then oat-straw and barley, then hay if ye please:
But serve them with hay, while the straw stover last,
Then love they no straw, they had rather to fast!

9. Yokes, forks, and such other, let bailiff spy out,
And gather the same, as he walketh about;
And after, at leisure, let this be his hire,
To beath them and trim them, at home by the fiër.

10. As well at the full of the moon, as the change,
Sea rages, in winter, be suddenly strange:
Then look to thy marshes, if doubt be to fray,
For fear of *(ne fortè)* have cattle away.

11. Both salt fish and ling fish (if any ye have),
Through shifting and drying, from rotting go save;
Lest winter with moistness do make it relent,
And put it in hazard, before it be spent.

12. Broom faggot is best to dry haberden on,
Lay board upon ladder, if faggots be gone:
For breaking (in turning) have very good eye,
And blame not the wind, so the weather be dry.

13. Good fruit and good plenty doth well in the loft,
Then make thee an orchard, and cherish it oft;
For plant or for stock, lay aforehand to cast,
But set, or remove it, ere Christmas be past.

14. Set one fro another, full forty feet wide;
To stand as he stood, is a part of his pride.
More faïer, more worthy of cost to remove,
More steady ye set it, more likely to prove.

15. To teach and unteach, in a school is unmeet;
To do, and undo, to the purse is unsweet:
Then orchard or hop-yard, so trimmed with cost,
Should not, through folly, be spoiled and lost.

16. Ere Christmas be passed, let horse be let blood,
For many a purpose, it doth them much good.
The day of St. Stephen, old fathers did use;
If that do mislike thee, some other day use.

17. Look well to thy horses in stable thou must,
That hay be not foisty, nor chaff full of dust;
Nor stone in their provender, feather, nor clots,
Nor fed with green peason, for breeding of bots.

18. Some horsekeeper lasheth out provender so,
Some Gillian spend-all, so often doth go,
For hogs-meat and hens-meat, for that and for this,
That corn-loft is emptied, ere chapman hath his.

19. Some countries are pinched of meadow for hay,
Yet ease it with fitches, as well as they may;
Which inned and threshed, and husbandly dight,
Keeps labouring cattle, in very good plight.

20. In threshing out fitches, one point I will shew,
First thresh out for seed of the fitches a few:
Thresh few fro thy plough-house, thresh clean for the cow;
This order in Norfolk good husbands allow.

21. If frost do continue, take this for a law,
The strawberries look to be covered with straw,
Laid overly trim upon crotches and bows,
And after uncovered, as weather allows.

22. The gilliflower also, the skilfull do know,
Doth look to be covered in frost and in snow:
The knot and the border, and rosemary gay,
Do crave the like succour, for dying away.

23. Go look to thy bees, if the hive be too light,
Set water and honey, with rosemary dight;
Which set in a dish full of sticks in the hive,
From danger of famine ye save them alive.

24. In meadow or pasture (to grow the more fine),
Let campers be camping in any of thine;
Which if ye do suffer, when low is the spring,
You gain to yourself a commodious thing.

Thus endeth December's Husbandry.

¶ A DIGRESSION TO HOSPITALITY.

CHAP. XXIII.

Leave husbandry sleeping awhile ye must do,
To learn of housekeeping a lesson or two:
Whatever is sent thee, by travel and pain,
A time there is lent thee, to render't again.
Although ye defend it, unspent for to be,
Another shall spend it,—no thank unto thee.
However we climb to accomplish the mind,
We have but a time, thereof profit to find.

¶ A DESCRIPTION OF TIME AND THE YEAR.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of God to thy doings, a time there is sent,
Which endeth with time that in doing is spent:
For time is itself, but a time for a time,
Forgotten full soon, as the tune of a chime.

In spring-time we rear, we do sow, and we plant;
In Summer get victuals, lest after we want.
In Harvest, we carry in corn, and the fruit,
In Winter to spend, as we need of each suit.

The year I compare, as I find for a truth,
The Spring unto Childhood, the Summer to Youth.
The Harvest to Manhood, the Winter to Age,
All quickly forgot, as a play on a stage.

Time past is forgotten, ere men be aware:
Time present is thought on, with wonderful care:
Time coming is feared, and therefore we save
Yet oft ere it come, we be gone to the grave.

¶ A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE AND RICHES.

CHAP. XXV.

Who living, but daily discern it he may,
How life as a shadow, doth vanish away,
And nothing to count on, so süer to trust,
As süer of death, and to turn into dust.

The lands and the riches that here we possess,
Be none of our own, if a God we profess;
But lent us of him, as his talent of gold,
Which being demanded, who can it withhold?

God maketh no writing, that justly doth say,
How long we shall have it—a year or a day:
But leave it we must (howsoever we leeve),
When Atrop shall pluck us, from hence by the sleeve.

To Death we must stoop, be we high, be we low,
But how, and how suddenly, few be that know;
What carry we then but a sheet to the grave,
To cover this carcass, of all that we have?

¶ A DESCRIPTION OF HOUSEKEEPING.

CHAP. XXVI.

What then of this talent, while here we remain,
But study to yield it to God with a gain?
And that shall we do, if we do it not hid,
But use and bestow it as Christ doth us bid.

What good to get riches, by breaking of sleep,
But (having the same) a good house for to keep?
Not only to bring a good fame to thy door,
But also the prayer to win of the poor.

Of all other doings, house-keeping is chief,
For daily it helpeth the poor with relief:—
The neighbour, the stranger, and all that have need,
Which causeth thy doings the better to speed.

Though hearken to this, we should ever among,
Yet chiefly at Christmas, of all the year long:
Good cause of that use may appear by the name,
Though niggardly niggards do kick at the same.

¶ A DESCRIPTION OF THE FEAST OF THE BIRTH OF CHRIST,

COMMONLY CALLED CHRISTMAS.

CHAP. XXVII.

Of Christ cometh Christmas, the name with the feast,
A time full of joy, to the greatest and least;
At Christmas was Christ, our Saviour, born,—
The world through sin altogether forlorn.

At Christmas the days do begin to take length,
Of Christ doth religion, chiefly, take strength:
As Christmas is only a figure or trope,
So only in Christ is the strength of our hope.

At Christmas we banquet, the rich with the poor,
Who then, but the miser, but openeth his door?
At Christmas, of Christ many carols we sing,
And give many gifts, in the joy of that king.

At Christmas, in Christ we rejoice, and be glad,
As onely of whom our comfort is had:
At Christmas we joy altogether with mirth,
For his sake, that joyed us all with his birth.

¶ A DESCRIPTION OF APT TIME TO SPEND.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Let such (so fantastical) liking not this,
Nor any thing honest, that ancient is,
Give place to the time that so meet we do see,
Appointed of God, as it seemeth to be.

At Christmas, good husbands have corn on the ground,
In barn and in soller, worth many a pound:
With plenty of other things, cattle and sheep,
All sent them (no doubt on) good houses to keep.

At Christmas, the hardness of winter doth rage,
A griper of all things, and specially age:
Then lightly poor people, the young with the old,
Be sorest oppressed with hunger and cold.

At Christmas, by labour is little to get,
That wanting,—the poorest in danger are set:
What season then better, of all the whole year,
Thy needy, poor neighbour to comfort and cheer.

¶ AGAINST FANTASTICAL SCRUPLENESS.

CHAP. XXIX.

At this time and that time, some make a great matter;
Some help not, but hinder the poor with their clatter.
Take custom from feasting, what cometh then last?
Where one hath a dinner, a hundred shall fast.

To dog in the manger, some liken I could,
That hay will eat none, nor let other that would.
Some scarce, in a year, give a dinner or two,
Nor well can abide any other to do.

Play thou the good fellow! seek none to misdeem;
Disdain not the honest, though merry they seem;
For oftentimes seen, no more very a knave,
Than he that doth counterfeit most to be grave.

¶ CHRISTMAS HUSBANDLY FARE.

CHAP. XXX.

Good husband and huswife, now chiefly be glad,
Things handsome to have, as they ought to be had.
They both do provide, against Christmas do come,
To welcome good neighbour, good cheer to have some.

Good bread and good drink, a good fire in the hall,
Brawn, pudding, and souse, and good mustard withall.

Beef, mutton, and pork, shred pies of the best,
Pig, veal, goose, and capon, and turkey well drest,
Cheese, apples, and nuts, joly carols to hear,
As then in the country, is counted good cheer.

What cost to good husband, is any of this?
Good houshold provision only it is:
Of other the like, I do leave out a many,
That costeth the husbandman never a penny.

¶ A CHRISTMAS CAROLL OF THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

(Upon the tune of King Salomon.)

CHAP. XXXI.

1. Was not Christ our Saviour,
Sent to us fro God above?
Not for our good behaviour,
But only of his mercy and love.
If this be true, as true it is,
Truly in deed
Great thanks to God to yield for this,
Then had we need.

2. This did our God, for very troth,
To train to him the soul of man,
And justly to perform his oath,
To Sarah and to Abram than
That through his seed all nations should
Most blessed be:
As in due time, perform he would,
As now we see.

3. Which wondrously is brought to pass,
And in our sight already done,
By sending, as his promise was,
(To comfort us) his only Son,
Even Christ, I mean, that virgin's child,
In Bethlem born,
That lamb of God, that prophet mild,
With crowned thorn.

4. Such was his love to save us all,
From dangers of the curse of God,
That we stood in by Adam's fall,
And by our own deserved rod,
That through his blood and holy name
Who so believes,
And fly from sin, and abhors the same,
Free mercy he gives.

5. For these glad news this feast doth bring,
To God the Son and Holy Ghost,
Let man give thanks, rejoice and sing,
From world to world, from coast to coast,
For all good gifts so many ways,
That God doth send,
Let us in Christ give God the praise,
Till life shall end.

T. Tusser.

At Christmas be merry, and thankful withall,
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with the small;
Yea all the year long, to the poor let us give,
God's blessing to follow us, whiles we do live.

¶ JANUARY'S ABSTRACT.

CHAP. XXXII.

1. Bid Christmas adieu,
Thy stock now renew.
2. Who killeth a neat,
Hath cheaper his meat.
Fat home-fed souse,
Is good in a house.
3. Who dainties love,
A beggar shall prove;

Who always sells,
In hunger dwells.
4. Who nothing save,
Shall nothing have.
5. Lay dirt upon heaps,
Some profit it reaps.
When weather is hard,
Get muck out of yard.
A fallow bestow,
Where pease shall grow:
Good peason and white,
A fallow will 'quite.
6. Go gather quickset,
The youngest to get.
Dig garden, stroy mallow,
Set willow and sallow.
Green willow for stake,
In bank will take.
7. Let doe go to buck,
Wish coney good luck.
Spare labour nor money,
Store borough with coney.
Get warrener bound
To vermine thy ground.
Feed doves, but kill not,
If lose them ye will not.
Dove-house repair
Make dove-hole fair,
For hop-ground cold,
Dove-dung worth gold.
8. Good gardener mine
Make garden fine.
Set garden pease,
And beans if ye please.
Set respis and rose,
Young roots of those.
9. The timely buyer
Hath cheaper his fiër.
10. Some burn without wit,
Some fiërless sit.
11. Now season is good,
To lop or fell wood.
Prune trees some allows,
For cattle to brouse.
12. Give sheep to their fees
The mistle of trees.
13. Let lop be shorn
That hindreth corn.
Some edder and stake,
Strong hedge to make.
14. For sap as ye know,
Let one bough grow.
Next year ye may
That bough cut away.
15. A lesson good
T'encrease more wood.
16. Save crotches of wood,
Save spars and stud.
Save hop for his dole
The strong long pole.
17. However ye scotch,
Save pole and crotch.
18. From Christmas to May,
Weak cattle decay.
19. With verjuice acquaint,
Poor bullock so faint;
This med'cine approved,
Is for to be loved.
20. Let plaster lie,
Three days to try:
Too long if ye stay,
Tail rots away.
21. Ewes ready to yean
Crave ground rid clean.
Keep sheep out of briers,
Keep beast out of mïers.
22. Keep bushes from bill,
Till hedge ye will:
Best had for thy turn,
Their roots go and burn.
23. No bushes of mine,
If fence be thine.
24. In stubbed plot,
Till hole will clot.
25. Rid grass of bones,
Of sticks and stones.
26. Warm barth give lambs,
Good food to their dams.
Look daily well to them,
Lest dogs undo them.
27. Young lamb well sold,
Fat lamb worth gold.
28. Keep twins for breed,
As ewes have need.
29. One calf, if it please ye
Now reared shall ease ye.
Calves likely rear
At rising of year.
Calf large and lean,
Is best to wean.
30. Calf lick'd, take away,
And house it ye may.
This point I allow
For servant and cow.
31. Calves younger than other,
Learn one of another.
32. No danger at all,
To geld as they fall.
Yet Michel cries,
Please butchers' eyes.
33. Sow, ready to fare
Craves huswife's care.
34. Leave sow but five,
The better to thrive.
35. Wean such for store,
As suck before.
Wean only but three,
Large breeders to be.
36. Lamb, bulchin, and pig,
Geld under the big.
37. Learn wit, Sir Dolt,
In gelding of colt.
38. Geld young thy filly
Else perish will Jilly.
Let gelding alone,
So large of bone.
By breathly tits,
Few profit hits.
39. Breed ever the best,
And do off the rest.
Of long and large,
Take huswife a charge.
40. Good cow and good ground,
Yield yearly a pound.
Good faring sow,
Holds profit with cow.
41. Who keeps but twain,
The more may gain.
42. Tithe justly, good garçon,
Else drive will the parson.

43. Thy garden twi-fallow,
Stroy hemlock and mallow.
44. Like practice they prove
That hops do love.
45. Now make and wand in
Trim bower to stand in,
Leave wadling about,
Till arbour be out.
46. Who now sows oats
Gets gold and groats.
Who sows in May,
Gets little that way.
47. Go break up land,
Get mattock in hand:
Stub root so tough,
For breaking of plough.
48. What greater crime,
Than loss of time?
49. Lay land for leaze,
Break up if ye please;
But fallow not yet,
That hath any wit.
50. Where drink ye sow,
Good tilth bestow.
51. Small profit is found,
By peeling of ground.
52. Land past the best,
Cast up for rest.

Thus endeth January's Abstract, agreeing with January's Husbandry.

¶ OTHER SHORT REMEMBRANCES.

Get pulling-hook, sirs,
For broom and firs.
Pluck broom, broom still,
Cut broom, broom kill.

Broom pluckt by and by,
Break up for rye,
Friend, ringle thy hog,
Or look for a dog.

In casting provide,
For seed lay aside.
Get dung, friend mine,
For stock and vine.

If earth be not soft,
Go dig it aloft.
For quagmire get boots,
Stub alders and roots.

Hop-poles wax scant,
For poles mo plant.
Set chesnut and walnut,
Set filbert and small nut.

Peach, plum-tree, and cherry,
Young bay and his berry;
Or set their stone,
Unset leave out none.

Sow kernels to bear,
Of apple and pear.
A lltrees that bear gum,
Now set as they come.

Now set, or remove,
Such stocks as ye love.

Here ends January's short Remembrances.

¶ JANUARY'S HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. XXXIII.

A kindly good January, Forgotten month past,
Freezeth pot by the fire. Do now at the last.

1. When Christmas is ended, bid feasting adieu,
Go play the good husband, thy stock to renew,
Be mindful of rearing, in hope of a gain,
Dame profit shall give thee reward for thy pain.

2. Who both by his calf and his lamb will be known,
May well kill a neat and a sheep of his own;
And he that can rear up a pig in his house,
Hath cheaper his bacon, and sweeter his souse.

3. Who eateth his veal, pig, and lamb, being froth,
Shall, twice in a week, go to bed without broth:
Unskilfull that pass not, but sell away, sell,
Shall never have plenty wherever they dwell.

4. Be greedy in spending, and careless to save,
And shortly be needy, and ready to crave,
Be wilfull to kill, and unskilfull to store,
And look for no foizon, I tell thee before.

5. Lay dirt up on heaps, fair yard to be seen,
If frost will abide it, to field with it clean.
In winter a fallow, some love to bestow,
Where pease for the pot they intend for to sow.

6. In making or mending, as needeth thy ditch,
Get set to quickset it, learn cunningly which.
In hedging, where clay is, get stake as ye know,
Of poplar and willow, for fuel to grow.

7. Leave killing of coney, let doe go to buck,
And vermine thy borough, for fear of ill-luck.
Feed dove (no more killing) old dove-house repair,
Save dove-dung for hop-yard, when house ye
make fair.

8. Dig garden, stroy mallow, now may ye at ease,
And set, as a dainty, thy runcival pease,
Go cut, and set roses, chuse aptly thy plot,
The roots of the youngest are best to be got.

9. In time go and bargain, lest worser to fall,
For fuel for making, for carriage and all;
Go buy at the stub, is the best for the buyer,
More timely provision, the cheaper the fiër.

10. Some burneth a load at a time in his hall,
Some never leave burning, till burnt they have all.
Such making of havock, without any wit,
Make many poor souls, without fiër to sit.

11. If frost do continue, this lesson doth well,
For comfort of cattle, the fuel to fell:
From every tree the superfluous boughs,
Now prune for thy neat, thereupon to go browse.

12. In pruning and trimming all manner of trees,
Reserve to each cattle, their properly fees.
If snow do continue, sheep hardly that fare,
Crave mistle and ivy, for them for to spare.

13. Now lop for thy fuel, old pollenger grown,
That hinder the corn, or the grass to be mown,
In lopping and felling, save edder and stake,
Thine hedges, as needeth, to mend or to make.

14. In lopping old Iocham, for fear of mishap,
One bough stay unlopped, to cherish the sap.
The second year after then boldly ye may,
For dripping his fellows, that bough cut away.

15. Lop poplar and sallow, elm, maple, and prie,
Well saved from cattle, till summer to lie;
So far as in lopping, their tops ye do fling,
So far, without planting, young coppice will spring.

16. Such fuel, as standing, a late ye have bought,
Now fell it and make it, and do as ye ought:
Give charge to the hewers (that many things mars)
To hew out for crotches, for poles and for spars.

17. If hop-yard or orchard, ye mean for to have,
For hop-poles and crotches, in lopping go save;
Which husbandly spared, may serve at a push,
And stop, by so having, two gaps with a bush.

18. From Christmas, till May be well entered in,
Some cattle wax faint, and look poorly and thin;
And chiefly when prime grass at first doth appear,
Then most is the danger of all the whole year.

19. Take verjuice and heat it, a pint for a cow,
Bay salt, a handfull, to rub tongue ye wot how:
That done, with the salt, let her drink off the rest;
This many times raiseth the feeble up beast.

20. Poor bullock with browsing, and naughtily fed,
Scarce feedeth, her teeth be so loose in her head.
Then slice ye the tail, where ye feel it so soft,
With soot and with garlick, bound to it aloft.

21. By brambles and bushes, in pasture too full,
Poor sheep be in danger, and loseth their wool:
Now therefore thy ewe, upon lambing so near,
Desireth in pasture, that all may be clear.

22. Leave grubbing or pulling of bushes, my son,
Till timely thy fences require to be done.
Then take of the best, for to furnish thy turn,
And home with the rest, for the fiër to burn.

23. In every green, if the fence be not thine,
Now stub up the bushes, the grass to be fine,
Lest neighbour do daily so hack them, belive,
That neither thy bushes, nor pasture can thrive.

24. In ridding of pasture, with turfs that lie by,
Fill every hole up as close as a die:
The labour is little, the profit is gay,
Whatever the loitering labourers say.

25. The sticks and the stones go gather up clean,
For hurting of scythe, or for harming of green.
For fear of Hugh Prowler, get home with the rest,
When frost is at hardest, then carriage is best.

26. Young broom, or good pasture thy ewes do require,
Warm barth, and in safety, their lambs do desire:
Look often well to them, for foxes and dogs,
For pits, and for brambles, for vermin, and hogs.

27. More dainty the lamb, the more worth to be sold,
The sooner the better, for ewe that is old;
But if ye do mind, to have milk of the dame,
Till May, do not sever the lamb fro the same.

28. Ewes, yearly by twinning, rich masters do make
The lamb of such twinners, for breeders go take
For twinlings be twiggers, increase for to bring,
Though some for their twigging, *peccavi* may sing.

29. Calves likely that come, between Christmas and Lent,
Take huswife to rear, or else after repent.
Of such as do fall, between change and the prime,
No rearing, but sell, or go kill them in time.

30. House calf, and go suckle it twice in a-day,
And after a while, set it water and hay:
Stake ragged to rub on, — no such as will bend,
Then wean it, well tended, at fifty days' end.

31. The senior weaned, his younger shall teach;
Both how to drink water, and hay for to reach:
More stroken and made of, when aught it doth ail,
More gentle ye make it, for yoke or the pail.

32. Geld bull-calf and ram-lamb, as soon as they fall,
For therein is, lightly, no danger at all.
Some spareth the t'one, for to pleasure the eye,
To have him shew greater, when butcher shall buy.

33. Sows ready to farrow this time of the year,
Are for to be made of, and counted full dear.
For now is the loss of a fare of the sow,
More great than the loss of two calves of thy cow.

34. Of one sow, together, rear few above five,
And those of the fairest, and likest to thrive.
Ungelt, of the best keep a couple for store,
One boar pig and sow pig, that sucketh before.

35. Who hath a desire, to have store very large,
At Whitsuntide, let him give huswife a charge,
To rear of a sow at once only but three;
And one of them also a boar let it be.

36. Geld under the dam, within fortnight at least,
And save both thy money, and life of the beast.
Geld later with gelders, as many one do;
And look of a dozen, to geld away two.

37. Thy colts for the saddle, geld young to be light;
For cart do not so, if thou judgest aright;
Nor geld not, but when they be lusty and fat,
For there is a point, to be learned in that.

38. Geld fillies (but tits) ere a nine days of age,
They die else of gelding, (or gelders do rage.)
Young fillies so likely of bulk and of bone,
Keep such to be breeders, let gelding alone.

39. For gaining a trifle, sell never thy store,
What joy to acquaintance, what pleasureth more?
The larger of body, the better for breed,
More forward of growing, the better they speed.

40. Good milch cow, well fed, and that is fair and sound,
Is yearly for profit, as good as a pound:
And yet by the year, have I proved ere now,
As good to the purse, is a sow as a cow.

41. Keep one and keep both, with as little a cost,
Then all shall be saved, and nothing be lost:
Both having together, what profit is caught,
Good huswives (I warrant ye) need not be taught.

42. For lamb, pig, and calf, and for other the like,
Tithe so, as thy cattle the Lord do not strike:
Or if ye deal guilefully, parson will drive,
And so to yourself, a worse turn ye may give.

43. Thy garden plot lately, well trenched and muckt,
Would now be twi-fallow'd, the mallows out pluckt,
Well cleansed and purged, of root and of stone,
That fault therein afterward, found may be none.

44. Remember thy hop-yard, if season be dry,
Now dig it and weed it, and so let it lie.
More fenny the layer, the better his lust,
More apt to bear hops, when it crumbles like dust.

45. To arbour begun, and quicksetted about,
No poleing or wadling, till set be far out:
For rotten and aged may stand for a shew,
But hold to their tackling, there do but a few.

46. In January, husband that poucheth the groats,
Will break up his ley, or be sowing of oats.
Oats sown in January, lay by the wheat,—
In May buy the hay, for the cattle to eat.

47. Let servant be ready, with mattock in hand,
To stub out the bushes, that noyeth the land.
And cumbersome roots, so annoying the plough,
Turn upward their a—s—s, with sorrow enough.

48. Who breaketh up, timely, his fallow or ley,
Sets forward his husbandry, many a way:
This trimly well ended, doth forwardly bring,
Not only thy tillage, but all other thing.

49. Though ley land ye break up, when Christmas is gone,
For sowing of barley, or oats thereupon;
Yet haste not to fallow, till March be begun,
Lest afterward wishing, it had been undone.

50. Such land as ye break up, for barley to sow,
Two earths at the least, ere ye sow it bestow,
If land be thereafter set oating apart;
And follow this lesson to comfort thine heart.

51. Some breaking up ley, soweth oats to begin,
To suck out the moisture, so sower therein;
Yet oats with her sucking a peeler is found,
Both ill to the master, and worse to some ground.

52. Land arable, driven or worn to the proof,
It craveth some rest for thy profit's behoof,
With oats ye may sow it, the sooner to grass,
More soon to be pasture, to bring it to pass.

Thus endeth January's Husbandry.

¶ FEBRUARY'S ABSTRACT.

CHAP. XXXIV.

1. Lay compas enow,
Ere ever ye plow.
2. Place dung-heaps alow.
More barley to grow.
3. Eat etch, ere ye plow,
With hog, sheep, and cow.
Sow lentils ye may,
And peason grey.
Keep white, unsown,
Till more be known.
4. Sow pease (good trull)
The moon past full.
Fine seeds then sow,
Whilst moon doth grow.
5. Boy, follow the plough,
And harrow enough:
So harrow, ye shall,
Till cover'd be all.
6. Sow pease not too thin,
Ere plough ye set in.
7. Late sown, sore noyeth;
Late ripe, hog stroyeth.
8. Some provender save,
For plough-horse to have.
To oxen that draw,
Give hay, and not straw.
To steers ye may,
Mix straw with hay.
9. Much carting, ill tillage,
Makes some to flie village.
10. Use cattle aright,
To keep them in plight.
11. Good quickset buy,
Old gather'd will die.
12. Stick boughs a row,
Where runcivals grow.
13. Sow kernels and haw,
Where ridge ye did draw.
14. Sow mustard seed,
And help to kill weed.
Where sets do grow,
See nothing ye sow
15. Cut vines and osier,
Plash hedge of enclosure.
Feed highly thy swan,
To love her good man.
Nest high, I advise,
Lest flood do arise.
16. Land meadow spare;
There dung is good ware.
17. Go strike off the nowls
Of delving mowls.
Such hillocks in vain,
Lay levelled plain.
18. Too wet the land,
Let mowl-hill stand.
19. Poor cattle crave,
Some shift to have.
20. Cow little giveth,
That hardly liveth.
21. Rid barley all now,
Clean out of thy mow.
Choice seed out draw,
Save cattle the straw.
22. To coast, man, ride
Lent stuff to provide.

Thus endeth February's Abstract, agreeing with February's Husbandry.

¶ OTHER SHORT REMEMBRANCES.

Trench meadow and redge,
Dyke, quickset, and hedge,
To plots not full,
Add bramble and hull.

Let wheat and the rye,
For thresher still lie.
Such straw some save,
For thatcher to have.

Poor coney, so bagged,
Is soon over lagged.
Plash burrow, set clapper,
For dog is a snapper.

Good flight who loves,
Must feed their doves.
Bid hawking adieu,
Cast hawk into mew.

Keep sheep out of briers,
Keep beast out of miers.
Keep lambs from fox,
Else shepherd go box

Good neighbour of mine,
Now yoke thy swine.
Now every day,
Set hops ye may.

Now set for thy pot,
Best herbs to be got.
For flowers go set,
All sorts ye can get.

As winter doth prove,
So may ye remove.
Now all things rear,
For all the year.

Watch ponds, go look
To weels and hook.
Knaves seld repent,
To steal in Lent.

All's fish they get,
That cometh to net.
Who muck regards
Makes hillocks in yards.

Here ends February's short Remembrances.

¶ FEBRUARY'S HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. XXXV.

Feb, fill the dike, With what thou dost like. Forgotten month past. Do now at the last.

1. Who layeth on dung, ere he layeth on plow,
Such husbandry useth, as thrift doth allow:
One month ere ye spread it, so still let it stand,
Ere ever to plow it, ye take it in hand.

2. Place dung heap alow, by the furrow along,
Where water, all winter-time, did it such wrong:
So make ye the land to be lusty and fat,
And corn thereon sown, to be better for that.

3. Go plow in the stubble, for now is the season,
For sowing of vetches, of beans, and of peason.
Sow runcivals timely, and all that is grey;
But sow not the white, till St. Gregory's day.

4. Sow peason and beans, in the wane of the moon,
Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon,
That they with the planet may rest and arise,
And flourish, with bearing most plentifullwise.

5. Friend, harrow in time, by some manner of means,
Not only thy peason, but also thy beans;
Unharrowed die, being buried in clay,
Where harrowed flourish, as flowers in May.

6. Both peason and beans, sow afore ye do plow,
The sooner ye harrow, the better for you.
White peason so good, for the purse and the pot,
Let them be well used, else well do ye not.

7. Have eye unto harvest, whatever ye sow,
For fear of mischances, by riping too slow;
Lest corn be destroyed, contrary to right,
By hogs or by cattle, by day or by night.

8. Good provender, labouring horses would have,
Good hay and good plenty, plough-oxen do crave;
To hale out thy muck, and to plow up thy ground,
Or else it may hinder thee many a pound.

9. Who slacketh his tillage, a carter to be,
For groat got abroad, at home lose shall three;
And so by his doing, he brings out of heart,
Both land for the corn, and horse for the cart.

10. Who abuseth his cattle, and starves them for meat,
By carting or plowing, his gain is not great:
Where he that with labour, can use them aright,
Hath gain to his comfort, and cattle in plight.

11. Buy quickset at market, new gather'd and small,
Buy bushes or willow, to fence it withall:
Set willows to grow, in the stead of a stake,
For cattle, in summer, a shadow to make.

12. Stick plenty of boughs among runcival pease,
To climber thereon, and to branch at their ease;
So doing, more tender and greater they wex,
If peacock and turkey leave jobbing their bex.

13. Now sow, and go harrow (where redge ye did draw)
The seed of the bramble, with kernel and haw;
Which covered, overly, sun to shut out,
Go see it be ditched, and fenced about.

14. Where banks be amended, and newly up-cast,
Sow mustard-seed, after a shower be past,
Where plots full of nettles be noisome to eye,
Sow thereupon hemp-seed, and nettle will die.

15. The vines and the osiers cut, and go set,
If grape be unpleasant, a better go get.
Feed swan, and go make her up strongly a nest,
For fear of a flood, good and high is the best.

16. Land-meadow that yearly is spared for hay,
Now fence it, and spare it, and dung it ye may.
Get mole-catcher cunningly mole for to kill,
And harrow, and cast abroad every hill.

17. Where meadow or pasture, to mow ye do lay,
Let mole be dispatched, some manner of way:
Then cast abroad mole-hill, as flat as ye can,
For many commodities following than.

18. If pasture by nature, is given to be wet,
Then bear with the mole-hill, though thick it be set;
That lamb may sit on it, and so to sit dry,
Or else to lie by it, the warmer to lie.

19. Friend, alway let this be a part of thy care,
For shift of good pasture, lay pasture to spare.
So have you good feeding in bushets and leaze,
And quickly safe finding of cattle at ease.

20. Where cattle may run about roving at will,
From pasture to pasture, poor belly to fill;
There pasture and cattle, both hungry and bare,
For want of good husbandry worser do fare.

21. Now thresh out thy barley, for malt or for seed,
For bread-corn, if need be, to serve as shall need:
If work for the thresher, ye mind for to have,
Of wheat and of mestlin, unthreshed go save.

22. Now timely for Lent stuff, thy money disburse,
The longer ye tarry, for profit the worse;
If one penny vantage, be therein to save,
Of coastman or Fleming be siier to have.

Thus endeth February's Husbandry.

¶ MARCH'S ABSTRACT.

CHAP. XXXVI.

1. White peason sow,
Scare hungry crow.
2. Spare meadow for hay,
Spare marshes at May.
3. Keep sheep from dog,
Keep lambs from hog:
If foxes mouse them,
Then watch, or house them.
4. March dry or wet,
Hop-ground go set.
Young roots well drest,
Prove ever best.
Grant hop great hill,
To grow at will.
From hop long gut,
Away go cut.
5. Here learn the way,
Hop roots to lay.
6. Roots best to prove,
Thus set I love.
7. Leave space and room,
To hillock to come.
8. Of hedge and willow,
Hop makes his pillow.
Good bearing hop,
Climbs up to the top.
Keep hop from sun,
And hop is undone.
9. Hop-poles procure,
That may endure.
Iron crow, like a stake,
Deep hole to make.
A scraper to pare,
The earth about bare.
A hone, to raise root,
Like sole of a boot.
Sharp knife to cut,
Superfluous gut.
10. Who graffing loves,
Now graffing proves.
Of every suit,
Graff dainty fruit.
Graff good fruit all,
Or graff not at all.
11. Graff soon may be lost,
Both graffing and cost.
Learn here, take heed,
What counsel doth bid.
12. Sow barley that can,
Too soon ye shall ban.
Let horse keep his own,
Till barley be sown.
Sow even thy land,
With plentifull hand:
Sow over and under,
In clay is no wonder.
13. By sowing in wet,
Is little to get.
14. Straight follow the plough,
And harrow enough.
With sling go throw,
To scare away crow.
15. Roll, after a dew,
When barley doth shew;
More handsome to make it,
To mow and to rake it.
16. Learn here ye may,
Best harrowing way.
17. Now roll thy wheat,
Where clods be too great.
18. Make ready a plot,
For seeds for the pot.
19. Best searching minds,
The best way finds.
20. For garden best,
Is south, south-west.
21. Good tilth brings seeds,
Ill tilture, weeds.
22. For summer sow now,
For winter see how.
23. Learn time to know,
To set, or sow.
24. Young plants soon die,
That grow too dry.
25. In country doth rest,
What season is best.
26. Good peason and leeks,
Make pottage for creeks.
27. Have spoon-meat enough,
For cart and the plough.
Good poor man's fare,
Is poor man's care;
And not to boast,
Of sod and roast.
28. Cause rook and raven,
To seek a new haven.

Thus endeth March's Abstract, agreeing with March's Husbandry.

¶ OTHER SHORT REMEMBRANCES.

Geld lambs now all,
Straight as they fall.
Look twice a-day,
Lest lambs decay.

Where horse did harrow,
Put stones in barrow;
And lay them by,
In heaps on high.

Let ox once fat,
Lose nothing of that.

Now hunt with dog,
Unyoked hog.

Wish doves good luck,
Rear goose and duck.
To spare aright,
Spare March his flight.

¶ MARCH'S HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. XXXVII.

March dust to be sold, Forgotten month past.
Worth ransom of gold. Do now at the last.

1. White peason, both good for the pot and the purse,
By sowing too timely, prove often the worse;
Because they be tender, and hateth the cold,
Prove March ere ye sow them, for being too bold.

2. Spare meadow at Gregory, marshes at Pasque,
For fear of dry summer no longer time ask.
Then hedge them and ditch them, bestow thereon pence,
Corn, meadow, and pasture, ask alway good fence.

3. Of mastiffs and mongrels that many we see,
A number of thousands too many there be:
Watch therefore in Lent, to thy sheep go and look,
For dogs will have victuals, by hook or by crook.

4. In March at the farthest, dry season or wet,
Hop-roots so well chosen, let skilfull go set.
The goeler and younger, the better I love;
Well gutted and pared, the better they prove.

5. Some layeth them, cross-wise, along in the ground,
As high as the knee, they do cover up round.
Some prick up a stick in the midst of the same,
That little round hillock, the better to frame.

6. Some maketh a hollowness half a foot deep,
With foüer sets in it, set slant-wise asteep;
One foot from another, in order to lie,
And thereon a hillock, as round as a pie.

7. Five foot from another, each hillock would stand,
As straight as a levelled line with the hand:
Let every hillock be foüer feet wide,
The better to come to, on every side.

8. By willows that groweth, thy hop-yard without,
And also by hedges, thy meadows about,
Good hop hath a pleasure to climb and to spread,
If sun may have passage, to comfort her head.

9. Get crow made of iron, deep hole for to make,
With cross overthwart it, as sharp as a stake,
A hone and a parer, like sole of a boot,
To pare away grass, and to raise up the root.

10. In March is good graffing, the skilfull do know,
So long as the wind in the east do not blow:
From moon being changed, till past be the prime,
For grafting and cropping, is very good time.

11. Things graffed or planted, the greatest and least,
Defend against tempest, the bird, and the beast;
Defended shall prosper, the tother is lost,
The thing with the labour, the time and the cost.

12. Sow barley in March, in April, and May,
The later in sand, and the sooner in clay.
What worser for barley, than wetness and cold?
What better to skilfull, than time to be bold?

13. Who soweth his barley too soon, or in rain,
Of oats and of thistles shall after complain:
I speak not of May-weed, of cockle and such,
That noieth the barley, so often and much.

14. Let barley be harrowed, finely as dust,
Then workmanly trench it, and fence it ye must.
This season well plied, set sowing an end,
And praise and pray God, a good harvest to send.

15. Some rolleth their barley, straight after a rain,
When first it appeareth, to level it plain:
The barley so used, the better doth grow,
And handsome ye make it, at harvest to mow.

16. Oats, barley, and pease, harrow after you sow;
For rye, harrow first, as already ye know:
Leave wheat little clod, for to cover the head,
That after a frost, it may out and go spread.

17. If clod in thy wheat, will not break with the frost,
If now ye do roll it, it quiteth the cost;
But see when ye roll it, the weather be dry,
Or else it were better, unrolled to lie.

18. In March and in April, from morning to night,
In sowing and setting, good huswives delight:
To have in a garden or other like plot,
To trim up their house, and to furnish their pot.

19. The nature of flowers, dame Physic doth shew;
She teacheth them all, to be known to a few.
To set or to sow, or else sown to remove,
How that should be practised, learn if ye love.

20. Land falling or lying full south or south-west,
For profit by tillage, is lightly the best:
So garden with orchard and hop-yard I find,
That want the like benefit, grow out of kind.

21. If field to bear corn, a good tillage doth crave,
What think ye of garden, what garden would have?
In field without cost, be assured of weeds;
In garden be süer, thou losest thy seeds.

22. At spring (for the summer) sow garden ye shall,
At harvest (for winter) or sow not at all.
Oft digging, removing, and weeding, ye see,
Makes herb the more wholesome, and greater to be.

23. Time fayer, to sow or to gather be bold,
But set or remove, when the weather is cold.
Cut all thing or gather, the moon in the wane,
But sow in encreasing, or give it his bane.

24. Now sets do ask watering, with pot or with dish,
New sown do not so, if ye do as I wish:
Through cunning with dibble, rake, mattock, and spade,
By line, and by level, trim garden is made.

25. Who soweth too lateward, hath seldom good seed,
Who soweth too soon, little better shall speed.
Apt time and the season, so diverse to hit,
Let aïer and layer, help practice and wit.

26. Now leeks are in season, for pottage full good,
And spareth the milch-cow, and purgeth the blood:
These having with peason, for pottage in Lent,
Thou sparest both oatmeal, and bread to be spent.

27. Though never so much a good huswife doth care,
That such as do labour, have husbandly fare;
Yet feed them and cram them, till purse do lack chink,
No spoon-meat, no bellyfull, labourers think.

28. Kill crow, pie, and cadow, rook, buzzard, and raven,
Or else go desire them to seek a new haven.
In scaling the youngest, to pluck off his beck,
Beware how ye clamber, for breaking your neck.

Thus endeth March's Husbandry.

¶ APRIL'S ABSTRACT.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

1. Some champions lay,
To fallow in May.
2. When tilth ploughs break,
Poor cattle cries creak.
3. One day ere ye plow,
Spread compas enow.
4. Some fodder buyeth,
In fen where it lieth.
5. Thou champion wight,
Have cow-meat for night.
6. Set hop his pole.
Make deep the hole.
7. First, bark go and sell,
Ere timber ye fell.
8. Fence coppice in,
Ere hewers begin.
9. The straightest ye know,
For staddles let grow.
10. Crab-tree preserve,
For plough to serve.
11. Get timber out,
Ere year go about.
12. Some country lack plough-meat,
And some do lack cow-meat.
13. Small commons, and bare,
Yield cattle ill fare.
14. Some common with geese,
And sheep without fleece:
Some tits thither bring,
And hogs without ring.
15. Some champions agree,
As wasp doth with bee.
16. Get swineherd for hog,
But kill not with dog.
Where swineherd doth lack,
Corn goeth to wrack.
17. All goes to the Devil,
Where shepherd is evil.
18. Come home from land,
With stone in hand.
19. Man cow provides, —
Wife dairy guides.
20. Slut Cisley, untaught,
Hath white meat naught.
21. Some bringeth in gains,
Some loss beside pains.
22. Run, Ciss, fault known,
With more than thine own.

Such mistress, such Nan,
Such master, such man.

Thus endeth April's Abstract, agreeing with April's Husbandry.

[¶ APRIL'S HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Sweet April showers, Forgotten month past,
Do spring May flowers. Do now at the last.

1. In Cambridgeshire forward, to Lincolnshire way,
The champion maketh his fallow in May:
Then thinking so doing, one tillage worth twain,
By forcing of weed, by that means to refrain.

2. If April be dripping, then do I not hate,
(For him that hath little) his fallowing late;
Else otherwise, fallowing timely is best,
For saving of cattle, of plough, and the rest.

3. Be siier of plough to be ready at hand,
Ere compas ye spread, that on hillocks did stand;
Lest drying, so lying, do make it decay,
Ere ever much water do wash it away.

4. Look now, to provide ye of meadow for hay,
If fens be undrowned, there cheapest ye may;
In fen for the bullock, for horse not so well,
Count best, the best cheap, wheresoever ye dwell.

5. Provide ye of cow-meat, for cattle at night,
And chiefly where commons lie far out of sight;
Where cattle lie tied, without any meat,
That profit by dairy, can never be great.

6. Get into thy hop-yard with plenty of poles;
Among those same hillocks, divide them by doles.
Three poles to a hillock (I pass not how long),
Shall yield thee more profit, set deeply and strong.

7. Sell bark to the tanner, ere timber ye fell,
Cut low by the ground, else do ye not well.
In breaking save crooked, for mill and for ships;
And ever, in hewing, save carpenter's chips.

8. First see it well fenced, ere hewers begin,
Then see it well stadled, without and within.
Thus being preserved, and husbandly done,
Shall sooner raise profit, to thee or thy son.

9. Leave growing for stadles, the likest and best,
Though seller and buyer dispatched the rest.
In bushes, in hedge-row, in grove, and in wood,
This lesson observed, is needful and good.

10. Save elm, ash, and crab tree, for cart and for plough,
Save step for a stile, of the crotch of the bough:
Save hazel for forks, save sallow for rake;
Save hulver and thorn, thereof flail to make.

11. Make riddance of carriage, ere year go about,
For spoiling of plant, that is newly come out.
To carter (with oxen) this message I bring, —
Leave oxen abroad, for annoying the spring.

12. Allowance of fodder, some countries do yield,
As good for the cattle as hay in the field.
Some mow up their headlands and plots among corn,
And driven to leave nothing, unmown or unshorn.

13. Some commons are barren, the nature is such,
And some overlayeth the commons too much.
The pestered commons, small profit doth give,
And profit as little some reap, I believe.

14. Some pester the commons with jades and with geese,
With hog without ring, and with sheep without fleece:
Some lose a day's labour with seeking their own,
Some meet with a booty, they would not have known.

15. Great troubles and losses the champion sees,
And ever in brawling, as wasps among bees:
As charity that way appeareth but small;
So less be their winnings, or nothing at all.

16. Where champion wanteth a swine-herd for hog,
There many complaineth of naughty man's dog.
Where each his own keeper appoints without care,
There corn is destroyed, ere men be aware.

17. The land is well hearted, with help of the fold,
For one or two crops, if so long it will hold.
If shepherd would keep them from stroying of corn,
The walk of his sheep might the better be borne.

18. Where stones be too many, annoying thy land,
Make servant come home, with a stone in his hand:
By daily so doing, have plenty ye shall,
Both handsome for paving, and good for a wall.

19. From April beginning, till Andrew be past,
So long with good huswife her dairy doth last;
Good milch-cow and pasture, good husbands provide,
The res'due, good huswives know best how to guide.

20. Ill huswife, unskilfull, to make her own cheese,
Through trusting of others, hath this for her fees:
Her milk-pan and cream-pot, so slabber'd and sost,
That butter is wanting, and cheese is half lost.

21. Where some of a cow, do raise yearly a pound,
With such seely huswives, no penny is found.
Then dairy-maid Cisley, her fault being known,
Away, apace, trudgeth, with more than her own.

22. Then neighbour, for God's sake, if any you see,
Good servant for dairy-house, waine her to me.
Such master such man, and such mistress such maid,
Such husband and huswife, such houses arraid.

A LESSON FOR DAIRY MAID CISLEY, OF TEN TOPPING GUESTS.

As wife that will,
Good husband please,
Must shun with skill,
Such guests as these:

So Ciss that serves,
Must mark this note,
What fault deserves
A brushed coat.

Gehazi, Lot's wife, and Argus his eyes,
Tom Piper, poor cobler, and Lazarus' thighs:
Rough Esau, with Maudlin, and gen ils that scrawl,
With bishop that burneth, thus know ye them all.

These toppingly guests be in number but ten,
As welcome in dairy as bears among men;
Which being deseried, take heed of ye shall,
For danger of after claps, after that fall.

1. Gehazi his sickness was whitish and dry,
Such cheeses, good Cisley, ye floted too nigh.

2. Leave Lot with her pillar, good Cisley, alone,
Much saltness in white-meat is ill for the stone.

3. If cheeses in dairy have Argus's eyes,
Tell Cisley the fault in her huswifery lies.

4. Tom Piper hath hoven and puffed up cheeks,
If cheese be so hoven, make Ciss to seek creeks.

5. Poor cobler he tuggeth his leatherly trash;
If cheese abide tugging, tug Cisley a crash.

6. If lazar so loathsome, in cheese be espied,
Let baies amend Cisley, or shift her aside.

7. Rough Esau was hairy, from top to the foot,
If cheese so appeareth, call Cisley a slut.

8. As Maudlin wept, so would Cisley be drest,
For whey in her cheeses not half enough prest.

9. If gentils be scrawling, call maggot the pye,
If cheeses have gentils, at Ciss by and by.

10. Bless Cisley (good mistress,) that bishop doth ban,
For burning the milk of her cheese to the pan.

If thou, so oft beaten,
Amendest by this,
I will no more threaten,
I promise thee, Ciss.

Thus dairy-maid, Cisley, rehearsed ye see,
What faults with ill huswife in dairy-house be:
Of market abhorred, to houshold a grief,
To master and mistress, as ill as a thief.

Thus endeth April's Husbandry.

¶ MAY'S ABSTRACT.

CHAP. XL.

1. Part lamb from ewe,
To milk a few.
2. Be not too bold,
To milk, and to fold.
3. Five ewes allow,
To every cow.
4. Sheep wriggling tail,
Hath maids without fail.
5. Beat hard in the reed,
Where house hath need.
6. Leave cropping from May,
To Michaelmas-day.
Let ivy be killed,
Else tree will be spilled.
7. Now threshers warn,
To rid the barn.
8. Be sure of hay
Till th' end of May.

9. Let sheep fill flank,
Where corn is too rank.
In woodland lever,
In champion never.
10. To weeding away,
As soon as ye may.
11. For corn, here reed,
What naughty weed.
12. Who weeding slacketh,
Good husbandry lacketh.
13. Sow buck or brank,
That smells so rank.
14. Thy brank go and sow,
Where barley did grow:
The next crop wheat,
Is husbandry neat.
15. Sow peascods some,
For harvest to come.
16. Sow hemp and flax,
That spinning lacks.
17. Teach hop to climb,
For now it is time.
18. Through fowls and weeds
Poor hop ill speeds.
Cut off or crop
Superfluous hop.
The titters or tine,
Makes hop to pine.
19. Some raketh their wheat,
With rake that is great;
So titters and tine,
Be gotten out fine.
20. Now sets do crave,
Some weeding to have.
21. Now drain as ye like,
Both fen and dike.
22. Watch bees in May
For swarming away:
Both now and in June,
Mark master bee's tune.
23. Twifallow thy land,
Lest plough else stand.
24. No longer tarry
Out compas to carry.
25. Where need doth pray it,
See there ye lay it.
26. Set Jack and Joan,
To gather up stone.
27. To grass with thy calves,
Take nothing to halves.
28. Be sure thy neat,
Have water and meat.
29. By tainting of ground,
Destruction is found.
30. Now carriage get,
Home fuel to fet.
Tell faggot and billet
For filching gillet.
31. In summer for firing
Let city be buying.
Mark collier's packing,
Lest coals be lacking.
(See opened sack)
For two in a pack.
32. Let nodding patch,
Go sleep a snatch.
33. Wife as you will,
Now ply your still.
34. Fine basil sow,
In a pot to grow.
Fine seeds sow now,
Before ye saw how.
35. Keep ox from cow,
For causes enow.

Thus endeth May's Abstract, agreeing with May's Husbandry.

¶ TWO OTHER SHORT REMEMBRANCES.

From bull, cow fast,
Till Crouchmas be past. } St. Helen's day.

From heifer, bull hid thee
Till Lammas bid thee. } August.

Here ends May's short Remembrances.

¶ MAY'S HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. XLI.

Cold May and windy,
Barn filleth up finely.
Forgotten month past,
Do now at the last.

1. At Philip and Jacob, away with the lambs,
That thinkest to have any milk of their dams:
At Lammas leave milking, for fear of a thing,
Lest (*requiem æternam*) in winter they sing.

2. To milk and to fold them, is much to require,
Except ye have pasture to fill their desire:
Yet many by milking (such heed they do take:)
Not hurting their bodies, much profit do make.

3. Five ewes to a cow, make a proof by a score,
Shall double thy dairy, or trust me no more:
Yet may a good huswife that knoweth the skill,
Have mixt or unmixt, at her pleasure and will.

4. If sheep or thy lamb fall a wriggling with tail,
Go, by and by, search it, whiles help may prevail:
That barberly handled, I dare thee assure;
Cast dust in his a—se, thou hast finish'd thy cure.

5. Where houses be reeded (as houses have need,)
Now pare off the moss, and go beat in the reed:
The juster ye drive it, the smoother and plain,
More handsome ye make it, to shut off the rain.

6. From May till October, leave cropping, for why?
In woodsere, whatever thou croppest will die;
Where ivy embraceth the tree very sore,
Kill ivy, or else tree will addle no more.

7. Keep threshing for thresher till May be come in,
To have to be süer fresh chaff in thy bin;
And somewhat to scamble, for hog and for hen,
And work, when it raineth, for loitering men.

8. Be süer of hay, and of provender some,
For labouring cattle, till pasture be come.
And if ye do mind, to have nothing to sterve,
Have one thing or other, for all things to serve.

9. Ground compassed well, and a following year,
(If wheat or thy barley, too rank do appear;)
Now eat it with sheep, or else mow it ye may,
For ledging, and so, to the birds for a prey.

10. In May get a weed-hook, a crotch and a glove,
And weed out such weeds, as the corn doth not love.
For weeding of winter corn, now it is best;
But June is the better for weeding the rest.

11. The May-weed doth burn, and the thistle doth fret;
The fitches pull downward both rye and the wheat:
The brake and the cockle, be noisome too much;
Yet like unto boodle, no weed there is such.

12. Slack never thy weeding, for dearth nor for cheap,
The corn shall reward it, ere ever ye reap;
And specially where ye do trust for to seed,
Let that be well used, the better to speed.

13. In May is good sowing thy buck or thy brank,
That black is as pepper, and smelleth as rank:
It is to thy land, as a comfort or muck,
And all thing it maketh, fat as a buck.

14. Sow buck after barley, or after thy wheat,
A peck to the rood, (if the measure be great)
Three earths see ye give it, and sow it above;
And harrow it finely, if buck ye do love.

15. Who peasecods would gather, to have with the last,
To serve for his household, till harvest be past,
Must sow them in May, in a corner ye shall,
Where through so late growing, no hindrance may fall.

16. Good flax and good hemp, to have of her own,
In May a good huswife will see it be sown;
And afterwards trim it, to serve at a need,
The fimble to spin, and the carl for her seed.

17. Get into thy hop-yard, for now it is time,
To teach Robin Hop, on his pole how to climb:
To follow the sun, as his property is,
And weed him and trim him, if aught go amiss.

18. Grass, thistle, and mustard-seed, hemlock, and bur,
Tine, mallow, and nettle, that keep such a stur;
With peacock and turkey, that nibble off top,
Are very ill neighbours, to seely poor hop.

19. From wheat, go and rake out the titters or tine,
If ear be not forth, it will rise again fine:
Use now in thy rye, little raking or none,
Break tine from his root, and so let it alone.

20. Banks newly quicksetted, some weeding do crave,
The kindlier nourishment thereby to have;
Then after a shower, to weeding a snatch,
More easily weed, with the root to dispatch.

21. The fen and the quagmire, so marish be kind,
And are to be drained, now win to thy mind;
Which yearly undrained, and suffered, uncut,
Annoyeth the meadows, that thereon do 'but.

22. Take heed to thy bees, that are ready to swarm,
The loss thereof now, is a crown's worth of harm;
Let skilfull be ready, and diligence seen,
Lest being too careless, thou losest thy been.

23. In May, at the furthest, twifallow thy land,
Much drought may else after cause plough for to stand:
This tilth being done, ye have passed the worst;
Then after who ploweth, plow thou with the first.

24. Twifallow once ended, get tumbrell and man,
And compas that fallow, as soon as ye can.
Let skilfull bestow it, where need is upon;
More profit the sooner, to follow thereon.

25. Hide headlands with muck, if ye will, to the knees,
So dripped and shadow'd, with bushes and trees:
Bare plots full of galls, if ye plow overthwart,
And compas it then, is a husbandly part.

26. Let children be hired to lay to their bones,
From fallow, as needeth, to gather up stones.
What wisdom for profit adviseth unto,
That,—husband and huswife must willingly do.

27. To grass with thy calves, in some meadow-plot near,
Where neither their mothers may see them, nor hear:
Where water is plenty, and barth to sit warm,
And look well unto them, for taking of harm.

28. Pinch never thy wennels of water or meat,
If ever ye hope to have them good neat.
In summer-time, daily; in winter, in frost,
If cattle lack drink, they be utterly lost.

29. For coveting much, overlay not thy ground,
And then shall thy cattle be lusty and sound;
But pinch them of pasture, while summer doth last,
And lift at their tails, ere a winter be past.

30. Get home with thy fuel, make ready to fet,
The sooner the easier, carriage to get:
Or otherwise linger the carriage thereon,
Till (where as ye left it) a quarter be gone.

31. His firing, in summer, let citizen buy,
Lest buying, in winter, make purse for to cry:
For carman and collier harp both on a string,
In winter they cast, to be with thee to bring.

32. From May to mid August, an hour or two,
Let Patch sleep a snatch, howsoever ye do:
Though sleeping one hour refresheth his song,
Yet trust not Hob Grouthead, for sleeping too long.

33. The knowledge of stilling is one pretty feat,
The waters be wholesome, the charges not great:
What timely thou gettest, while summer doth last,
Think winter will help thee, to spend it as fast.

34. Fine basil desireth it may be her lot,
To grow as the gilliflower, trim in a pot;
That ladies and gentles, to whom ye do serve,
May help her, as needeth, poor life to preserve.

35. Keep ox fro thy cow, that to profit would go,
Lest cow be deceived, by ox doing so;
And thou recompensed, for suffering the same,
With want of a calf, and a cow to wax lame.

Thus endeth May's Husbandry.

¶ JUNE'S ABSTRACT.

CHAP. XLII.

1. Wash sheep for to shear,
That sheep may go bare.
2. Though fleece ye take,
No patches make.
3. Shear lambs no whit,
Or shear not yet.
4. If meadow be grown,
Let meadow be mown.
5. Plough early ye may,
And then carry hay.
6. 'Tis good to be known,
To have all of thy own.
Who goeth a borrowing,
Goeth a sorrowing.
7. See cart in plight,
And all things right.
8. Make dry over-head,
Both hovel and shed.
9. Of hovel make stack,
For pease on his back.
10. In champion some,
Wants elbow room.
11. Let wheat and rye,
In house lie dry.
12. Buy turf and sedge,
Or else break hedge.
13. Good store-house, needfull,
Well order'd, speedfull.
14. Thy barns repair,
Make flöor fair.
15. Such shrubs as noy,
In summer destroy:
16. Swinge brambles and brakes,
Get forks and rakes.
17. Spare headlands some,
Till harvest come.
18. Cast ditch and pond,
To lay upon lond.

A Lesson of Hop-yard.

19. Where hops will grow,
Here learn to know:
Hops many will come,
In a rood of room.
20. Hops hate the land,
With gravel and sand.
21. The rotten mould,
For hop is worth gold.
22. The sun south-west,
For hop-yard is best.
23. Hop-plot once found,
Now dig the ground.
24. Hops favoureth malt,
Hops, thrift doth exalt.
Of hops more read,
As time shall need.

Thus endeth June's Abstract, agreeing with June's Husbandry.

¶ JUNE'S HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. XLIII.

Calm weather in June, Corn sets in tune.
Forgotten, month past, Do now at the last.

1. Wash sheep (for the better), where water doth run,
And let him go cleanly, and dry in the sun:
Then shear him, and spare not, at two days an end,
The sooner the better, his corps will amend.

2. Reward not thy sheep, when ye take off his coat,
With twitches and patches as broad as a groat;
Let not such ungentleness happen to thine,
Lest fly with her gentils, do make it to pine.

3. Let lambs go unclipped, till June be half worn,
The better the fleeces will grow to be shorn:
The Pye will discharge thee for pulling the rest;
The lighter the sheep is, then feedeth it best.

4. If meadow be forward, be mowing of some,
But mow as the makers may well overcome.
Take heed to the weather, the wind, and the sky,
If danger approacheth, then cock apace, cry.

5. Plough early till ten a'clock, then to thy hay,
In plowing and carting, so profit ye may.
By little and little thus doing ye win,
That plough shall not hinder, when harvest comes in.

6. Provide of thine own, to have all things at hand,
Lest work and the workman, unoccupied, stand:
Love seldom to borrow, that thinkest to save,
For he that once lendeth, twice looketh to have.

7. Let cart be well searched, without and within,
Well clouted and greased, ere hay time begin:
Thy hay being carried, though carter had sworn,
Cart's bottom, well boarded, is saving of corn.

8. Good husbands that lay, to save all things upright,
For tumbrels and cart have a shed ready dight;
Where under, the hog may in winter lie warm;
To stand so inclosed, as wind do no harm.

9. So likewise a hovell will serve for a room,
To stack on the peason, when harvest shall come;
And serve thee in winter moreover than that,
To shut up thy porklings, thou mindest to fat.

10. Some barn-room have little, and yard-room as much.
Yet corn in the field appertaineth to such:
Then hovells or ricks they are forced to make,
Abroad or at home, for necessity's sake.

11. Make siier of bread-corn (of all other grain,)
Lie dry and well look'd to, for mouse and for rain;
Though fitches and pease, and such other as they,
(For pestering too much) on a hovell ye lay.

12. With whins or with furzes, thy hovell renew,
For turf and for sedge, for to bake and to brew;
For charcoal and sea-coal, and also for thack,
For tall-wood and billet, as yearly ye lack.

13. What husbandly husbands, except they be fools,
But handsome have store-house, for trinkets and tools?
And all in good order, fast locked to lie,
Whatever is needful, to find by and by.

14. Thy houses and barns would be looked upon,
And all things amended, ere harvest come on:
Things thus set in order, in quiet and rest,
Shall further thy harvest, and pleasure thee best.

15. The bushes and thorn, with the shrubs that do noy,
In woodsere or summer, cut down to destroy:
But whereas decay, to the tree ye will none,
For danger in woodsere, let hacking alone.

16. At midsummer, down with the brambles and brakes,
And after, abroad, with thy forks and thy rakes.
Set mowers a mowing, where meadow is grown,
The longer now standing, the worse to be mown.

17. Now down with the grass upon headlands about,
That groweth in shadow, so rank and so stout;
But grass upon headlands of barley and pease,
When harvest is ended, go mow if ye please.

18. Such muddy deep ditches, and pits in the field,
That all a dry summer no water will yield;
By fieing and casting that mud upon heaps,
Commodities many the husbandman reaps.

A LESSON WHERE AND WHEN TO PLANT GOOD HOP YARD.

19. Whom fancy perswadeth, among other crops,
To have for his spending sufficient of hops;
Must willingly follow, of choices to chuse,
Such lessons approved as skilfull do use.

20. Ground gravelly, sandy, and mixed with clay,
Is naughty for hops, any manner of way;
Or if it be mingled with rubbish and stone,
For dryness and barrenness let it alone.

21. Chuse soil for the hop, of the rottenest mould,
Well dunged and wrought, as a garden plot should:
Not far from the water (but not overflown)
This lesson well noted, is meet to be known.

22. The sun in the south, or else southly and west,
Is joy to the hop, as a welcomed guest;
But wind in the north, or else northerly east,
To hop is as ill, as a fray in a feast.

23. Meet plot for a hop-yard, once found as is told,
Make thereof account, as of jewell of gold:
Now dig it, and leave it the sun for to burn,
And afterward fence it, to serve for that turn.

24. The hop for his profit, I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt;
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide, if ye draw not too fast.

¶ JULY'S ABSTRACT.

CHAP. XLIV.

1. Go, sirs, and away,
To ted, and make hay.
If storms draw nigh,
Then cock apace, cry.
2. Let hay still bide,
Till well it be dried.
(Hay made) away carry,
No longer then tarry.
3. Who best way titheth,
He best way thriveth.
4. Two good hay-makers,
Worth twenty crakers.
5. Let dallops about,
Be mown, and had out.
See hay do look green,—
See field ye rake clean.
6. Thry fallow, I pray thee,
Lest thistles bewray thee.
7. Cut off, good wife,
Ripe bean with a knife.
8. Ripe hemp out cull,
From carl to pull.
Let seed hemp grow,
Till more ye know.
9. Dry flax get in,
For spinners to spin.
Now mow or pluck,
Thy brank or buck.
10. Some wormwood save,
For March to have.
11. Mark physic true,
Of wormwood and rue.
Get grist to the mill,
For wanting at will.

Thus endeth July's Abstract, agreeing with July's Husbandry.

¶ JULY'S HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. XLV.

No tempest, good July,
Lest corn look ruly.

Forgotten, month past,
Do now at the last.

1. Go muster thy servants, be captain thyself,
Providing them weapon, and other like pelf:
Get bottles and wallets, keep field in the heat,
The fear is as much, as the danger is great.

2. With tossing and raking, and setting on cocks,
Grass lately in swathes, is hay for an ox:
That done, go and cart it, and have it away,
The battle is fought, ye have gotten the day.

3. Pay justly thy tithes, whatsoever thou be,
That God may in blessing send foison to thee:
Though vicar be bad, or the parson as evil,
Go not for thy tithing thyself to the devil.

4. Let hay be well made, or *avise* else *avous*,
For moulding in mow, or of firing the house.
Lay warsest aside, for the ox and the cow,
The finest for sheep and thy gelding allow.

5. Then down with the headlands, that groweth about,
Leave never a dallop, unmown and had out;
Though grass be but thin about barley and pease,
Yet picked up clean, ye shall find therein ease.

6. Thry fallow betime, for destroying of weed,
Lest thistle and dock fall a blooming and seed:
Such season may chance, it shall stand thee upon,
To till it again, ere a summer be gone.

7. Not rent off, but cut off, ripe bean with a knife,
For hindering stalk, of her vegetive life.
So gather the lowest, and leaving the top,
Shall teach thee a trick, for to double thy crop.

8. Wife, pluck fro thy seed hemp, the fimble hemp clean,
This looketh more yellow, the other more green:

Use t'one for thy spinning, leave Michell the t'other,
For shoe-thread and halter, for rope and such other.

9. Now pluck up thy flax, for the maidens to spin,
First see it dried, and timely got in:
And mow up thy brank, and away with it dry,
And house it up close, out of danger to lie.

10. While wormwood hath seed, get a handfull or twain,
To save against March, to make flea to refrain:
Where chamber is sweeped, and wormwood is strown,
No flea, for his life, dare abide to be known.

11. What savour is better, if physic be true,
For places infected, than wormwood and rue?
It is as a comfort, for heart and the brain,
And therefore to have it, it is not in vain.

12. Get grist to the mill, to have plenty in store,
Lest miller lack water, as many do more.
The meal the more yieldeth, if servant be true,
And miller that tolleth, take none but his due.

Thus endeth July's Husbandry.

¶ AUGUST'S ABSTRACT.

CHAP. XLVI.

1. Thry fallowing won,
Get compassing done.
2. In June, and in Au,
Swinge brakes (for a law).
3. Pare saffron plot,
Forget it not.
His dwelling make trim,
Look shortly for him.
When harvest is gone,
Then saffron comes on.
4. A little of ground,
Brings saffron a pound.
The pleasure is fine,
The profit is thine.
Keep colour in drying,
Well used, worth buying.
5. Maids, mustard-seed reap,
And lay on a heap.
6. Good neighbours in deed,
Change seed for seed.
7. Now strike up drum,
Come, harvest-man come.
Take pain for a gain,
One knave mars twain.
8. Reap corn by the day,
Lest corn do decay:
By great, is the cheaper,
If trusty were reaper.
9. Blow horn for sleepers,
And cheer up thy reapers.
10. Well doing who loveth,
These harvest points proveth.
11. Pay God's part first,
And not of the worst.
12. Now, parson, I say,
Tithe carry away.
13. Keep cart-gap well,
Scare hog from wheel.
14. Mow haulm to burn,
To serve thy turn,
To bake thy bread,
To burn under lead.
15. Mown haulm being dry,
No longer let lie:
Get home thy haulm,
While weather is calm.
16. Mown barley, less cost,
Till mown much lost.
17. Reap barley with sickle,
That lies in ill pickle,
Let greenest stand,
For making of band.
Bands made without dew,
Will hold but a few.
18. Lay band to find her,
Two rakes to a binder.
19. Rake after scythe,
And pay thy tithe.
Corn carried all,
Then rake it ye shall.
20. Let shock take sweat,
Lest goff take heat:
Yet it is best reason,
To take it in season.
21. More often ye turn,
More pease ye out spurn:
Yet winnow them in,
Ere carriage begin.
22. Thy carting ply,
While weather is dry.
23. Bid goving climb,
Gove just and trim.
Lay wheat for seed,
To come by at need.
Seed-barley cast,
To thresh out last.
24. Lay pease upon stack,
If hovell ye lack,
And cover it straight,
From doves that wait.
25. Let gleaners glean,
(The poor I mean.)
Which ever ye sow,
That first eat low:
The other forbear,
For rowen to spare.
26. Come home, lord, singing,
Come home, corn bringing.
'Tis merry in hall,
Where beards wag all.
27. Once had thy desire,
Pay workman his hire:
Let none be beguil'd,
Man, woman, nor child.
28. Thank God ye shall,
And adieu for all.

WORKS AFTER HARVEST.

29. Get tumbrel in hand,
For barley land.
30. The better the muck,
The better good luck.
31. Still carriage is good,
For timber and wood.
No longer delays,
To mend the highways.

32. Some love as a jewell,
Well placing of fuell.
33. In piling of logs,
Make hovell for hogs.
34. Wife, plow, doth cry,
To picking of rye.
35. Such seed as ye sow,
Such reap or else mow.
36. Take shipping, or ride,
Lent stuff to provide.
37. Let haberden lie,
In pease-straw dry.
38. When out ye ride,
Leave a good guide.
39. Some profit spy out,
By riding about.
Mark now thorough year,
What cheap, what dear.
40. Some skill doth well,
To buy and to sell:
Of thief who buyeth,
In danger lieth.
41. Commodity known,
Abroad is blown.
42. At first hand buy,
At third let lie.
43. Have money, prest,
To buy at the best.
44. Some cattle home bring,
For Michaelmas spring.
By hawk and hound,
Small profit is found.
45. Dispatch, look home,
To loitering mome.
Provide, or repent,
Milch cow for Lent.
46. Now crone your sheep,
Fat those ye keep.
Leave milking old cow,
Fat aged up now.
47. Sell butter and cheese,
Good fairs few leese.
At fairs, go buy,
Home wants to supply.
48. If hops look brown,
Go, gather them down;
But not in the dew,
For piddling with few.
49. Of hops this knack,
A many doth lack:
Once had thy will,
Go cover his hill.
50. Take hop to thy dole,
But break not his pole.
51. Learn here, thou stranger,
To frame hop manger.
52. Hop-poles preserve,
Again to serve.
Hop-poles, by and by,
Lay safe up to dry.
Lest poles wax scant,
New poles go plant.
53. The hop, kiln dri'd,
Will best abide.
Hops dri'd in loft,
Want tendance oft;
And shed their seeds,
Much more than needs.
54. Hops dri'd, small cost,
Ill kept, half lost.
Hops quickly be spilt,
Take heed if thou wilt.
55. Some come, some go,
This life is so.

Thus endeth August's Abstract, agreeing with August's Husbandry.

¶ AUGUST'S HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. XLVII.

Dry August and warm,
Doth harvest no harm.

Forgotten, month past,
Do now at the last.

1. THRY fallow once ended, go strike by and by,
Both wheat land and barley, and so let it lie;
And, as ye have leisure, go compas the same,
When up ye do lay it, more fruitful to frame.

2. Get down with thy brakes, ere an' showers do come,
That cattle the better, may pasture have some:
In June and in August, as well doth appear,
Is best to mow brakes, of all times in the year.

3. Pare saffron between the two St. Mary's days,
Or set, or go shift it, that knoweth the ways.
What year shall I do it, more profit to yield?
The fourth in the garden, the third in the field.

4. In having but forty foot, workmanly dight,
Take saffron enough for a lord and a knight.
All winter time after, as practice doth teach,
What plot have ye better for linen to bleach?

5. Maids, mustard-seed gather, for being too ripe,
And weather it well, ere ye give it a stripe:
Then dress it, and lay it in soller up sweet,
Lest foistiness make it, for table unmeet.

6. Good huswives in summer will save their own seeds,
Against the next year, as occasion needs:
One seed for another, to make an exchange,
With fellowly neighbourhood, seemeth not strange.

7. Make süer of reapers, get harvest in hand,
The corn that is ripe, doth but shed as it stand:
Be thankful to God, for his benefits sent,
And willing to save it, with earnest intent.

8. To let out thy harvest, by great or by day,
Let this by experience lead thee the way:
By great will deceive thee, with ling'ring it out,
By day will dispatch, and put all out of doubt.

9. Grant harvest, lord, more, by a penny or two,
To call on his fellows the better to do:
Give gloves to thy reapers, a largess to cry,
And daily to loiterers have a good eye.

10. Reap well, scatter not, gather clean that is shorn,
Bind fast, shock apace, have an eye to thy corn;
Load safe, carry home, follow time being fair,
Gove just in the barn, it is out of despair.

11. Tithe duly and truly, with hearty good will,
That God and his blessing may dwell with thee still;
Though parson neglecteth his duty for this,
Thank thou thy Lord God, and give every man his.

12. Corn tithed, Sir Parson, together go get,
And cause it on shocks, to be by and by set;
Not leaving it scattering abroad on the ground,
Nor long in the field, but away with it round.

13. To cart-gap and barn set a guide to look well,
And hoy out, Sir Carter, the hog fro thy wheel:
Lest greedy of feeding, in following cart,
It noyeth or perisheth, spite of thy heart.

14. In champion country a pleasure they take,
To mow up their haulm, for to brew and to bake;
And also it stands them instead of their thack,
Which being well inned, they cannot well lack.

15. The haulm is the straw of the wheat or the rye,
Which once being reaped, they mow by and by,
For fear of destroying, with cattle or rain,
The sooner ye load it, more profit ye gain.

16. The mowing of barley, if barley do stand,
Is cheapest and best, for to rid out of hand:
Some mow it, and rake it, and set it on cocks,
Some mow it, and bind it, and set it on shocks.

17. Of barley, the longest and greenest ye find,
Leave standing by dallops, till time ye do bind:
Then early in morning, while dew is thereon,
To making of bands, till the dew be all gone.

18. One spreadeth those bands, so in order to lie,
As barley (in swatches) may fill it thereby;
Which gathered up, with the rake and the hand,
The follower after them, bindeth in band.

19. Where barley is raked, (if dealing be true,)
The tenth of such raking to parson is due;
Where scatt'ring of barley is seen to be much,
There custom nor conscience tithing should grutch.

20. Corn being had down, (any way ye allow,)
Should wither as needeth, for burning in mow;
Such skill appertaineth to harvest-man's art,
And taken in time, is a husbandly part.

21. No turning of peason, till carriage ye make,
Nor turn in no more, than ye mind for to take;
Lest beaten with showers, so turned to dry,
By turning and tossing, they shed as they lie.

22. If weather be fair, and tidy thy grain,
Make speedily carriage, for fear of a rain;
For tempest and showers deceiveth a many,
And lingering lubbers lose many a penny.

23. In goving at harvest, learn skilfully how,
Each grain for to lay, by itself on a mow:
Seed-barley, the purest, gove out of the way,
All other nigh hand, gove as just as ye may.

24. Stack pease upon hovell, abroad in the yard,
To cover it quickly let owner regard;
Lest dove and the cadow, there finding a smack,
With ill stormy weather do perish thy stack.

25. Corn carried, let such as be poor go and glean,
And after thy cattle, to mouth it up clean;
Then spare it for rowen till Michel be past,
To lengthen thy dairy, no better thou hast.

26. In harvest-time, harvest-folk, servants and all,
Should make, all together, good cheer in the hall;
And fill out the black bowl of blythe to their song,
And let them be merry all harvest-time long.

27. Once ended thy harvest, let none be beguil'd,
Please such as did help thee — man, woman, and child;
Thus doing, with alway, such help as they can,
Thou winnest the praise of the labouring man.

28. Now look up to God-ward, let tongue never cease,
In thanking of him for his mighty increase:
Accept my good will — for a proof go and try;
The better thou thrivest, the gladder am I.

WORKS AFTER HARVEST.

29. Now carry out compas, when harvest is done,
Where barley thou sowest, my champion son;
Or lay it on heap, in the field as ye may,
Till carriage be fair, to have it away.

30. Whose compas is rotten, and carried in time,
And spread as it should be, thrift's ladder may climb.
Whose compas is paltry, and carried too late,
Such husbandry useth as many do hate.

31. Ere winter preventeth, while weather is good,
For galling of pasture, get home with thy wood.
And carry out gravel to fill up a hole,
Both timber and furzen, the turf and the coal.

32. House charcoal and sedge, chip and coal of the hand,
Pile tall-wood and billet, stack all that hath band;
Blocks, roots, pole, and bough, set upright to the thatch,
The nearer more handsome, in winter to fetch.

33. In stacking of bavin, and piling of logs,
Make under thy bavin, a hovel for hogs;
And warmly enclose it, all saving the mouth,
And that to stand open, and full to the south.

34. Once harvest dispatched, get wenches and boys,
And into the barn, afore all other toys;
Choiced seed to be picked, and trimly well fy'd,
For seed may no longer from threshing abide.

35. Get seed afore hand, in a readiness had,
Or better provide, if thine own be too bad:
Be careful of seed, or else such as ye sow,
Be süer at harvest, to reap or to mow.

36. When harvest is ended, take shipping or ride,
Ling, salt-fish, and herring, for Lent to provide:
To buy it at first, as it cometh to road,
Shall pay for thy charges thou spendest abroad.

37. Chuse skilfully salt-fish, not burnt at the stone,
Buy such as be good, or else let it alone:
Get home that is bought, and go stack it up dry,
With pease-straw between it, the safer to lie.

38. Ere ever ye journey, cause servant with speed,
To compas thy barley land, where it is need.
One acre well compassed, passeth some three,
Thy barn shall at harvest declare it to thee.

39. This lesson is learned, by riding about,
The prices of victuals, the year thoroughout:
Both what to be selling, and what to refrain,
And what to be buying, to bring in again.

40. Though buying and selling doth wonderfull well,
To such as have skill, how to buy and to sell;
Yet chopping and changing I cannot commend,
With thief and his marrow, for fear of ill end.

41. The rich in his bargaining need not be taught,
Of buyer and seller, full far is he sought;
Yet herein consisteth a part of my text,
Who buyeth at first hand, and who at the next.

42. At first hand he buyeth, that payeth all down,
At second, that hath not so much in the town:
At third hand he buyeth, that buyeth of trust,
At *his* hand who buyeth, shall pay for his lust.

43. As oft as ye bargain, for better or worse,
To buy it the cheaper, have chinks in thy purse.
Touch kept is commended, yet credit to keep,
Is pay and dispatch him, ere ever ye sleep.

44. Be mindfull, abroad, of a Michaelmas spring,
For thereon dependeth a husbandly thing:
Though some have a pleasure, with hawk upon hand,
Good husbands get treasure, to purchase their land.

45. Thy market dispatched, turn home again round,
Lest gaping for penny thou losest a pound,
Provide for thy wife, or else look to be shent,
Good milch cow for winter, another for Lent.

46. In travelling homeward, buy forty good crones,
And fat up the bodies of those seely bones:
Leave milking, and dry up old Mulley thy cow;
The crooked and aged, to fatting put now.

47. At Bartlemew tide, or at Sturbridge faïr,
Buy that as is needfull, thy house to repair.
Then sell to thy profit, both butter and cheese,
Who buyeth it sooner, the more he shall leese.

48. If hops do look brownish, then are ye too slow,
If longer ye suffer these hops for to grow:
Now sooner ye gather, more profit is found,
If weather be faïr, and dew off a ground.

49. Not break off, but cut off, from hop the hop-string,
Leave growing a little, again for to spring;
Whose hill about pared, and therewith new clad,
Shall nourish more sets, against March to be had.

50. Hop hillock discharged of every let,
See, then, without breaking, each pole ye out get;
Which being untangled, above in the tops,
Go carry to such as are plucking of hops.

51. Take soutage, or haïr, that covers the kell,
Set like to a manger, and fastened well;
With poles upon crotches, as high as thy breast,
For saving and riddance, is husbandry best.

52. Hops had, the hop-poles that are likely, preserve
From breaking and rotting, again for to serve;
And plant ye with alders or willows a plot,
Where yearly, as needeth, mo poles may be got.

53. Some skilfully drieth their hops on a kell,
And some on a soller, oft turning them well.
Kell dried will abide, foul weather or faïr,
Where drying, and lying, in loft do despair.

54. Some close them up dry in a hogshead or fat,
Yet canvas or soutage is better than that:
By drying and lying, they quickly be spilt,
Thus much have I shewed; do now as thou wilt.

55. Old farmer is forced long August to make,
His goods at more leisure away for to take:
New farmer, he thinketh each hour a day,
Untill the old farmer be packing away.

Thus endeth and holdeth out August's Husbandry till Michaelmas Eve.

THO. TUSSER.

¶ CORN HARVEST.

EQUALLY DIVIDED INTO TEN PARTS.

CHAP. XLVIII.

1. ONE part cast forth, for rent due out of hand.
2. One other part, for seed to sow thy land.
3. Another part, leave parson for his tithe.
4. Another part, for harvest sickle and scythe.
5. One part, for plough-wright, cart-wright, knacker and smith.
6. One part, to uphold thy teams that draw therewith.
7. One part, for servant, and workman's wages lay.
8. One part, likewise, for fill-belly, day by day.
9. One part thy wife, for needful things doth crave.
10. Thyself and child, the last one part would have.

Who minds to *quote*
Upon this note,
May easily find enough;
What charge and pain,
To little gain,
Doth follow toiling plough.

Yet farmer may
Thank God and say,
For yearly such good hap;
Well fare the plough,
That sends enow,
To stop so many a gap.

A BRIEF CONCLUSION, WHERE YOU MAY SEE, EACH WORD IN THE VERSE TO BEGIN WITH A T.

CHAP. XLIX.

THE thrifty that teacheth the thriving to thrive,
Teach timely to traverse, the thing that thou 'trive,
Transferring thy toiling, to timeliness taught,
This teacheth thee temp'rance, to temper thy thought.
Take Trusty (to trust to) that thinkest to thee,
That trustily thriftiness trowleth to thee.
Then temper thy travell, to tarry the tide,
This teacheth thee thriftiness, twenty times try'd.
Take thankfull thy talent, thank thankfully those,
That thriftily teacheth thy time to transpose.
Troth twice to be teached, teach twenty times ten,
This trade thou that takest, take thrift to thee then.

¶ MAN'S AGE DIVIDED HERE YE HAVE,
BY PRENTICESHIPS, FROM BIRTH TO GRAVE.

CHAP. L.

7. The first seven years, bring up as a child,
14. The next to learning, for waxing too wild.
21. The next, keep under Sir Hobbard de Hoy,
28. The next, a man, no longer a boy.
35. The next, let Lusty lay wisely to wive,
42. The next, lay now, or else never to thrive.
49. The next, make sure, for term of thy life,
56. The next, save somewhat for children and wife.
63. The next, be stayed, give over thy lust,
72. The next, think hourly, whither thou must.
77. The next, get chair, and crutches to stay,
84. The next, to heaven, God send us the way!
Who loseth their youth, shall rue it in age!
Who hateth the truth, in sorrow shall rage.

¶ ANOTHER DIVISION OF THE NATURE OF MAN'S AGE.

CHAP. LI.

The Ape, the Lion, the Fox, the Ass,
Thus sets forth man, as in a glass.

Ape. Like Apes we be toying, till twenty and one,
Lion. Then hasty as Lions, till forty be gone.
Fox. Then wiley as Foxes, till threescore and three,
Ass. Then after for Asses, accounted we be.

Who plays with his better this lesson must know,
What humbleness Fox to the Lion doth owe:
For Ape with his toying, and rudeness of Ass,
Brings (out of good hour) displeasure to pass.

COMPARING GOOD HUSBAND, WITH UNTHRIFT HIS BROTHER,
THE BETTER DISCERNETH THE T'ONE FROM THE T'OTHER.

CHAP. LII.

1. Ill husbandry braggeth
To go with the best:
Good husbandry baggeth
Up gold in his chest.

2. Ill husbandry trudgeth
With unthrifts about:
Good husbandry snudgeth,
For fear of a doubt.

3. Ill husbandry spendeth
Abroad, like a mome:
Good husbandry tendeth,
His charges at home.

4. Ill husbandry selleth
His corn on the ground:
Good husbandry smelleth
No gain that way found.

5. Ill husbandry loseth,
For lack of good fence;
Good husbandry closeth,
And gaineth the pence.

6. Ill husbandry trusteth
To him and to her;
Good husbandry lusteth,
Himself for to stir.

7. Ill husbandry eateth,
Himself out of door:
Good husbandry meateth,
His friend and the poor.

8. Ill husbandry dayeth,
Or letteth it lie:
Good husbandry payeth,
The cheaper to buy.

9. Ill husbandry lurketh,
And stealeth a sleep:
Good husbandry worketh,
His houshold to keep.

10. Ill husbandry liveth,
By that and by this:
Good husbandry giveth
To every man his.

11. Ill husbandry taketh,
And spendeth up all:
Good husbandry maketh,
Good shift with a small.

12. Ill husbandry prayeth,
His wife to make shift;
Good husbandry saith,
Take this of my gift.

13. Ill husbandry drowseth,
At fortune so awk:
Good husbandry rouseth,
Himself as a hawk.

14. Ill husbandry lieth,
In prison for debt:
Good husbandry spieth,
Where profit to get.

15. Ill husbandry ways
Hath, to fraud what he can:
Good husbandry praise
Hath, of every man.

16. Ill husbandry never
Hath wealth to keep touch:
Good husbandry ever,
Hath penny in pouch.

Good husband his boon
Or request hath afar:
Ill husband as soon,
Hath a toad with an R.

¶ A COMPARISON BETWEEN CHAMPION COUNTRY AND SEVERALL.

CHAP. LIII.

1. The country enclosed I praise,
The t'other delighteth not me;
For nothing the wealth it doth raise,
To such as inferior be.
How both of them partly I know,
Here somewhat I mind for to shew.

2. There swineherd, that keepeth the hog,
There neatherd, with cow and his horn;
There shepherd, with whistle and dog,
Be fence to the meadow and corn.
There horse, being tied to a balk,
Is ready with thief for to walk.

3. Where all things in common do rest,
Corn field with the pasture and mead;
Though common ye do for the best,
Yet what doth it stand ye in stead:
There common as commoners use,
For otherwise shalt thou not chuse.

4. What layer much better than there,
Or cheaper (thereon to do well?)
What drudgery more any where,
Less good thereof where can ye tell?
What gotten by summer is seen,
In winter is eaten up clean.

5. Example by Leicestershire,
What soil can be better than that?
For any thing heart can desire,
And yet doth it want, ye see what.
Mast, covert, close pasture, and wood,
And other things needfull as good.

6. All these doth enclosure bring,
Experience teacheth no less:
I speak not, to boast of the thing,
But only a truth to express.
Example, if doubt ye do make,
By Suffolk and Essex go take.

7. More plenty of mutton and beef,
Corn, butter, and cheese of the best,
More wealth any where, to be brief,
More people, more handsome and prest,
Where find ye? (go search any coast,)
Than there, where enclosure is most.

8. More work for the labouring man,
As well in the town as the field;
Or thereof (devise if ye can)
More profit, what countries do yield?
More seldom, where see ye the poor,
Go begging from door unto door?

9. In Norfolk, behold the despair
Of tillage too much to be born,
By drovers, from fair to fair,
And others destroying the corn.
By custom and covetous pates,
By gaps, and by opening of gates.

10. What speak I of commoners by,
With drawing all after a line;
So noying the corn as it lie,
With cattle, with conies and swine.
When thou hast bestowed thy cost,
Look half of the same to be lost.

11. The flocks of the lords of the soil,
Do yearly the winter corn wrong;
The same in a manner they spoil,
With feeding so low and so long.
And therefore that champion field,
Doth seldom good winter corn yield.

12. By Cambridge, a town I do know,
Where many good husbands do dwell,
Whose losses by lossels do shew,
More here than is needfull to tell.
Determine at Court what they shall,
Performed is nothing at all.

13. The champion robbeth by night,
And prowleth and filcheth by day;
Himself and his beast, out of sight,
Both spoileth and maketh away.
Not only thy grass but thy corn,
Both after, and ere it be shorn.

14. Pease-bolt with thy pease he will have,
His houshold to feed and his hog;
Now stealeth he, now will he crave,
And now will he cozen and cog.
In Bridewell, a number be stript,
Less worthy than thief to be whipt.

15. The ox-boy as ill is as he,
Or worser, if worse may be found,
For spoiling from thine and from thee,
Of grass and of corn on the ground.
Lay never so well for to save it,
By night or by day, he will have it.

16. What orchard, unrobbed, escapes?
Or pullet dare walk in their jet?
But homeward or outward (like apes)
They count it their own they can get.
Lord! if ye do take them, what sturs?
How hold they together like burs?

17. For commons, these commoners cry.
Enclosing they may not abide;
Yet some be not able to buy,
A cow with her calf by her side.
Nor lay not to live by their work,
But thievishly loiter and lurk.

18. The lord of the town is to blame,
For these and for many faults mo;
For that he doth know of the same,
Yet lets it unpunished go.
Such lords ill example doth give,
Where varlet and drabs may so live.

19. What footpaths are made, and how broad,
Annoyance too much to be borne;
With horse and with cattle what road,
Is made thorough every man's corn?
Where champions ruleth the roast,
There daily disorder is most.

20. Their sheep where they drive for to wash,
How careless such sheep they do guide?
The farmer they leave in the lash,
With losses on every side.
Though any man's corn they do bite,
They will not allow him a mite.

21. What hunting and hawking is there?
Corn looking for sickle at hand;
Acts lawless to do without fear,
How yearly together they band.
More harm to another to do,
Than they would be done so unto.

22. More profit is quieter found,
(Where pastures in severall be;)
Of one seely acre of ground,
Than champion maketh of three.
Again what a joy it is known,
When men may be bold of their own?

23. The t'one is commended for grain,
Yet bread made of beans they do eat:
The t'other for one loaf hath twain,
Of meslin, of rye, or of wheat.
The champion liveth full bare;
When woodland full merry doth fare.

24. T'one giveth his corn in a dearth,
To horse, sheep, and hog every day:
The t'other give cattle warm birth,
And feed them with straw and with hay.
Corn spent of the t'one so in vain,
The t'other doth sell to his gain.

25. T'one barefoot and ragged doth go,
And ready in winter to starve;
When t'other ye see do not so,
But hath that is needfull to serve.
T'one pain in a cottage doth take,
When t'other trim bowers do make.

26. T'one layeth for turf and for sedge,
And hath it with wonderfull suit;
When t'other in every hedge,
Hath plenty of fuel and fruit.
Evils twenty times worser than these,
Enclosure quickly would ease.

27. In woodland, the poor men that have,
Scarce fully two acres of land,
More merrily live, and do save
Than t'other with twenty in hand.
Yet pay they as much for the two,
As t'other for twenty must do.

28. The labourer coming from thence,
In woodland to work any where,
(I warrant you) goeth not hence,
To work any more again there.
If this same be true (as it is,)
Why gather they nothing of this?

29. The poor at enclosures do grutch,
Because of abuses that fall;
Lest some man should have but too much,
And some again nothing at all.
If order might therein be found,
What were to the severall ground?

¶ THE DESCRIPTION OF AN ENVIOUS AND NAUGHTY NEIGHBOUR.

CHAP. LIV.

An envious neighbour is easy to find,
His cumbersome fetches are seldom behind.
His hatred procureth from naughty to worse,
His friendship like Judas, that carried the purse,
His head is a store-house with quarrels full fraught,
His brain is unquiet, till all come to naught.
His memory pregnant, old ills to recite,
His mind ever fixed, each ill to requite.
His mouth full of venom, his lips out of frame,
His tongue a false witness, his friend to defame.
His eyes be promoters, some trespass to spy,
His ears be as spialls, alarum to cry.
His hands be as tyrants, revenging each thing,
His feet at thine elbow, as serpent to sting.
His breast full of rancour, like canker to fret,
His heart, like a lion, his neighbour to eat.
His gait, like a sheep-biter, fleering aside,
His look, like a coxcomb, up puffed with pride.
His face made of brass, like a vice in a game,
His gesture like Davus, whom Terence doth name
His brag, as Thersites, with elbows abroad,
His cheeks, in his fury, shall swell like a toad.
His colour like ashes, his cap in his eyes,
His nose in the air, his snout in the skies.
His promise to trust to, as slippery as ice,
His credit much like to the chance of the dice.
His knowledge or skill is in prating too much,
His company shunned, and so be all such.
His friendship is counterfeit, seldom to trust,
His doings unlucky, and ever unjust.
His fetch is to flatter, to get what he can,
His purpose once gotten, a pin for thee then.

¶ A SONNET AGAINST A SLANDEROUS TONGUE.

CHAP. LV.

Doth darnell good, among the flow'ry wheat?
Do thistles good, so thick in fallows spy'd?
Do taint worms good, that lurk where ox should eat?
Or sucking drones, in hives where bees abide?
Do hornets good, or these same biting gnats?
In house well deckt, what good do gnawing rats?
Foul swelling toads, what good by them is seen?
Or casting moles, among the meadows green?
Doth heavy news make glad the heart of man?
Or noisome smells, what good doth that to health?
Now once for all, what good (shew who so can?)
Do stinging snakes, to this our commonwealth?
No more doth good, a peevish slanderous tongue,
But hurts itself, and noys both old and young.

¶ A SONNET UPON THE AUTHOR'S FIRST SEVEN YEARS SERVICE.

CHAP. LVI.

Seven times, hath Janus ta'en new year by hand,
Seven times, hath blustering March blown forth his power,
To drive out April's buds, by sea and land,
For minion May, to deck most trim with flower.
Seven times, hath temperate *Ver*, like pageant play'd,
And pleasant *Æstas*, eke, her flowers told:
Seven times, *Autumnus* heat hath been delay'd,
With *Hyems* boisterous blasts, and bitter cold.
Seven times, the thirteen moons have changed hue,
Seven times, the sun his course hath gone about:
Seven times, each bird her nest hath built anew,
Since, first time you to serve, I chused out.
Still yours am I, though thus the time hath past,
And trust to be, as long as life shall last.

¶ THE AUTHOR'S DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO BACHELORS, OF WIVING AND THRIVING.

BY AFFIRMATION AND OBJECTION.

CHAP. LVII.

Man minded for to thrive, What hap may thereby fall,
Must wisely lay to wive: Here argued, *find ye shall.*

Affirmation.

Friend, where we met this other day,
We heard one make his moan, and say,
Good Lord! how might I thrive?

We he ard another answer him,
Thenmake thee handsome, trick and trim,
And lay in time to wive.

Objection.

And what of that, say you to me?
Do you, yourself, think that to be,
The best way for to thrive?
If truth were truly bolted out,
As touching thrift, I stand in doubt,
If men were best to wive.

Affirmation.

There is no doubt, for prove I can,
I have but seldom seen that man,
Which could the way to thrive;
Until it was his happy lot,
To stay himself in some good plot,
And wisely then to wive.

Objection.

And I am of another mind,
For by no reason can I find,
How that way I should thrive:
For where, as now, I spend a penny,
I should not then be quit with many,
Through bondage, for to wive.

Affirmation.

Not so, for now where thou dost spend,
Of this and that, to no good end,
Which hindreth thee to thrive:
Such vain expences thou should'st save,
And daily then lay more to have,
As others do that wive.

Objection.

Why then do folk, this proverb put,
The black ox near trod on thy foot,
If that way were to thrive:
Here out a man may soon pick forth, —
Few feeleth what a penny is worth,
Till such time as they wive.

Affirmation.

It may so chance, as thou dost say,
This lesson therefore bear away,
If thereby thou wilt thrive:
Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go,
It may be for thy profit so,
For thee to lay to wive.

Objection.

It is too much, we daily hear,
To wive and thrive both in a year,
As touching now to thrive:
I know not herein what to spy,
But that there doth small profit lie,
To fancy for to wive.

Affirmation.

Indeed, the first year oft is such,
That fondly some bestoweth much, —
A let to them to thrive:
Yet other mo may soon be found,
Which getteth many a fair pound,
The same day that they wive.

Objection.

I grant, some getteth more that day,
Than they can eas'ly bear away,
Now needs then must they thrive:
What gaineth such, think you by that?
A little burden — you wot what,
Through fondness for to wive.

Affirmation.

Thou seemest blind, as mo have been;
It is not beauty bringeth in,
The thing to make thee thrive:
In woman-kind, see that ye do,
Require of her no gift but two,
Whene'er ye mind to wive.

Objection.

But two, say you? I pray you than,
Shew these as briefly as you can,
If that may help to thrive:
I ween we must conclude anon,
Of those same twain to want the t'one
Whene'er we chance to wive.

Affirmation.

An honest huswife, trust to me,
Be those same twain, I say to thee,
That help so much to thrive:
As honesty far passeth gold,
So huswifery, in young and old,
Do pleasure such as wive.

Objection.

The honesty, indeed, I grant,
Is one good point a wife should haunt,
To make her husband thrive:
But now, fain would I have you shew,
How should a man good huswife know,
If once he hap to wive?

Affirmation.

A huswife good, betimes will rise,
And order things in comely wise, —
Her mind is set to thrive:
Upon her distaff she will spin,
And with her needle she will win,
If such ye hap to wive.

Objection.

It is not idle going about,
Nor all day pricking on a clout,
Can make a man to thrive:
Or, if there be no other winning,
But that the wife gets by her spinning,
Small thrift it is to wive.

Affirmation.

Some more than this yet do she shall,
Although thy stock be very small,
Yet will she help thee thrive:
Lay thou to save, as well as she,
And then thou shalt enriched be,
When such thou hapst to wive.

Objection.

If she were mine, I tell thee troth,
Too much to trouble her, I were loath,
For greediness to thrive:
Lest some should talk, as is the speech,
The good wife's husband wears no breech,
If such I hap to wive.

Affirmation.

What hurts it thee what some do say,
If honestly, she take the way,
To help thee for to thrive:
For honesty will make her prest,
To do the thing that shall be best,
If such ye hap to wive.

Objection.

Why did Diogenes say then,
To one that askt of him time when,
Were best to wive to thrive?
Not yet (quoth he) if thou be young,
If thou wax old, then hold thy tongue,
It is too late to wive.

Affirmation.

Belike he knew some shrewish wife,
Which with her husband made such strife,
That hinder'd him to thrive:
Who then may blame him for that clause,
Though then he spake, as some had cause,
As touching for to wive.

Objection.

Why then I see, to take a shrew,
(As seldom other there be few)
Is not the way to thrive:
So hard a thing, I spy it is,
The good to chuse, the shrew to miss,
That feareth me to wive.

Affirmation.

She may in something seem a shrew,
Yet such a huswife, as but few,
To help thee for to thrive:
This proverb, look, in mind ye keep,
As good a shrew is, as a sheep,
For you to take to wive.

Objection.

Now, be she lamb, or be she ewe,
Give me the sheep, take thou the shrew,
See which of us shall thrive:
If she be shrewish, think for troth,
For all her thrift I would be loth,
To match with such to wive.

Affirmation.

Tush! farewell then, I leave you off,
Such fools as you who love to scoff,
Shall seldom wive to thrive:
Contrary her, as you do me,
And then ye shall, I warrant ye,
Repent ye, if ye wive.

Objection.

Friend, let us both give justly place,
To wedded man to judge this case,
Which, best way is to thrive:
For both our talk, as seemeth plain,
Is but as happened in our brain,
To will or not to wive.

¶ WEDDED MAN'S JUDGMENT. UPON THE FORMER ARGUMENT.

As cock that wants his mate, goes roving all about,
With crowing early and late, to find his lover out;
And as poor silly hen, long wanting cock to guide,
Soon droops, and shortly then begins to peak aside;
Even so it is with man and wife, where government is sound.
The want of t'one, the other's life, doth shortly soon confound.

In jest and in earnest, here argued ye find,
That husband and huswife together must dwell,
And thereto the judgment of wedded man's mind,
That husbandry otherwise speedeth not well:
So somewhat more now I intend for to tell,
Of huswifry, like as of husbandry told,
How huswifely huswife helps bring in the gold.

Thus endeth the Book of Husbandry.

THE

POINTS OF HUSWIFERY,

UNITED TO THE COMFORT OF HUSBANDRY.

THE EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MY ESPECIALL GOOD LADY AND MISTRESS, THE LADY PAGET.

1. THOUGH danger be mickle,
And favor so fickle;
Yet duty doth tickle
My fancy to write:
Concerning how pretty,
How fine and how netty,
Good huswife should jetty
From morning to night.

2. Not minded by writing,
To kindle a spighting,
But shew by inditing,
As afterward told,
How husbandry easeth,
So huswifery pleaseth,
And many purse greaseth
With silver and gold.

3. For husbandry weepeth,
Where huswifery sleepeth,
And hardly he creepeth,
Up ladder to thrift:
That wanteth to bold him,
Thrift's ladder to hold him,
Before it be told him,
He falls without shift.

4. Lest many should fear me,
And others forswear me,
Of troth I do bear me
Upright, as ye see:
Full minded to love all,
And not to reprove all,
But only to move all,
Good huswives to be.

5. For if I should mind some,
Or descant behind some,
And missing to find some,
Displease so I mought;
Or if I should blend them,
And so to offend them,
What stir I should send them,
I stand in a doubt.

6. Though harmless I make it,
And some do well take it,
If others forsake it,
What pleasure were that?
Naught else, but to pain me,
And nothing to gain me,
But make them disdain me,
I wot ne'er for what.

7. Lest some make a trial,
As clock by the dial,
Some stand to denial,
Some murmur and grudge:
Give judgment, I pray you,
For justly so may you;
So fancy, so say you,
I make you my judge.

8. In time, ye shall try me,
By troth, ye shall spy me,
So find, so set by me,
According to skill:
However tree groweth,
The fruit, the tree sheweth,
Your Ladyship knoweth,
My heart and good will.

9. Though fortune doth measure,
And I do lack treasure,
Yet if I may pleasure
Your Honor with this;
Then will me to mend it,
Or mend ere ye send it,
Or any where lend it,
If ought be amiss.

Your Ladyship's Servant,

THOMAS TUSSER.

¶ TO THE READER.

1. Now listen, good huswives, what doings are here,
Set forth for a day, as it should for a year:
Both easy to follow, and soon to atchieve,
For such as by huswifery looketh to thrive.

2. The forenoon affairs, till dinner (with some)
Then afternoon doings, till supper-time come;
With breakfast and dinner time, sup and to bed,
Stand, orderly placed, to quiet thine head.

3. The meaning is this — for a day what ye see,
That monthly and yearly, continued must be;
And hereby to gather, (as prove I intend),
That huswifery matters have never an end.

4. I have not by hear-say, nor reading in book,
Set out (peradventure) that some cannot brook;
Nor yet of a spite, to be doing with any,
But such as have scared me, many a penny.

5. If widow, both huswife and husband may be,
What cause hath a widower, lesser than she?
'Tis needfull that both of them look well about;
Too careless within, and too lazy without.

6. Now, therefore, if well ye consider of this,
What losses and crosses come daily amiss:
Then bear with a widower's pen as ye may,
Though husband of huswiferie, somewhat doth say.

¶ THE PREFACE TO THE BOOK OF HUSWIFERY.

1. TAKE weapon away, of what force is a man?
Take huswife from husband, and what is he than?

2. As lovers desireth together to dwell,
So husbandry loveth good huswifery well.

3. Though husbandry seemeth, to bring in the gains,
Yet huswifery labours, seem equal in pains.

4. Some respite to husbands the weather may send,
But huswives' affairs have never an end.

As true as thy faith,
Thus huswifery saith.

I serve for a day, for a week, for a year,
For life-time, for ever, while man dwelleth here.
For richer, for poorer, from north to the south,
For honest, for hardhead, for dainty of mouth.
For wed and unwedded, in sickness and health,
For all that well liveth, in good commonwealth.
For city, for country, for court, and for cart,
To quiet the head, and to comfort the heart.

¶ A DESCRIPTION OF HUSWIFE AND HUSWIFERY.

1. OF huswife, doth huswifery challenge that name,
Of huswifery, huswife doth likewise the same.
Where husband and husbandry joineth with these,
There wealthiness gotten, is holden with ease.

2. The name of a huiswife, what is it to say?
The wife of the house, to the husband a stay.
If huswife doth that, as belongeth to her,
If husband be witty, there needeth no stir.

3. The huswife is she, that to labour doth fall,
The labour of her I do huswifery call:
If thrift by that labour be honestly got,
Then is it good huswifery, else it is not.

4. The woman the name of a huswife doth win,
By keeping her house, and of doings therein;
And she that with husband, will quietly dwell,
Must think on this lesson, and follow it well.

¶ INSTRUCTIONS TO HUSWIFERY.

SERVE GOD is the first;
True love is not worst.

1. A daily good lesson, of huswife indeed,
Is God to remember, the better to speed.

2. Another good lesson, of huswifery thought,
Is huswife with husband to live as she ought.
Wife comely, no grief,
Man out, huswife chief.

3. Though tricksy to see to, be gallant to wive,
Yet comely and wise, is the huswife to thrive.

4. When husband is absent, let huswife be chief,
And look to their labour, that eateth her beef.
Both out, not allow,
Keep house, huswife thou!

5. Where husband and huswife be both out of place,
Their servants do loiter, and reason their case.

6. The huswife, so named (of keeping the house)
Must tend on her profit, as cat on the mouse.
Seek home for rest,
For home is best.

7. As huswives keep home, and be stirrers about,
So speedeth their winnings, the year thorough-out.

8. Though home be but homely, yet huswife is taught,
That home hath no fellow to such as have aught.
¶ Use all with skill,
Ask what ye will.

9. Good usage, with knowledge and quiet withall,
Makes huswife to shine, as the sun on the wall.

10. What husband refuseth, all comely to have,
That hath a good huswife, all willing to save.
Be ready at need,
All thine to feed.

11. The ease of good huswives, thus daily doth stand,
Whatever shall chance, to be ready at hand.

12. This care hath a huswife, all day in her head,
That all thing in season, be huswifely fed.
By practice go muse,
How houshold to use.

13. Dame practice is she, that to huswife must tell,
Which way for to govern her family well.

14. Use labourers gently, keep this as a law,
Make child to be civil, keep servant in awe.
Who careless do live,
Occasion do give.

15. Have, everywhere, a respect to thy ways,
That none of thy life any slander may raise.

16. What many do know, though a time it be hid,
At length will abroad, when a mischief shall bid.
No neighbour reprove,
Do, as to have love.

17. The love of thy neighbour, shall stand thee in stead,
The poorer the gladder, to help at a need.

18. Use friendly thy neighbour, else trust him in this,
As he hath thy friendship, so trust unto his.
¶ Strike nothing, unknown,
Take heed to thine own.

19. Revenge not thy wrath, upon any man's beast,
Lest thine by like malice, be bid to like feast.

20. What husband provideth with money his drudge,
The huswife must look to, which way it doth trudge.

COCK-CROWING. A DIGRESSION.

Now out of the matter, this lesson I add,
Concerning cock-crowing, what profit is had.
Experience teacheth, as true as a clock,
How winter night passeth, by marking the cock.

Cock croweth at midnight, few times above six,
With pause to his neighbour, to answer betwix:
At three a clock thicker; and then as ye know,
Like all in to mattins, near day they do crow.

At midnight, at three, and an houir ere day,
They utter their language, as well as they may;
Which who so regardeth, what counsel they give,
Will better love crowing, as long as they live.

For being afraid,
Take heed, good maid:
Mark crowing of cock,
For fear of a knock.

¶ The first cock croweth.
Ho! dame, it is midnight, what rumbling is that?
The next cock croweth.
Take heed to false harlots, and more, ye wot what.
If noise ye hear,
Look all be clear.
Lest drabs do noy thee,
And thieves destroy thee.

¶ The first cock croweth.
Maids! three a clock—knead, lay your bucks, or go brew.
The next cock croweth.
And cobble and botch, ye that cannot buy new.
Till cock crow again,
Both maidens and men,
Amend with speed,
That mending doth need.

¶ The first cock croweth.
Past five a clock, Holla! maid, sleeping beware,
The next cock croweth.
Lest quickly your mistress uncover you bare.
Maids, up, I beseech ye,
Lest mistress do breech ye.
To work and away,
As fast as ye may.

¶ HUSWIFERY.

¶ MORNING WORKS.

No sooner some up,
But nose is in cup.

1. Get up in the morning as soon as thou wilt,
With over-long slugging, good servant is spilt.

2. Some slovens, from sleeping no sooner get up,
But hand is in aumbry, and nose in the cup.
That early is done,
Count huswifely won.

3. Some work in the morning, may trimly be done,
That all the day after, can hardly be won.

4. Good husband, without, it is needfull there be,
Good huswife, within, is as needfull as he.
Cast dust into yard,
And spin and go card.

5. Sluts' corners avoided, shall further thy health,
Much time about trifles, shall hinder thy wealth.

6. Let some to peel hemp, or else rushes to twine,
To spin, or to card, or to seething of brine.
Grind malt for drink,
See meat do not stink.

7. Set some about cattle, some pasture to view,
Some malt to be grinding, against ye do brew.

8. Some corneth, some brineth, some will not be taught,
Where meat is attainted, their cookery is naught.

¶ BREAKFAST DOINGS.

To breakfast that come,
Give every one some.

1. Call servants to breakfast, by day-star appear,
A snatch, and to work — fellows tarry not here.

2. Let huswife be carver, let pottage be heat,
A mess to each one, with a morsell of meat.

No more tittle tattle,
Go serve your cattle.

3. What taek in a pudding, saith greedy gut wringer,
Give such, ye wot what, ere a pudding he finger.

4. Let servants once served, thy cattle go serve,
Lest often ill serving make cattle to sterve.

¶ HUSWIFELY ADMONITIONS.

Learn you that will thee,
This lesson of me.

1. No breakfast of custom, provide for to save,
But only for such as deserveth to have.

2. No shewing of servant, what victuals in store,
Shew servant his labour, and shew him no more.

Of havock beware,
Cat nothing will spare. [hutch?

3. Where all thing is common, what needeth a
Where wanteth a saver, there havock is much.

4. Where window is open, cat maketh a fray,
Yet wild cat with two legs, is worse, by my fay.

Look well unto thine;
Slut slothfull must whine.

5. An eye in a corner, who useth to have,
Revealeth a drab, and preventeth a knave.

6. Make maid to be cleanly, or make her cry creak;
And teach her to stir, when her mistress doth speak.

Let holly wand threat,
Let Fizgig be beat.

7. A wand in thy hand, though ye fight not at all,
Makes youth to their business, better to fall.

8. For fear of fool had I wist, cause thee to wail,
Let Fizgig be taught, to shut door after tail.

Too easy the wicket,
Will still appease clicket.

9. With her that will clicket, make danger to cope,
Lest quickly her wicket seem easy to ope.

10. As rod, little mendeth, where manners be spilt,
So naught will be naught, say and do what thou wilt.

Fight seldom ye shall,
But use not to brawl. [abide?

11. Much brawling with servant, what man can
Pay home when thou fightest, but love not to chide.

12. As order is heavenly, where quiet is had,
So error is hell, or a mischief as bad.

What better a law,
Than subjects in awe?

13. Such awe as a warning will cause to beware,
Doth make the whole houshold the better to fare.

14. The less of thy counsel thy servants do know,
Their duty the better, such servants shall shew.

Good music regard,
Good servants reward.

15. Such servants are oftenest painfull and good,
That sing in their labour, as birds in the wood.

16. Good servants hope justly, some friendship to feel,
And look to have favour, what time they do well.

By once or twice,
'Tis time to be wise.

17. Take Runagate Robin, to pity his need,
And look to be filched, as sure as thy creed.

18. Take warning by once, that a worse do not hap,
Foresight is the stopper of many a gap.

Some change for a shift:
Oft change, small thrift.

19. Make few of thy counsel, to change for the best,
Lest one that is trudging, infecteth the rest.

20. The stone that is rolling, can gather no moss,
For master and servant, oft changing is loss.

Both liberall, sticketh,
Some provender pricketh.

21. One dog for a hog, and one cat for a mouse;
One ready to give, is enough for a house.

22. One gift ill accepted, keep next in thy purse,
Whom provender pricketh, are often the worse.

¶ BREWING.

Brew somewhat for thine,
Else bring up no swine.

1. Where brewing is needfull, be brewer thyself,
What filleth the roof, will help furnish the shelf.

2. In buying of drink, by the firkin or pot,
The tally ariseth, but hog amends not.

Well brewed, worth cost,
Ill used, half lost.

3. One bushel well brewed, outlasteth some twain,
And saveth both malt and expences in vain.

4. Too new is no profit, too stale is as bad,
Drink, dead or else sour, makes labourer sad.

Remember, good Gill,
Take pain with thy swill.

5. Seeth grains in more water, while grains be yet hot,
And stir them in copper, as porridge in pot.

6. Such, heating with straw, to have off all good store,
Both pleaseth and easeth, what would ye have more?

¶ BAKING.

New bread is a drivell,
Much crust is as evil.

1. New bread is a waster, but mouldy is worse,
What that way dog catcheth, that loseth the purse.

2. Much dough-bake I praise not, much crust is as ill,
The mean is the Huswife; say nay, if ye will.

¶ COOKERY.

Good cookery craveth;
Good turn-broche saveth.

1. Good cook to dress dinner, to bake and to brew,
Deserves a reward, being honest and true.

2. Good diligent turn-broche, and trusty withall,
Is sometime as needfull, as some in the hall.

¶ DAIRY.

Good dairy doth pleasure:
Ill dairy spends treasure.

1. Good huswife in dairy, that needs not be told,
Deserveth her fee, to be paid her in gold.

2. Ill servant neglecting, what huswifery says,
Deserveth her fee to be paid her with bays.

Good droy worth much,
Mark sluts and such.

3. Good droy to serve hog, to help wash, and to milk,
More needfull is truly, than some in their silk.

4. Though homely be milker, let cleanly be cook,
For slut and a sloven, be known by their look.

In dairy no cat,
Lay bane for a rat.

5. Though cat (a good mouser) doth dwell in a house,
Yet ever in dairy, have trap for a mouse.

6. Take heed how thou layest the bane for the rats,
For poisoning of servant, thyself, and thy brats.

¶ SCOURING.

No scouring for pride:
Spare kettle whole side.

1. Though scouring be needfull, yet scouring too much,
Is pride without profit, and robbeth thine hutch.

2. Keep kettles from knocks, set tubs out of sun.
For mending is costly, and crackt is soon done.

¶ WASHING.

Take heed when ye wash,
Else run in the lash.

1. Maids, wash well, and wring well, but beat, ye wot how,
If any lack beating, I fear it be you.

2. In washing by hand, have an eye to thy boll,
For launders and millers, be quick of their toll.

Dry sun, dry wind,
Safe bind, safe find.

3. Go wash well, saith Summer, with sun I will dry;
Go wring well, saith Winter, with wind so shall I.

4. To trust without heed, is to venture a joint,
Give tale and take count, is a huswifely point.

Where many be packing,
Are many things lacking.

5. Where hens fall a cackling, take heed to their nest,
When drabs fall a whispering, take heed to the rest.

6. Through negligent huswifes, are many things lacking.
And Gillet suspected, will quickly be packing.

¶ MALTING.

Ill malting is theft;
Wood dried hath a weft:

1. House may be so handsome, and skilfullness such,
To make thy own malt, it shall profit thee much.

2. Some drieth with straw, and some drieth with wood; good.
Wood asketh more charge, and yet nothing so

Take heed to the kell,
Sing out as a bell.

3. Be suër no chances, to fiër can draw,
The wood, or the furzen, the brake, or the straw.

4. Let Gillet be singing, it doth very well,
To keep her from sleeping, and burning the kell.

Best dry'd, best speeds:
Ill kept, bowd breeds.

5. Malt being well speered, the more it will cast,
Malt being well dried, the longer will last.

6. Long kept in ill soller (undoubted thou shalt,)
Through bowds without number, lose quickly thy malt.

¶ DINNER MATTERS.

For hunger or thirst,
Serve cattle well first.

1. By noon, see your dinner be ready and neat,
Let meat tarry servant, not servant his meat.

2. Plough-cattle, a baiting, call servant to dinner,
The thicker together, the charges the thinner.

Together is best,
For hostis and guest.

3. Due season is best, altogether is gay,
Dispatch hath no fellow, make short and away.

4. Beware of Gill Laggoose disordering thy house,
Mo dainties who catcheth, than crafty fed mouse!

Let such have enough,
That follow the plough.

5. Give servant no dainties, but give him enough,
Too many chaps walking do beggar the plough.

6. Poor seggons, half starved, work faintly and dull,
And lubbers do loiter, their bellies too full.

Give never too much,
To lazy, and such.

7. Feed lazy, that thresheth, a flap and a tap,
Like slothfull, that alway be stopping a gap.

8. Some litherly lubber, more eateth than two,
Yet leaveth undone, what another will do.

Where nothing will last,
Spare such as thou hast.

9. Some cutteth thy linen, some spoileth thy broth,
Bare table to some, doth as well as a cloth.

10. Treen dishes be homely, and yet not to lack,
Where stone is no laster, take tankard and jack.

Knap boy on the thumbs,
And save him his crumbs.

11. That pewter is never for mannerly feasts,
That daily do serve so unmannerly beasts.

12. Some gnaweth and leaveth, some crusts and some crumbs,
Eat such their own leavings, or gnaw their own thumbs.

Serve God ever first;
Take nothing at worst.

13. At dinner, at supper, at morning, at night,
Give thanks unto God, for his gifts so in sight.

14. Good husband and huswife will sometimes, alone,
Make shift with a morsell, and pick of a bone.

Enough thou art told;
Too much will not hold.

15. Three dishes well dressed, and welcome with all.
Both pleaseth thy friend, and becometh thine hall.

16. Enough is a plenty, too much is a pride,
The plough, with ill holding, goes quickly aside.

¶ AFTERNOON WORKS.

Make company break;
Go cherish the weak.

1. When dinner is ended, set servant to work,
And follow such fellows, as loveth to lurk.

2. To servant in sickness, see nothing ye grutch,
A thing of a trifle shall comfort him much.

Who many do feed,
Save much they had need.

3. Put chippings in dippings, use parings to save,
Fat capons or chickens, that lookest to have.

4. Save drippings and skimmings, how ever ye do,
For med'cine for cattle, for cart, and for shoe.

Leave capon unmeet,
Dear fed is unsweet,

5. Such off corn as cometh, give wife to her fee,
Feed willingly such as do help to feed thee.

6. Though fat fed is dainty, yet this I thee warn,
Be cunning in fatting, for robbing thy barn.

Piece hole to defend;
Things timely amend.

7. Good sempsters be sewing of fine pretty knacks,
Good huswives be mending, and piecing their sacks.

8. Though making and mending be huswifely ways,
Yet mending in time, is the huswife to praise.

Buy new as is meet,
Mark blanket and sheet.

9. Though ladies may rend, and buy new every day,
Good huswives must mend, and buy new as they may.

10. Call quarterly servants to court and to leet;
Write every coverlid, blanket, and sheet.

Shift slovenly elf,
Be jailor thyself.

11. Though shifting too oft, be a thief in a house,
Yet shift slut and sloven, for fear of a louse.

12. Grant Doubtfull no key of his chamber in purse,
Lest chamber door lockt, be to thievery a nurse.

Save feathers for guest,
These other rob chest.
13. Save wing for a thresher, when gander doth die,
Save feathers of all thing, the softer to lie.

14. Much spice is a thief, so is candle and fier,
Sweet sauce is as crafty, as ever was frier.

Wife, make thine own candle,
Spare penny to handle.
15. Provide for thy tallow, ere frost cometh in,
And make thine own candle, ere winter begin.

16. If penny for all thing, be suffered to trudge,
Trust long not to penny, to have him thy drudge.

¶ EVENING WORKS.

Time drawing to night,
See all things go right.
1. When hens go to roost, go in hand to dress meat,
Serve hogs, and to milking, and some to serve neat.

2. Where twain be enow, be not served with three,
More knaves in a company, worser they be.

Make lackey to trudge,
Make servant thy drudge.
3. For every trifle leave jaunting thy nag,
But rather make lackey of Jack-boy, thy wag.

4. Make servant at night lug in wood or a log,
Let none come in empty, but slut and thy dog.

False knave ready prest,
All safe is the best.
5. Where pullen use nightly to perch in the yard,
There two-legged foxes keep watches and ward.

6. See cattle well served, without and within,
And all things at quiet, ere supper begin.

Take heed, it is needfull,
True pity is meedfull.
7. No clothes in garden, no trinkets without,
No door leave, unbolted, for fear of a doubt.

8. Thou woman, whom pity becometh the best,
Grant all that hath laboured time to take rest.

¶ SUPPER MATTERS.

Use mirth and good word,
At bed and at board.
1. Provide for thy husband, to make him good cheer,
Make merry together, while time ye be here.

2. At bed and at board, howsoever befall,
Whatever God sendeth, be merry withall.

No brawling make,
No jealousy take.
3. No taunts before servants, for hindering of fame,
No jarring too loud, for avoiding of shame.

4. As frensy and heresy roveth together,
So jealousy leadeth a fool, ye wot whither.

Tend such as ye have,
Stop talkative knave.
5. Young children and chickens would ever be eating,
Good servants look duly for gentle entreating.

6. No servant at table, use sauc'ly to talk,
Lest tongue set at large, out of measure do walk.

No snatching at all,
Sirs, hearken now all.
7. No lurching, no snatching, no striving at all;
Lest one go without, and another have all.

8. Declare after supper — take heed thereunto,
What work in the morning, each servant shall do.

¶ AFTER SUPPER MATTERS.

Thy soul hath a clog;
Forget not thy dog.
1. Remember those children, whose parents be poor,
Which hunger, yet dare not to crave at thy door.

2. Thy bandog, that serveth for divers mishaps,
Forget not to give him thy bones and thy scraps.

Make keys to be keepers,
To bed, ye sleepers.
3. Where mouths be many, to spend that thou hast,
Set keys to be keepers, for spending too fast.

4. To bed after supper, let drowsy go sleep,
Lest knave in the dark, to his marrow do creep.

Keep keys as thy life;
Fear candle, good wife.
5. Such keys lay up safe, ere ye take ye to rest,
Of dairy, of buttery, of cupboard and chest.

6. Fear candle in hayloft, in barn, and in shed,
Fear flea-smock and mendbreech, for burning their bed.

See door lockt fast,
Two keys make wast.
7. A door without lock, is a bait for a knave,
A lock without key, is a fool that will have.

8. One key to two locks, if it break is a grief;
Two keys to one lock, in the end is a thief.

Night-works trouble head,
Lock doors, and to bed.
9. The day willeth done, whatsoever ye bid,
The night is a thief, if ye take not good heed.

10. Wash dishes, lay leavens, save fire, and away,
Lock doors and to bed, a good huswife will say.

To bed know thy guise,
To rise do likewise.
11. In winter at nine, and in summer at ten,
To bed after supper, both maidens and men.

12. In winter, at five a clock, servant arise,
In summer at four, is very good guise.

Love so as ye may
Love many a day.

13. Be lowly, not sullen, if aught go amiss,
What wresting may lose thee, that win with a kiss.

14. Both bear and forbear, now and then as ye may,
Then wench, God a mercy! thy husband will say.

¶ THE PLOUGHMAN'S FEASTING DAYS.

This would not be slipt,
Old guise must be kept.

1. Good huswives, whom God hath enriched enough,
Forget not the feasts, that belong to the plough:
The meaning is only to joy and be glad,
For comfort with labour, is fit to be had.

PLOUGH MONDAY.

2. Plough Monday, next after that Twelfthtide is past,
Bids out with the plough, the worst husband is last:
If ploughman get hatchet, or whip to the screen,
Maids loseth their cock, if no water be seen.

SHROVETIDE.

3. At Shrovetide to shroving, go thresh the fat hen,
If blindfold can kill her, then give it thy men.
Maids, fritters, and pancakes, enow see ye make,
Let slut have one pancake, for company sake.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

4. Wife, make us a dinner, spare flesh neither corn,
Make wafers and cakes, for our sheep must be shorn,
At sheep-shearing, neighbours none other thing crave,
But good cheer and welcome, like neighbours to have.

THE WAKE-DAY.

5. Fill oven with flawns, Jenny, pass not for sleep,
To-morrow, thy father his wake-day will keep.
Then every wanton may dance at her will,
Both Tomkin with Tomlin, and Jenkin with Gill.

HARVEST-HOME.

6. For all this good feasting, yet art thou not loose,
Till ploughman thou givest his harvest-home goose.
Though goose go in stubble, I pass not for that,
Let goose have a goose, be she lean, be she fat.

SEED-CAKE.

7. Wife, some time this week, if the weather hold clear,
An end of wheat sowing we make for this year:
Remember thou therefore, though I do it not,
The seed-cake, the pasties, and furmenty pot.

TWICE A-WEEK ROAST.

8. Good plowmen look weekly, of custom and right,
For roast meat on Sundays, and Thursdays at night,
Thus doing and keeping such custom and guise,
They call thee good huswife, — they love thee likewise.

¶ THE GOOD HUSWIFELY PHYSIC.

Good huswives provide, ere an' sickness do come,
Of sundry good things, in her house to have some:
Good *aqua composita*, and vinegar tart,
Rose-water, and treacle, to comfort the heart.
Cold herbs in her garden, for agues that burn,
That over strong heat, to good temper may turn,
White endive and succory, with spinage enough,
All such, with good pot herbs, should follow the plough.
Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
And others the like, or else go like a fool.
Conserves of barberry, quinces, and such,
With sirops, that easeth the sickly so much.
Ask *Medicus* counsel, ere med'cine ye make,
And honour that man for necessity's sake.
Though thousands hate physic, because of the cost,
Yet thousands it helpeth, that else should be lost.
Good broth and good keeping do much, now and than,
Good diet with wisdom, best comforteth man.
In health, to be stirring, shall profit thee best;
In sickness hate trouble, seek quiet and rest.
Remember thy soul, let no fancy prevail,
Make ready to God-ward, let faith never quail.
The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner he ceaseth, to scourge with his rod.

¶ GOOD MOTHERLY NURSERY.

Good huswives take pain, and do count it good luck,
To make their own breast their own child to give suck.
Though wrauling and rocking, be noisome so near,
Yet lost by ill nursing, is worser to hear.
But one thing I warn thee, let huswife be nurse,
Lest husband do find thee, too frank with his purse.
What Hilback and Filbelly maketh away,
That help to make good, or else look for a fray.
Give child that is fitly, give baby the big,
Give hardness to youth, and to rope-ripe a twig.
We find it not spoken so often for naught,
That children were better unborn than untaught.
Some cockneys with cocking, are made very fools,
Fit neither for 'prentice, for plough, nor for schools.
Teach child to ask blessing, serve God, and to church,
Then bless as a mother, else bless him with birch.
Thou huswife thus doing, what further shall need?
But all men to call thee good mother indeed.

¶ THINK ON THE POOR.

Remember the poor, that for God's sake do call,
For God both rewardeth and blesseth withall.
Take this in good part, whatsoever thou be,
And wish me no worse, than I wish unto thee.

¶ A COMPARISON BETWEEN GOOD HUSWIFERY AND EVIL.

Comparing together good huswife with bad,
The knowledge of either, the better is had.

1. Ill huswifery lieth
Till nine of the clock:
Good huswifery trieth,
To rise with the cock.

2. Ill huswifery tooteth,
To make herself brave:
Gook huswifery looketh
What houshold must have.

3. Ill huswifery trusteth,
To him and to her:
Good huswifery lusteth
Herself for to stir.

4. Ill huswifery careth,
For this nor for that:
Good huswifery spareth,
For fear, ye wot what.

5. Ill huswifery pricketh,
Herself up in pride:
Good huswifery tricketh,
Her house as a bride.

6. Ill huswifery one thing
Or other must crave:
Good huswifery nothing,
But needfull will have.

7. Ill huswifery moveth,
With gossip to spend:
Good huswifery loveth
Her houshold to tend.

8. Ill huswifery wanteth,
With spending too fast:
Good huswifery canteth
The longer to last.

9. Ill huswifery easeth
Herself with unknown:
Good huswifery pleaseth
Herself with her own.

10. Ill huswifery brooketh
Mad toys in her head:
Good huswifery looketh,
That all things be fed.

11. Ill huswifery bringeth,
A shilling to naught:
Good huswifery singeth —
Her coffers full fraught.

12. Ill huswifery rendeth,
And casteth aside:
Good huswifery mendeth,
Else would it go wide.

13. Ill huswifery sweepeth,
Her linen to gage:
Good huswifery keepeth,
To serve her in age.

14. Ill huswifery craveth,
In secret to borrow:
Good huswifery saveth
To-day, for to-morrow.

15. Ill huswifery pineth,
(Not having to eat)
Good huswifery dineth,
With plenty of meat.

16. Ill huswifery letteth
The devil take all:
Good huswifery setteth
Good brag of a small.

Good huswife good fame hath, of best in the town;
Ill huswife ill name hath, of every clown.

Thus endeth the Book of Huswifery.

FOR MEN A PERFECT WARNING,
WHAT CHILD SHALL COME BY LEARNING.

1. All you that fain would learn the perfect way,
To have your child, in music something seen;
Ask Nature first, what thereto she doth say,
Ere further suit ye make to such a queen:
For doubtless (*grossum caput*) is not he,
Of whom the learned Muses, seen will be.

2. Once tried, that Nature, trim, hath done her part,
And lady Music, far in love withall,
Be wise, who first doth teach thy child that art,
Lest homely breaker mar fine ambling Ball.
Not rode in mad brains hand, is that can help,
But gentle skill doth make the proper whelp.

3. Where choice is hard, count good for well a fine,
Skill, mixt with will, is he that teacheth best;
Let this suffice for teaching child of thine,
Chuse quickly well, for all the lingering rest.
Mistaught at first, how seldom proveth well?
Trim taught (O God) how shortly doth excell?

4. Although as ships, must tarry wind and tide,
And perfect hoürs, abide their stinted time:
So likewise, though of learning daily tri'd,
Space, must be had, ere wit may thereto climb;
Yet easy steps and perfect way to trust,
Doth cause good speed, confess of force we must.

5. Thus in the child, though wit enough we find,
And teacher good, near hand, or other where;
And time as apt, as may be thought with mind,
Nor cause in such thing much to doubt or fear:
Yet cocking Mams, and shifting Dads from schools,
Make pregnant wits, to prove unlearned fools.

6. Ere learning come, to have, first art thou taught,
Apt learning child, apt time that thing to frame;
Apt cunning man to teach, else all is naught,
Apt parents, glad to bring to pass the same.
On such apt ground, the Muses love to build,
This lesson learn:—adieu else, learned child.

¶ THE DESCRIPTION OF A WOMAN'S AGE,

BY SIX TIMES FOURTEEN YEARS 'PRENTICESHIP,
WITH A LESSON TO THE SAME.

14. Two first seven years, for a rod they do whine,
28. Two next as a pearl in the world they do shine.
42. Two next trim beauty beginneth to swerve,
56. Two next for matrons or drudges they serve.
70. Two next doth crave a staff for a stay,
84. Two next a bier to fetch them away.

A LESSON.

Then purchase some pelf,
By fifty and three:
Or buckle thyself,
A drudge for to be.

¶ THE INHOLDER'S POSY.

At meals, my friend, who vict'leth here, and sitteth with his host, [lesser cost.
Shall both be sure of better cheer, and 'scape with

But he that will attendance have, a chamber to himself, [worldly pelf.
Must more regard what pains do crave, than pass of

Let no man look to purchase Lynn, with pinching by the way, [to pay.
But day before he takes his inn, to make his purse

For nothing pay and nothing pray, in inn it is the guise; [if you be wise.
Where no point gain, there no point pain, think this

For toiling much, and spoiling much, great charge, small gains or none, [the beggar's bone.
Soon sets thine host at Needham's shore, to crave

Foreseeing this, come day or night, take up what place ye please, [thine ease.
Use mine as thine, let Fortune spite, and boldly take

¶ CERTAIN TABLE LESSONS.

1. Friend, eat less, and drink less, and buy thee a knife,
Else look for a carver, not always too rife.
Some, kniveless, their daggers for bravery wear,
That often for surfeiting, need not to fear.

2. At dinner and supper, the table doth crave,
Good fellowly neighbour, good manners to have.
Advise thee well therefore, ere tongue be too free,
Or slap sauce be noted, too saucy to be.

3. If any thing wanteth, or seemeth amiss,
To call for, or shew it, good manner it is;
But busy fault-finder, and saucy withall,
Is roister like ruffian, no manner at all.

4. Some cutteth the napkin, some trenchers will nick;
Some sheweth like folly, in many a trick:
Let such apeish body, so toying at meat,
Go toy with his noddy-like ape in the street.

5. Some cometh unsent for, not for thy good cheer,
But sent as a spiall, to listen and hear;
Which being once known, for a knave let him go;
For knave will be knavish, his nature is so.

¶ LESSONS FOR WAITING SERVANTS.

1. One diligent serviture, skilfull to wait,
More comelieth thy table, than other some eight,
That stand for to listen, or gazing about,
Not minding their duty, within or without.

2. Such waiter is faulty, that standeth so by,
Unmindfull of service, forgetting his eye:
If master to such give a bone for to gnaw,
He doth but his office to teach such a daw.

3. Such serviture, also, deserveth a check,
That runneth out fisking, with meat in his beck:
Such ravening puttocks for victuals so trim,
Would have a good master, to puttock with him.

4. Who daily can suffer, or else can afford, [board?
His meat, so upsnatched, that comes from his
So teazed with cormorants, here and there some,
And others to want it that orderly come.

5. Good serviture weigheth (once dinner begun)
What asketh attendance, and what to be done:
So purchasing master a praise with the best,
Gets praise to himself, both of master and guest.

¶ HUSBANDLY POSIES FOR THE HALL.

1. Friend, here I dwell, and here I have a little worldly pelf, [on myself.
Which on my friend I keep to spend, as well as

2. Whatever fare you hap to find, take welcome for the best, [of the rest.
That having then, disdain thou not, for wanting

3. Backbiting talk, that flattering blabs, know wily how to blenge, [en'my will revenge.
The wise doth note, the friend doth hate, the

4. The wise will spend, or give or lend, yet keep to have in store, [upon no more.
If fools may have from hand to mouth, they pass

5. Where ease is sought, at length we see, that plenty waxeth scant, [often want.
Who careless live, go borrow must, or else full

6. The world doth think the wealthy man, is he that least shall need, [speed.
But true it is, the godly man, is he that best shall

¶ POSIES FOR THE PARLOUR.

1. As hatred is the serpent's noisome rod;
So friendship is the loving gift of God.

2. The drunken friend is friendship very evil;
The frantic friend is friendship for the devil.

3. The quiet friend, all one in word and deed,
Great comfort is, like ready gold at need.

4. With brawling fools, that wraul for every wrong,
Firm friendship never can continue long.

5. In time that man shall seldom friendship miss,
That weigh'th what thing, touch kept in friendship is.

6. Oft times a friend is got with easy cost,
Which used evil is as quickly lost.

7. Hast thou a friend, as heart may wish at will?
Then use him so, to have his friendship still.

8. Would'st have a friend, would'st know what friend is best?
Have God thy friend, who passeth all the rest.

¶ POSIES FOR THE GUEST'S CHAMBER.

1. The sloven and the careless man, the roynish nothing nice, [suffered twice.
To lodge in chamber, comely deckt, are seldom

2. With curtain some make scabbard clean, with coverlid their shoe, [use to do.
All dirt and mire, some wallow bed, as spaniels

3. Though boots and spurs be ne'er so foul, what passeth some thereon, [tumbling thereupon.
What place they foul, what thing they tear, by

4. Foul male some cast on fair board, be carpet ne'er so clean, [man is seen.
What manners careless master hath, by knave his

5. Some make the chimney chamber-pot, to smell like filthy sink, [houses stink?
Yet who so bold, so soon to say, faugh! how these

6. They therefore such, as make no force, what comely thing they spill, [against their will.
Must have a cabin like themselves, although

7. But gentlemen will gently do, where gentleness is shew'd [beshrew'd.
Observing this, with love abide, or else hence all

¶ POSIES FOR THINE OWN BEDCHAMBER.

1. What wisdom more, what better life, than pleaseth God to send, [God to lend.
What worldly goods, what longer use, than pleaseth

2. What better fare, than well content, agreeing with thy wealth, [and in health?
What better guest than trusty friend, in sickness

3. What better bed than conscience good, to pass the night with sleep, [to keep?
What better work, than daily care, from sin thyself

4. What better thought, than think on God, and daily him to serve, [sterve?
What better gift than to the poor, that ready be to

5. What greater praise of God and man, than mercy for to shew, [to few?
Who mercilless, shall mercy find, that mercy shews

6. What worse despair, than loth to die, for fear to go to hell? [Christ in heaven to dwell?
What greater faith than trust in God, through

¶ A SONNET TO THE LADY PAGET.

Some pleasures take,
And cannot give,
But only make,
Poor thanks their shift:
Some meaning well,
In debt do live,
And cannot tell,
Where else to shift.

Some knock, and fain
Would ope the door,
To learn the vain,
Good turn to praise:
Some shew good face,
And be but poor;
Yet have a grace
Good fame to raise.

Some owe and give,
Yet still in debt,
And so must live,
For aught I know:
Some wish to pay,
And cannot get;
But night and day,
Must still more owe.

Even so must I, for service past,
Still wish you good, while life doth last.

¶ PRINCIPAL POINTS OF RELIGION.

1. To pray to God continually,
2. To learn to know him rightfully,
3. To honour God in Trinity,
The Trinity in Unity,
The Father in his majesty,
The Son in his humanity,
The Holy Ghost's benignity,
Three persons, one in Deity.
4. To serve him always, holily,
5. To ask him all thing needfully,
6. To praise him in all company,
7. To love him alway, heartily,
8. To dread him alway, christianly,
9. To ask him mercy, penitently,
10. To trust him alway, faithfully,
11. To obey him alway, willingly,
12. To abide him alway, patiently,
13. To thank him alway, thankfully,
14. To live here alway, virtuously,
15. To use thy neighbour, honestly,
16. To look for death still, presently,
17. To help the poor, in misery,
18. To hope for Heav'n's felicity,
19. To have faith, hope, and charity,
20. To count this life but vanity,
Be points of christianity.

¶ THE AUTHOR'S BELIEF.

1. This is my stedfast creed, my faith, and all my trust, [mild, and just:
That in the heavens there is a God, most mighty,
A God above all Gods, a King above all Kings,
The Lord of Lords, chief Governor, of heaven and earthly things.

2. That power hath of life and death, of heaven and of hell,
derfull to tell;
That all things made, as pleaseth him, so won-
That made the hanging skies, so deckt with divers lights,
restfull nights.
Of darkness made the cheerfull days, and all our

3. That clad this earth with herb, with trees, and sundry fruits,
With beast, with bird, with wild and tame, of strange and sundry suits;
ore,
That intermixt the same with mines, like veins of
Of silver, gold, of precious stones, and treasures many more.

4. That joined brooks to dales, to hills fresh water springs,
many things:
With rivers sweet, along the meads, to profit
That made the hoary frosts, the flaky snows so trim,
pleaseth him.
The honey dews, the blustering winds, to serve as

5. That made the surging seas, in course to ebb and flow,
to and fro;
That skilfull man, with sailing ship, might travel
And stored so the same, for man's unthankfull sake,
profit take.
That every nation under heaven, might thereby

6. That gave to man a soul, with reason how to live,
That both to him and all things else, his blessings daily give:
race,
That is not seen, yet seeth, how man doth run his
Whose daily works, both good and bad, stand known before his face.

7. That sendeth thund'ring claps, like terrors out of hell,
heavens doth dwell.
That man may know a God there is, and in the
That sendeth threatening plagues, to keep our lives in awe,
His benefits, if we forget, or do contemn his law.

8. That daily hateth sin, that loveth virtue well,
And is the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel;
That doth displeasure take, when we his laws offend,
And yet amidst his heavy wrath, his mercy doth extend.

9. This is the Lord of Hosts, the Father of us all,
The maker of whate'er was made, the God on whom I call;
Which for the love of man, sent down his only son,
Begot of him, before the worlds were any whit begun.

10. This entered Mary's womb, as faith affirmeth sure,
Conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of that Virgin pure:
This was both God and man, of Jews the hoped king,
thing.
And lived here, save only sin, like man in every

11. This is that Virgin's child, that same most holy priest,
The Lamb of God, the Prophet great, whom Scripture calleth Christ:
This, that Messias was, of whom the prophet spake,
That should tread down the serpent's head, and our atonement make.

12. This, Judas did betray, to false dissembling Jews,
Which unto Pilate, being Judge, did falsely him accuse;
Who (through that wicked judge) and of those Jews' despight,
Condemned and tormented was, with all the force they might.

13. To living wight more evil, what could such wretches do?
they did put him to?
More piercing wounds, more bitter pains, than
They crowned him with thorn, that was the King of Kings,
worldly things,
That sought to save the soul of man, above all

14. This was that Pascal Lamb, whose love for us so stood,
his blood;
That on the Mount of Calvary, for us did shed
Where hanging on the cross, no shame he did forsake,
of life did make.
Till death given him, by piercing spear, an end

15. This, Joseph seeing dead, the body thence did crave,
in his grave:
And took it forthwith from the cross, and laid it
Down thence, he went to hell, in using there his will,
remaining still.
His power I mean, his slained corpse in tomb

16. From death to life again, the third day he did rise,
And seen on earth to his elect, times oft in sundry wise;
And after into heaven, ascend he did in sight,
And sitteth on the right hand there, of God the father of might.

17. Where for us wretches all, his Father he doth pray,
away;
To have respect unto his death, and put our sins
From thence with sounded trump, which noise all flesh shall dread,
quick and dead.
He shall return with glory again, to judge the

18. Then shall that voice be heard, Come, come, ye good, to me,
pain shall ever be!
Hence, hence to hell, you workers evil, where
This is that loving Christ, whom I my Saviour call,
And only put my trust in him, and in none else at all.

19. In God the Holy Ghost, I firmly do believe,
Which from the Father and the Son, a blessed life doth give;
comfort send,
Which by the prophets spake, which doth all
Which I do trust shall be my guide, when this my life shall end.

20. A Holy Catholic Church, on earth, I grant there is,
And those who frame their lives by that, shall never speed amiss:
post,
The head thereof is Christ, his word the chiefest
Preserver of this temple great, is God, the Holy Ghost.

21. I do not doubt, there is a multitude of Saints,
More good is done resembling them, than shewing them our plaints:
did give,
Their faith and works in Christ, that glory them
Which glory we shall likewise have, if likewise we do live.

22. At God of heaven there is, forgiveness of our sins,
Through Christes death, through faith in it, and through no other gins:
If we repentant here, his mercy daily crave,
Through stedfast hope and faith in Christ, forgiveness we shall have.

23. I hope and trust upon the rising of the flesh,
This corpse of mine that first must die, shall rise again afresh:
The soul and body even then, in one shall joined be,
As Christ did rise from death to life, even so through Christ shall we.

24. As Christ is glorifted, and never more shall die,
As Christ ascended is to heaven, through Christ even so shall I. [his,
As Christ I count my head, and I a member of
So God I trust for Christes sake, shall settle me in bliss.

Thus here we learn of God, that there be persons three, [Trinity.
The Father, Son, the Holy Ghost, one God in
In substance all like one — one God, one Lord, one might, [by right.
Whose persons yet we do divide, and so we may

As God the Father is, the Maker of us all,
So God the Son, Redeemer is, to whom for help we call; [win,
And God the Holy Ghost, the soul of man doth
By moving her to wait for grace, ashamed of her sin.

This is that God of Gods, whom every soul should love, [wrath on them to move.
Whom all men's hearts should quake with fear, his
That this same mighty God, above all other chief,
Shall save my soul from dolefull hell, is all my whole belief.

¶ OF THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD, AND DEBILITY OF MAN.

1. O God! thou glorious God, what God is like to thee? [the world may see?
What life, what strength, is like to thine, as all
The heaven, the earth, the seas, and all thy works therein, [thou hast ever been.
Do shew (to whom thou wouldst to know) what

2. But all the thoughts of man, are bent to wretched evil,
Man doth commit idolatry, bewitched of the devil.
What evil is left undone, where man may have his will;
Man ever was a hypocrite, and ever will be still.

3. What daily watch is made, the soul of man to flea,
By Lucifer, by Belzebub, Mammon, and Asmode?
In devilish pride, in wrath, in coveting too much,
In fleshly lust, the time is spent—the life of man is such.

4. The joy that man hath here, is as a spark of fire,
His acts be like the smouldering smoke, himself like dirt and mire:
His strength even as a reed, his age much like the flower, [hoür.
His breath or life is but a puff, uncertain every

5. But for the Holy Ghost, and for his gifts of grace
The death of Christ, thy mercy great, man were in wofull case.
O grant us, therefore, Lord, t'amend what is amiss,
And when from hence we do depart, to rest with thee in bliss!

¶ ELEEMOSYNA PROFUIT HOMINI IN VITA, IN MORTE, ET POST MORTEM.

OUT OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

For only love of God, more Christian-like to live,
And for a zeal to help the poor, thine almës daily give.
Let gift no glory look, nor evil possess thy mind,
And for a truth, these profits three, through almës shalt thou find.

1. First, here the Holy Ghost shall daily through his grace, [embrace.
Provoke thee to repentant life, God's mercy to

2. Of goods and friends (by death) when thou thy leave must take, [it forsake.
Thine almës deeds shall clasp thy soul, and never

3. When God shall after death, call soon for thine account, [all things else surmount.
Thine almës then through faith in Christ, shall
But yet for any deed, put thou no trust therein,
But put thy trust in God (through Christ) to pardon thee thy sin. [nest,
For else, as cackling hen with noise bewrays her
Even so go thou, and blaze thy deeds, and lose thou all the rest.

¶ MALUS HOMO.

OUT OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Of naughty man I read, two sundry things are meant,
Th'one is man, th'other naught, which ought him to repent.
The man we ought to love, because of much therein,
The evil in him, we ought to hate, because it is a sin.
So doth thy daily sins the heavenly Lord offend,
But when thou dost repent the same, his wrath is at an end.

¶ OF TWO SORTS OF MEN, THE ONE GOOD, AND THE OTHER BAD.

OUT OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Since first the world began, there was and shall be still,
Of human kind, two sundry sorts, th'one good, and th'other ill; [dwell,
Which till the judgment day, shall here together
But then the good shall up to heaven, the bad shall down to hell.

¶ ST. BARNARD'S VERSES.

Diabolo cum resistitur, est ut formica: cùm verò ejus suggestio recipitur, fortis est ut leo.

OUT OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

When Satan we resist, a pismire shall he be,
But when we seem to give him place, a lion then is he.

¶ EIGHT OF ST. BARNARD'S VERSES, BOTH IN LATIN AND ENGLISH, WITH ONE NOTE TO THEM BOTH.

1. Cur mundus militat, sub vana gloria,
Cujus prosperitas, est transitoria?
Tam citò labitur ejus potentia,
Quàm vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.

1. Why so triumphs the world, in pomp and glory vain,
Whose state so happy thought, so fickle doth remain?
Whose bravery slippery stands, and doth so soon decay,
As doth the potter's pan, compact of brittle clay.

2. Plus crede literis, scriptis in glacie,
Quàm mundi fragilis vanæ fallaciæ;
Fallax in præmiis, virtutis specie,
Quæ numquam habuit tempus fiduciæ.

2. More credit see thou give, to letters wrote in ice,
Than unto vain deceits, of brittle world's device:
In gifts to virtue due, beguiling many one,
Yet those same never have, long time to hope upon.

3. Magis credendum est viris fallacibus,
Quam mundi miseris prosperitatibus,
Falsis insaniis et voluptatibus,
Falsis quoque studiis et vanitatibus.

3. To false dissembling men, more trust is to be had,
Than to the prosperous state of wretched world, so bad:
What with voluptuousness, and other maddish toys,
False studies won with pain, false vanities and joys.

4. Dic ubi Salamon, olim tam nobilis?
Vel ubi Samson est, dux invincibilis?
Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?
Vel pulcher Absolon, vultu mirabilis?

4. Tell where is Salamon, that once so noble was?
Or where now Samson is, in strength whom none could pass?
Or worthy Jonathas, that prince so lovely bold?
Or fair Absolon, so goodly to behold?

5. Quò Cæsar abiit, celsus imperio?
Vel Dives splendidus, totus in prandio?
Dic ubi Tullius, clarus eloquio?
Vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio?

5. Shew whither is Cæsar gone, that conquer'd far and near?
Or that rich famous carl, so given to belly cheer?
Shew where is Tully now, for eloquence so fit?
Or Aristoteles, of such a pregnant wit?

6. O esca vermium! O massa pulveris!
O ros! O vanitas! cur sic extolleris?
Ignoras penitùs, utrùm cras vixeris,
Fac bonum omnibus, quàmdiu poteris.

6. O thou fit bait for worms! O thou great heap of dust!
O dew! O vanity! why so extoll'st thy lust?
Thou therefore ignorant, what time thou hast to live,
Do good to every man, while here thou hast to give.

7. Quàm breve festum est, hæc mundi gloria?
Ut umbra hominis, sic ejus gaudia;
Quæ semper subtrahit æterna præmia,
Et ducunt hominem ad dura devia.

7. How short a feast (to count) is this same world's renown? [town;
Such as men's shadows be, such joys it brings to
Which always plucketh us, from God's eternal bliss,
And leadeth man to hell, a just reward of his.

8. Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur,
Sacris in literis, flos fœni dicitur;
Vel leve folium, quod vento rapitur,
Sic vita hominum, hâc vitâ tollitur.

8. The bravery of this world, esteemed here so much,
In Scripture likened is, to flower of grass and such.
Like as the leaf so light, which wind abroad doth blow,
So doth this worldly life, the life of man bestow.

¶ OF THE AUTHOR'S LINKED VERSES, DEPARTING FROM THE COURT TO THE COUNTRY.

1. Muse not, my friend, to find me here,
Contented with this mean estate;
And seem to do with willing cheer,
That courtier doth so deadly hate.

For Fortune, look,
Hath changed hue;
And I my book,
Must learn anew.

2. And yet of force to learn anew,
Would much abash the dulled brain;
I crave to judge, if this be true,
The truant child, that know'th the pain.

But where a spight,
Of force must be;
What is that wight,
May disagree?

3. No, no, God wot! to disagree,
Is vent'ring all, to make or mar:
If fortune frown, we daily see,
It is not best to strive too far.

For lordly bent,
Must learn to spare,
And be content,
With country fare.

4. From dainty court to country fare,
Too dainty fed, is diet strange;
From city joy to country care,
To skilless folk, is homely change.

Where need yet can,
None other skill;
Sometime, poor man,
Must break his will.

5. If courtly change, so breaketh will,
That country life may serve the turn;
What profit then, in striving still,
Against the prick to seem to spurn.

If court with cart,
Must be content:
What ease to heart,
Though mind repent?

6. What gain I, though I do repent?
My crotches all, are broke and gone;
My wonted friends are careless bent,
They fear no chance I chance upon.

As need doth make
Old age to trot;
So must I take,
In worth my lot.

7. Now, if I take in worth my lot,
That fatal chance doth force me to,
If ye be friends, upraid me not;
But use a friend, as friends should do.

Beho'd the horse,
Must trudge for pelf;
And yet of force,
Content itself.

¶ THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

1. Now, gentle friend, if thou be kind,
Disdain thou not, although the lot,
Will now with me no better be,
Than doth appear:
Nor let it grieve, that thus I live,
But rather guess, for quietness,
As others do, so do I too,
Content me here.

2. By leave and love of God above,
I mind to shew, in verses few,

How through the briers, my youthful years
Have run their race;
And further say, why thus I stay
And mind to live, as bee in hive,
Full bent to spend my life t'an end,
In this same place.

3. It came to pass, that born I was,
Of lineage good, of gentle blood,
In Essex layer, in village fair,
That Rivenhall hight:
Which village ly'd, by Banktree side;
There spend did I mine infancy,
There then my name, in honest fame,
Remain'd in sight.

4. I yet but young, no speech of tongue,
Nor tears withall, that often fall,
From mother's eyes, when child outcries,
To part her fro,
Could pity make, good father take,
But out I must, to song be thrust,
Say what I would, do what I could,
His mind was so.

5. O painfull time, for every crime!
What touzed ears, like baited bears!
What bobbed lips, what jerks, what nips!
What hellish toys!
What robes how bare, what college fare!
What bread how stale, what penny ale!
Then Wallingford, how wert thou abhor'd,
Of seely boys!

6. Then for my voice, I must (no choice)
Away of force, like posting horse,
For sundry men had placards then,
Such child to take:
The better breast, the lesser rest,
To serve the choir, now there, now here;
For time so spent, I may repent,
And sorrow make.

7. But mark the chance, myself to 'vance,
By friendship's lot to Paul's I got;
So found I grace, a certain space
Still to remain:
With Redford there, the like no where,
For cunning such, and virtue much,
By whom some part, of musick art,
So did I gain.

8. From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways, the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes, given to me,
At once I had,
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass, thus beat I was:
See UDALL, see, the mercy of thee,
To me, poor lad.

9. To London hence, to Cambridge thence,
With thanks to thee, O Trinity,
That to thy Hall, so passing all,
I got at last.
There joy I felt, there trim I dwelt,
There heaven from hell, I shifted well,
With learned men, a number then,
The time I past.

10. Long sickness had, then was I glad,
To leave my book, to prove and look,
In court what gain, by taking pain,
Might well be found:
Lord Paget than, that nobleman,
Whose soul, I trust, is with the just,
That same was he, enriched me,
With many a pound.

11. While this betide, good parents dy'd,
One after one, till both were gone,
Whose pedigree, who list may see,
In herald's book:
Whose souls in bliss, be long ere this,
For hope we must, as God is just,
So here that crave, shall mercy have,
That mercy look.

12. By court I spy'd, and ten years try'd,
That cards and dice, with Venus vice,
And peevish pride, from virtue wide,
With some so wraught,
That Tyburn play, made them away,
Or beggar's state, as ill to hate,
By such like evils, I saw such drivels,
To come to naught.

13. Yet it is not, to be forgot,
In court that some, to worship come,
And some in time, to honour climb,
And speed full well:
Some have such gift, that trim they shift,
Some profit make, by pains they take,
In perill much, though oft are such,
In court that dwell.

14. When court 'gan frown, and strife in town,
And lords and knights saw heavy sights,
Then took I wife, and led my life,
In Suffolk soil:
There was I fain, myself to train,
To learn too long, the farmer's song,
For hope of pelf, like worldly elf,
To moil and toil.

15. As in this book, who list to look,
Of husbandry and huswifery,
There may he find, more of my mind,
Concerning this:
To eark and care, and ever bare,
With loss and pain, to little gain,
With shifts to save, to cram Sir Knave,
What life it is.

16. When wife could not, through sickness got,
More toil abide, so nigh sea-side,
Then thought I best, from toil to rest,
And Ipswich try;
A town of price, like Paradise,
For quiet then, and honest men,
There was I glad, much friendship had,
A time to lie.

17. There left good wife, this present life,
And there left I, house charges lie,
For glad was he, might send for me,
Good luck so stood:
In Suffolk there, where everywhere,
Even of the best, besides the rest,
That never did their friendship hide,
To do me good.

18. O Suffolk, thou, content thee now,
Thou hadst the praise, in those same days,
For squires and knights, that well delights,
Good house to keep:
For Norfolk wiles, so full of guiles,
Have caught my toe, by wiving so,
That out to thee, I see for me,
No way to creep.

19. For lo! for guile, what haps the while,
Through Venus toys, in hope of joys,
I chanced soon to find a Moon,
Of cheerful hue;
Which well and fine, me thought did shine,
And never change—(a thing most strange)
Yet kept in sight, her course aright,
And compass true.

20. Behold of truth, with wife in youth,
For joy at large, what daily charge,
Through children's hap, what opened gap,
To more begun:
The child at nurse, to rob the purse,
The same to wed, to trouble head;
For pleasure rare, such endless care,
Hath husband won.

21. Then did I dwell, in Diram cell,
A place for wood, that trimly stood,
With flesh and fish as heart could wish;
But when I spy'd,
That lord with lord, could not accord,
But now pound he, and now pound we;
Then left I all, because such brawl,
I list not bide.

22. O Southwell! what, meanst thou by that,
Thou worthy wight, thou famous knight,
So me to crave, and to thy grave,
Go, by and by.
O Death! thou foe, why didst thou so,
Ungently treat that jewel great,
Which op'd his door, to rich and poor,
So bounteously.

23. There thus bestad, when leave I had,
By death of him, to sink or swim,
And ravens I saw, together draw,
In such a sort;
Then ways I sought, by wisdom taught,
To bear low sail, lest stock should quail,
Till ship might find, with prosperous wind,
Some safer port.

24. At length by view, to shore I drew,
Discharging straight, both ship and freight,
At Norwich fine, for me and mine,
A city trim;
Where strangers well may seem to dwell,
That pitch and pay, or keep their day;
But who that want, shall find it scant,
So good for him.

25. But Salisbury, how were kept my vow,
If praise from thee were kept by me?
Thou gentle dean, my only mean,
There then to live:
Though churls such some, to crave can come,
And pray once got, regard thee not,
Yet, live or die, so will not I,
Example give.

26. When learned men could there nor then,
Devise to 'swage, the stormy rage,
Nor yet the fury of my dissury,
That long I had;
From Norwich air, in great despair
Away to fly, or else to die,
To seek more health, to seek more wealth,
Then was I glad.

27. From thence so sent, away I went,
With sickness worn, as one forlorn,
To house my head at Fairsted,
Where whiles I dwelt:
The tithing life, the tithing strife,
Through tithing ill of Jack and Gill,
The daily pays, the miry ways,
Too long I felt.

28. When charges grew, still new and new,
And that I spy'd, if parson dy'd,
(All hope in vain) to hope for gain,
I might go dance;
Once rid my hand, of parsonage land,
Thence, by and by, away went I,
To London straight, to hope and wait,
For better chance.

29. Well, London! well, thou bear'st the bell,
Of praise about, England throughout,
And dost indeed, to such as need,
Much kindness shew.
Who that with thee, can hardly agree,
Nor can well praise, thy friendly ways,
Shall friendship find, to please his mind,
In places few.

30. As for such mates as virtue hates,
Or he or they, that go so gay,
That needs he must, take all of trust,
For him and his:
Though such by wo, through Lothbury go,
For being spy'd about Cheapside,
Lest mercers' books, for money looks,
Small matter it is.

31. When gains were gone, and years grew on,
And death did cry, from London fly,
In Cambridge then, I found again,
A resting plot;
In college best, of all the rest,
With thanks to thee, O Trinity!
Through thee and thine, for me and mine,
Some stay I got.

32. Since hap haps so, let toiling go,
Let serving pains, yield forth her gains,
Let courtly gifts, with wedding shifts,
Help now to live:
Let music win, let stock come in;
Let wisdom carve, let reason serve,
For here I crave, such end to have,
As God shall give.

33. Thus friends by me, perceive may ye,
That gentry stands, not all by lands,
Nor all so feft, or plenty left,
By parent's gift;
But now and then of gentlemen,
The younger son is driven to run,
And glad to seek, from creek to creek,
To come by thrift.

34. And more by this, to conster is
In world is set, enough to get;
But where and when, that scarcely can
The wisest tell.
By learning, some to riches come;
By ship and plough, some get enough;
And some so wive, that trim they thrive,
And speed full well.

35. To this before, add one thing more, (wrought,
Youth hardness taught, with knowledge
Most apt do prove, to shift and shove,
Among the best.
Where cocking dads, make saucy lads,
In youth so rage, to beg in age,
Or else to fetch, a Tyburn stretch,
Among the rest.

36. Not rampish toy of girl and boy,
Nor garment trim of her or him,
In childhood spent, to fond intent,
Good end doth frame.
If mark we shall, the sum of all,
The end it is that noted is,
Which, if it bide, with virtue try'd,
Deserveth fame.

37. When all is done, learn this my son,
Not friend nor skill, nor wit at will,
Nor ship nor clod, but only God,
Doth all in all:
Man taketh pain, God giveth gain,
Man doth his best, God doth the rest,
Man well intends, God foizon sends,
Else want he shall.

38. Some seek for wealth, I seek my health,
Some seek to please, I seek mine ease,
Some seek to save, I seek to have,
To live upright,
More than to ride with pomp and pride,
Or for to jet, in others debt:
Such is my skill, and shall be still,
For any wight.

39. Too fond were I, here thus to lie,
Unless that wealth might further health,
And profit some should thereby come,
To help withall;
This causeth me, well pleas'd to be,
Such drift to make, such life to take,
Enforcing mind, remorse to find,
As need, need shall.

40. Friend, all things weigh'd, that here is said,
And being got, that pays the shot,
Methinks of right, have leave I might,
(Death drawing near)
To seek some ways, my God to praise,
And mercy crave, in time to have,
And for the rest, what he thinks best,
To suffer here.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

DIED OCTOBER 7th, 1577.

THIS poet was of an honourable family in Essex, being son of Sir John Gascoigne, who disinherited him for his youthful prodigality. Gascoigne lived to amend the errors of his youth, and became a wise and good man; but the father died with the sin upon him of an unforgiving temper. The young man, who had been educated at Cambridge, and entered at Gray's Inn, was cast upon the world. He had sold such of his patrimony as could not be alienated from him; and finding his hopes of preferment at home fail him, embarked as an adventurer for Holland, in which country, it appears, he had previously travelled. We may believe him that he had shaken off his evil habits, but he had not shaken off his evil companions; for, on this occasion, he had for his fellow-adventurer that Rowland Yorke, who before that time was notorious as a profligate, and afterwards infamous as a traitor.

The most valuable of his poems, if not the best, relate to his adventures on the voyage, and in the Dutch war, where he behaved well, and obtained the good opinion of the Prince of Orange, whose sterling worth he seems to have justly appreciated. After two years' hard service, he was compelled to surrender, with a body of five hundred English, in attempting to escape from the unfinished and indefensible fort at Valkenburg. It was during the memorable and dreadful siege of Leyden; they made their way to the walls of that city; but from suspicion, jealousy, and misunderstanding, combined with the dread of famine, the citizens refused to open the gates; the English were then fortunate in obtaining honourable terms of surrender; still more so in having them observed. For the Spaniards, in that age, were as regardless of honour as of faith, when heretics were to be dealt with; but it was their policy then to conciliate England, not to provoke it: and though Don Luys Gayetan, to whom they had surrendered, was for putting them to death, in conformity with the advice of the Spanish counsellors at the Hague, Don Bernardino de Mendoza, who was then at Brussels, on his way to London as ambassador, desired that their lives might be spared, and that they might be sent home. During their imprisonment, they received every possible kindness from the Baron de Liques, and from Verdugo.

This put an end to his military career. He resumed the study of the law, but with neither liking nor aptitude for the profession; and soon seems to have depended for his future prospects upon the fair character which he had now established, and upon those who were alike able to appreciate and to serve him; for he had friends among the best and noblest of the age. By some of these, (Raleigh perhaps, or Arthur Lord Grey, the friend and patron of Spenser,) he was introduced to the queen, whom he accompanied to Kenilworth in one of her progresses, and recited before her some of the verses which he composed on that occasion. His immediate means appear to have been such as might content one who had become a wise and thoughtful man. He married, settled at Walthamstow, amused himself with gardening, and employed himself in composition; but falling into a lingering and wasting disease, he was taken to Stamford by his friend George Whetstone, and there, being worn almost to a skeleton, but in a religious, calm, and happy frame of mind, he expired without a struggle, recommending his wife and only child to the queen's bounty. His age is not known, but it cannot have been under forty, for he frequently speaks of himself as in middle age; and says, in one place, that the crow's foot had grown under his eyes.

Gascoigne wrote the first prose comedy in our language, and his Jocasta (partly paraphrased, partly abridged, from the Phœnissæ of Euripides), is the second of our tragedies that was written in blank verse.

THE ARRAIGMENT OF A LOUER.

At Beautyes barre as I dyd stande,
When false suspect accused mee,
George (quod the Judge) holde vp thy hande,
Thou art arraignde of Flatterye:
Tell therefore howe thou wylt bee tryde:
Whose iudgement here wylt thou abyde?

My Lorde (quod I) this Lady here,
Whome I esteeme aboue the rest,
Doth knowe my guilte if any were:
Wherefore hir doome shall please me best;
Let hir bee Judge and Jurour boathe,
To trye mee guiltlesse by myne oathe.

Quod Beautie, no, it fitteth not,
A Prince hir selfe to iudge the cause:
Wyll is our Justice well you wot,
Appointed to discusse our Lawes:
If you wyll guiltlesse seeme to goe,
God and your countrey quitte you so.

Then crafte the cryer cal'd a quest,
Of whome was falshoode formost feere,
A pack of pickethankes were the rest,
Which came false witnesse for to beare,
The Jurye suche, the Judge vniust,
Sentence was sayde I should be trust.

Jelous the Jayler bound mee fast,
To heare the verdite of the byll,
George (quod the Judge) nowe thou art cast,
Thou must goe hence to heauie hill,
And there be hangde all bye the head,
God rest thy soule when thou art dead.

Downe fell I then vpon my knee,
All flatte before Dame Beauties face,
And cryed, good Ladye pardon mee,
Which here appeale vnto your grace,
You knowe if I haue beene vntrue,
It was in too much praysing you.

And though this Judge doe make suche haste,
To shead with shame my guiltlesse blood:
Yet let your pittie first bee plaste,
To saue the man that meant you good,
So shall you shewe your selfe a Queene,
And I maye bee your seruaunt seene.

(Quod Beautie) well: bicause I guesse,
What thou dost meane hencefoorth to bee,
Although thy faultes deserue no lesse,
Than Iustice here hath iudged thee,
Wylt thou be bounde to stynt all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe?

Yea Madame (quod I) that I shall,
Loe fayth and trueth my suerties [1]:
Why then (quod shee) come when I call,
I aske no better warrantise.
Thus am I Beauties bounden thrall,
At hir commaunde when shee doth call.

Euer or neuer.

[1] Common Bayll.

THE LULLABIE OF A LOUER.

Sing lullaby, as women doe,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,
And lullaby can I sing to,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the childe,
And if I be not much beguild,
Full many wanton babes haue I,
Which must be stild with lullabie.

First lullaby my youthfull yeares,
It is nowe time to go to bed,
For croocked age and hoary heares,
Haue wone the hauen with in my head:
With Lullaby then youth be still,
With Lullaby content thy will,
Since courage quayles, and commes behind,
Go sleepe, and so beguile thy minde.

Next Lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glaunce apace.
For euery Glasse maye nowe suffise,
To shewe the furrowes in my face:
With Lullabye then winke awhile,
With Lullabye your lookes beguile:
Lette no fayre face, nor beautie brighte,
Entice you efte with vayne delighte.

And Lullaby my wanton will,
Lette reasons rule, nowe reigne thy thought,
Since all to late I finde by skyll,
Howe deare I haue thy fansies bought.
With Lullaby nowe tak thyne ease,
With Lullaby thy doubtes appease:
For trust to this, if thou be styll,
My body shall obey thy will.

Thus Lullabye my youth, myne eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was,
I can no mo delayes deuise,
But welcome payne, let pleasure passe:
With Lullaby now take your leaue,
With Lullaby your dreames deceiue,
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this Lullabye.

Euer or Neuer.

GASCOIGNES GOOD MORROW.

You that haue spent the silent night,
In sleepe and quiet rest,
And ioye to see the cheerefull lyght
That ryseth in the East:
Now cleare your voyce, now chere your hart,
Come helpe me nowe to sing:
Eche willing wight come beare a part,
To prayse the heauenly King.

And you whome care in prison keepes,
Or sickenes doth suppresse,
Or secret sorowe breakes your sleepes,
Or dolours doe distresse:
Yet beare a parte in dolfull wise,
Yea thinke it good accorde,
And acceptable sacrifice,
Eche sprite to prayse the lorde.

The dreadfull night with darkesomnesse,
Had ouer spread the light,
And sluggish sleepe with drowsynesse,
Had ouer prest our might:
A glasse wherin you may beholde,
Eche storme that stopes our breath,
Our bed the graue, our clothes lyke molde,
And sleepe like dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly night did laste,
But for a little space,
And heauenly daye nowe night is past,
Doth shewe his pleasaunt face:
So must we hope to see Gods face,
At last in heauen on hie,
When we haue chang'd this mortall place,
For Immortalitie.

And of such happes and heauenly ioyes,
As then we hope to holde,
All earthly sightes and wordly toyes,
Are tokens to beholde.
The daye is like the daye of doome,
The sunne, the Sonne of man,
The skyes the heauens, the earth the tombe
Wherein we rest till than.

The Rainbowe bending in the skye,
Bedeckte with sundrye hewes,
Is like the seate of God on hye,
And seemes to tell these newes:
That as thereby he promised,
To drowne the world no more,
So by the bloud which Christ hath shead,
He will our helth restore.

The mistie cloudes that fall somtime,
And ouercast the skyes,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dymme our eyes:
But as suche dewes are dryed vp quite,
When Phœbus shewes his face,
So are such fansies put to flighte,
Where God doth guide by grace.

The caryon Crowe, that lothsome beast,
Which cryes agaynst the rayne,
Both for hir hewe and for the rest,
The Deuill resembleth playne:
And as with gonnes we kill the crowe,
For spoyling our releefe,
The Deuill so must we ouerthrowe,
With gonshote of beleefe.

The little byrde which sing so swete,
Are like the angelles voyce,
Which render God his prayses meete,
And teache vs to reioyce:
And as they more esteeme that myrth,
Than dread the nights anoy,
So much we deeme our days on earth,
But hell to heauenly ioye.

Unto which Joyes for to attayne
God graunt vs all his grace,
And sende vs after worldly payne,
In heauen to haue a place.
Where wee maye still enioye that light,
Which neuer shall decaye:
Lorde for thy mercy lend vs might,
To see that ioyfull daye.

Haud ictus sapio.

GASCOYNES GOOD NIGHT.

When thou hast spent the lingring day in pleasure and delight, [at nighte:
Or after toyle and wearie waye, dost seeke to rest
Unto thy paynes or pleasures past, adde this one labour yet, [God forget,
Ere sleepe close vp thyne eye to fast, do not thy
But searche within thy secret thoughts, what deeds did thee befal: [call.
And if thou find amisse in ought, to God for mercy
Yea though thou find nothing amisse, which thou canst cal to mind, [behind:
Yet euer more remember this, there is the more
And thinke how well so euer it be, that thou hast spent the daye, [waye.
It came of God, and not of thee, so to direct thy
Thus if thou trie thy dayly deedes, and pleasure in this payne,
Thy life shall clense thy corne from weeds, and thine shal be the gaine: [to winke,
But if thy sinfull sluggishe eye, will venter for
Before thy wading will may trye, how far thy soule maye sinke, [smoth is made,
Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft and
May heape more harm vpō thy head, than blowes of enmies blade. [thou doest lye,
Thus if this paine procure thine ease, in bed as
Perhaps it shall not God displease, to sing thus soberly;
I see that sleepe is lent me here, to ease my wearye bones, [greeuous grones.
As death at laste shall eke appeere, to ease my
My dayly sportes, my panch full fed, haue causde my drousie eye, [soule to dye:
As carelesse life in quiet led, might cause my
The stretching armes, the yauning breath, which I to bedward vse, [me refuse.
Are patternes of the pangs of death, when life will
And of my bed eche sundrye part in shaddowes doth resemble, [flesh to trēble.
The sūdry shapes of deth, whose dart shal make my
My bed it selfe is like the graue, my sheetes the winding sheete, [me most meete:
My clothes the mould which I must haue, to couer
The hungry fleas which friske so freshe, to wormes I can cōpare, [the bones ful bare:
Which greedily shall gnaw my fleshe, and leaue
The waking Cock that early crowes to weare the night awaye, [the latter day.
Puts in my minde the trumpe that blowes before
And as I rise vp lustily, when sluggish sleepe is past,
So hope I to rise ioyfully, to Judgement at the last.
Thus wyll I wake, thus wyll I sleepe, thus wyl I hope to ryse, [godly wyse.
Thus wyll I neither waile nor weepe, but sing in
My bones shall in this bed remaine, my soule in God shall trust, [earthly dust.
By whome I hope to ryse againe from death and

Haud ictus sapio.

THE INTRODUCTION TO

THE PSALME OF DE PROFUNDIS.

The skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say:
Behold quoth I, bright Titan how he shroudes

His head abacke, and yelds the raine his reach,
Till in his wrath, Dan Ioue haue soust the soile,
And washt me wretch which in his trauaile toile.
But holla (here) doth rudenesse me appeach,
Since Ioue is Lord and king of mighty power,
Which can commaund the Sunne to shewe his face,
And (when him lyst) to giue the raine his place.
Why doe not I my wery muses frame,
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,)
To write some verse in honour of his name?

GASCOIGNES DE PROFUNDIS.

From depth of doole wherein my soule doth dwell,
From heauy heart which harbours in my brest,
From troubled sprite which sildome taketh rest.
From hope of heauen, from dreade of darkesome hell.
O gracious God, to thee I crye and yell.
My God, my Lorde, my louely Lorde aloane,
To thee I call, to thee I make my moane.
And thou (good God) vouchsafe in gree to take,
This woefull plaint,
Wherein I faint,
Oh heare me then for thy great mercies sake.

Oh bende thine eares attentiuely to heare,
Oh turne thine eyes, behold me how I wayle,
Oh hearken Lord, giue eare for mine auaile,
O marke in minde the burdens that I beare:
See howe I sinke in sorrowes euerye where.
Beholde and see what dollors I endure,
Giue eare and marke what plaintes I put in vre.
Bende wylling eare: and pittie therewithall,
My wayling voyce,
Which hath no choyce,
But euermere vpon thy name to call.

If thou good Lorde shouldest take thy rod in hande,
If thou regard what sinnes are daylye done,
If thou take holde where wee our workes begone,
If thou decree in Judgement for to stande,
And be extreame to see our scuses skande,
If thou take note of euery thing amysse,
And wryte in rowles howe frayle our nature is,
O gloryous God, O king, O Prince of power,
What mortall wight,
Maye then haue light,
To feele thy frowne, if thou haue lyst to lowre?

But thou art good, and hast of mercye store,
Thou not delyghst to see a sinner fall,
Thou hearknest first, before we come to call.
Thine eares are set wyde open euermore,
Before we knocke thou commest to the doore.
Thou art more prest to heare a sinner crye,
Then he is quicke to climbe to thee on hye.
Thy mighty name bee praysed then alwaye,
Let fayth and feare,
True witnesse beare,
Howe fast they stand which on thy mercy staye.

I looke for thee (my louelye Lord) therefore,
For thee I wayte, for thee I tarrye styll,
Myne eyes doe long to gaze on thee my fyll.
For thee I watche, for thee I prye and pore.
My Soule for thee attendeth euermore.
My Soule doth thyrst to take of thee a taste,
My Soule desires with thee for to bee plaste.
And to thy worde (which can no man deceyue)
Myne onely trust,
My loue and lust,
In confidence continuallye shall cleaue.

Before the breake or dawning of the daye,
Before the lyght be seene in loftye Skyes,
Before the Sunne appeare in pleasaunt wyse,
Before the watche (before the watche I saye)
Before the warde that waytes therefore alwaye:
My soule, my sense, my secreete thought, my sprite,
My wyll, my wishe, my ioye, and my delight:
Unto the Lord that sittes in heauen on highe.
With hastye wing,
From me doeth fling,
And stryueth styll, vnto the Lorde to flye.

O Israell, O housholde of the Lorde,
O Abrahams Brattes, O broode of blessed seede,
O chosen sheepe that loue the Lorde in deede:
O hungrye heartes, feede styll vpon his worde,
And put your trust in him with one accorde.
For he hath mercye euermore at hande,
His fountaines flowe, his springes do neuer stande.
And plenteouslye hee loueth to redeeme,
Such sinners all,
As on him call,
And faithfully his mercies most esteeme.

Hee wyll redeeme our deadly drowping state,
He wyll bring home the sheepe that goe astraye,
He wyll helpe them that hope in him alwaye:
He wyll appease our discorde and debate,
He wyll soone saue, though we repent vs late.
He wyll be ours if we continewe his,
He wyll bring bale to ioye and perfect blisse.
He wyll redeeme the flocke of his electe,
From all that is,
Or was amisse,
Since Abrahams heyres dyd first his Lawes reiect.

Euer or neuer.

GASCOIGNES MEMORIES,

Written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in myddest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delightes and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there to vndertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes. And being required by fiue sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred, before he entered into their fellowshippe, hee compiled these fiue sundrie sortes of metre vppon fiue sundrye theames, whiche they deliuered vnto him, and the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwelmarshe who deliuered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna iuuat.* And therevppon hee wrote this Sonnete following.

If yelding feare, or cancred villanie,
In Cæsars haughtie heart had tane the charge,
The walles of Rome had not bene rearde so hye,
Nor yet the mightye Empire left so large.
If Menelaus could haue ruld his wyll,
With fowle reproche to loose his faire delight,
Then had the stately towres of Troy stoode styll,
And Greekes with grudge had dronke their owne despight.

If dread of drenching waues or feare of fire,
Had stayde the wandring Prince amydde his race,
Ascanius then, the fruite of his desire,
In Lauine Lande had not possessed place.
But true it is, where lottes doe lyght by chaunce,
There Fortune helpes the boldest to aduaunce.

Sic tuli.

The nexte was at request of Antony Kinwelmarshe, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis sufficit*, and therevpon he wrote as foloweth.

The vaine excesse of flattering fortunes giftes,
Enuenometh the minde with vanitye,
And beates the restelesse braine with endlesse driftes,
To staye the staffe of worldly dignitie:
The begger standes in like extremitie.
Wherfore to lacke the moste, and leaue the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

By too too much Dan Crœsus caught his death,
And bought with bloud the price of glittering gold,
By too too litle many one lackes breath
And sterues in stretes a mirroure to beholde:
So pride for heate, and Pouertye pynes for colde.
Wherefore to lacke the most, and leaue the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

Store makes no sore: loe this seemes contrarye,
And mo the merier is a Prouerbe eke,
But store of sores maye make a maladye,
And one to many maketh some to seeke,
When two be mette that bankette with a leeke;
Wherefore to lacke the most and leaue the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

The rych man surfetteth by glottony,
Which feeleth still, and neuer standes content,
The poore agayne he pines for penurye,
Which liues with lacke when all and more is spente:
So to much and to little bothe bee shente.
Wherefore to lacke the moste, and leaue the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

The conqueroür with vncontented swaye,
Doth rayse vp rebelles by his auarice,
The recreaunt dothe yeeld himselfe a praye,
To forraine spoyle by slouth and cowardyce:
So too much and to little both be vyce.
Wherefore to lacke the most, and leaue the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

If so thy wife be too too fayre of face:
It drawes one gest too many to thine inne:
If she be fowle, and foyled with disgrace,
In other pillowes prickst thou many a pinne:
So fowle poore fooles, and fayrer fall to sinne,
Wherfore to lacke the moste, and leaue the least,
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

And of enough, enough, and newe no more,
Bycause my braynes no better can deuise,
When thinges be badde, a small summe maketh store,
So of suche verse a fewe maye soone suffice:
Yet still to this my weary penne replyes.
That I sayde last, and though you like it least,
It is enough and as good as a feast.

Sic tuli.

John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum vectigal parcimonia*, wherevppon he wrote thus.

The common speech is, spend and God will send
But what sendes he? a bottell and a bagge,
A staffe a wallet and a wofull ende,
For such as list in brauery so to bragge.
Then if thou couet coyne enough to spend,
Learne first to spare thy budget at the brinke,
So shall the bottome be the faster bound:
But he that list with lauish hand to linke,
(In like expence) a pennye with a pound,
May chaunce at last to sitte a side and shrinke
His harbraind head with out dame dainties dore.
Hick, hobbe, and Dick, with clouts vpon their knee,
Haue many times more goonhole grotes in store
And change of crownes more quicke at cal then he,
Which let their lease and take their rent before.
For he that rappes a royall on his cappe,
Before he put one penny in his pursse,
Had neede turne quicke and broch a better tappe,
Or els his drinke may chance go downe the wursse.
I not denie but some men haue good hap,
To climbe a lofte by scales of courtly grace,
And winne the world with liberalitye:
Yet he that yerks old angells out apace,
And hath no newe to purchase dignitye,
When orders fall, may chaunce to lacke his grace.
For haggard hawkes mislike an emptie hand:
So stiffely some sticke to the mercers stall,
Till sutes of silke haue swet out all their land,
So ofte thy neighbours banquet in thy hall,
Till Dauie Debet in thy parler stand,
And bids the welcome to thine owne decay.
I like a Lions lookes not worth a leeke
When euery Foxe beguiles him of his praye:
What sauce but sorrow serueth him a weeke,
Which all his cates consumeth in one daye?
First vse thy stomacke to a stand of ale,
Before thy Malmesey come in Marchantes bookes,
And rather were (for shifte) thy shirte of male,
Than teare thy silken sleues with teynter hokes,
Put feathers in thy pillowes great and small,
Lette them be princkt with plumes, that gape for plummes,
Heape vp bothe golde and siluer safe in hooches,
Catche, snatche, and scratche for scrapings and for crommes
Before thou decke thy hatte (on high) with brooches.
Lette first thyne one hand hold faste all that commes,
Before that other learne his letting flie:
Remember still that soft fire makes sweet malte,
No haste but good (who meanes to multiplye:)
Bought witte is deare, and drest with sower salte,
Repentaunce commes to late, and then saye I,
Who spares the first and keepes the last vnspent,
Shall finde that sparing yeeldes a goodly rent.

Sic tuli.

Alexander Neuile deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito, si sat bene*, wherevpon hee compiled these seuen Sonets in sequence, therin bewraying his owne *Nimis cito:* and therwith his *Vix bene*, as foloweth.

In haste poste haste, when first my wandring minde,
Behelde the glistring Courte with gazing eye,
Suche deepe delightes I seemde therin to finde,
As might beguile a grauer guest than I.

The stately pompe of Princes and their peeres,
Did seeme to swimme in flouddes of beaten goulde,
The wanton world of yong delightfull yeeres,
Was not vnlike a heauen for to behoulde.
Wherein dyd swarme (for euery saint) a Dame,
So faire of hue, so freshe of their attire,
As might excell dame Cinthia for Fame,
Or conquer Cupid with his owne desire.
These and suche lyke were baytes that blazed still
Before myne eye to feede my greedy will.

2. Before mine eye to feede my greedy will,
Gan muster eke mine olde acquainted mates,
Who helpt the dish (of vayne delighte) to fill
My empty mouth with dayntye delicates:
And folishe boldenesse toke the whippe in hande,
To lashe my life into this trustlesse trace,
Til all in haste I leapte a loofe from lande,
And hoyste vp soyle to catche a Courtly grace:
Eche lingring daye did seeme a world of wo,
Till in that haplesse hauen my head was brought:
Waues of wanhope so tost me to and fro,
In deepe dispayre to drowne my dreadfull thought:
Eche houre a day eche day a yeare did seeme,
And euery yeare a worlde my will did deeme.

3. And euery yeare a worlde my will did deeme,
Till lo, at last, to Court nowe am I come,
A seemely swayne, that might the place beseeme,
A gladsome guest embraste of all and some:
Not there contente with common dignitie,
My wandring eye in haste, (yea poste poste haste)
Behelde the blazing badge of brauerie,
For wante wherof, I thought my selfe disgraste:
Then peeuishe pride puffte vp my swelling harte,
To further foorth so hotte an enterprise:
And comely cost beganne to playe his parte,
In praysing patternes of mine owne deuise.
Thus all was good that might be got in haste,
To princke me vp, and make me higher plaste.

4. To prinke me vp and make me higher plaste,
All came to late that taryed any time,
Pilles of prouision pleased not my taste,
They made my heeles to heauie for to clime:
Mee thought it best that boughes of boystrous oake,
Should first be shread to make my feathers gaye.
Tyll at the last a deadly dinting stroake,
Brought downe the bulke with edgetooles of decaye:
Of euery farme I then let flye a lease,
To feede the purse that payde for peeuishnesse,
Till rente and all were falne in suche disease,
As scarse coulde serue to mayntayne cleanlynesse:
They bought, the bodie, fine, ferme, lease, and lande,
All were to little for the merchauntes hande.

5. All were to little for the merchauntes hande,
And yet my brauerye bigger than his booke:
But when this hotte accompte was coldly scande,
I thought highe time about me for to looke:
With heauie cheare I caste my head abacke,
To see the fountaine of my furious race.
Comparde my loss, my liuing, and my lacke,
In equall balance with my iolye grace.
And sawe expences grating on the grounde
Like lumpes of lead to presse my pursse full ofte,
When light rewarde and recompence were founde,
Fleeting like feathers in the winde alofte:
These thus comparde, I left the Courte at large,
For why? the gaines doth seeldome quitte the charge.

6. For why? the gaines doth seldome quitte the charge,
And so saye I, by proofe too dearely bought,
My haste mad wast, my braue and brainsicke barge,
Did float to fast, to catch a thing of nought:
With leasure, measure, meane, and many mo,
I mought haue kept a chayre of quiet state,
But hastie heads can not bee setled so,
Till croked Fortune giue a crabbed mate:
As busie braynes muste beate on tickle toyes,
As rashe inuention breedes a rawe deuise,
So sodayne falles doe hinder hastie ioyes,
And as swifte baytes doe fleetest fyshe entice.
So haste makes waste, and therefore nowe I saye,
No haste but good, where wisdome makes the waye.

7. No haste but good where wisdome makes the waye,
For profe whereof, behold the simple snayle,
(Who sees the souldiers carcasse caste a waye,
With hotte assaulte the Castle to assayle.)
By line and leysure clymes the loftye wall,
And winnes the turrettes toppe more conningly,
Than doughtye Dick, who loste his life and all,
With hoysting vp his head to hastilye.
The swiftest bitche brings foorth the blyndest whelpes,
The hottest Feuers coldest crampes ensue,
The nakedst neede hathe ouer latest helpes:
With Neuyle then I finde this prouerbe true,
That haste makes waste, and therefore still I saye,
No haste but good, where wisdome makes the waye.

Sic tuli.

Richarde Courtop (the last of the fiue) gaue him this theame, *Durum æneum & miserabile æuum*, and therevpon hee wrote in this wise.

When peerelesse Princes courtes were free from flatterie, [periurie.
The Justice from vnequal doome, the quest from
The pillers of the state, from proude presumption,
The clearkes from heresie, the commones from rebellion: [desarte,
Then right rewardes were giuen, by swaye of dewe
Then vertues derlinges might be plaste aloft to play their part: [of olde,
Then might they coumpt it true, that hath beene sayde
The children of those happie dayes, were borne in beds of golde. [sucke,
And swadled in the same: the Nurse that gaue them
Was wife to liberallitie, and lemman to good lucke.
When Cæsar woon the fielde, his captaines caught the Townes, [ful of crownes.
And euery painful souldiours purse was crammed
Licurgus for good Lawes, lost his owne libertie,
And thought it better to preferre common commoditie.
But nowe the times are turnde, it is not as it was,
The golde is gone, the siluer sunke, and nothing left but brasse. [seeme,
To see a King encroache, what wonder should it
When commons cannot be content, with countrie Dyadeeme?
The Prince may dye a babe, trust vp by trecherie,
Where vaine ambition doth moue trustlesse nobillitye. [failes,
Errours in pulpit preache, where faith in priesthood
Promotion (not deuotion) is cause why cleargie quailes.

Thus is the stage stakt out, where all these partes be plaide,
And I the prologue should pronounce, but that I am afraide. [king,
First Cayphas playes the Priest, and Herode sits as
Pylate the Judge, Iudas the Jurour verdict in doth bring, [aray,
Vaine tatling plaies the vice, well cladde in ritche
And poore Tom Trooth is laught to skorn, with garments nothing gay. [traine,
The woman wantonnesse, she commes with ticing
Pride in hir pocket plaies bo peepe, and bawdry in hir braine.
Hir handmaides be deceipte, daunger, and dalliaunce,
Riot and Reuell follow hir, they be of hir alliaunce:
Next these commes in Sim Swashe, to see what sturre they keepe. [him to creepe:
Clim of the Clough then takes his heeles, tis time for
To packe the pageaunt vp, commes Sorrow with a song,
He say these iestes can get no grotes, and al this geare goth wrong: [parte,
Fyrst pride without cause why, he singes the treble
The meane hee mumbles out of tune, for lacke of life and hart:
Cost lost, the counter Tenor chanteth on apace,
Thus all in discords stands the cliffe, and beggrie singes the base. [are sturring,
The players loose their paines, where so fewe pence
Their garmẽts weare for lacke of gains, and fret for lack of furring.
When all is done and past, was no part plaide but one
For euerye player plaide the foole, tyll all be spent, and gone.
And thus this foolishe iest, I put in dogrell rime,
Because a crosier staffe is best, for such a crooked time.

Sic tuli.

And thus an ende of these fiue Theames, admounting to the number of CCLVIII. verses, deuised ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Journey, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne: and therefore called Gascoignes memories.

AN EPITAPH VPON CAPTAINE BOURCHER

LATE SLAINE IN THE WARRES IN ZELANDE, THE WHICH HATH BENE TERMED THE TALE OF A STONE AS FOLOWETH.

Fye captaines fie, your tongues are tyed to close,
Your souldiours eke by silence purchase shame:
Can no man penne in meetre nor in prose,
The lyfe, the death, the valliaunt actes, the fame,
The birth, behauiour, nor the noble name,
Of such a feere as you in fight haue lost:
Alas such paines would quickly quite the cost.

Bourcher is dead, whom eche of you dyd knowe,
Yet no man writes one worde to paint his praise,
His sprite on highe, his carkasse here belowe,
Doth both condemne your doting ydle dayes:
Yet ceasse they not to sounde his worthy wayes,
Who liued to dye, and dyed againe to liue,
With death deere bought, he dyd his death forgiue.

He might for byrth haue boasted noble race,
Yet were his manners meeke and alwayes milde,
Who gaue a gesse by gazing on his face,
And iudge thereby, might quickly be beguilde,
In fielde a Lion, and in Towne a Childe,
Fierce to his foe, but courteouse to his friende,
Alas the while, his life so soone should ende?

To serue his Prince his life was euer prest,
To serue his God, his death he thought but dew,
In all attempts as foreward as the best,
And all to forewardes, which we all may rew,
His life so shewed, his death eke tried it true:
For where his foes in thickest prease dyd stande,
Bourcher caught bane with bloodie swords in hande.

And marke the courage of a noble heart,
When he in bed laye wounded wondrous sore,
And heard allarme, he soone forgot his smart
And calde for armes to shewe his seruice more:
I wyll to fielde (quod he) and God before;
Which sayde, he sailde into more quiet coast,
Styll praysing God, and so gaue vp the ghost.

Nowe muze not reader though westones can speake,
Or write sometimes the deedes of worthy ones,
I could not holde although my heart should breake,
(Because here by me buryed are his bones,)
But I must tell this tale thus for the nones
When men crye mumme and keepe such silence long,
Then stones must speake, else dead men shall haue wrong.

Finis quod Marmaduke Marblestone.

THE FRUITES OF WARRE,

Written vpon this theame, *Dulce Bellum inexpertis*, and it was written by peecemeale at sundrye tymes, as the Aucthour had vacaunt leysures from seruice, being begon at Delfe in Hollande, and dyrected to the ryght honourable the Lord Greye of Wylton as appeareth by the Epistle Dedicatory next following.

To the Right honorable and mine especiall good Lorde, the Lorde Greye of Wylton.

My Singular good Lorde: I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath throughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before my commyng hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise coniectour that you haue founde therein iust cause to laugh at my follies forepassed. So that I am partly in doubte whether I were more ouerseene in my first deuising, or in my last dyrecting of the same? But as fantasticall humours are common imperfections in greene vnmellowed braines: So hope I yet that your good Lordshippe wyll rather winke at my weakenesse in generallitie, than reproue my rashnesse in perticularitie. And because I would bee glad, to drawe your Lordshippe into forgetfulnesse thereof, by freshe recorde of some more martiall matter, as also for that I would haue your Honour perceaue that in these lyngering broyles, I doe not altogeather passe ouer my time in ydlenesse: I haue therefore thought meete nowe to present you with this Pamphlete written by stelth at

suche times as we Loytered from semice. And the sobiect thereof being warre, I could not more conuenientlye addresse the same vnto any Marshiall man, then vnto your good Lordshippe: Whome I haue heard to be an vniuersall patrone of all Souldiours, and haue found to bee an exceeding fauourour of mee your vnworthy follower. The verse is roughe. And a good reason, sithence it treateth of roughe matters, but if the sence be good then haue I hyt the marke which I shote at: Knowing that your Lordshippe can winne Honny out of the Thistle. And such as it is, I dyrect it vnto your Honour. Beseeching the same, to take it in gree, and to perceaue that I am and euer wyll continew.

Your Lordships
most bounden and assured.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.[1]

DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS.

To write of Warre and wote not what it is,
Nor euer yet could march where War was made,
May well be thought a worke begonne amis,
A rash attempt, in woorthlesse verse to wade,
To tell the triall, knowing not the trade:
Yet such a vaine euen nowe doth feede my Muse,
That in this theame I must some labor vse.

2. And herewithal I cannot but confesse,
Howe vnexpert I am in feates of warre:
For more than wryting doth the same expresse,
I may not boast of any cruell iarre,
Nor vaunt to see full valiant facts from farre:
I haue nor bene in Turkie, Denmarke, Greece,
Ne yet in Colch, to winne a Golden fleece.

3. But nathelesse I some what reade in writte,
Of high exploits by Martiall men ydone,
And therevpon I haue presumed yet,
To take in hande this Poeme now begonne:
Wherin I meane to tell what race they ronne,
Who followe Drummes before they knowe the dubbe,
And bragge of Mars before they feele his clubbe.

4. Which talk to tell, let first with penne declare[2]
What thing warre is, and whereof it proceeds,
What be the fruites that fall vnto their share
That gape for honor by those haughtie deeds,
What bloudie broyles in euery state it breeds:
A weary worke vneths I shall it write,
Yet (as I may) I must the same endite.

5. The Poets olde in their fonde fables faine,
That mightie Mars is god of Warre and Strife,
These astronomers[3] thinke, where Mars doth raigne,
That all debate and discorde must be rife,
Some thinke Bellona goddesse of that life:
So that some one, and some another iudge,
To be the cause of euery greeuous grudge.

6. Among the rest that Painter[4] had some skill,
Which thus in armes did once set out the same,
A fielde of Geules, and on a Golden hill
A stately towne consumed all with flame,
On cheafe of Sable (taken from the dame)
A sucking babe (oh) borne to byde myschaunce,
Begoarde with bloud, and perced with a launce.

7. On high the Helme, I beare it well in minde,
The Wreath was Siluer poudred all with shot,
About the which *(goutté du sang)* did twinde
A roll of Sable, blacke and foule beblot,
The Creast two handes, which may not be forgot,
For in the Right a trenchand blade did stande,
And in the Left a firie burning brande.

8. Thus Poets, Painters, and Astronomers,
Haue giuen their gesse this subiect to define,
Yet are those three, and with them trauellers,
Not best betrust among the Worthies nine,
Their woordes and workes are deemed not diuine:
But why? God knowes (my matter not so marre,)
Unlesse it be bicause they faine to farre.

9. Well then, let see what sayth the common voice,[5] [say?
These olde sayde sawes, of warre what can they
Who list to harken to their whispring noise,
May heare them talke and tattle day by day,
That Princes pryde is cause of warre alway:
Plentie brings pryde, pryde plea, plea pine, pine peace,
Peace plentie, and so (say they) they neuer cease.

10. And though it haue bene thought as true as steele,
Which people prate, and preach aboue the rest,
Yet could I neuer any reason feele,
To thinke *Vox populi vox Dei est*,
As for my skill, I compt him but a beast,
Which trusteth truth to dwell in common speeche,
Where euery lourden will become a leech.

11. Then what is warre? define it right at last,
And let vs set all olde sayde sawes aside,
Let Poets lie, let Painters faigne as fast,
Astronomers let marke how starres do glide,
And let these Trauellers tell wonders wide:
But let vs tell by trustie proufe of truth,
What thing is warre which raiseth all this ruth.

12. And for my parte my fansie for to wright,[6]
I say that warre is euen the scourge of God,
Tormenting such as dwell in princelie plight,
Yet not regarde the reaching of his rodde,
Whose deedes and dueties often times are odde,
Who raunge at random iesting at the iust,
As though they raignde to do euen what they lust.

13. Whome neyther plague can pull into remorse,
Nor dearth can drawe to mende that is amisse,
Within whose hearts no pitie findeth force,
Nor right can rule to iudge what reason is.
Whome sicknesse saluеth not, nor bale brings blisse:
Yet can high Ioue by waste of bloudie warre,
Sende scholemaisters to teach them what they are.

14. Then since the case so plaine by proufe doth stande,
That warre is such, and such alwayes it was,
Howe chaunceth then that many take in hande
To ioy in warre, whiles greater pleasures passe?
Who compt the quiet Burgher but an Asse,

[1] This dedication is omitted in the edition of 1587. *C.*
[2] à definito. [3] Poet's and Astronomer's definition.
[4] Painter's description.
[5] Common people's opinion.
[6] The Author's definition.

That liues at ease contented with his owne,
Whiles they seeke more and yet are ouerthrowne.

15. If Mars mooue warre, as Starcoonners can tel,
And Poets eke in fables vse to faine,
Or if Bellona cause mennes heartes to swell
By deadly grudge, by rancor or dysdaine,
Then what delight may in that life remaine?
Where anger, wrath, teene, mischiefe and debate,
Do still vpholde the pillars of the State?

16. If Painters craft haue truly warre dysplayde,
Then is it woorsse (and badde it is at best)
Where townes destroyde, and fields with bloud berayde,
Yong children slaine, olde widdowes foule oppresst,
Maydes rauished, both men and wiues distrest:
Short tale to make, where swerde and cindring flame
Consume as much as earth and ayre may frame.

17. If pryde make warre (as common people prate)
Then is it good (no doubt) as good may bee,
For pryde is roote of euill in euerie state,
The sowrse of sinne, the very feend his fee,
The head of Hell, the bough, the braunch, the tree,
From which do spring and sproute such fleshlie seedes,
As nothing else but moane and myschiefe breedes.

18. But if warre be (as I haue sayde before)
Gods scourge, which doth both Prince and people tame,
Then warne the wiser sorte by learned lore,
To flee from that which bringeth naught but blame,
And let men compt it griefe and not a game,
To feele the burden of Gods mightie hande,
When he concludes in iudgement for to stande.

19. Oh Prince[7] be pleasde with thine owne diademe,
Confine thy countries with their common boundes,
Enlarge no lande, ne stretch thou not thy streame,
Penne vp thy pleasure in Repentance poundes,
Least thine owne swordes be cause of all thy woundes:
Claime nought by warre where title is not good,
It is Gods scourge, then Prince beware thy bloud.

20. Oh Dukes, oh Earls, oh Barons, Knights and squiers,[8]
Kepe you content with that which is your owne,
Let brauerie neuer bring you in his briers,
Seeke not to mowe where you no seede haue sowne,
Let not your neighbors house be ouerthrowne,
To make your garden straight, round, euen, and square,
For that is warre, (Gods scourge) then Lordes beware.

21. Oh bishops, deacons, prelates, priests, and all,[9]
Striue not for tythes, for glebelande, nor for fees,
For polling Peter pens, for popish Pall,
For proud pluralities, nor newe degrees,
And though you thinke it lubberlike to leese,
Yet shoulde you lende that one halfe of your cote:
Then Priests leaue warre, and learne to sing that note.

22. Oh lawlesse Lawyers,[10] stoppe your too long nose,
Wherwith you smell your needie neighbors lacke,
Which can pretende a title to suppose,
And in your rules vplandish loutes can racke,
Till you haue brought their wealth vnto the wracke:
This is plaine warre, although you terme it strife,
Which God will scourge, then Lawyers leaue this life.

23. Oh Merchants[11] make more conscience in an oth,
Sell not your Silkes by danger nor deceyte,
Breake not your bankes with coine and credite bothe,
Heape not your hoordes by wilinesse of weyght,
Set not to sale your subtilties by sleight,
Breede no debate by bargayning for dayes,
For God will skourge such guiles tenne thousand wayes.

24. Oh countrie clownes,[12] your closes see you keepe,
With hedge, and ditche, and marke your meade with meares,
Let not dame flatterie in your bosome creepe,
To tell a fittone in your Landlordes eares,
And say the ground is his as playne appeares.
Where you but set the bounders foorth to farre:
Plie you the plough and be no cause of warre.

25. Oh common people[13] clayme nothing but right,
And ceasse to seeke that you haue neuer lost,
Striue not for trifles: make not all your might
To put your neighbours purse to needelesse cost,
When your owne gilte is spent, then farewell frost:
The Lawyer gaynes, and leades a Lordly lyfe,
Whiles you leese all and begge to stinte you stryfe.

26. Knew Kings and Princes what a payne it were,
To winne mo realmes than any witte can weelde,
To pine in hope, to fret as fast for feare,
To see their subiects murdred in the field,
To loose at last, and then themselues to yeeld,
To breake sounde sleepe with carke and inwarde care,
They would loue peace, and bidde warre well to fare.

27. If noble men and gentle bloodes yborne,
Wist what it were to haue a widdowes curse,
Knew they the skourge of God (which wrõgs doth skorne)
Who sees the poore still wronged to the worse,
Yet stayes reuenge till he it list disburse:
Wist they what were to catche Gods after clappes,
Then would they not oppresse so much perhappes.

28. These spirituall Pastors, nay these spitefull Popes,
Which ought to tende a lanterne to the rest,
Had they themselues but light to see the ropes,
And snares of Hell which for their feete are drest,
Bicause they pill and pole, bycause they wrest.
Bycause they couet more than borrell men,
(Harde be their hartes) yet would they tremble then.

29. Lawyers and Marchants put them both yfeare,
Could they foresee how fast theyr heyres lashe out,
If they in minde this old Prouerbe could beare,
De bonis malepartis vix (through out)
Gaudebit tertius hæres out of doubt,

[7] Prince. [8] Nobilitie. [9] Prelacie. [10] Lawyers, [11] Merchants. [12] Husbandmen. [13] Comunalitie.

They would percase more peace than plea procure,
Since goods ill got, so little time endure.

30. Whiles Pierce the Plowmā hopes to picke a thāke,
By mouing boundes (which got skarce graze his goose)
His Landlord lawes so long to winne that banke,
Till at the last the Ferme and all flies loose,
Then farewell Pierce the man proues but a mouse,
And seekes a cottage if he could one get,
So fayre he fisht by mouing mischief yet.

31. If common people could foresee the fine,
Which lights at last by lashing out at lawe,
Then who best loues this question, Myne or Tiyne,
Would neuer grease the greedy sergeants pawe,
But sit at home and learne this old sayde sawe,
Had I reuenged bene of euery harme,
My coate had neuer kept me halfe so warme.

32. But whether now? my wittes are went awrie,
I haue presumde to preache to long God wote.
Where mine empryse was well to testifie
How sweet warre is to such as knowe it not,
I haue but toucht their yll luck and their lot,
Which are the cause why strife and warres begin,
Nought haue I sayd of such as serue therein.

33. And therwithal I termed haue all strife,
All quarells, contecks, and all cruell iarres,
Oppressions, bryberes, and all greedy life,
To be *(in genere)* no bet than warres,
Wherby my theame is stretcht beyond the starres,
And I am entred in a field so large,
As to much matter doth my Muse surcharge.

34. But as the hawke which soareth in the skie,
And clymbes aloft for sollace of hir wing,
The greater gate she getteth vp on highe,
The truer stoupe she makes at any thing:
So shalt you see my Muse by wandering,
Finde out at last the right and ready way,
And kepe it sure though earst it went astray.

35. My promisse was, and I recorde it so,
To write in verse (God wot though lyttle worth)
That warre seemes sweete to such as little knowe
What commes therby, what frutes it bringeth forth:
Who knowes none euil his minde no bad abhorth,
But such as once haue fealt the skortching fire,
Will seldome (efte) to play with flame desire.

36. Then warre is badde: and so it is in deede,
Yet are three sortes which therin take delight,
But who they be now herken and take heede,
For (as I may) I meane their names to wright,
The first hight Haughtie harte, a man of might,
The second Greedy minde most men do call,
And Miser (he the mome) cōmes last of all.

37. As for the first,[14] three sparkes of mighty moode
Desire of fame, disdayne of Idlenesse,
And hope of honor, so inflame his bloud,
That he haunts warre to winne but worthinesse,
His doughty deedes alwayes declare no lesse:
For whyles most men for gaines or malice fight,
He gapes for glory setting lyfe but light.

[14] Haughty harts.

38. O noble mind: alas and who could thinke,
So good a hart so hard a happe should haue
A sweete perfume to fall into a sinke,
A costly iewell in a swelling waue,
Is happe as harde as if in greedy graue,
The lustiest lyfe should shryned be perforce,
Before dyre deathe gyue sentence of diuorce.

39. And such I counte the happe of Haughty hart,
Which hunts (nought els) but honor for to get,
Where treason, malyce, sicknesse, sore and smarte,
With many myschieues moe his purpose let,
And he meane while (which might haue spent it bet)
But loseth time, or doth the same mispend,
Such guerdons giues the wicked warre at end.

40. I set aside to tell the restlesse toyle,
The mangled corps, the lamed limbes at last,
The shortned yeares by fret of feuers foyle,
The smoothest skinne with scabbes and skarres disgrast,
The frolicke fauour frounst and foule defast,
The broken sleepes, the dreadfull dreames, the woe,
Which wonne with warre and cannot from him goe.

41. I list not write (for it becommes me not)
The secret wrath which God doth kindle oft,
To see the sucklings put vnto the pot,
To heare their giltlesse bloode send cries alofte,
And call for vengeance vnto him, but softe
The Souldiours they commit those heynous actes,
Yet Kings and Captaynes answere for such factes.

42. What neede me now at large for to rehearse,
The force of Fortune, when she list to frowne?
Why should I heere display in barreyne verse,
How realmes are turned topsie turuie downe,
How Kings and Keysars loose both clayme and crowne?
Whose haughty harts to hent all honour haunte,
Till high mishaps their doughtiest deedes do daunte.

43. All these with mo my penne shall ouerpasse,
Since Haughty harte hath fixt his fansie thus,
Let chaunce (sayeth he) be fickell as it was,
Sit bonus (in re mala) Animus,
Nam omne solum viro fortis Ius.
And fie (sayeth he) for goods or filthie gaine,
I gape for glorie, all the rest is vayne.

44. Vayne is the rest, and that most vayne of all,
A smouldring smoke which flieth with euery winde,
A tickell treasure, like a trendlyng ball,
A passing pleasure mocking but the minde,
A fickle fee as fansie well can finde.
A sommers fruite whiche long can neuer last,
But ripeneth soone, and rottes againe as fast.

45. And tell me Haughty harte, confesse a truth,
What man was aye so safe in Glories porte?
But traynes of treason (oh the more the ruth)
Could vndermine the Bulwarkes of this forte,
And raze his ramparts downe in sundrie sorte?
Searche all thy bookes, and thou shalt finde therein,
That honour is more harde to holde than winne.

46. Aske Iulius Cæsar[15] if this tale be true,
The man that conquered all the world so wide,

[15] Cæsar.

Whose onely worde commaunded all the crue,
Of Romayne Knights at many a time and tide,
Whose pompe was thought so great it could not glide.
At last with bodkins dubd and doust to death,
And all his glorie banisht with his breath.

47. Of malice more what should I make discource,
Than thy foule fall proude Pompey [16] by thy name,
Whose swelling harte enuying Cæsar's force,
Did boyle and burne in will and wicked flame,
By his downe fall thy fonder clyme to frame,
Till thine owne head bebathed with enmies teares,
Did ende thy glorie with thy youthfull yeares.

48. Alas alas how many may we reade,
Whome sicknesse sithe hath cut as greene as grasse?
Whome colde in Campes hath chaungd as pale as leade?
Whose greace hath molt all chaffed as it was,
With charges giuen, with skarmouching in chasse?
Some lamed with goute (soone gotten in the field)
Some forst by fluxe all glorie vp to yeeld.

49. Of sodayne sores, or clappes caught vnaware,
By sworde, by shotte, by mischief, or by mine,
What neede I more examples to declare,
Then Montacute [17] which died by doome deuine?
For when he had all France defayct, in fine,
From lofty towre discouering of his foes,
A Cannons clappe did all his glorie lose.

50. I had forgot (wherein I was to blame)
Of bolde braue Bourbon [18] somewhat for to say
That Haughty harte whome neuer Prince could tame,
Whome neyther towne could stoppe nor wall let way,
Nor king nor Keyser could his iorney stay:
His Epitaph downe set vpon his Tombe
Declares no lesse: I leaue it to your doome.

Deuicto Gallo, Aucto Imperio, Pontifice obsesso, Italia superata,
Roma capta, Borbonij hoc marmor babet cineres. [19]

51. Oh glorious title ringing out renowne,
Oh Epitaph of honor and high happe,
Who reades the same as it is there set downe,
Would thinke that Borbon sate in fortunes lappe,
And could not fall by chaunce of after clappe:
Yet he that wrote this thundring flattering verse,
Left out one thing which I must needes rehearse.

52. For when he had his king by warre foredone,
Enlargde the Empyre and besiegde the Pope,
Tane Rome, and Italy had ouerronne,
Yet was he forst, alwayes from lawes to lope,
And trudge from triall so to scape the rope:
Yea more than that a banisht man he serued,
Least loued of them whose thanks he most deserued.

53. Lo lordings here a lesson for the nones,
Behold this glasse and see yourselues therein,
This Epitaph was writte for worthy ones,
For Haughty harts which honor hunt to winne.
Beware beware, what broyles you do begin.
For smiling lucke hath oft times *Finem duram,*
And therefore thinke *possit victoria Curam.*

54. And yet if glory do your harts inflame,
Or hote desire a haughty name to haue,
Or if you thirst for high renowne or fame,
To blase such brute as time might not depraue,
You leese the labour that you might well saue:
For many a prayse in that meane while you past,
Which (bet than warre) might make your name to last.

55. As first (percase) you skipt Phylosophie,
That noble skill which doth surmount the rest,
Wherto if you had tied your memorie,
Then bruntes of warre had neuer bruzde your brest,
Yet had our name bene blazde, and you bene blest:
Aske Aristotle [20] if I speake amis,
Fewe Souldiers fame can greater be than his.

56. Next Rethorike, that hoonnie harmelesse arte,
Which conquers moe than warre can well subdue,
You past it by, and therfore loose your parte
Of glories great, which therevnto are due,
And might by right your names for aye renue:
Such glory loe did Cicero [21] attaine,
Which longer lasts, than other glories vaine.

57. Of Physike speake for me king Auicen, [22]
Who more esteemde the meane to saue himselfe,
Than lessons leude of proude ambitious men,
Which make debate for mucke and worldly pelfe:
Yet was his glory neuer set on shelfe,
Nor neuer shal, whyles any worlde may stande,
Where men haue minde to take good bookes in hande.

58. What shoulde I stretch into Astronomie?
Or maruels make of Musikes sugred sounde?
Or beate my braynes about Geometrie?
Or in Arithmetike of artes the grounde?
Since euermore it is and hath bene founde,
That who excels in any of the same,
Is sure to winne an euerlasting fame.

59. My meaning is no more but to declare,
That Haughtie hartes do spende their time in vaine,
Which followe warres, and bring themselues in snare,
Of sundrie ylls, and many a pinching paine,
Whiles if they list to occupie their braine,
In other feates with lesser toile ygot,
They might haue fame when as they haue it not.

60. Well, Greedie minde [23] is of another moode,
That man was framde out of some other molde,
He followes warres for wealth and worldlie good,
To fill his purse with grotes and glistring golde,
He hopes to buie that Haughtie harte hath solde:
He is as hote as any man at spoile,
But at a breach he keepeth no such coyle.

61. Alas good Greedie minde, and canst thou finde
No better trade, to fill thy boystrous baggs?
Is witte nowe wente so wandring from thy minde?
Are all thy points so voide of Reasons taggs?
Well so mayst thou come roysting home in raggs,
And lose thy time as Haughtie harte doth eke,
Whiles like a dolt thou wealth in warre dost seke.

16 Pompey. 17 Montacute Earle of Salisbury.
18 Borbon. 19 Borbons epitaph.
20 Aristotle. 21 Cicero. 22 Auicene.
23 Greedy minde.

62. O bleareyde foole, are both thine eyes beblast?
Canst thou not see? looke vp (what man?) God mend thee,
Looke at these Lawyers howe they purchase fast,
Marke wel these Marchants (better minde God send thee)
See howe the sutes of silke that they would lende thee,
And many mo so fine in fashion stande,
Till at the last they pay for vnthriftes lande.

63. The Grasier gets by feeding fatte his neate,
The Clothier coynes by carding locks of wooll,
The Butcher buildes by cutting out of meate,
The Tanners hydes do fill his budget full,
The Sheep maister his olde cast croanes can cull,
The Shoomaker can shift by shaping shooes,
The Craftie bawde can liue by keeping stewes.

64. The gorgeous Goldesmith getts the Diuell and all,
The Haberdasher heapeth wealth by hattes,
The Barber liues by handling of his ball,
The Coupers house is heelde by hooping fattes,
The Roge rubbes out by poysoning of Rattes,
The Chanell raker liueth by his fee,
Yet compt I him more worthie prayse than thee.

65. To rake vp ryches euermore by wrong,
To multiplie by mooving of myschiefe,
To liue by spoile which seeldome lasteth long,
To hoorde vp heapes whiles others lacke reliefe,
To winne all wealth by playing of the theefe,
Is not so good a gaine I dare auowe,
As his that liues by toyling at the plowe.

66. And yet the drudge that delueth in the grounde,
The poorest pesant and the homeliest hinde,
The meanest man that euer yet was founde,
To get a gaine by any trade or kinde,
Liues more at rest and hath more ease of minde,
More sure to winne, much lesser dread to leese,
Than any page that liues by Mars his fees.

67. Ne will I yet affray the doubtfull hartes
Of such as seeke for welth in warre to fat,
By thundring out the sundrie sodaine smartes
Which daily chaunce as fortune trilles the ball:
Sufficeth this to prooue my theame withall,
That euery bullet hath a lighting place,
Though Greedie minde forseeth not that disgrace.

68. The myst of More would haue, doth bleare his eyes,
So is he armde with auarice alway,
And as he couets more than may suffise,
So is he blinde and dazled day by day,
For whiles he ventures for a double pay,
He quite forgets the pay that payes for all,
Til Leade (for Golde) do glut his greedie gal.

69. Yea though he gaine and cram his purse with crounes,
And therewith scape the foemens force in fielde,
He nought foreseeth what treasons dwells in Townes,
Ne what mishappes his yll got goods may yeelde:
For so may chaunce (and seene it is not seelde)
His owne companions can contriue a meane,
To cutte his throate and rinse his budgets cleane.

70. But if he wist, or had the witte to knowe,
What dangers dwell, where might beares right adowne,
What inwarde griefes to quiet mindes may growe
By greedie thyrst of ryches or renowne,
Where *wrong* of warre oft times erects the crowne,
He would percase confesse among the rest,
That *Dulce bellum inexpertis est.*

71. So that I say as earst I sayde before,
That euen as Haughtie harte doth hunt in vaine,
Which seekes to winne most honor euermore,
By haunting warres: so can I see no gaine,
(With calme content) to feede that others vaine:
Wherfore my worde is still (I change it not)
That Warre seemes sweete to such as raunge it not.

72. Well then, let see what reason or what rule
Can Miser[24] moue, to march among the rest:
I meane not Miser he that sterues his Mule
For lacke of meate: no that were but a iest:
My Miser is as braue (sometimes) as best,
Where if he were a snudge to spare a groate,
Then Greedie minde and he might weare one coate.

73. But I by Miser meane the very man,
Which is enforst by chip of any chaunce,
To steppe aside and wander nowe and than,
Till lowring lucke may pipe some other daunce,
And in meane while yet hopeth to aduaunce
His staylesse state, by sworde, by speare, by shielde,
Such bulwarkes (loe) my Misers braine both builde.

74. The forlorne hope, which haue set vp their rest
By rash expence, and knowe not howe to liue,
The busie braine that medleth with the best,
And gets dysgrace his rashnesse to repreeue,
The man that slewe the wight that thought to theeue,
Such and such moe which flee the Catchpols fist,
I compt them Misers, though the Queene it wist.

75. And yet forsooth these loue to liue in warre,
When (God he knowes) they wote not what it meanes,
Where if they sawe how much deceyued they are,
Whiles they be brought into mine vncles beanes,
And hoppe in hazarde by their headie meanes:
Then woulde they learne and loue to liue at home,
Much rather yet than wide in warres to rome.

76. The vnthrift he that selles a roode of lande,
For Flemish stickes of Silkes and such like wares,[25]
Weenes yet at last to make a happie hande
By bloudie warre, and hopes to shredde such shares,
In goods yll got to counteruaile his cares,
That he may once recouer his estate,
To royst againe in spite of Catchpolles pate.

77. The restlesse tong that tattleth still at large,
Til iust correction cause it to be still,[26]
Is banisht oft, and sitts in Misers barge,
To brydle so the wandring of his will:
Yet when he heares a trumpet sounding shrill,
He followes fast, and to himselfe he sayes,
Nowe can I keepe me out of Catchpols wayes.

78. The bloudie murdrer and the craftie theefe,[27]
Which haue by force or fraude done what offence,

[24] Miser. [25] Unthriftes. [26] Praters.
[27] Felons.

To creepe in corners, oh they thinke it leefe,
Though Miser there do pay for their expence:
But when they heare a pay proclaimde for pence,
Loe then they trudge, and gape to get such wealth,
As may discharge their heads from hangmans health.

79. Of these three sortes full many haue I seene,
Some hate the streates, bicause the stones were hot,
Some shunde the Court (and though they lovde our Queene)
Yet in the Counsellors wayes they stumbled not,
Some might not drinke of Justice Griffyns pot:
But all and some had rather fight with foes,
Than once to light within the lappes of those.

80. As for the first what neede I much to wright?
Since now adayes the Sunne so hote doth shine,
That fewe yong blouds (vnlesse it be by night)
Can byde the streates: no, narrowe lanes be fine,
Where euery shade may serue them for a shrine:
But in Cheapside the Sunne so scaldes the streete,
That euery pauing stone would partch their feete.

81. So of the seconde somwhat could I say,
Howe tattling tungs and busie byting pennes,
Haue fledde from Court long sithens many a day,
And bene full gladde to lurke in Misers dennes,
Some for their owne speech, some for other mennes,
Some for their bookes bicause they wrote too much,
Yea some for rymes, but sure I knowe none such.

82. And for the thirde, I cannot blame them I,
If they at barre haue once helde vp their hande,
And smelt the smoke which might haue made them frie,
Or learnde the leape out of their natiue lande,
Me thinke if then their cause be rightly scande,
That they should more delight to follow drummes,
Than byde at home to come in hangmans thumbes.

83. But holla yet, and lay a strawe thereby,
For whyles they scape for one offence or twaine,
They goe so long to schole with fellonie,
And learne such lessons in the Soldiers traine,
That all delayes are dalied but in vaine:
For commonly at their home come they pay,
The debt which hangman claimde earst many a day.

84. How much were better then, with contrite harte
First to repent, and then to make amendes?
And therwithall to learne by troubles smarte,
What sweete repose the lawfull life vs lendes:
For when such plagues the mightie God vs sendes,
They come as well to scourge offences past,
As eke to teache a better trade at last.

85. And eke how much were better for the first,
To beare lowe sayle, beginne the worlde anewe,
And stande content to muster with the worst,
Till God conuey them to some better crewe,
It better were to bydde all pryde adieu,
And stoupe betimes in hope to ryse againe,
Than still to striue against the streame in vaine.

86. So were more meete for mealy mouthed men,
And busie medlers with their Princes mates,
Wryters and rimers for to turne their penne
In humble style vnto the loftie states,
And eke with tongue attending at their gates,
In lowly wise their fauour to beseeche,
Than still to stande in steute and sturdie speech.

87. But mighty Mars hath many men in store,
Which wayte alwayes to keepe his kingdome vp,
Of whome no one doth shewe his seruice more,
Than lingring Hope which still doth beare his cuppe,
And flatteringly lendes euery man a suppe,
Which haunts his courte or in his progresse passe,
Hope brings the boll whereon they all must quasse,

88. Th'ambitious Prince doth hope to conquer all,
The Dukes, Earles, Lords, and Knights hope to be
The Prelates hope to pushe for Popish pall, [kings,
The Lawyers hope to purchase wonderous things,
The Merchaunts hope for no lesse reckenings,
The peasant hopes to get a Ferme at least, [feast. [28]
All men are guestes where Hope doth holde the

89. Amongst the rest poore Miser is so drie,
And thristeth so to taste of some good chaunge,
That he in haste to Hope runnes by and by.
And drinkes so deepe (although the taste be straunge,)
That madding moode doth make his wittes to raunge,
And he runnes on where Hope doth leade the way,
Most commonly (God knowes) to his decaye.

90. So that for companie he sings the same,
Which Haughty harte and Greedy minde do sing,
He saieth that Bellum breedeth grief of game:
And though at first it seeme a pleasant thing
At last (sayeth he) it striketh with a sting,
And leaues a skarre although the wound be heald,
Which giues disgrace and cannot be conceald.

91. To proue this true how many in my dayes,
(And I for one) might be rehearced here,
Who after proofe of diuers wandring wayes,
Haue bene constreynd to sit with sorie cheere,
Close in a corner fumbled vp for feare? [forth,
Till frō such dennes, drummes dubbe hath calld thē
To chaunge their chaunce for lottes (ofte) little worth.

92. But here (me thinks) I heare some carping tong,
That barkes apace and killes me with his crie,
One thinkes he sayes that all this geare goeth wrong,
When workes of warre are wrotte by such as I,
Me thinkes I heare him still this text applie,
That euill may those presume to teache a trade,
Which nay themselues in Schollers roome did wade.

93. And for bycause my selfe confessed haue,
That (more than might by writte expressed be)
I may not seeme aboue my skill to braue,
Since yet mine eyes the warres did neuer see:
Therefore (say some) how fonde a foole is he,
That takes in hande to write of worthy warre,
Which neuer yet hath come in any iarre?

94. No iarre (good sir) yes yes and many iarres,
For though my penne of curtesie did putte,
A difference twixt broyles and bloudie warres,
Yet haue I shot at maister Bellums butte,
And throwen his ball although I toucht no tutte:
I haue percase as deepely dealt the dole,
As he that hit the marke and gat the gole.

[28] Hope is cupbearer to war.

95. For I haue seene full many a *Flushyng* fraye,[29]
And fleest in *Flaunders* eke among the rest,
The bragge of *Bruges*, where was I that daye?
Before the walles good sir as braue as best,
And though I marcht all armde withouten rest,
From *Aerdenburgh* and back againe that night,
Yet madde were he that would haue madd me knight.

96. So was I one forsooth that kept the towne,
Of *Aerdenburgh*[30] (withouten any walles)
From all the force that could be dressed downe,
By Alba Duke for all his cries and calles,
A high exployte. Wee held the Flemings thralles,
Seuen dayes and more without or bragges or blowes,
For all that while we neuer herd of foes.

97. I was againe in trench before *Tergoes*,[31]
(I dare not say in siege for bothe mine eares)
For looke as oft as euer Hell brake lose,
I meane as often as the Spainish peares,
Made salie foorth (I speak this to my pheares)
It was no more but which Cock for a groate,
Such troupes we were to keepe them vp in coate.

98. Yet surely this withouten bragge or boast,
Our English bloudes did there full many a deede,
Which may be chronicled in euery coaste,
For bolde attempts, and well it was agreed,
That had their heades bene rulde by warie heede,
Some other feate had bene attempted then,
To shew their force like worthie English men.

99. Sinee that siege raysde I romed haue about,
In Zeeland, Holland, Waterland, and all,
By sea, by land, by ayre, and all throughout,
As leaping lottes, and chance did seeme to eall,
Now here, now there, as fortune tridde the ball,
Where good Guyllam of Nassau[32] badde me be,
There needed I none other guyde but he.

100. Percase sometimes S. Gyptians pilgrymage,
Did carie me a moneth (yea sometimes more)
To brake the Bowres, and racke them in a rage,
Bicause they had no better cheere in store,
Beefe, Mutton, Capon, Plouer, Pidgeons, Bore,
All this was naught, and for no Souldiours toothe,
Were these no iarres? (speake now Sir) yes forsoothe.

101. And by my troth to speake euen as it is,
Such prankes were playde by Souldiours dayly there,
And though my self did not therein amisse,
(As God he knowes and men can witnesse beare,)
Yet since I had a charge, I am not cleare,
For seldome climes that Captaine to renowne,
Whose Souldiours faults so plucke his honour downe.

102. Well let that passe I was in rolling trench,
At *Ramykins*,[33] where little shotte was spent,
For gold and groates their matches still did quenche,
Which kept the Forte, and forth at last they went,
So pinde for hunger (almost tenne dayes pent)
That men could see no wrincles in their faces,
Their pouder packt in caues and priuie places.

103. Next that I serude by night and eke by daie,
By Sea, by lande, at euery time and tide,
Against Mountdragon[34] whiles he did assaie,
To lande his men along the salt sea side,
For well he wist that *Ramykins* went wide,
And therfore sought with victuall to supplie,
Poore *Myddleburgh* which then in suddes did lie.

104. And there I sawe full many a bold attempt,
By seelie soules best executed aye,
And brauest bragges (the foemens force to tempt)
Accomplished but coldely many a daye,
The Souldiour charge, the leader lope away,
The willing drumme a lustie marche to sounde,
Whiles ranke retyrers gaue their enimies ground.

105. Againe at Sea the Souldiour forward still,
When Mariners had little lust to fight,
And whiles we staie twixt fayute and forward will,
Our enemies prepare themselues to flight,
They hoyste vp saile (o wearie worde to wright)
They hoyste vp saile that lacke both streame and windes,
And we stand still so forst by frowarde mindes.

106. O victorie: (whome Haughty hartes do hunte)
O spoyle and praye (which greedy mindes desire)
O golden heapes (for whom these Misers wonte
To follow Hope which settes all hartes on fire)
O gayne, O golde, who list to you aspyre,
And glorie eke, by bolde attempts to winne,
There was a day to take your prisoners in.

107. The shippes retyre with riches full yfraught,
The Souldiours marche (meane while) into the towne,
The tide skarce good, the winde stark staring naught,
The haste so hoate that (eare they sinke the sowne)
They came on ground, and strike all sayles adowne:
While we (ay me) by backward saylers ledde,
Take vp the worst when all the best are fledde.

108. Such triuphs chance where such Lieutenãts rule,
Where will commaundes when skill is out of towne,
Where boldest bloudes are forced to recule,
By Simme the boteswayne when he list to frowne,
Where Captaynes crouch, and fishers weare the Crowne.
Such happes which happen in such haplesse warres,
Make me to tearme them broyles and beastly iarres.

109. And in these broyles (a beastly broyle to wryte,)
My Colonell, and I fell at debate,
So that I left both charge and office quite,
A Captaynes charge and eke a Martials state,
Whereby I proued (perhaps though all to late)
Howe soone they fall whiche leane to rotten bowes,
Such faith finde they, that trust to some mens vowes.

110. My harte was high, I could not seeme to serue,
In regiment where no good rules remayne,
Where officers and such as well deserue,
Shall be abusde by euery page and swayne,
Where discipline shall be but deemed vayne,
Where blockes are stridde by stumblers at a strawe,
And where selfe will must stande for martiall lawe.

[29] Flushyng frayes and fleesing of Flaunders.
[30] Aerdenburgh.
[31] Tergoes.
[32] The Prince of Orenge his name is Guillam of Nassau.
[33] Ramykins.
[34] A coronel of the kings side.

111. These things (with mo) I could not seeme
to beare,
And therevpon I crakt my staffe in two,
Yet stayde I still though out of pay I were,
And learne to liue as priuate Souldiours do,
I liued yet, by God and lacked too:
Till at the last when *Beauois* fledde amayne,
Our campe removde to streine *the lande van Strayne*.[35]

112. When *Beauois*[36] fledde, *Mountdragon* came
to towne,
And like a Souldiour *Myddelburgh* he kept,
But courage now was coldly come adowne,
On either side: and quietly they slept,
So that my self from Zeland lightly lept,
With full entent to taste our English ale,
Yet first I ment to tell the Prince my tale.

113. For though the warres waxt colde in euery
place,
And small experience was there to be seene,
Yet thought I not to parte in such disgrace,
Although I longed much to see our Queene:
For he that once a hyred man hath bene,
Must take his Maisters leaue before he goe,
Unlesse he meane to make his freend his foe.

114. Then went I straight to Delfe[37], a pleasant
towne,
Unto that Prince, whose passing vertues shine,
And vnto him I came on knees adowne,
Beseeching that his excellence in fine,
Would graunt me leaue to see this countrey mine:
Not that I wearie was in warres to serue,
Nor that I lackt what so I did deserue.

115. But for I found some contecke and debate,
In regiment where I was woont to rule,
And for I founde the staie of their estate,
Was forced now in townes for to recule,
I craued leaue no longer but till *Yewle*,[38]
And promist then to come againe *Sans fayle*,
To spende my bloud where it might him auayle.

116. The noble Prince gaue graunt to my request,
And made me passeporte signed with his seale,
But when I was with baggs and baggage prest,
The Prince began to ring another peale,
And sent for me, (desiring for my weale)
That I would stay a day or two, to see,
What was the cause he sent againe for mee.

117. My Colonell was nowe come to the Courte,
With whome the Prince had many things to treate,
And for he hoapte, in good and godlie sorte,
Tweene him and me to worke a friendlie feate,
He like a gracious Prince his braines did beate,
To set accorde betweene vs if he might,
Such paynes he toke to bring the wrong to right.

118. O noble Prince, there are too fewe like thee,
If Vertue wake, she watcheth in thy will,
If Justice liue, then surely thou art hee,
If Grace do growe, it groweth with thee still,
O worthy Prince would God I had the skill,
To write thy worth that men thereby might see,
How much they erre that speake amisse of thee.

119. The simple Sottes do coumpt thee simple too,
Whose like for witte our age hath seldome bredde,
The rayling roges mistrust thou darest not do,
As Hector did for whom the Grecians fledde,
Although thou yet werte neuer seene to dredde,
The slandrous tongues do say thou drinkst to much,
When God he knowes thy custome is not such.

120. But why do I in worthlesse verse deuise,
To write his prayse that doth excell so farre?
He heard our greeues himself in gratious wise,
And mildly ment to ioyne our angry iarre,
He ment to make that we beganne to marre:
But wicked wrath had some so farre enraged,
As by no meanes theyr malice could be swaged.

121. In this meane while the Spainiards came so
neare
That *Delfe* was girt with siege on euery side,
And though men might take shippyng euery where,
And so be gone at any time or tide,
Yet truth to tell (I speake it for no pryde)
I could not leaue that Prince in such distresse,
Which cared for me and yet the cause much lesse.

122. But see mishappe how craftely it creepes
Whiles fawning fortune fleareth full in face,
My heauie harte within my bellie weepes,
To recken here a droppe of darke disgrace,
Which fell vpon my pleasant plight apace,
And brought a packe of doubts and dumps to passe,
Whiles I with Prince in loue and fauour was.

123. A worthie dame whose prayse my penne
shal write
(My sworde shall eke hir honour still defende)
A louing letter to me did endight,
And from the Campe the same to me did sende,
I meane from Campe where foes their force did
bende:
She sent a brief vnto me by hir mayde,
Which at the gates of *Delfe* was stoutely stayde.

124. This letter tane, I was mistrusted much,
And thought a man that were not for to truste,[39]
The Burghers streight began to beare me grutche,
And cast a snare to make my necke be trust:
For when they had this letter well discust,
They sent it me by hir that brought it so,
To trie if I would keepe it close or no.

125. I redde the lines, and knowing whence they
came,
My harmelesse harte began to pant apace,
Wel to be playne, I thought that neuer Dame,
Should make me deale in any doubtfull case,
Or do the thing might make me hide my face:
So that vnto the Prince I went forthwith,
And shewed to him of all this packe the pith.

126. The thing God knowes was of no great
emport,
Some freendly lines the vertuous Lady wrote
To me hir freend: and for my safe passeporte,
The Campo-master Valdes his hand was gotte,
And seale therewith, that I might safely trotte,

[35] An Iland so called which was sore spoyled by our countreymen.
[36] A coronel of the kings side whiche was gouernour of Middleburgh next before Mountdragon.
[37] A towne in Holland.
[38] Christmas.
[39] The frute of fansie.

Unto the *Haghe*[40] a stately pleasaunt place,
Whereas remaynd this worthy womans grace.

127. And here I set in open verse to showe,
The whole effect wherfore this work was wrought,
She had of mine (whereof few folkes did knowe)
A counterfayte, a thing to me deare bought,
Which thing to haue I many times had sought
And when she knew how much I did esteeme it
Shee vowde that none but I should thence redeeme it.

128. Lo here the cause of all this secrete fleight,
I sweare by Ioue that nothing els was ment,
The noble Prince (who sawe that no deceipt,
Was practised) gaue trust to mine entent:
And leaue to write from whence the same was sent,
Yet still the Bowgers (Burghers should I saye)
Encreast their doubtes and watcht me day by day.

129. At euery porte it was (forsooth) belast,[41]
That I (*di groene Hopman*[42]) might not go out,
But when their foes came skirmishing full fast,
Then with the rest the Greene knight for them fought,
Then might he go without mistrust or doubt:
O drunken plompes, I playne without cause why,
For all cardes tolde there was no foole but I.

130. I was the foole to fight in your defence,
Which know no freende, nor yet your selues full well,
Yet thus you see how paye proclaymde for pence,
Pulles needie soules in steade of heauen to hell,
And makes men hope to beare away the bell.
Whereas they hang in ropes that neuer rotte,
Yet warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.

131. Well thus I dwelt in *Delfe* a winters tyde,
In *Delfe* (I say) without one pennie pay:
My men and I did colde and hunger bide,
To shew our truth, and yet was neuer day,
Wherein the Spanyard came to make vs play,
But that the Greene knight was amongst the rest,
Like Iohn Greyes birde that ventred with the best.[43]

132. At last the Prince to Zeland came himselfe,
To hunger Middleburgh, or make it yeeld,
And I that neuer yet was set on shelf,
When any sayld, or winde, or waues could weeld,
Went after him to shew my selfe in field.
The selfe same man which earst I vowed to be,
A trustie man to such a Prince as he.

133. The force of *Flaunders*, *Brabant*, *Geldres*, *Fryze*,
Henault, *Artoys*, *Lyegeland*, and *Luxembrough*,
Were all ybent, to bryng in new supplies
To *Myddleburgh*: and little all enough,
For why the *Gaulx*[44] would neyther bend nor bough.
But one of force must breake and come to nought,
All *Walkern*[45] theirs, or *Flushyng* dearly bought.

134. There once agayne I serued vpon seas,
And for to tell the cause and how it fell,
It did one day the Prince (my chieftayne) please,
To aske me thus: Gascoigne (quoth he) you dwell
Amongst vs still: and thereby seemeth well,
That to our side you beare a faithfull harte,
For else long since we should haue seene you starte.

135. But are (sayde he) your Souldiours by your side?
O Prince (quoth I) full many dayes be past,
Sinee that my charge did with my Cronell glyde:
Yet byde I here, and meane to be with last.
And for full proofe that this is not a blast
Of glorious talke: I craue some fisher boate,
To shew my force among this furious floate.

136. The Prince gan like my fayth and forward will,
Equyppt a Hoye[46] and set hir vnder sayle,
Wherein I serued according to my skill,
My minde was such, my cunning could not quayle,
Withouten bragge of those that did assayle
The foemens fleete which came in good aray,
I put my selfe in formost ranke alway.

137. Three dayes wee fought, as long as water serued,
And came to ancor neyghbourlike yfeere,
The Prince himselfe to see who best deserued,
Stoode euery day attending on the peere,
And might behold what barke went formost there:
Ill harte had he that would not stoutely fight,
When as his Prince is present still in sight.

138. At last our foes had tidings ouer lande,
That neare to *Bergh*[47] their fellowes went to wrack,
On *Scheld*[48] they mette by *Rymerswaell* a bande
Of *Edellbloets*,[49] who put their force abacke,
Lewes de Boyzott[50] did put them there to sacke,
And lost an eye, bicause he would resemble
Don Iuliane,[51] whome (there) he made to tremble.

139. When this was knowen *Sancio de Avila*,[52]
Who had the charge of those that fought with vs,
Went vp the *Hont*[53] and tooke the ready way,
To *Anwerpe* towne: leauing in daunger thus,
Poore *Myddelburgh* which now waxt dolorous,
To see all hope of succour shrinke away,
Whiles they lackt bread and had done many a day.

140. And when *Mountdragon* might no more endure,
He came to talke and rendred all at last,
With whome I was within the Cittie sure,
Before he went, and on his promisse past,
Such trust I had to thinke his fayth was fast:
I dinde, and supt, and laye within the towne,
A daye before he was from thence ybowne.

141. Thus *Middleburgh*, *Armew*, and all the rest,
Of *Walkern Ile* became the Princes pray,
Who gaue to me bycause I was so prest,
At such a pinche, and on a dismall day,
Three hundreth gilderns good aboue my pay.
And bad me bide till his abilitie,
Might better gwerdon my fidelitie.

[40] The pleasauntest village (as I thinke) that is in Europe.
[41] Forbidden.
[42] The Greene captaine.
[43] A prouerbe.
[44] Protestants.
[45] The Iland wherein Flushing doth stand.
[46] Rigged vp and fully furnished.
[47] A Towne.
[48] A River.
[49] Lusty gallants.
[50] The admiral of flushing.
[51] Iulian de Romero.
[52] The castellane of Anwerp.
[53] A river.

142. I will not lie, these Gilderns pleasd me well,
And much the more bycause they came vncraued,
Though not vnneeded as my fortune fell,
But yet thereby my credite still was saued,
My skores were payde, and with the best I braued,
Till (lo) at last, an English newe relief,
Came ouer seas, and Chester was their chief.

143. Of these the Prince perswaded me to take,
A band in charge with Coronels consent,
At whose requests I there did vndertake,
To make mine ensigne once againe fulfi bent,
And sooth to say, it was my full entent,
To loose the sadle or the horse to winne,
Such haplesse hope the Prince had brought me in.

144. Souldiours behold and Captaynes marke it well,
How hope is harbenger of all mishappe,[54]
Some hope in honour for to beare the bell,
Some hope for gaine and venture many a clappe,
Some hope for trust and light in treasons lappe.
Hope leades the way our lodging to prepare,
Where high mishap (ofte) keepes an Inne of care.

145. I hoapt to shew such force agaynst our foes,
That those of *Delf* might see how true I was,
I hopt in deede for to be one of those [passe,
Whome fame should follow, where my feete should
I hoapt for gaynes and founde great losse alas:
I hoapt to winne a worthy Souldiours name,
And light on lucke which brought me still to blame.

146. In *Valkenburgh* (a fort but new begonne)
With others moe I was ordeynde to be,
And farre beforne the worke were half way done,
Our foes set forth our sorie seate to see,
They came in time, but cursed time for mee,
They came before the courtine raysed were,
One onely foote aboue the trenches there.

147. What should we do, foure ensignes lately prest,
Fiue hundreth men were all the bulke we bare,
Our enimies three thousand at the least,
And so much more they might alwayes prepare:
But that most was, the truth for to declare,
We had no store of pouder, nor of pence,
Nor meate to eate, nor meane to make defence.

148. Here some may say that we were much to blame,
Which would presume in such a place to hyde,
And not foresee (how euer went the game)
Of meate and shotte our souldiours to prouide:
Who so do say haue reason on their side,
Yet proues it still (though ours may be the blot)
That warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.

149. For had our forte bene fully fortified,
Two thousand men had bene but few enow,
To man it once, and had the truth bene tried,
We could not see by any reason how,
The Prince could send vs any succour now,
Which was constreynd in townes himself to shield,
And had no power to shew his force in field.

150. Herewith we had nor powder packt in store,
Nor flesh, nor fishe, in poudring tubbes yput,
Nor meale, nor malt, nor meane (what would you more:)
To get such geare if once we should be shut.
And God he knowes, the English Souldiours gut,
Must haue his fill of victualles once a day,
Or els he will but homely earne his pay.

151. To scuse ourselues, and Coronell withall,
We did foretell the Prince of all these needes,
Who promised alwayes to be our wall,
And badde vs trust as truely as our creedes,
That all good wordes should be performd with deedes,
And that before our foes could come so neare,
He would both send vs men and merrie cheare.

152. Yea Robyn Hoode, our foes came downe apace,
And first they chargde another Forte likewise,
Alphen I meane, which was a stronger place,
And yet to weake to keepe in warlike wise,
Fiue other bandes of English Fanteries,[55]
Were therein set for to defend the same,
And them they chargde for to beginne the game.

153. This Forte fro ours was distant ten good miles,
I meane such myles as English measure makes,
Betweene vs both stoode *Leyden* towne therewhiles,
Which euerie day with fayre wordes vndertakes,
To feede vs fat and cramme vs vp with cakes,
It made vs hope it would supplie our neede,
For we (to it) two Bulwarkes were in deede.

154. But when it came vnto the very pinche,
Leyden farewell, we might for *Leyden* sterue,
I like him well that promiseth an inche,
And payes an ell, but what may he deserue
That flatters much and can no fayth obserue?
And old sayd sawe, that fayre wordes make fooles fayne,
Which prouerbe true we proued to our payne.

155. A conference among our selues we cald,
Of Officers and Captaynes all yfeere,
For truth (to tell) the Souldiours were apald,
And when we askt, nowe mates what merie cheere?
Their aunswere was: it is no bidyng here.
So that perforce we must from thence be gone,
Unlesse we ment to keepe the place alone.

156. Herewith we thought that if in time we went,
Before all streights were stopt and taken vp,
We might (perhaps) our enimies preuent,
And teach them eke to taste of sorowes cuppe,
At *Maesland Sluyse*, wee hoped for to suppe,
A place whereat we might good seruice do,
To keepe them out which tooke it after too.

157. Whiles thus we talke, a messenger behold,
From *Alphen* came, and told vs heauy newes,
Captaynes (quod he) hereof you may be bolde,
Not one poore soule of all your fellowes crewes,
Can scape aliue, they haue no choyse to chuse:
They sent me thus to bidde you shifte in time,
Els looke (like them) to sticke in Spainish lime.

158. Thus tale once tolde none other speech preuaylde,
But packe and trudge, all leysure was to long,

[54] Hope is the herbenger of mishappe.

[55] Footemen.

To mende the marte, our watche (which neuer
Descried our foes which marched all along, [faylde)
And towards vs began in hast to throng,
So that before our laste could passe the porte,
The foremost foes were now within the Forte.

159. I promest once and did performe it too,
To bide therein as long as any would,
What booted that? or what could Captaynes doo,
When commen sorte would tarie for no gould?
To speake a troth, the good did what they could,
To keepe the badde in rankes and good arayе,
But labour lost to hold that will away.

160. It needelesse were to tell what deedes were donne,
Nor who did best, nor who did worst that day,
Nor who made head, nor who began to runne,
Nor in retreate what chief was last alway,
But Souldiour like we held our enimies play:
And euery Captayne straue to do his best,
To stay his owne and so to stay the rest.

161. In this resyre three English miles we trodde,
With to face foes and shot as thicke as hayle,
Of whose choyce men full fiftie soules and odde,
We layed on ground, this is withouten fayle,
Yet of our owne, we lost but three by tale:
Our foes themselues confest they bought full deere,
The hote pursute whiche they attempted there.

162. Thus came we late at last to *Leyden* walles,
Too late, too soone, and so may we well say,
For notwithstanding all our cries and calles,
They shut their gates and turnd their eares away:
In fine they did forsake vs euery way,
And badde vs shifte to saue ourselues apace,
For vnto them were fonde to trust for grace.

163. They neither gaue vs meate to feede vpon,
Nor drinke, nor powder, pickar, toole nor spade,
So might we sterue, like misers woe begone,
And fend our foes, with blowes of English blade,
For shotte was shronke, and shift could none be made:
Yea more than this, wee stoode in open fielde,
Without defense from shotte our selues to shielde.

164. This thus wel weyed, whē weary night was past, [drommes,
And day gan peepe, wee heard the Spainish
Which stroke a marche about vs round to cast,
And foorth withall their Ensignes quickly cōmes,
At sight whereof, our Souldiours bitte their thōmes:
For well they wist it was no boote to flie,
And biding there, there was no boote but die.

165. So that we sent a drumme to summone talke,
And came to *Parlee* middle way betweene,
Monsieur de Licques, and *Mario* did walke,
From foemens side, and from our side were seene,
My self, that matche for *Mario* might bene:
And Captayne *Sheffeld* borne of noble race,
To matche *de Licques*, which there was chief in place.

166. Thus met we talkt, and stoode vpon our toes,
With great demaundes whome little might content,
We craued not onely freedome from our foes,
But shippyng eke with sayles and all full bent,
To come againe from whence we first were went:
I meane to come, into our English coast,
Which soyle was sure, and might content vs most.

167. An old sayde sawe, (and ofte seene) that whereas,
Thou comste to craue, and doubtst for to obtayne,
Iniquum pete (then) *vt æquum feras*,
This had I heard, and sure I was full fayne,
To proue what profite we thereby might gayne:
But at the last when time was stolen away,
We were full gladde to play another play.

168. We rendred then with safetie for our liues,
Our Ensignes splayed, and manyging our armes,
With furder fayth, that from all kinde of giues,
Our souldiours should remayne withouten harmes:
And sooth to say, these were no false allarmes,
For why? they were within twelue dayes discharged,
And sent away from pryson quite enlarged.

169. They were sent home, and we remayned still,
In pryson pent, but yet right gently vsed,
To take our liues, it was not *Licques* will,
(That noble blood, which neuer man abused,)
Nor euer yet was for his faith accused,
Would God I had the skill to write his prayse,
Which lent me comfort in my dolefull dayes.

170. We bode behind, foure moneths or little lesse,
But wherevpon that God he knowes not I,
Yet if I might be bolde to giue a gesse,
Then would I say it was for to espie,
What raunsome we would pay contentedly:
Or els to know how much we were esteemde,
In England here, and for what men ydeemde.

171. Now so it were, at last we were dispatcht,
And home we came as children come from schoole,
As gladde, as fishe which were but lately catcht,
And straight againe were cast into the poole:
For by my fay I coumpt him but a foole,
Which would not rather poorely liue at large,
Than rest in pryson fedde with costly charge.

172. Now haue I tolde a tedious tale in rime,
Of my mishappes, and what ill lucke I had,
Yet some may say, that all to lowde I chime,
Since that in warres my fortune was not badde,
And many a man in pryson would be gladde,
To fare no worse, and lodge no worse than wee,
And eke at last to scape and go so free.

173. I must confesse that both we were well vsed,
And promise kept according to contract,
And that nor wee, nor Souldiours were abused,
No rigour shewed, nor louely dealing lackt:
I must confesse that we were neuer rackt,
Nor forst to do, nor speake agaynst our will,
And yet I coumpt it froward fortune still.

174. A truth it is (since warres are ledde by chaunce,
And none so stoute but that sometimes may fall,)
No man on earth his honour might aduaunce,
To render better (if he once were thrall)
Why who could wishe more comforte at his call,
Than for to yeeld with ensigne full displayde,
And all armes borne in warlike wise for ayde?

175. Or who could wishe dispatche with greater speede,
Than souldiours had which taried so few dayes?
Or who could wishe, more succour at his neede,
Than vsed was to them at all assayes?
Bread, meate, and drinke, yea wagons in their wayes,
To ease the sicke and hurte which could not go,
All tane in warres, are seldome vsed so.

176. Or who could wishe (to ease his captiue dayes)
More libertie than on his fayth to rest?
To eate and drinke at Barons borde alwayes,
To lie on downe, to banquet with the best,
To haue all things, at euery iust request,
To borowe coyne, when any seemde to lacke,
To haue his owne, away with him to packe?

177. All this and more I must confesse we had,
God saue (say I) our noble Queene therfore,
Hinc illæ lachrimæ, there lays the padde,
Which made the strawe suspected be the more,
For trust me true, they coueted full sore,
To keepe our Queene and countrie fast their friendes,
Till all their warres might grow to luckie endes.

178. But were that once to happy ende ybrought,
And all stray sheepe come home agayne to folde,
Then looke to dore: and thinke the cat is nought,
Although she let the mouse from out hir holde:
Beleue me now, me thinkes I dare be bolde,
To thinke that if they once were freendes againe,
We might soone sell, all freendship founde in Spaine.

179. Well these are woordes and farre beyõd my reach,
Yet by the way receyue them well in worth,
And by the way, let neuer *Licques* appeach
My rayling penne, for thoughe my minde abhorrth,
All Spainish prankes: yet must I thunder forth
His worthy prayse, who held his fayth vnstayned,
And euermore to vs a freend remayned.

180. Why sayed I then, that warre is full of woes?
Or sowre of taste, to them that know it best?
Who so demaundes, I will my minde disclose,
And then iudge you the burdens of my brest:
Marke well my wordes and you shall finde him blest,
That medleth least with warres in any wise,
But quiet liues, and all debate defies.

181. For though we did with truth and honour yeeld,
Yet yeelding is alwayes a great disgrace,
And though we made a braue retyre in field,
Yet who retyres, doth alwayes yeeld his place:
And though we neuer did our selues embase,
But were alwayes at Barons table fedde,
Yet better were at home with Barlie breade.

182. I leaue to tell what losse we did sustaine,
In pens, in pay, in wares, and readie wealth,
Since all such trash may gotten be againe,
Or wasted well at home by priuie stelth:
Small losse hath he which all his liuing selth,
To saue his life, when other helpe is none,
Cast vp the saddle when the horse is gone.

183. But what I sayde, I say and sweare againe,
For first we were in Hollande sore suspect,
The states did thinke, that with some filthie gaine
The Spainish peeres vs Captaines had infect,
They thought we ment our ensignes to erect
In King's behalfe: and eke the common sorte,
Thought priuy pay had made vs leaue our forte.

184. Againe, the Kings men (onely Licques except,
And good Verdugo[36]) thought we were too well,
And that we were but playde with in respect,
When as their men in great distresse did dwell:
So that with hate their burning hartes did swell,
And bad hang vp or drowne vs euerychone,
These bones we had alway to byte vpon.

185. This sause we had vnto our costly fare,
And euery day we threatned were in deede,
So that on both sides we must byde the care,
And be mistrust of euery wicked deede,
And be reuilde, and must our selues yet feede
With lingring Hope, to get away at last,
That self same Hope whiche tyed vs there so fast.

186. To make vp all, our owne men playde their parte,
And rang a peale to make vs more mystrust,
For when they should away from vs departe,
And sawe vs byde, they thought we stayed for lust,
And sent them so in secrete to be trust: [solde
They thought and sayde, thus haue our Captaines
Us silly soules, for groates and glistring golde.

187. Yea, when they were to England safely brought,
Yet talkte they still euen as they did before:
For slaundrous tongues, if once they tattle ought,
With mickell paye will chaunge their wicked lore:
It hath bene proued full many dayes of yore,
That he which once in slander takes delight,
Will seldome frame his woordes to sounde aright.

188. Straunge tale to tell, we that had set them free,
And set ourselues on sandes for their expence,
We that remaynd in daunger of the tree,
When they were safe, we that were their defence,
With armes, with cost, with deedes, with eloquence:
We that saued such, as knew not where to flie,
Were now by them accusde of trecherie.

189. These fruits (I say) in wicked warres I founde,
Which make me wryte much more than else I would,
For losse of life, or dread of deadly wounde,
Shall neuer make me blame it though I could,
Since death doth dwell on euerie kinde of mould:
And who in warre hath caught a fatall clappe,
Might chaunce at home to haue no better happe.

190. So losse of goodes shall neuer trouble me,
Since God which giues can take when pleaseth him,
But losse of fame or slaundred so to be,
That makes my wittes to breake aboue their brimme,
And frettes my harte, and lames me euery limme:
For Noble minds their honour more esteeme,
Than worldly wights, or wealth, or life can deeme.

191. And yet in warres, such graffes of grudge do growe,
Such lewdnesse lurkes, such malice makes mischief,
Such enuie boyles, such falshood fire doth blowe,
That Bountie burnes, and truth is called thief,
And good desertes are brought into such brief,
That Slaunder snuffe which sweares the matter out,
Brings oftentimes the noblest names in doubt.

[36] A coronell of the kings side.

192. Then whether I be one of Haughty harte,
Or Greedy minde, or Miser in decay,
I sayde and say that for mine owne poore parte,
I may confesse that Bellum euery way,
Is Sweete: but how? (beare well my woordes away)
Forsooth, to such as neuer did it trie,
This is my Theame I cannot chaunge it I.

PERORATIO.

193. O noble Queene,[57] whose high foresight prouides,
That wast of warre, your realmes doth not destroye,
But pleasaunt peace, and quiet concord glydes,
In euery coast, to driue out darke anoye,
O vertuous dame, I say *Pardonez moy*,
That I presume in worthlesse verse to warne,
Thambitious Prince, his dueties to descerne.

194. Your skilfull minde (O Queene without compare)
Can soone conceyue that cause constraynes me so,
Since wicked warres haue bredde such cruell care,
In Flaunders, Fraunce, in Spaine and many mo,
Which reape thereby none other worth but wo:
Whiles you (meane while) enioy the fruites of peace,
Still praysing God, whose bounties neuer cease.

195. If you (my liege) vouchsafe in gratious wise,
To pardon that which passeth from my Muse,
Then care I not what other kings deuise,
In warres defense: nor though they me accuse,
And say that I their bloudie deedes abuse:
Your onely grace my soueraigne Lady be,
Let other Kings thinke what they list of me.

196. And you my Lordes[58] to whome I dueties owe,
And beare such loue as best becommeth me,
First Earle of Bedford, whome I right well know,
To honour armes: and woorthie Warwyke he,
In whose good grace I couet sore to be:
Then Leyster next, (Sussex not set behinde)
And worthy Essex men of noble minde.

197. Yong Oxenford as toward as the best,
Northumberland, and Ormount woorthy prayse,
Lyncolne, Kildare, and Worster with the rest
Of noble Earles, which hold your happy dayes
In high renowme, as men of warre alwayes:
With others mo to many to recite,
Vouchsafe my Lordes to pardone that I write.

198. Of Wilton Grey (to whome these rimes I wrote)
With all the Barons bold of English soyle,
I humbly craue that it may be forgotte,
Although my Muze haue seemde to keepe a coyle
With mighty men which put the weake to foyle:
I ment not you since, by your deedes appeares,
You rule with right, like wise and worthy peares.

199. Right reuerend, of Canterbury chiefe,
London, and Lincoln, Bishoppes by your name,[59]
Good Deane of Pawles (which lend a great relief,
To naked neede) and all the rest of fame,
In pastors place: with whome I were too blame,
If Neuynsone my maister were not plaste,
Since by his helpe I learning first embraste.

200. Beare with my verse, and thinke I ment not you,
Whereas I spake of pride in Prelacie,
But let it bide euen there where first it grew,
Till God vouchsafe to quench hipocrisie,
Which by pretence to punish heresie,
Doth conquere realmes, and common concords breake,
You know my mind, I neede no playner speake.

201. You gemmes of Justice, chiefe of either bench,[60]
And he that keepes hir Maiesties great seale,
Good Queenes attorney, he whose pitties quench
(I say sometimes) the rigour of his zeale,
When miserie, to mercy must apeale,
And Sergeant Louelace, many ways my friend,
As I haue found (yet let me there not end,)

202. But hold my tale to Rugge and all the rest
Of good Grayes Inne, where honest Yeluerton,
And I *Per se* sometimes yfeere did rest,
When amitie first in our brests begonne,
Which shall endure as long as any Sunne
May shine on earth, or water swimme in Seas,
Let not my verse your lawlike minds displease,

203. For well wot you, our master Christ himselfe,
Which had but twelue Apostles in his trayne,
Had Iudas yet, which solde for worldly pelfe
Our Sauiour: this text is true and playne:
And when so many Lawyers do remayne,
There may be some although that you be none,
Which breede debate and loue to cast a bone.

204. In Chancerie I neede no man suspect,
Since conscience, in that court beareth sway,
Yet in the same I may no wayes neglect,
Nor worthy Powle, nor Cordell by the way,
Of whome that one, is of my keepe the keye,
That other once did lende me such aduise,
As was both sounde and good, had I bene wise.

205. He tolde me once, (I beare it well in minde,
And shall it nay forget whyles lyfe doth last)
That harde it is a noble name to finde,
In such attempts as then in seruice past:
Beleue me now I founde his wordes no blast,
Wherfore I pray both him and his compeere,
To beare with that which I haue written heere.

206. And as for Merchants,[61] though I finde the most
Hard harted men and compting cunningly,
Yet Albany shall thinke I do not boast
In rayling wise: for sure his curtesie,
Constreynes me now to prayse him worthely.
And gentle Rowe with Luntlye[61] make me say,
That many Merchaunts beare euen what they may.

207. But to conclude, I meane no more but thus,
In all estates some one may treade awrye,
And he that list my verses to discusse,
Shall see I ment no more, but modestly
To warne the wise, that they such faults do flie
As put downe peace by couine or debate,
Since warre and strife bryng wo to euery state.

FINIS.

L'ENVOIÉ.

Go little Booke, God graunt thou none offende,
For so meant hee which sought to set thee foorth,

[57] Prince. [58] Nobilitie. [59] Prelacie. [60] Lawyers. [61] Merchaunts.

And when thou commest where Soldiers seeme to wend,
Submit thy selfe as writte but little woorth:
Confesse withall, that thou hast bene too bolde,
To speak so plaine of Haughtie hartes in place,
And say that he which wrote thee coulde haue tolde
Full many a tale, of blouds that were not base:
He coulde haue writte Dan Dudleyes noble deedes,
Whose like hath since bene harde on earth to finde,
Although his Vertue shewes it selfe in Seedes,
Which treade his tracks, and come not farre behinde.
He might haue sung of Grey the woorthie prayse,
Whose ofspring holdes the honor of his sire:
He coulde declare what Wallop was alwayes,
What Awdelie seemde, what Randell did require.
He coulde say what desertes in Drewrie be,
In Reade, in Bryckwell, and a meany moe:
But bashfulnesse did make him blush, least he
Should but eclypse their fames by singing so.
Suffiseth this, that still he honors those
Which wade in warres to get a woorthie name,
And least esteemes the greedie snudge, which goes
To-gayne good golde, without respecte of fame.
And for the thirde sorte, those that in dystresse
Do driue their dayes, till drummes do draw them out,
He coumpts him selfe to bee nor more nor lesse,
But euen the same: for sure withouten doubt,
If drummes once sounde a lustie martch in deede,
Then farewell bookes, for he will trudge with speede.

FINIS.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.
coreçted, perfected, and finished.

Who soeuer is desirous to reade this proposicion more at large and cunningly handled, let him but peruse the Prouerbe or adage it self in the first Centurian of the fourth *Chyliyade* of that famouse Clarke *Erasmus Roterodamus:* the whiche is there also Entituled: *Dulce bellum inexpertis.*

GASCOIGNES GARDNINGS,

WHEREOF WERE WRITTEN IN ONE END OF A CLOSE WALKE WHICHE HE HATH IN HIS GARDEN, THIS DISCOURSE FOLLOWING.

The figure of this world I can compare,
To Garden plots, and such like pleasaunt places,
The world breedes men of sundry shape and share,
As hearbes in gardens, grow of sundry graces:
Some good, some bad, some amiable faces,
Some foule, some gentle, some of froward mind,
Subiect like bloome, to blast of euery wind.

And as you see the floures most fresh of hew,
That they proue not alwayes the holesomest,
So fayrest men are not alwayes found true:
But euen as withred weedes fall from the rest,
So flatterers fall naked from their neast:
When truth hath tried, their painting tising tale,
They loose their glosse, and all their iests seeme stale.

Yet some do present pleasure most esteeme,
Till beames of brauerie wither all their welth,
And some agayne there be can rightly deeme,
Those herbes for best, which may mainteine their helth.
Considering well, that age drawes on by stelth,
And when the fayrest floure is shronke and gone,
A well growne roote, will stand and shifte for one.

Then thus the restlesse life which men here leade,
May be resembled to the tender plant,
In spring it sprouts, as babes in cradle breede,
Florish in May, like youthes that wisdome want,
In Autumne ripes and rootes, least store waxe skante
In winter shrinks and shouddes euery blast,
Like crooked age when lusty youth is past.

And as the grounde or grace whereon it grewe,
Was fatte or leane, euen so by it appeares,
If barreyn soyle, why then it chaungeth hewe,
It fadeth faste, it flits to fumbling yeares,
But if he gathered roote amongst his feeres,
And light on lande that was well muckte in deede,
Then standes it still, or leaues increase of seede.

As for the reste, fall sundrie wayes (God wot)
Some faynt lyke froathe at euery little puffe,
Some smarte by swoorde, like hearbes that serue the pot,
And some be weeded from the finer stuffe,
Some stande by proppes to maynteyne all their ruffe:
And thus (vnder correction bee it tolde)
Hath Gascoigne gathered in his Garden molde.

Haud ictus sapio.

In that other ende of his sayde close walke, were written these toyes in ryme.

If any floure that here is growne,
Or any hearbe may ease your payne,
Take and accompte it as your owne,
But recompenee the lyke agayne:
For some and some is honest playe,
And so my wyfe taughte me to saye.

If here to walke you take delight,
Why come, and welcome when you will:
If I bidde you suppe here this night,
Bidde me an other time, and still
Thinke some and some is honest playe,
For so my wife taught me to saye.

Thus if you suppe or dine with mee,
If you walke here, or sitte at ease,
If you desire the thing you see,
And haue the same your minde to please,
Thinke some and some is honest playe,
And so my wife taught me to saye.

Haud ictus sapio.

In a chayre in the same Garden was written this followyng.

If thou sitte here to viewe this pleasant garden place,
Think thus: at last will come a frost, and all these floures deface:
But if thou sitte at ease to rest thy wearie bones,
Remember death brings finall rest to all oure greeuous grones.
So whether for delight, or here thou sitte for ease,
Thinke still vpon the latter day, so shalt thou God best please.

Haud ictus sapio.

Vpon a stone in the wall of his Garden he had written the yeare wherein he did the coste of these deuises, and therewithall this posie in Latine.

QUONIAM etiam humiliatos, amœna delectant.

GASCOIGNES VOYAGE INTO HOLLANDE. AN. 1572.

WRITTEN TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDE GREY OF WILTON.

A STRAUNGE conceyte, a vayne of newe delight,
Twixt weale and woe, twixte ioy and bitter griefe,
Hath pricked foorth my hastie penne to write
This woorthlesse verse in hazarde of repreefe:
And to mine *Alderlicuest*[1] Lorde I must endite
A wofull case, a chippe of sorie chaunce,
A tipe of heauen, a liuely hew of hell,
A feare to fall, a hope of high aduance,
A life, a death, a drearie tale to tell.
But since I know the pith of my pastaunce
Shall most consist in telling of a truth,
Vouchsafe my Lord (*en bon gré*[2]) for to take
This trustie tale the storie of my youth,
This Chronicle which of my selfe I make,
To shew my Lord what healplesse happe ensewth,
When heddy youth will gad without a guide,
And raunge vntide in leas of libertie,
Or when bare neede a starting hole hath spide
To peepe abroade from mother Miserie,
And buildeth Castels in the Welkin wide,
In hope thereby to dwell with wealth and ease.
But he the Lord (whome my good Lord doth know)
Can bind or lose, as best to him shall please,
Can saue or spill, rayse vp or ouerthrowe,
Can gaul with griefe, and yet the payne appease.
Which thing to proue if so my Lord take time,
(When greater cares his head shall not possesse)
To sitte and reade this raunging ragged rime,
I doubt not then but that he will confesse,
What falles I found when last I leapt to clime.
In March it was, that cannot I forget,
In this last March vpon the nintenth day,
When from Grauesend in boate I gan to iette
To boorde our shippe in Quinborough that lay,
From whence the very twentieth day we set
Our sayles abrode to slice the Salt sea fome,
And ancors weyde gan trust the trustlesse floud:
That day and night amid the waues we rome
To seeke the coast of Holland where it stoode.
And on the next when we were farre from home,
And neare the hauen whereto we sought to sayle,
A fearly chaunce; (whereon alone to thinke)
My hande now quakes, and all my senses fayle)
Gan vs befall: the Pylot gan to shrinke,
And all agaste his courage seemde to quayle.
Whereat amazed, the Maister and his mate
Gan aske the cause of his so sodeyne chaunge.
And from aloft the Stewarde of our state,
(The sounding plumbe) in haste poste hast must raunge,
To trye the depth and goodnesse of our gate.
Mee thinkes (euen yet) I heare his heaule voyce,
Fadome three[3], foure, foote more, foote lesse, that cride:
Me thinkes I heare the fearefull whispring noyse,
Of such as sayde full softely (me beside)
God graunte this iourney cause vs to reioyce,
When I poore soule, which close in caban laye,
And there had reacht till gaule was welneare burst
With giddie head, my stumbling steppes must stay
To looke abroade as boldly as I durst.
And whyles I hearken what the Saylers saye,
The sownder sings, fadame two full no more.
Aloofe, aloofe, then cried the Maister out,
The Stearesmate striues to sende vs from the shore,
And trustes the streame, whereof wee earst had doubt,
Tweene two extreeme thus were we tossed sore,
And went to hull[4], vntill we feyzure had
To talke at large, and eke to know the cause
What moode had made our Pylot looke so sad.
At last the Dutche with butterbitten iawes,
(For so he was a Dutche, a Deuill, a swadde,
A foole, a drunkarde, or a traytour tone)
Gan aunswere thus: *Ghy ziit te vroegh*[5] here come,
T'is niet goet tiit[6] and standing all alone,
Gan preache to vs, which fooles were all and some
To trust him foole, in whom there skill was none.
Or what knew wee if Albaes subtill brayne
(So to preuent our enterpryse by treazon)
Had him subornde to tice vs to this trayne
And so him selfe (*per Companye* and seazon)
For spite, for hate, or else for hope of gayne.
This must we thinke that Alba[7] woold not spare
To giue out gold for such a sinfull deede:
And glistring gold can oftentimes ensnare,
More perfect wits than Holland soyle doth breede.
But let that passe, and let vs now compare
Our owne fond fact with this his foule offence.
We knew him not, nor where he wond that time,
Nor if he had Pylots experience,
Or Pylats crafte, to cleare him selfe from crime.
Yea more than that (how voyde were we of sense)
We had small smacke of any tale he tolde;
He powrde out Dutch to drowne vs all in drinke,
And we (wise men) vppon his words were bolde,
To runne on head: but let me now bethinke
The masters speech: and let me so vnfold
The depth of all this foolish ouersight.
The master spake euen like a skilfull man,
And sayde I sayle the Seas both day and night,
I know the tides as well as other can,
From pole to pole I can the courses plight:
I know Fraree, Spaine, Greece, Denmarke, Dansk and all,
Frize, Flaunders, Holland, euery coast I know,
But truth to tell, it seldome doth befall,
That English merchants euer bend their bowe
To shoote at Breyll, where now our flight should fall,
They send their shafts farder for greater gayne.
So that this hauen is yet (quoth he) vnkouth,[8]
And God graunt now that England may attayne
Such gaines by Breyll, (a gospell on that mouth)
As is desired: thus spake the master playne.
And since (saide he) my selfe knew not the sowne,
How could I well a better Pylot fynde,
Than this (which first) did saye he dwelt in towne,
And knew the way where euer sat the wynde?
While we thus talke, all sayles are taken downe,
And we to hull (as earst I sayd) gan wend,
Till full two houres and somewhat more were past,
Our guyde then spake in Dutch and bad vs bend
All sayles againe: for now quod he (at last)
Die tiit is goet, dat heb ick weel bekend.[9]

[1] Best beloued. [2] In good worth.
[3] Fadom and a half, three he.
[4] When all sayles are take downe.
[5] Yoube to soone. [6] It is not good tide.
[7] The Duke. [8] Vnknown.
[9] It is good tide that know I well.

Why staye I long to ende a wofull tale?
We trust his Dutch, and vp the foresayle goes,
We fall on knees amyd the happy gale,
(Which by Gods will full kynd, and calmely blowes)
And vnto him we there vnfolde our bale,
Whereon to thinke I wryte and weepe for ioye,
That pleasant song the hundreth and seuenth Psalme,
There dyd we reade to comfort our annoye,
Which to my soule (me thought) was sweete as balme,
Yea farre more sweete than any worldly toye.
And when he had with prayers praysd the Lord,
Our *Edell Bloetts* [10], gan fall to eate and drinke,
And for their sauce, at takyng vp the borde
The shippe so strake (as all we thought to sinke)
Against the ground. Then all with one accorde
We fell againe on knees to pray apace,
And therewithall euen at the second blowe,
(The number cannot from my minde outpace)
Our helme strake of, and we must fleete and flowe,
Where winde and waues would guide vs by their grace.
The winde waxt calme as I haue sayde before.
(O mightie God so didst thou swage our woes)
The selly shippe was sowst and smitten sore,
With counter buffetts, blowes and double blowes.
At last the keele which might endure no more,
Gan rende in twayne and suckt the water in:
Then might you see pale lookes and wofull cheare,
Then might you heare loude cries and deadly dinne:
Well noble minds in perils best appeare,
And boldest harts in bale will neuer blinne.
For there were some (of whome I will not say
That I was one) which neuer changed hew,
But pumpt apace, and labord euery way
To saue themselues, and all their louely crew,
Which cast the best fraight ouerboorde away,
Both corne and cloth, and all that was of weight.
Which halde and pulde at euery helping corde,
Which prayed to God and made their conscience streight.
As for my self: I here protest my Lorde,
My words were these: O God in heauen on height,
Behold me not as now a wicked wight,
A sacke of sinne, a wretch ywrapt in wroth,
Let no fault past (O Lord) offende thy sight,
But weye my will which now those faults doth lothe,
And of thy mercy pittie this our plight.
Euen thou good God which of thy grace didst saye
That for one good, thou wouldst all Sodome saue,
Behold vs all: thy shyning beames displaye,
Some here (I trust) thy goodnesse shall engraue,
To be chast vessels vnto thee alwaye,
And so to liue in honour of thy name:
Beleue me Lord, thus to the Lord I sayde.
But there were some (alas the more their blame)
Which in the pumpe their onely comfort layde,
And trusted that to turne our griefe to game.
Alas (quod I) our pumpe good God must be,
Our sayle, our sterne, our tackling, and our trust.
Some other cried to cleare the shipboate free,
To saue the chiefe and leaue the rest in dust.
Which word once spoke (a wondrous thing to see)
All hast post hast, was made to haue it done:
And vp it commes in hast much more than speede.
There did I see a wofull worke begonne,
Which now (euen now) doth make my hart to bleede.
Some made such hast that in the boate they wonne,
Before it was aboue the hatches brought.
Straunge tale to tell, what hast some men shall make
To find their death before the same be sought.
Some twixt the boate and shippe their bane do take,
Both drownd and slayne with braynes for hast crusht out.
At last the boat halfe fraighted in the aire
Is hoyst alofte, and on the seas downe set,
When I that yet in God could not dispaire,
Still plide the pumpe, and patiently did let
All such take boate as thither made repaire.
And herewithall I safely may protest
I might haue wonne the boate as wel as one,
And had that seemed a safetie for the rest
I should percase euen with the first haue gone.
But when I saw the boate was ouer prest
And pestred full with moe than it might beare,
And therwithall with cherefull looke might see
My chiefe companions [11] whome I held most deare
(Whose companie had thither trained me)
Abiding still aboorde our shippe yfeare:
Nay then (quoth I) good God thy will be done,
For with my feeres I will both liue and dye.
And eare the boate farre from our sight was gon
The waue so wrought, that they (which thought to flee
And so to scape) with waues were ouerronne.
Lo how he striues in vaine that striues with God
For there we lost the flowre of the band,
And of our crew full twentie soules and odde,
The Sea sucks vp, whils we on hatches stand
In smarting feare to feele that selfe same rodde.
Well on (as yet) our battred barke did passe,
And brought the rest within a myle of lande,
Then thought I sure now neede not I to passe,
For I can swymme and so escape this sande.
Thus dyd I deeme all carelesse like an Asse,
When sodaynely the wynde our foresayle tooke,
And turnd about and brought vs eft to Seas.
Then cryed we all, cast out the ancor hooke,
And here let byde such helpe as God may please:
Which ancor cast, we soone the same forsooke,
And cut it off, for feare least therevpon
Our shippe should bowge, then callde we fast for fire,
And so dischargde our great gunnes euerychone,
To warne the towne thereby of our desire:
But all in vayne, for succor sent they none.
At last a Hoy from Sea came flinging fast,
And towards vs helde course as streight as lyne.
Then might you see our hands to heauen vp cast
To render thanks vnto the power deuine,
That so vouchsafte to saue vs yet at last:
But when this Hoy gan (welneere) boorde our barke,
And might perceiue what peryll we were in,
It turnd away and left vs still in carke, [12]
This tale is true (for now to lie were sin)
It lefte vs there in dreade and daungers darke.
It lefte vs so, and that within the sight
And hearing both of all the peare at Breyll.
Now ply thee pen, and paint the foule despite
Of drunken Dutchmen standing there euen still,
For whom we came in their cause for to fight,
For whom we came their state for to defende,
For whom we came as friends to grieue their foes,
They now disdaynd (in this distresse) to lend
One helping boate for to asswage our woes:
They sawe our harmes the which they would not mend,
And had not bene that God euen then did rayse
Some instruments to succor vs at neede,
We had bene sunk and swallowed all in Seas.
But Gods will was (in way of our good speede)

[10] Lusty gallants.

[11] Yorke and Herle.

[12] Care.

That on the peare (lamenting our mysease)
Some Englishe were, whose naked swordes did force
The drunken Dutch, the cankred churles to come,
And so at last (not moued by remorce,
But forst by feare) they sent vs succor some:
Some must I say: and for to tell the course,
They sent vs succor saust with sowre despite,
They saued our liues and spoylde vs of the rest,
They stale our goods by day and eke by night,
They shewed the worst and closely kept the best.
And in this time (this treason must I wryte)
Our Pylot fled, but how? not emptie handed:
He fled from vs, and with him did conueye
A Hoy full fraught (whiles we meane while were landed)
With pouder, shotte, and all our best araye:
This skill he had, for all he set vs sanded.
And now my Lord, declare your noble mynde,
Was this a Pylot, or a Pilate iudge?
Or rather was he not of Iudas kynde:
Which left vs thus and close away could trudge?
Well, at the Bryell to tell you what we finde,
The Gouernour was all bedewed with drinke,
His truls and he were all layde downe to sleepe,
And we must shift, and of our selues must thinke
What meane was best, and how we best might keepe
That yet remaynd: the rest was close in clinke.
Well, on our knees with trickling teares of ioye,
We gaue God thanks; and as we might, did learne
What might be founde in euery pynke[13] and hoye.
And thus my Lord, your honour may desceme,
Our perils past, and how in our anoye
God saued me (your Lordshippes bound for euer)
Who else should not be able now to tell,
The state wherein this countrey doth perseuer,
Ne how they seeme in carelesse mindes to dwell.
(So did they earst and so they will do euer)
And to my Lord for to bewray my minde
Me thinkes they be a race of Bullbeefe borne,
Whose hartes their Butter mollyfieth by kinde,
And so the force of beefe is cleane outworne:
And eke their braines with double beere are lynde:
So that they march bumbast with-buttred beere,
Like soppes of browesse puffed vp with froth,
Where inwardely they be but hollowe geere,
As weake as winde, which with one puffe vp goeth:
And yet they bragge, and thinke they haue no peere,
Bicause Harlem hath hitherto helde out,
Although in deed (as they haue suffred Spayne)
The ende thereof euen now doth rest in doubt.
Well, as for that, let it (for me) remaine
In God his hands, whose hand hath brought me out,
To tell my Lord this tale nowe tane in hande,
As howe they traine their trezons all in drinke,
And when them selues for drunk can scarcely stande,
Yet sucke out secretes (as them selues do thinke)
From guests. The best (almost) in all their lande,
(I name no man, for that were brode before)
Will (as men say) enure the same sometime,
But surely this (or I mistake him sore)
Or else he can (but let it passe in rime)
Dissemble deepe, and mocke sometimes the more:
Well, drunkennesse is here good companie,
And therewithall *per consequens* it falles
That whordome is accompted iollitie:
A gentle state, where two suche Tenisballes
Are tossed still and better bowles let lie.

[13] A small bote.

I cannot herewith from my Lord conceale,
How God and Mammon here do dwell yfeare,
And how the Masse is cloked vnder veale
Of pollicie, till all the coast be cleare.
Ne can I chuse, but I must ring a peale,
To tell what hypocrytes the Nunnes here be:
And how the olde Nunnes be content to go,
Before a man in streates like mother B,
Untill they come wheras there dwels a Ho,
(Receyue that halfe, and let the rest go free)
There can they poynt with finger as they passe,
Yea sir, sometimes they can come in themselfe,
To strike the bergaine tweene a wanton lasse,
And *Edel bloets:* nowe is not this good pelfe?
As for the yong Nunnes, they be bright as glasse,
And chaste forsooth, *met v:* and *anders niet:*
What sayde I? what? that is a misterie,
I may no verse of such a theame endite,
Yong Rowland Yorke may tell it bet than I:
Yet to my Lorde this little will I write,
That though I haue (my selfe) no skill at all,
To take the countnance of a Colonel,
Had I a good Lieutenant general,
As good Iohn Zuche whereuer that he dwel,
Or else Ned Dennye (faire mought him befal)
I coulde haue brought a noble regiment
Of smugskinnde Nunnes into my countrey soyle:
But farewell they as things impertinent,
Let them (for me) go dwell with master Moyle,
Who hath behight to place them well in Kent.
And I shall well my sillie selfe content,
To come alone vnto my louely Lorde,
And vnto him (when riming sporte is spent)
To tel some sadde and reasonable worde,
Of Hollandes state, the which I will present,
In Cartes, in Mappes, and eke in Models made,
If God of heauen my purpose not preuent.
And in meane while although my wits do wade
In ranging rime, and fling some follie foorth,
I trust my Lorde will take it well in woorth.

Haud ictus sapio.

THE STEELE GLAS.

The Nightingale, whose happy noble hart,
No dole can daunt, nor feareful force affright,
Whose chereful voice, doth comfort saddest wights,
When she hir self, hath little cause to sing,
Whom louers loue, bicause she plaines their greues,
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their payne,
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes esteemed much,
And grauest yeares, haue not disdainde his notes:
(Only that king proud Tereus by his name
With murdring knife, did carue hir pleasant tong,
To couer so, his owne foule filthy fault)
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,
To sing a song, in spight of their despight,
Which worke my woe, withouten cause or crime,
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,
By slaundrous steppes, and stayres of tickle talke
To clime the throne, wherin my selfe should sitte.
O Philomene, then help me now to chaunt:
And if dead beastes, or liuing byrdes have ghosts,
Which can conceiue the cause of carefull mone,
When wrong triumphes, and right is ouertrodde,
Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,
In barrayne verse, to tell a frutefull tale,

A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes
Of learned men, and graue Philosophers.

And you my Lord (whose happe hath heretofore
Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,
And yet haue deignde, with fauor to forget
The faults of youth, which past my hasty pen:
And therwithall, haue graciously vouchsafte,
To yeld the rest, much more than they deservde)
Vouchsafe (Io now) to reade and to peruse,
This rimles verse, which flowes from troubled mind.
Synce that the line, of that false caytife king,
(Which rauished fayre Phylomene for lust,
And then cut out, her trustie tong for hate)
Liues yet (my Lord) which words I weepe to write.
They liue, they liue, (alas the worse my lucke)
Whose greedy lust, vnbridled from their brest,
Hath raunged long about the world so wyde
To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,
And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)
Whose harmelesse hart, perceivde not this deceit.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderstand,
The mysteries, of all that I do meane,
I am not he whom slaunderous tongues haue tolde,
(False tongues in dede, and craftie subtile braines)
To be the man, which ment a common spoyle
Of louing dames, whose eares wold heare my words
Or trust the tales deuised by my pen.
In'am a man as some do thinke I am.
(Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,
Or at the least, a right Hermaphrodite:
And who desires, at large to knowe my name,
My birth, my line, and euery circumstance,
Lo reade it here, Playne dealyng was my Syre,
And he begat me by Simplicitie, [1]
A paire of twinnes at one selfe burden borne,
My Sist' and I, into this world were sent,
My Systers name, was pleasant Poesys
And I my selfe had Satyra to name, [2]
Whose happe was such, that in the prime of youth,
A lusty ladde, a stately man to see,
Brought vp in place, where pleasures did abound,
(I dare not say, in court for both myne eares)
Beganne to woo my sister, not for wealth,
But for hir face was louely to beholde,
And therewithall, hir speeche was pleasant stil.
This Nobles name, was called Vayne Delight, [3]
And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe
Of guylefull wights: False semblant was the first, [4]
The second man was, Flearing flattery,
(Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)
Then followed them, Detraction and Deceite,
Sym Swash did beare a buckler for the first,
False witnesse was the second stemly page
And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,
This Galant came, vnto my fathers courte,
And woed my sister, for she elder was,
And fayrer eke, but out of doubt (at least)
Hir pleasant speech surpassed mine so much,
That Vayne Delight, to hir address his sute.
Short tale to make, she gaue a free consent,
And forth she goeth, to be his wedded mate, [5]
Entyst percase, with glasse of gorgeous shewe,
(Or else perhappes, persuaded by his peeres)
That constant loue had herbord in his brest,
Such errors growe where suche false Prophets preach.

How so it were, my Syster likte him wel,
And forth she goeth, in Court with him to dwel,
Where when she had some yeeres ysoiourned,
And saw the world, and marked eche mans minde,
A deepe Desire hir louing hart enflamde,
To see me sit by hir in seemely wise,
That companye might comfort hir sometimes,
And sound advice might ease hir wearie thoughtes:
And forth with speede, (euen at hir first request)
Doth Vaine Delight, his hasty course direct,
To seeke me out his sayles are fully bent,
And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,
Whereas she laye, that mourned days and nights
To see hir selfe, so matchte and so deceivde,
And when the wretch (I cannot terme him bet)
Had me on seas ful farre from friendly help,
A sparke of lust, did kindle in his brest,
And bad him harke, to songs of Satyra.
I selly soule (which thought no body harme),
Gan cleere my throte and straue to sing my best,
Which pleasde him so, and so enflamde his hart,
That he forgot my sister Poesys.
And ravisht me, to please his wanton minde, [6]
Not so content: when this foule fact was done,
(Yfraught with feare, least that I should disclose
His incest: and his doting darke desire)
He causde straight wayes, the formost of his crew [7]
With his compeare, to trie me with their tongues:
And when their guiles, could not preuaile to winne
My simple mynde, from tracke of trustie truth,
Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through fraud,
Came Slander then, accusing me, and sayde,
That I entist Delyght, to loue and luste.
Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought none il.
And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,
They clapt me faste, in cage of Myserie, [8]
And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
Vntil this theefe, this traytor vaine Delight,
Cut out my tong, with Raysor of Restraynte,
Least I should wraye, this bloody deede of his.

And thus (my Lord) I liue a weary life, [9]
Not as I seemd, a man sometimes of might,
But womanlike, whose teares must venge her harms.
And yet, euen as the mighty gods disdaine
For Philomele, that thoughe hir tong were cutte,
Yet should she sing a pleasant note sometimes:
So haue they deignd, by their deuine decrees,
That with the stumps of my reproued tong,
I may sometimes, Reprouers deedes reproue,
And sing a verse, to make them see themselues.

Then thus I sing, this selly song by night
Like Philomene, since that the shining Sunne
Is now eclypst, which wont to lend me light.
And thus I sing, in corner closely cowcht
Like Philomene, since that the stately courts,
Are now no place, for such poore byrds as I.
And thus I sing, with pricke against my brest
Like Philomene, since that the priuy worme,

[1] Not ignorant symplicity but a thought free from deceite.
[2] Satyrical poetrye may rightly be called the daughter of such symplicitie.
[3] Where may be commonly found a meeter woer for plesant poetry than vaine Delight?
[4] Such men do many tymes attend vpon vaine Delight.
[5] Poetrie married to vain Delight.
[6] Satyrical Poetry is sometimes rauished by vayne Delight.
[7] False semblant and flatterie can seldome beguile satirical Poetrye.
[8] The reward of busy medling is Miserie.
[9] Note now and compare this allegory to the story of Progne and Philomele.

Which makes me see my reckles youth mispent,
May well suffise, to keep me waking still.

And thus I sing, when pleasant spring begins,
Like Philomene, since euery tangling byrd,
Which squeaketh loude, shall neuer triumph so,
As though my muze were mute and durst not sing.

And thus I sing, with harmelesse true intent,
Like Philomene, when as percase (meane while)
The Cuckowe suckes mine eggs by foule deceit,
And lickes the sweet, which might have fed me first.

And thus I moane, in mournfull wise to sing,
A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde)
A trustie tune, from auncient clyffes conueyed,
A playne song note, which cannot warble well.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world, [10]
Wherin I see, howe euery kind of man
Can flatter still, and yet deceiues himselfe.
I seeme to muse, from whence such errour springs,
Such grosse conceits, such mists of darke mistake,
Such Surcuydry, [11] such weening ouer well,
And yet in dede, such dealings too too badde.
And as I stretch my weary wittes, to weighe
The cause therof, and whence it should proceede,
My battred braynes, (which now be shrewdly brusde
With cannon shot, of much misgouernment)
Can spye no cause, but onely one conceite,
Which makes me thinke, the world goeth stil awry.

I see and sigh, (bycause it makes me sadde)
That peuishe pryde, doth al the world possesse,
And euery wight, will haue a looking glasse
To see himselfe, yet so he seeth him not:
Yea shal I say? a glasse of common glasse,
Which glistreth bright, and shewes a seemely shew,
Is not enough, the days are past and gon,
That Berral glasse, with foyles of louely brown,
Might serue to shew, a seemely fauord face.
That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,
Which thought that steele, both trusty was and true
And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
But shewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The christal glas, which glimseth braue and bright,
And shewes the thing, much better farr than it,
Begaylde with foyles, of sundry subtil sights,
So that they seeme, and couet not to be.

This is the cause (beleue me now my Lorde)
That Realmes do rewe, from high prosperity.
That kings decline, from princely gouernment,
That Lords do lacke, their auncestors good wil,
That knights consume, their patrimonie still,
That gentlemen, do make the merchant rise,
That plowmen begge, and craftesmen cannot thriue,
That clergie quayles, and hath smal reuerence,
That laymen liue, by mouing mischief stil,
That courtiers thriue, at letter Lammas day,
That officers, can scarce enrich their heyres,
That Soldiours sterve, or prech at Tiborne crosse,
That lawyers buye, and purchase deadly hate,
That merchants clyme, and fal againe as fast,
That roysters brag, aboue their betters rome,
That sicophants, are counted idly guests,
That Lais leades a Ladies life alofte,
And Lucrece lurkes, with sobre bashful grace.

[10] Here the substance of them beginneth.
[11] Overweening conceit, from the French. C.

This is the cause (or else my Muze mistakes)
That things are thought, which neuer yet were wrought.
And castels buylt, aboue in lofty skies,
Which neuer yet, had good foundation.
And that the same may seme no feined dreame,
But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,
I haue presumde, my Lord for to present
With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,
And came to me, by wil and testament
Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.

Lucylius, [12] this worthy man was namde,
Who at his death, bequeathd the christel glasse,
To such as loue, to seme but not to be,
And vnto those, that loue to see themselues,
How foule or fayre, soever that they are,
He gan bequeath a glasse of trustie Steele,
Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
Bycause it shewes, all things in their degree.
And since myselfe (now pride of youth is past)
Do loue to be, and let al seeming passe,
Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or should,
Therfore I like this trustie glasse of Steele.

Wherin I see, a frolike fauor frounst [13]
With foule abuse, of lawlesse lust in youth:
Wherein I see, a Sampsons grim regarde
Disgraced yet with Alexanders bearde: [14]
Wherein I see, a corps of comely shape
(And such as might beseeme the courte full wel)
Is cast at heele, by courting al to soone:
Wherein I see, a quick capacitie, [15]
Berayde with blots of hight Inconstancie:
An age suspect, bycause of youthes misdeedes
A poets brayne, posseste with layes of loue:
A Cæsars minde, and yet a Codrus might,
A Souldiours hart, suppresst with feareful doomes
A Philosopher, foolishly fordone.
And to be playne, I see my selfe so playne,
And yet so much vnlike that most I seemde,
As it were not, that Reason ruleth me,
I should in rage, this face of mine deface,
And cast this corps, downe headlong in dispaire,
Bycause it is, so farre vnlike it selfe.

And therewithal, to comfort me againe,
I see a world, of worthy gouernment,
A common welth, with policy so rulde,
As neither lawes are sold, nor iustice bought,
Nor riches sought, unlesse it be by right,
No crueltie, nor tyrannie can raigne,
No right reuenge, doth rayse rebellion,
No spoyles are tayne, although the sword preuaile,
No ryot spends, the coyne of common welth,
No rulers hoard, the countries treasure vp,
No man growes riche, by subtilty nor sleight:
All people dreade, the magistrates decree,
And al men feare, the scourge of mighty Ioue.
Lo this (my lord) may wel deserue the name,
Of such a land, as milke and hony flowes.
And this I see, within my glasse of Steel,
Set forth euen so, by Solon (worthy wight)
Who taught king Crœsus, what it is to seme,
And what to be, by proofe of happie end.
The like Lycurgus, Lacedemon king,

[12] A famous old satyrical Poete.
[13] The auecthor himselfe.
[14] Alexander Magnus had but a small beard.
[15] He which will rebuke other mens faults, shal doo wel not to forget hys owne imperfections.

Did set to shew, by viewe of this my glasse,
And left the same, a mirrour to behold,
To euery prince, of his posterity.

But now (aye me) the glasing christal glasse [rych,
Doth make us thinke, that realmes and townes are
Where fauor sways, the sentence of the law,
Where al is fishe, that cometh to the net,
Where mighty power, doth ouer rule the right,
Where iniuries, do foster secret grudge,
Where bloudy sword, makes euery booty prize,
Where banquetting, is compted comly cost,
Where officers grow rich by princes pens,
Where purchase comes by conin and deceit,
And no man dreads, but he that cannot shift,
Nor none serue God, but only tong tide men.
Againe I see, within my glasse of Steele,
But some estates, to serue eche country soyle,
The King, the Knight, the Pesant, and the Priest.
The King should care for al the subjects still,
The Knight should fight, for to defende the same,
The Peasant he, should labour for their ease,
And Priests should pray, for them and for themselues.

But out alas, such mists do bleare our eyes,
And christal glasse, doth glister so therwith,
That Kings conceiue, their care is wonderous great
When as they beat, their busie restles braynes,
To maintaine pompe, and high triumphant sights,
To fede their fil, of daintie delicates,
To glad their harts, with sight of pleasant sportes,
To fil their eares, with sound of instruments,
To breake with bit, the hot coregious horse,
To deck their handes, with sumpteous cloth of gold,
To cloth themselues, with silkes of straunge deuise,
To search the rocks, for pearles and pretious stones,
To delue the ground, for mines of glistering gold:
And neuer care, to maynteine peace and rest,
To yeld reliefe, where neady lacke appears,
To stop one eare, vntil the poore man speake,
To seme to sleepe, when Iustice still doth wake,
To gard their lands, from sodaine sword and fier
To feare the cries of giltles suckling babes,
Whose ghosts may cal, for vengeance on their bloud,
And stirre the wrath, of mightie thundring Ioue.

I speake not this, by any englishe king,
Nor by our Queene, whose high forsight prouids.
That dyre debate, is fledde to foraine Realmes,
Whiles we enjoy the golden fleece of peace.
But there to turn my tale, from whence it came,
In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,
(Who sawe themselues in glasse of trusty Steele)
Contented were, with pompes of little pryce,
And set their thoughtes, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did flourish most,
That no man might triumph in stately wise,
But such as had, with blowes of bloudy blade
Five thousand foes in foughten field foredone. [16]
Now he that likes, to loke in Christal glasse,
May see proud pomps, in high triumphant wise,
Where neuer blowe, was delt with enemie.

When Sergius, deuised first the meane
To pen up fishe, within the swelling floud,
And so content his mouth with daintie fare,
Then followed fast, excesse on Princes bordes,
And euery dish was chargde with new conceits,

[16] Val. Max. lib. 2. cap. 3.

To please the taste, of vncontented mindes.
But had he seene, the strein of straunge deuise,
Which Epicures, do now adayes inuent,
To yeld good smacke, vnto their daintie tongues:
Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is fillde
With secret cause, of sickenesse (oft) vnseene,
Whiles lust desires, much more than nature craues,
Then would he say, that al the Romane cost
Was common trash, compard to sundrie Sauce
Which princes vse, to pamper Appetite.

O Christal Glasse, thou settest things to shew,
Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.
Al eyes behold, with eagre deep desire,
The Faulcon flye, the greyhounde runne his course,
The bayted Bul, the Beare at stately stake,
These Enterluds, these new Italian sportes,
And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man:
But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke
And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel,
Few loke to lawe, but al men gaze on lust.

A swete consent, of Musicks sacred sound,
Doth rayse our mindes (as rapt) al vp on high,
But sweeter soundes, of concorde, peace, and loue,
Are out of tune, and iarre in euery stoppe.

To tosse and turne, the sturdie trampling stede,
To bridle him, and make him meete to serue,
Deserues (no doubt) great commendation.
But such as haue, their stables ful yfraught,
With pampred Iades, ought therewithal to wey,
What great excesse, vpon them may be spent,
How many pore, (which nede not brake nor bit)
Might therwith al, in godly wise be fedde,
And kings ought not, so many horse to haue.

The sumpteous house, declares the princes state,
But vaine excesse, bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbast hose, our treble double ruffes,
Our sutes of Silke, our comely garded capes,
Our knit silke stockes, and Spanish lether shoes,
(Yea veluet serues, oft times to trample in)
Our plumes, our spangs, and al our queint aray,
Are pricking spurres, prouoking filthy pride,
And snares (vnseen) which leade a man to hel.

How liue the Moores, which spurne at glistring perle,
And scorne the costs, which we do hold so deare?
How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
Of peerlesse truth, amongst them published,
(Which we enjoy, and neuer wey the worth.)
They would not then, the same (like vs) despise,
Which (though they lacke) they liue in better wise
Than we, which holde, the worthles pearle so deare.
But glittring gold, which many yeares lay hidde,
Til gredy mindes, gan search the very guts
Of earth and clay, to finde out sundrie moulds
(As redde and white, which are by melting made
Bright gold and siluer, mettals of mischiefe)
Hath now enflamde, the noblest Princes harts
With foulest fire, of filthy Auarice,
And seldome seene, that kings can be contente
To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left.
What causeth this, but greedy gold to get?
Euen gold, which is, the very cause of warres,
The neast of strife, and nourice of debate,
The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

But is this strange? when Lords when Knights and Squires
(Which ought defende, the state of common welth)
Are not afrayd to couet like a King?
O blinde desire: oh high aspiring harts.
The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight,
The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or Duke,
The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
And none content, with that which is his own.
Yet none of these, can see in Christal glasse [eyes)
Which glistereth bright, and bleares their gasing
How euery life, beares with him his disease.
But in my glasse, which is of trustie steele.
I can perceiue, how kingdomes breede but care,
How Lordship liues, with lots of lesse delight,
(Though cappe and knee, do seeme a reuerence,
And courtlike life, is thought an other heauen)
Than common people finde in euery coast.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherlesse,
With pig and goose, with mutton, beefe and veale,
(Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)
Wil breake vp house, and dwel in market townes,
A loytring life, and like an Epicure.

But who (meane while) defends the common welth?
Who rules the flocke, when shepherds are so fled?
Who stayes the staff, which shuld vphold the state?
Forsoth, good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
Nay rather leapes, both ouer hedge and ditch,
And rules the rost, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
You were not borne, al onely for your selues:
Your countrie claymes, some part of al your paines.
There should you liue, and therin should you toyle,
To hold vpright, and banish cruel wrong,
To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
To punish vice, and vertue to aduance,
To see God servde, and Belzebub supprest.
You should not trust, lieftenaunts in your rome,
And let them sway, the sceptre of your charge,
Whiles you (meane while) know scarcely what is don,
Nor yet can yeld, accompt if you were callde.

The stately lord, which woonted was to kepe
A courte at home, is now come vp to courte,
And leaues the country for a common prey,
To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit:
(Al which his presence might haue pacified,
Or else haue made offenders smel the smoke.)
And now the youth which might haue serued him,
In comely wise, with countrey clothes yclad,
And yet therby bin able to preferre
Vnto the prince, and there to seke aduance:
Is faine to sell, his landes for courtly cloutes,
Or else sits still, and liueth like a loute.
(Yet of these two, the last fault is the lesse:)
And so those imps which might in time haue sprong
Alofte (good lord) and servde to shielde the state,
Are either nipt, with such vntimely frosts,
Or else growe crookt, bycause they be not proynd.

These be the Knights, which shold defend the land,
And these be they, which leaue the land at large.
Yet here percase, it wil be thought I roue
And runne astray, besides the kings high way,
Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell
(And such as shew, most perfect is my glasse)
Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours
Whose skil in armes, and long experience
Should still vphold the pillers of the worlde.
Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,
May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, Lorde, Knight, Squire,
Yea gentlemen, and euery gentle borne.

But if you wil, constraine me for to speake
What souldiours are, or what they ought to be
(And I my selfe, of that profession)
I see a crew, which glister in my glasse,
The brauest bande, that euer yet was sene:
Behold behold, where Pompey comes before,
Where Manlius, and Marius insue,
Æmilius, and Curius I see,
Palamedes, and Fabius Maximus,
And eke their mate, Epaminondas loe,
Protesilaus and Phocyan are not farre,
Pericles stands, in rancke amongst the rest,
Aristomenes, may not be forgot,
Vnlesse the list, of good men be disgrast.

Behold (my lord) these souldiours can I spie
Within my glasse, within my true Steele glasse.
I see not one therin, which seekes to heape
A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes,
And so beguiles, the prince in time of nede,
When muster day, and foughten fielde are odde.
Since Pompey did, enrich the common heaps,
And Paulus he, (Æmilius surnamed)
Returnde to Rome, no richer than he went,
Although he had, so many lands subdued,
And brought such treasure, to the common chests,
The fourscore yeres, the state was (after) free
From greuous taske, and imposition.
Yea since againe, good Marcus Curius,
Thought sacriledge, himselfe for to aduaunce,
And see his souldiours, pore or liue in lacke.

I see not one, within this glasse of mine,
Whose fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde,
As though he were, all onely to be markt,
When simple snakes, which go not halfe so gay,
Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field:
And when the pride, of all his peacockes plumes,
Is daunted downe, with dastard dreadfulnesse.
And yet in towne, he ietteth euery streete,
As though the god of warres (euen Mars himself)
Might wel (by him) be liuely counterfayte,
Though much more like, the coward Constantine.
I see none such (my Lorde) I see none such,
Since Phocion, which was in deede a Mars
And one which did, much more than he wold vaunt,
Contented was to be but homely clad.
And Marius, (whose constant hart could bide
The very vaines, of his forwearied legges
To be both cut, and carued from his corps)
Could neuer yet, contented be to spend,
One idle groate, in clothing nor in cates.

I see not one, (my Lord) I see not one
Which stands so much, vpon his painted sheath
(By cause he hath, perchaunce at Bolleyn bene
And loytered, since then in idlenesse)
That he accompts, no Soldiour but himselfe,
Nor one that can, despise the learned brayne,
Which joyneth reading with experience.
Since Palamedes, and Vlisses both,

Were much esteemed for their pollicies
Although they were not thought long trained men.
Epamynondas, eke was much esteemde,
Whose Eloquence, was such in all respects,
As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.
And Fabius, surnamed Maximus,
Could ioyne such learning, with experience,
As made his name, more famous than the rest.

These bloody beasts, apeare not in my glasse,
Which cannot rule, their sword in furious rage,
Nor haue respecte, to age nor yet to kinde:
But downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand,
Whose greedy harts so hungrie are to spoyle,
That few regard, the very wrath of God,
Which greeued is, at cries of giltlesse bloud,
Pericles was, a famous man of warre,
And victor eke, in nine great foughten fields,
Whereof he was the general in charge.
Yet at his death he rather did reioyce
In clemencie, than bloudy victorie.
Be still (quoth he) you graue Athenians,
(Who whispered, and tolde his valiant facts)
You haue forgot, my greatest glorie got,
For yet (by me, nor mine occasion)
Was neuer sene, a mourning garment worne.
O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.
Beleue me (Lord) a soldiour cannot haue
Too great regarde, wheron his knife should cut.

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,
And shewe their scarres to euery commer by,
Dare once be seene, within my glasse of Steele,
For so the faults, of Thraso and his trayne,
(Whom Terence told, to be but bragging brutes)
Might sone appeare, to euery skilful eye.
Bolde Manlius, could close and wel convey
Ful thirtie wounds, (and three) vpon his head,
Yet neuer made, nor bones nor bragges therof.

What should I speake of drunken Soldiours?
Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy lust?
Of whom that one, can sit and bybbe his fil,
Consume his coyne (which might good corage yeld,
To such as march, and moue at his commaunde)
And makes himselfe, a worthy mocking stocke
Which might deserue (by sobre life) great laude.
That other dotes, and drlueth forth his dayes
In vaine delight, and foule concupiscence,
When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.
Yea therwithal, he puts his owne fonde heade
Vnder the belt, of such as should him serue,
And so becoms, example of much euil,
Which should haue servde, as lanterne of good life:
And is controlde, wheras he should commaund.
Augustus Ceesar, he which might haue made
Both feasts and banquets brauely as the best,
Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,
And seldome drank his wine unwatered.
Aristomenes, dayned to defende
His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
And rather chose, to die in their defence,
Then filthy men, should foyle their chastitie.
This was a night, wel worthy fame and prayse.

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,
Behold my glasse, and you shall see therin,
Proud Crassus bagges, consumde by couetise,
Great Alexander, drounde in drunkennesse,
Ceesar and Pompey, spilt with priuy grudge,
Brennus beguild, with lightnesse of beliefe,
Cleomenes, by ryot not regarded,
Vespasian, disdayned for deceit,
Demetrius, light set for by his lust,
Wherby at last he dyed in prison pent.

Hereto percase, sofne one man will alledge,
That Princes pence, are pursed up so close,
And faires do fall so seldome in a yeare,
That when they come, prouision must be made
To fende the frost, in hardest winter nights.

Indeede I finde, within this glasse of mine,
Justinian, that proude vngrateful prince,
Which made to begge, bold Belisarius
His trustie man, which had so stoutly fought
In his defence, with euery enimy.
And Scypio, condemnes the Romaine rule,
Which suffred him (that had so truely serued)
To leade pore life, at his (Lynternum) ferme,
Which did deserue, such worthy recompence.
Yea herewithal, most Souldiours of our time,
Beleeve for truth, that proude Justinian
Did neuer die, without good store of heyres.
And Romanes race, cannot be rooted out,
Such yssence springs, of such vnplesant budds.

But shal I say? this lesson learne of me,
When drums are dumb, and sound not dub a dub,
Then be thou eke, as mewt as a mayde
(I preach this sermon but to souldiours)
And learn to liue, within thy bravries bounds.
Let not the Mercer, pul thee by the sleeue
For sutes of silke, when cloth may serue thy turne,
Let not thy scores, come robbe thy needy purse,
Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,
Which wil be glad, thy companie to haue,
If manhoode may, with manners well agree.
Art thou a seruing man? then serue againe,
And stint to steale as common souldiours do.

Art thou a craftsman? take thee to thine arte,
And cast off slouth, which loytreth in the Campes.
Art thou a plowman pressed for a shift?
Then learne to clout, thine old cast cobled shoes,
And rather bide, at home with barly bread,
Than learne to spoyle, as thou hast seen some do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)
Who lust, by warres to gather lawful welth,
And so to get, a right renoumed name,
Must cast aside, al common trades of warre,
And learne to liue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long,
Bycause he bare, such compasse in my glasse.
High time were then, to turne my wery pen,
Vnto the Peasant comming next in place.
And here to write, the summe of my conceit,
I do not meane, alonely husbandmen,
Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow, and sowe, [snort,
Which swinke and sweate, whiles we do sleepe and
And serch the guts of earth, for greedy gain,
But he that labours any kind of way,
To gather gaines, and to enrich himselfe,
By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests,
And al the rest, that liue in common welth,

So that his gaines, by greedy guyles be got)
Him can I compt, a Peasant in his place.
All officers, all aduocates at lawe,
All men of arte, which get goodes greedily,
Must be content, to take a Peasants rome.

A straunge deuise, and sure my Lord wil laugh,
To see it so, desgested in degrees.
But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,
And craue of al, (although euen now a dayes,
Most officers, commaund that should be cravde)
He that can share from euery pention payde
A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounde,
He that can plucke, sir Bennet by the sleeue,
And finde a fee, in his pluralitie,
He that can winke at any foule abuse,
As long as gaines, come trauling in therwith,
Shal such come see themselues in this my glasse?
Or shal they gaze, as godly good men do?
Yea let them come: but shal I tell you one thing?
How ere their gownes, be gathred in the backe,
With organe pipes, of old king Henries elampe,
How ere their cappes, be folded with a flappe,
How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,
How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
I compt them worse, than harmless homely hindes,
Which toyle in dede, to serue our common vse.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,
And yet their one eye, sharpe as Linceus sight,
That one eye winks, as though it were but blynd,
That other pries and peckes in euery place.
Come naked neede? and chance to do amisse?
He shal be sure, to drinke upon the whippe.
But priuie gaine, (that bribing busie wretch)
Can finde the meanes, to creepe and couch so low,
As officers, can neuer see him slyde,
Nor heare the trampling of his stealing steppes.
He comes (I thinke) vpon the blinde side still.

These things (my Lord) my glasse now sets to show,
Whereas long since, all officers were seene
To be men made, out of another moulde.
Epamynond, of whom I spake before
(Which was long time, an officer in Thebes)
And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
Would neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.
And thus he spake, to such as sought his helpe:
If it be good, (quoth he) that you desire,
Then wil I do it, for the vertues sake:
If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte.
If so it be, for this my common weale,
Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both
To see it done, withouten furder words.
But if it be, vnprofitable thing,
And might empaire, offende, or yeld anoy
Vnto the state, which I pretende to stay,
Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth
Shal neuer tempt, my free consent thereto.

How many now, wil treade Zeleucus steps?
Or who can byde, Cambyses cruel dome?
Cruel? nay iust, (yea softe and peace good sir
For Iustice sleepes, and Troth is iested out.
O that al kings, would (Alexander like)
Hold euermore, one finger streight stretcht out,
To thrust in eyes, of all their master theeues. [17]
But Brutus died, without posteritie,
And Marcus Crassus had none issue male,

[17] False judges.

Cicero slipt, vnsene out of this world,
With many mo, which pleaded romaine pleas,
And were content, to vse their eloquence,
In maintenance, of matters that were good.
Demosthenes, in Athens vsde his arte,
(Not for to heape, himselfe great hourds of gold
But) stil to stay, the towne from deepe deceite
Of Philips wyles, which had besieged it.
Where shal we reade, that any of these foure
Did euer pleade, as carelesse of the trial?
Or who can say, they builded sumpteously?
Or wroong the weake, out of his own by wyles?
They were (I trowe) of noble houses borne,
And yet content, to use their best deuoire,
In furdering, eche honest harmelesse cause.
They did not rowte (like rude vnringed swine)
To roote nobilitie from heritage.
They stoode content, with gaine of glorious fame,
(Bycause they had, respect to equitie)
To leade a life, like true Philosophers.
Of all the bristle bearded Aduocates
That euer lorde their fees aboue the cause,
I cannot see (scarce one) that is so bolde
To shewe his face, and fayned Phisnomie
In this my glasse: but if he do (my Lorde)
He shewes himselfe, to be by uery kinde
A man which meanes, at euery time and tide,
To do smal right, but sure to take no wrong.

And master Merchant, he whose trauail ought
Commodiously, to doe his countrie good,
And by his toyle, the same for to enriche,
Can finde the meane, to make Monopolyes
Of euery ware, that is accompted strange.
And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine desires
Vntil the court, haue courtiers cast at heele,
"Quia non habent vestes Nuptrales."

O painted fooles, whose hairbrainde heads must haue
More clothes attones, than might become a king:
For whom the rocks, in forain realmes must spin,
For whom they carde, for whom they weaue their [webbes
For whom no wool, appeareth fine enough,
(I speake not this by English courtiers
Since English wool, was euer thought most worth)
For whom al seas, are tossed to and fro,
For whom these purples come from Persia,
The crimosine, and liuely red from Inde:
For whom soft silks, do sayle from Sericane,
And al queint costs, do come from fardest coasts:
Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour,
Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,
Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,
His daughters and, his niepces everychone,
To spin and worke the clothes that he shuld weare,
And neuer carde, for silks or sumpteous cost,
For cloth of gold, or tinsel figurie,
For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.
He set the shippes, of merchantmen on worke,
With bringing home, oyle, graine, and savrie salt
And such like wares, as serued common vse.

Yea for my life, those merchants were not woont
To lend their wares, at reasonable rate,
(To gaine no more, but Cento per cento)
To teach yong men, the trade to sel browne paper,
Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too sometimes,

[18] Advocates.

To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.
To binde such babes, in father Derbies bands,
To stay their steps, by statute Staples staffe,
To rule yong roysters, with Recognisance,
To read Arithmeticke once euery day,
In Woodstreat, Bredstreat, and in Pultery
Where such schoolmaisters keepe their counting house
To fede on bones, when flesh and fell is gon,
To keepe their byrds, ful close in caytiues cage,
(Who being brought, to libertie at large, [shine
Might sing perchaunce, abroade, when sunne doth
Of their mishaps, and how their fethers fel)
Vntil the canker may their corpse consume.

These knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde,
Bycause they showe not in my glasse of steele.
But holla: here, I see a wondrous sight,
I see a swarme, of Saints within my glasse:
Beholde, behold, I see a swarme in deede
Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wise,
Not deckt in robes, nor garnished with gold,
But some vnshod, yea some ful thinly clothde,
And yet they seme, so heauenly for to see,
As if their eyes, were al of Diamonds,
Their face of Rubies, Saphires and Iacinets,
Their comly beards, and heare, of siluer wiers.
And to be short, they seeme Angelycall. [be?
What should they be, (my Lord) what should they

O gratious God, I see now what they be.
These be my priests, which pray for evry state,
These be my priests, deuoreed from the world,
And wedded yet, to heauen and holynesse,
Which are not proude, nor couet to be riche.
Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,
Which enuie not, nor knowe what malice meanes,
Which loth all lust, disdayning drunkenesse,
Which cannot faine, which hate hypocrisie.
Which neuer sawe, Sir Simonies deceits.
Which preach of peace, which carpe contentious,
Which loyter not, but labour al the yeare,
Which thunder threts, of Gods most greuous wrath,
And yet do teach, that mercie is in store.

Lo these (my Lord) be my good praying priests,
Descended from Melchysedec by line
Cosens to Paule, to Peter, James, and John,
These be my priests, the seasning of the earth
Which wil not leese, their savrinesse, I trowe.
Not one of these (for twenty hundreth groats)
Wil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,
And yet be combred with a concubine.
Not one of these, wil reade the holy write
Which doth forbid, all greedy usurie,
And yet receiue, a shilling for a pounde.
Not one of these, wil preach of patience,
And yet be found, as angry as a waspe.
Not one of these, can be content to sit
In Tauerns, Innes, or Alehouses all day,
But spends his time, devoutly at his booke.
Not one of these, wil rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted, with extortion.
Not one of these, wil paint out worldly pride,
And he himselfe, as gallaunt as he dare.
Not one of these, rebuketh auarice,
And yet procureth, ploude pluralities,
Not one of these, reproueth vanitie
(Whiles he himselfe, with hauke upon his fist
And houndes at heele) doth quite forget his text.
Not one of these, corrects contentions,
For trifling things: and yet wil sue for tythes.
Not one of these (not one of these my Lord)
Wil be ashamde, to do euen as he teacheth.
My priests haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they trust not in their byplabour.
My priests can fast, and vse al abstinence,
From vice and sinne, and yet refuse no meats.
My priests can giue, in charitable wise,
And loue also, to do good almes dedes,
Although they trust, not in their owne deserts.
My priestes can place, all penaunce in the hart,
Without regard, of outward ceremonies.
My priests can keepe, their temples vndefyled,
And yet defie, all Superstition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my priests?
Although they were, the last that shewed themselues,
I said at first, their office was to pray,
And since the time, is such euen now a dayes,
As hath greate nede, of prayers truely prayd,
Come forth my priests, and I wil bydde your beades
I wil presume (although I be no priest)
To bidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to God himselfe,
That he vouchsafe, (euen for his Christes sake)
To giue his word, free passage here on earth,
And that his church (which now is Militant)
May soone be sene, triumphant ouer all,
And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,
Which walloweth stil, in Sinks of filthy sinne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,
Empesours, Monarks, Duks and all estates,
Which sway the sworde, of royal gouernment, [pare
(Of whome our Queene, which liues without com-
Must be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,
Else I deserue, to lese both beades and bones)
That God giue light, vnto their noble mindes,
To maintaine truth, and therwith stil to wey
That here they reigne, not onely for themselues,
And that they be but slaues to common welth,
Since al their toyles, and all their broken sleeps
Shal scant suffize, to hold it stil vpright. [closets,
Tell some (in Spaine) how close they kepe their
How selde the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,
While as (mene while) their sunburnt sutours sterue
And pine before, their processe be preferrde.
Then pray (my priests) that God wil giue his grace,
To such a prince, his fault in time to mend.
Tell some (in France) how much they loue to dance,
While sutours daunce, attendaunce at the dore.
Yet pray (my priests) for prayers princes mende.
Tel some (in Portugale) how colde they be,
In setting forth, of right religion:
Which more esteme, the present, pleasures here,
Then stablishing, of God his holy worde.
And pray (my priests) least God such princes spit,
And vomit them, out of his angrie mouth.
Tel some (Italian) princes, how they winke
At stinking stewes, and say they are (forsooth)
A remedy, to quench foule filthy luste:
When as (in dede) they be the sinkes of sinne.
And pray (my priests) that God wil not impute
Such wilful facts, unto such princes charge,
When he himselfe, commaundeth euery man
To do none ill, that good may growe therby.

And pray likewise, for all that rulers be
By kings commaundes, as their lieftenants here,
Al magistrates, al councellours, and all

That sit in office or Authoritie.
Pray, pray, (my priests) that neither loué nor mede
Do sway their minds, from furdering of right,
That they be not, too saintish nor too sowre,
But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,
That stil they stoppe, one eare to heare him speake,
Which is accused, absent as he is:
That euermore, they mark what moode doth moue
The mouth which makes, the information,
That faults forpaste (so that they be not huge,
Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,
When as they see, repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which wont to runne astray.
That malice make, no mansion in their minds,
Nor enuy frete, to see how vertue clymes.
The greater Birth, the greater glory sure,
If deeds maintaine, their auncestors degree.

Eke pray (my priests) for them and for yourselues, [Priests.
For Bishops, Prelats, Archdeans, Deanes, and
And al that preach, or otherwise professe
Gods holy word, and take the cure of soules.
Pray pray that you, and euery one of you,
May walke upright, in your vocation.
And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,
To lende a light, and lanterne to our feete.

Say therwithall, that some (I see them I
Wheras they fling, in Flaunders all afarre,
For why my glasse, wil shew them as they be)
Do neither care, for God nor yet for deuill,
So libertie, may launch about at large.
And some again (I see them wel enough [lurke)
And note their names, in Liezeland where they
Vnder pretence, of holy humble harts
Would plucke adowne, al princely Dyademe.
Pray, pray (my priests) for these, they touch you neere.
Shrinke not to say, that some do (Romainelike)
Esteme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.
And therefore pray (my priests) lest pride preuaile.
Pray that the soules, of sundrie damned gosts,
Do not come in, and bring good euidence
Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,
Of some whose welth, made them neglect their charge
Til seeret sinnes (untoucht) infecte their flocks
And bredde a scab, which brought the shep to bane.
Some other ranne, before the greedy woolfe,
And left the folde, vnfended from the fox [eares.
Which durst not barke, nor bawle for both theyr
Then pray (my priests) that such no more do so.

Pray for the nources, of our noble Realme,
I meane the worthy Vniuersities,
(And Cantabridge, shal haue the dignitie,
Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)
That they bring vp their babes in decent wise:
That Philosophy, smel no secret smoke,
Which Magike makes, in wicked mysteries:
That Logike leape, not ouer euery stile,
Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,
With curious Quids, to maintain argument.
That Sophistrie, do not deceiue it selfe,
That Cosmography keepe his compasse wel,
And such as be, Historiographers,
Trust not to much, in euery tatlyng tong,
Nor blynded be, by partialitie.
That Phisicke, thriue not ouer fast by murder:
That Numbring men, in al their euens and odds
Do not forget, that only Vnitie
Vnmeasurable, infinite and one.
That Geometrie, measure not so long,
Til al their measures out of measure be:
That Musike with, his heauenly harmonie,
Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,
Nor set mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,
Til heauenly Hierarchies be quite forgot:
That Rhetorick, learne not to ouerreache:
That Poetrie, presume not for to preache,
And bite mens faultes, with Satyres corosiues,
Yet pamper up hir owne with pultesses:
Or that she dote not vppon Erato,
Wherin should inuoke the good Caliope:
That Astrologie, looke not ouer high,
And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit:
That Grammer grudge not at our English tong,
Bycause it stands by Monosyllaba,
And cannot be declind as others are.
Pray thus (my priests) for vniuersities.
And if I haue forgotten any Arte,
Which hath bene taught, or exercised there,
Pray you to God, the good be not abusde,
With glorious shewe, of ouerloding skill.

Now these be past, (my priests) yet shal you pray
For common people, eche in his degree,
That God vouchsafe to graunt them al his grace.
Where should I now beginne to bidde my beades?
Or who shal first be put in common place?
My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,
I cannot see who best deserues the roome,
Stand forth good Peerce, thou plowman by thy name,
Yet so the Sayler saith I do him wrong:
That one contends, his paines are without peare,
That other saith, that none be like to his,
In dede they labour both exceedingly.
But since I see no shipman that can liue
Without the plough, and yet I many see
Which liue by lande, that neuer saw the seas:
Therefore I say, stand forth Peerce plowman first,
Thou winst the roome, by verie worthinesse.

Behold him (priests) and though he stink of sweat
Disdaine him not: for shal I tel you what?
Such clime to heauen, before the shauen crownes:
But how? forsooth, with true humilytie.
Not that they hoord, their grain when it is cheape,
Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,
Nor that they set, debate betwene their lords,
By earing vp the balks, that part their bounds:
Nor for because, they can both crowche and creep
(The guilefulst men, that euer God yet made)
When as they meane, most mischiefe and deceite,
Nor that they can, crie out on landelordes lowde,
And say they racke, their rents an ace to high,
When they themselues, do sel their landlords lambe
For greater price than ewe was wont be worth.
I see you Peerce, my glasse was lately scowrde.
But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,
Both King and Knight, and priests in cloyster pent:
Therefore I say, that sooner some of them
Shal scale the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,
Than cornfed beasts, whose bellie is their God,
Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my priests) pray you to God for Peerce,
As Peerce can pinch, it out for him and you.

And if you haue a Paternoster spare
Then shal you pray, for Saylers (God them send
More mind of him, when as they come to lande,
For towarde shipwracke, many men can pray)
That they once learne, to speake without a lye,
And meane good faith, without blaspheming othes:
That they forget, to steale from euery fraight,
And for to forge, false cockets, free to passe,
That manners make them giue their betters place,
And vse good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my priests begin to frowne,
And say, that thus they shal be ouerchargde,
To pray for al, which seme to do amisse:
And one I heare, more saucie than the rest,
Which asketh me, when shal our prayers end?

I tell thee (priest) when shoomakers make shoes,
That are wel sowed, with neuer a stitch amisse,
And vse no crafte, in vttring of the same:
When Taylours steale, no stuffe from gentlemen,
When Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreede,
And both so dresse their hydes, that we go dry:
When Cutlers leaue, to sel old rustie blades,
And hide no cracks, with soder nor deceit:
When tinkers make, no more holes than they founde,
When thatchers thinke, their wages worth their worke,
When colliers put no dust into their sacks,
When maltemen make, vs drink no firmentie,
When Davie Diker diggs, and dallies not,
When smithes shoo horses, as they would be shod,
When millers, toll not with a golden thumbe,
When bakers make, not barme beare price of wheat,
When brewers put, no bagage in their beere,
When butchers blowe, not ouer al their fleshe,
When horsecorsers, beguile no friendes with Jades,
When weauers weight, is found in huswiues web.
(But why dwel I, so long among these lowts?)

When mercers make, more bones to swere and lye,
When vintners mix, no water with their wine,
When printers passe, none errours in their bookes,
When hatters vse, to bye none olde cast robes.
When goldsmithes get, no gaines by sodred crownes,
When vpholsters, sel fethers without dust,
When pewterers, infect no tin with leade,
When drapers draw, no gaines by giuing day,
When perchmentiers, put in no ferret silke,
When Surgeons heale, al wounds without delay.
(Tush these are toys, but yet my glas sheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themselues,
When Takers, take no brybes, nor vse no brags,
When custumers, conceale no eovine vsde,
When Searchers see, al corners in a shippe,
(And spie no pens by any sight they see)
When shrives do serue, al processe as they ought,
When baylifes strain, none other thing but strays,
When auditours, their counters cannot change,
When proude surueyours, take no parting pens,
When siluer sticks not on the Tellers fingers,
And when receiuers, pay as they receiue,
When al these folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.
(Againe (my priests) a little by your leaue)
When Sicophants, can finde no place in courte,
But are espied, for Ecchoes, as they are,
When roysters ruffle not aboue their rule,
Nor colour crafte, by swearing precious coles:
When Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,
A peece of breade, and therwithal a bobbe
When Lais liues, not like a ladies peare,
Nor vseth art, in dying of hir heare.
When al these thinges, are ordred as they ought,
And see themselues, within my glasse of steele,
Euen then (my priests) may you make holyday
And pray no more but ordinarie prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests)
Pray stil for me, and for my Glasse of steele
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,
Bycause we shew, all colours in their kinde.
And pray for me, that (since my hap is such
To see men so) I may pereciue myselfe.
O worthy words, to end my worthlesse verse,
Pray for me Priests, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

EPILOGUS.

Alas (my lord) my lust was al to lote
I shut my glasse, before you gasde your fill,
And at a glimse, my seely selfe haue spied,
A stranger trowpe, than any yet were seene:
Behold (my lorde) what monsters muster here,
With Angels face, and harmefull helish harts,
With smyling lookes, and depe deceitfull thoughts,
With tender skinnes, and stony cruel mindes,
With stealing steppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they neuer stand content,
With God, with kinde, with any help of Arte,
But curle their locks, with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare, with sundry subtill sleights,
But paint and slicke, til fayrest face be foule,
But bumbast, bolster, frisle, and perfume:
They marre with muske, the balm which nature made,
And dig for death, in dellicatest dishes.
The yonger sorte, come pyping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they bryded.
The elder sorte, go stately stalking on,
And on their backs, they beare both land and fee,
Castles and towres, reuenewes and receits,
Lordships, and manours, fines, yea farmes and al.
What should these be? (speake you my louely lord)
They be not men: for why? they haue no beards.
They be no boyes, which weare such side long gowns.
They be no Gods, for al their gallant glosse.
They be no diuels (I trow) which seeme so saintish.
What be they? women? masking in mens weedes?
With dutchkin dublets, and with ierkins iaggde?
With Spanish spangs, and ruffes fet out of France,
With high copt hattes, and fethers flaunt a flaunt?
They be so sure euen Wo to Men in dede.
Nay then (my lorde) let shut the glasse apace,
High time it were, for my pore Muse to winke,
Since al the hands, al paper, pen, and inke,
Which euer yet, this wretched world possest,
Cannot deseribe, this Sex in colours dewe,
No, no (my Lorde) we gased haue inough,
(And I too much, God pardon me therfore)
Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre:
And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.
But if my Glasse, do like my louely lorde,
We wil espie, some sunny Sommers day,
To loke againe, and see some semely sights.
Meane while, my Muse, right humbly doth beseech
That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verse,
Vntil my braines, my better stuffe deuise.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

EDMUND SPENSER,

DIED JANUARY 16th, 1598-9.

EDMUND SPENSER, the most illustrious of an old and honourable name, was born in London, about the beginning of Queen Mary's execrable reign: East Smithfield was the place of his birth. Nothing is known concerning the condition of his parents; but that he was a branch of the old Spenser family is certain. In 1569 he entered as a Sizer at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, at which University he graduated as Master of Arts; afterwards, it is supposed that he officiated as tutor somewhere in the North of England. Removing however to London, he was introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, became a welcome guest at Penshurst, dedicated to him the Shepherd's Calendar, and being by him recommended to Leicester, was sent out to Ireland with Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, as his secretary. He had bitter reason to repent that he had not chosen the better path of private life: and yet no man could be more highly qualified, either by capacity or diligence, for a public station. His treatise upon the state of Ireland shows how fully he had made himself acquainted with the affairs of that unhappy country, how well he understood the real causes of its misery, and how distinctly he perceived the course which ought to have been pursued.

After some years he obtained a grant of 3000 acres from the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond, and fixed his residence at Kilcolmen in the county of Cork. There he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh; and when he went to England in 1590 for the purpose of publishing the first three books of the Faery Queen, Raleigh introduced him to the Queen, who conferred upon him a pension of 50*l*. This grant it is which gave rise to the opinion that he was one of that Queen's Laureates. In 1594 he married; but so little is known of his private life, that there is some doubt whether this was a first or second marriage. In 1596 a second portion of his great poem was published, containing three more books; and two years afterward he was recommended to be Sheriff of Cork. But Tyrone's rebellion broke out, his house was burnt by the rebels, and in it his papers and one of his children. This was in October 1598; and in the January following, he died in King Street, Westminster: his broken fortunes might have been repaired, for he was in no want of friends; but there was no remedy for a broken heart.

It is believed that the Faery Queen was completed, and that the manuscript of the latter half, which he had sent to England, was lost through the carelessness of the person to whom it was entrusted. He would hardly have risked the only copy of so elaborate a composition: but two cantos, published in 1609, are all that, by some accident, escaped the fire.

He was buried, not far from Chaucer, in Westminster Abbey. Essex was at the cost of his funeral. Some thirty years afterwards, Anne Countess of Dorset erected a monument to him, which in the year 1778 was restored at the expense of his College, — a becoming mark of respect to the most distinguished of their members.

It would be superfluous to speak in praise of Spenser. With Chaucer, with Shakspeare, and with Milton, he ranks in the first class of poets.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazen broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Help then, O holy virgin, chiefe of nyne,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill

Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong: [tong!
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Iove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And, with thy mother mylde, come to mine ayde;
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle iollities arraid,
After his murdrous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

And with them eke, O goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
Great ladie of the greatest isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile: [while.
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread, a

CANTO I.

The patron of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeate;
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many' a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living ever, him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld; [peld.
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far com-

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Iove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain; [fain.
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that Heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred ar.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;
The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funerall;

The laurell, meed of mighty conquerours
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
The eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;
The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitful olive; and the platane round;
The carver holme; the maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene, [been.
That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave,
Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

" Be well aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
" Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts; oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
" Ah, ladie," sayd he, " shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade: [wade."
Vertue gives her selfe light through darkness for to

" Yea but," quoth she, " the perill of this place
I better wot then you: Though nowe too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the Wandring Wood, this *Errours Den*,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware." —" Fly, fly," quoth then
The fearefull dwarfe; " this is no place for living men."

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for ought be staide;
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade;
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting: of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisnous dugs; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head; whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine, [plaine.
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay;
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst;
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd;
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine!

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, " Now, now, sir Knight, shew what ye bee;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But, when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed; [reed.
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, wel-nigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
(Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,)
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which do byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more than manly force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse: [corse.
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her

Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly all with troublous feare
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but, being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers bloud; [good.
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their

That détestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly impes, of Heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such, as drunke her life, the which them nurst!
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

His lady seeing all, that chaunst, from farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie;
And saide, "Faire knight, borne under happie starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye;
Well worthie be you of that armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie;
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may!"

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
And with the lady backward sought to wend:
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend;
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought:
Long way he traveiled, before he heard of ought.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad;
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
"Ah! my dear sonne," quoth he, "how should, alas!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespás,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell.

"But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."
"Of such," saide he, "I chiefly doe inquere;
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse."
"Now," saide the ladie, "draweth toward night;
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be; for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
The Sunne, that measures Heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves emong.

"Then with the Sunne take, sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
"Right well, sir Knight, ye have advised bin,"
Quoth then that aged man; "the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me you may take up your in
For this same night." The knight was well content;
So with that godly father to his home they went.

A litle lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In traveill to and froe: a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite duly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth away.

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And wel could file his tongue, as smooth as glas:
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast;
And the sad humor loading their eye-liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes; and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read!) thereof did verses frame:
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes grisely dame;
And cursed Heven; and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man! that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of sprights, the which, like litle flyes,
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by himselfe staide other worke to doo.

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the Earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed, [spred.
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast;
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

The messenger approching to him spake;
But his waste wordes retourned to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecaté: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
"Hether," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false Dreame, that can elude the sleepers sent."

The god obayde; and, calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke;
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He, backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull larke;
And on his litle winges the Dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy;
In sort as he him schooled privily.
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,
Whosse emblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

Thus, well instructed, to their worke they haste;
And, comming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play;
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy.
Then seemed him his lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne dame Pleasures toy.
And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen Iö Hymen, dauncing all around;
Whylst freshest Flora her with yvie girlond crownd.

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo, there before his face his ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke;
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke, [took.
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight;
But, hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand; and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands, in wemens pitteous wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

And sayd, "Ah, sir, my liege lord, and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in Heaven above,
Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently:

"Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
My fathers kingdom"— There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave;
And then againe begun; "My weaker yeares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not die in languor and long teares."
"Why, dame," quoth he, "what hath ye thus dismayd? [frayd?"
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affraid,
"Love of yourselfe," she saide, "and deare constraint,
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight."
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth; yet since no' untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend; but said, "Deare dame, I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew:

" Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare, as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
Ne let vaine fears procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none; but to your rest depart."
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not chose but please:
So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearines of former fight
Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous Dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

CANTO II.

The guilefull great enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre;
And chearefull chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that Night so long his roome did fill:

When those accursed messengers of Hell,
That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding night:
Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad Prosérpines wrath, them to affright.
But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated Faire,
And that false other spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young squire, in loves and lustyhed
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight;
Those two he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned-faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast;
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him calls; " Rise, rise, unhappy swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine:
Come, see where your false lady doth her honor staine."

All in a maze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and lewd embracëment:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire;
The eie of reason was with rage yblent;
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restreined of that aged sire.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest; but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and loo long lingring night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie [light;
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily; [fly.
The dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away do

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire;
And the high hils Titan discovered;
The royall virgin shooke off drousyhed:
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to waite each howre:—
Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful stowre.

And after him she rode with so much speede,
As her slowre beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
(Th' end of his drift,) he praised his divelish arts,
That had such might over true-meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell [spell!
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magick

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:—
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly.
Full iolly knight he seemde, and wel addrest;
And, when he sate uppon his courser free, [to be.
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him

But he, the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare:
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy; full large of limbe and every ioint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay;
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave:
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
She entertainde her lover all the way:
But, when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray;
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickte with pride,
And hope to winne his ladies hearte that day,
Forth spurred fast; adowne his coursers side
The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did ride.

The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That, daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and each to other yealdeth land.

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that, with the terrour of the shocke
Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idëly
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe: the flashing fiër flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields; [fields.
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant

"Curse on that crosse," quoth then the Sarazin,
"That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt;
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairly blest.

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
And, at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head: he, tumbling downe alive,
With bloudy mouth his mother Earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whether the soules doe fly of men, that live amis.

The lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall;
But from him fled away with all her powre:
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure:
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay:
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce,
Cride, "Mercy, mercy, sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty will." Her humblesse low
In so ritch weedes, and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart;
And said, "Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart, [part."
And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament;
"The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandëment,
Before that angry Heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was, (O what now availeth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an emperour;
He that the wide west under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

"He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never prince so meeke and debonaire!
But, ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest lord fell from high honors staire
Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone!

"His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid,
And fro me hid; of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to mee unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow; whose deepe-wounded mind
With love long time did languish, as the striken hind.

"At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led
With him away; but yet could never win
The fort, that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansioy; [loy.
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold Sans-

" In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
Craving of you, in pitty of my state,
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eies, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what shee did tell;
And said, " Faire lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

" Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said."
With chaunge of chear the seeming-simple maid
Let fal her cien, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid.
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they say, maketh derth.

Long time they thus together traveiled;
Til, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast;
And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe; but shund th' unlucky ground.

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastly got:
For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

Faire-seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that lived yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit;
And, thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rifte there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, " O spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard;
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched lady, my deare love;
O too deare love, love bought with death too deare!"
Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove:
And with that suddein horror could no member move.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake;
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake:
" What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare?"

Then, groning deep; " Nor damned ghost," quoth he,
" Nor guileful sprite, to thee these words doth speake;
But once a man Fradubio, now a tree;
Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature weake
A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines;
For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines."

" Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
Quoth then the knight; " by whose mischiévous arts
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts;
As raging flames who striveth to suppresse."
" The author then," said he, " of all my smarts,
Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse, [nesse.
That many errant knights hath broght to wretched-

" In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
The fire of love and ioy of chevalree
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
To love this gentle lady, whome ye see
Now not a lady, but a seeming tree;
With whome as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire lady by his syde;
Lyke a faire lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde;

" Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other dames to have exceded farre;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre.
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre;
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare; such is the dye of warre.
His lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

" So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;
A rosy girlond was the victors meede.
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee;
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Frælissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

" The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile;
And, by her hellish science, raisd streight way
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in place.

" Then cride she out, ' Fye, fye, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To have before bewitched all mens sight.
O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine!"
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faigned paine
The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold:
So left her, where she now is turnd to treën mould.

" Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my dame,
And in the witch unweeting ioyd long time;
Ne ever wist, but that she was the same:
Till on a day (that day is everie prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime,)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

" Her neather partes misshapen, monstruous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see;
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleeve to bee.
Thensforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assurd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

" The divelish hag, by chaunges of my cheare,
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in sleepie night,
With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
My body, all through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste."

" But how long time," said then the Elfin knight,
Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"
" We may not chaunge," quoth he, "this evill plight,
Till we be bathed in a living well:
That is the terme prescribed by the spell."
" O how," sayd he, " mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?"
" Time and suffised fates to former kynd [bynd."
Shall us restore; none else from hence may us un-

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his lady, dead with feare her fownd.

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew,
At last she up gan lift; with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vylde.

Nought is there under Heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance, and fast feälty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre.

Yet she, most faithfull ladye, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtily betrayd
Through that late vision which th' enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond: she, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight;
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside: her angels face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong;
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

" The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, " his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

Long she thus travelled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore:
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzel spyde slow-footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand:
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand:
Till, seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddein feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
And that dredd lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night; nought could she say;
But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere:

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent:
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

And, to augment her painefull penaunce more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackecloth wore,
And thrise-three times did fast from any bitt:
But now for feare her beads she did forgett.
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

The day is spent; and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe:
Sad Una downe her laies in wearie plight,
And at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe,
For the late losse of her deare-loved knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night; [light.
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That ready entraunce was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept;
And spoild the priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

And all, that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredome usd that few did know,
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bett;
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
(The lyon frayed them) him in to lett;
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast,
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize;
And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land
Dronke up his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap, which on them is alight;
Affraid, least to themselves the like mishapen might.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke;
And on their former iourney forward pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines far passing that long-wandring Greeke,
That for his love refused deitye:
Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flye; [nye.
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare:
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill:

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow houling, and lamenting cry;
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity:
And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way;
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
Shee backe retourned with some labour lost;
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost;
But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have toste:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady shee could tellen ought.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare;
And so forth told the story of her feare.
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde;
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil; from whence when she him spyde,
By his like-seeming shield her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh she wist it was the same; [came:
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee

And weeping said, "Ah my long-lacked lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might;
That should as death unto my deare heart light:
For since mine eie your ioyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is: [blis!"
But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of

He thereto meeting said, "My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave that have me loved stil,
And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,
Where noblest knights were to be found on Earth.
The Earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
Then I leve you, my liefe, yborn of hevenly berth.

"And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend: now then your plaint appease."

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eies be fixt before. [sore.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare;
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustring breath of Heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates him pledg around.

Such ioy made Una, when her knight she found;
And eke th' enchaunter ioyous seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ship far come from watrie wildernesse;
He hurles out vows, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
So forth they past; and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the lyon ment;
Who told, her all that fell in iourney, as she went.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free
That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharp yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde:
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dyde.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the red crosse, which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele:
But yet his lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele; [heele.
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron

But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-head speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce;
And, had his staggering steed not shronke for feare,
Through shield and body eke he should him beare:
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his sadle quite he did him beare:
He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said; " Lo, there the worthie meed
Of him, that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife;
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aslake: [thee take."
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, " O hold that heavie hand,
Dear sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy; mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land;
And, whilest him fortune favourd, fayre did thrive
In bloudy field; therefore of life him not deprive."

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage;
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And, halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might;
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight:

And said, " Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend amiss?"
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit; which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay:

But to the virgin comes; who all this while
Amased stands, herselfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie:
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdaine, whenas his soveraine dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his sheld redeemd; and forth his swerd he drawes.

O then, too weake and feeble was the forse
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand!
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand;
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his lordly hart: with death opprest
He ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithfull gard remov'd; her hope dismaid;
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill!
He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdaineful spight
Her vildly entertaines; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light: [might,
Her prayers nought prevaile: his rage is more of

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine;
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But follows her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe.
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

CANTO IV.

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duess-
a guydes the faithfull knight;
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansloy
Doth chaleng him to fight.

YOUNG knight whatever, that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and chaunge, of thy deare-loved dame;
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love; [prove
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly

Who, after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie;
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposd to be;
Long with her traveild; till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished;
The house of mightie prince it seemd to be;
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thether traveiled.

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggery, or foule disgrace;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace;
For she is wearie of the toilsom way;
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres;
And on the top a diall told the timely howres:

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans witt:
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie:
That every breath of Heaven shaked itt:
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight,
Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the lady of that pallace bright.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound.
In living princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumpteous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw: and there a noble crew
Of lords and ladies stood on every side, [beautifide.
Which, with their presence fayre, the place much

High above all a cloth of state was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden queene that shone, as Titans ray,
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest childe,
That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,
Through highest Heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to Heaven; for Earth she did disdayne:
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo, underneath her scornefull feet was layne
A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the queene of Hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
And thundring Iove, that high in Heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre;
Or if that any else did Iove excell;
For to the highest she did still aspyre;
Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her selfe a queene, and crownd to be;
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie;
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wisards old, [hold.
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did up-

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming lady fayre,
A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great maiestee.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thancked them in her disdainefull wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
Of princesse worthy; scarse them bad arise.
Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise;
Some prancke their ruffes; and others trimly dight
Their gay attyre: each others greater pride does spight.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew;
But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightlie vew,
And that great princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The roiall dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth; and she, with princely pace,
As faire Aurora, in her purple pall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call,
So forth she comes; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eies amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
Great Iunoes golden chayre; the which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Ioves high hous through Heavens bras-paved way,
Drawne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kindes applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of Sin;
Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin;
Like to an holy monck, the service to begin.

And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little redd;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd:
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the wayne was very evil ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went or else astray.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
From everie worke he chalenged essoyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady:
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raignd continually:
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not wear for heate:
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hande did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can:
In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meate and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew;
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
Upon a bearded gote, whose rugged heare,
And whally eies, (the signe of gelosy)
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare;
Unseemely man to please fair ladies eye:
Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy!

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new-fanglenesse:
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse;
And learned had to love with secret lookes;
And well could daunce; and sing with ruefulnesse;
And fortunes tell; and read in loving bookes:
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hookes.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all, that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move:
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow, and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold:
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told:
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto Hell him selfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade;
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did taste;
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise;
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise;
Whose welth was want; whose plenty made him pore;
Who had enough, yett wished ever more;
A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore;
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand:
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band!

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neibors welth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But, when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolourd say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes:
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse;
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use;
And, who with gratious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse:
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt:
Such one vile Envy was, that fifte in row did sitt.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed:
His eies did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held, [sweld.
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent;
Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no governement,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast,
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath;
Abhorred Bloodshed, and tumultuous Strife,
Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,
Bitter Despight with Rancours rusty knife;
And fretting Griefe, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moe haunt Ire,
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire:
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

And, after all, upon the wagon beame
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy; and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculls and bones of men, whose life had gone
astray.

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport:
Emongst the rest rode that false lady faire,
The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine:
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their ioyaunce vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike swaine.

So, having solaced themselves a space
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe retourned to the princely place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes ycled,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writt *Sans ioy*, they new arrived find:
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardyhed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
He spide with that same Fary champions page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother; burning all with rage,
He to him lept, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from him snacht away:
But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray;
And, him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy;
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine:
Till that great queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

" Ah, dearest dame," quoth then the Paynim bold,
" Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,
(No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shameful treason,) who through guile hath slayn
The prowest knight, that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap
disdayn.

" And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe
Is there possessed of the traytour vile;
Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
That — brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
So be, O queene, you equall favour showe."
Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight; [right:
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledg,
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edg
To be aveng'd each on his enimy.
That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to rest
them call.

Now whenas darksome Night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye;
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace:

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,
Fore-casting, how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt,
" Ah deare Sansioy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new ioy;
Ioyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greevd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo, his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye."

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart:
Then, sighing soft; " I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is," quoth she, " with muchell smart:
For, since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I never ioyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavy stowre.

" At last, when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave:
Me silly maid away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksom cave;
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

" But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th' inheritance belonges by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse move."

Thereto said he, " Faire dame, be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone.
Ne yet of present perill be affraid:
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep do grone:
He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast."

" O, but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth shee,
" Of Fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."
" Why, dame," quoth he, " what oddes can ever bee,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield?"
" Yea, but," quoth she, " he beares a charmed shield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce;
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield."
" Charmd or enchaunted," answerd he then ferce,
" I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to reherce.

" But, faire Fidessa, sithens Fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,
Till morrow next, that I the elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew."
" Ay me, that is a double death," she said,
" With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
Shall follow you." So, passing forth, she him obaid.

CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdewes his faithlesse foe;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
His cure to Hell does goe.

The noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing, how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven might:
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest Heaven gan to open fayre;
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.
Which when the wakeful elfe perceiv'd, streightway
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sunbright armes, and battailous array;
For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that day:

And forth he comes into the commune hall;
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
And many bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly;
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen by many a lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily;
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T' observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

At last forth comes that far renowmed queene;
With royall pomp and princely maiestie
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew:
Both those, the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

A shrilling trompett sownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad themselves addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heades do blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after blood and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for praise and honour did he fight.
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat;
That from their shields forth flyeth firie light,
And helmets, hewen deepe, shew marks of eithers might.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right:
As when a gryfon, seized of his pray,
A dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the Heavens affray:
The wise southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortal fight.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, the streames of blood down flow;
With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said; "Ah! wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre?
And, sluggish german, doest thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

"Go, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long-wandring woe:
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe."
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall:
End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call [all!"
The false Duessa, "Thine the shield, and I, and

Soone as the Faerie heard his ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake;
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

And to him said; "Goe now, proud miscreant,
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;
Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare."
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when lo! a darkesome clowd
Upon him fell; he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives; the darkness him does shrowd.

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running sayd; "O prowest knight,
That ever ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight
And bloodie vengeance: lo! th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres:
The conquest yours; I yours; the shield and glory yours!"

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought, all round about, his thirsty blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enimy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie;
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie;
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine queene;
And, falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene:
Which she accepts with thankes and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his great chevalree:
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the ayre it fils, and flyes to Heaven bright.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embalme on everie side.
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie traveiler, that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender tears;
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unwares;
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes an others cares.

So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shining lampes in Ioves high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide;
But comes unto the place, where th' Hethen knight,
In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay, [way.
But to the easterne coast of Heaven makes speedy

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome mew;
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for iourney new,
And cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and iewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare;
(For never did such brightnes there appeare)
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying; "Yet, O thou dreaded dame, I crave
Abyde, till I have told the message which I have."

She stayd; and foorth Duessa gan proceede;
"O thou, most auncient grandmother of all,
More old than Iove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great hous of gods cælestiall;
Which wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade;
Why suffredst thou thy nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
Lo, where the stout Sansioy doth sleepe in deadly shade!

" And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O! what of gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare?
Or who shall not great Nightës children scorne,
When two of three her nephews are so fowle forlorne?

" Up, then; up, dreary dame, of darknes queene;
Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;
Or else goe, them avenge; and let be scene
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of fayre Light deface."
Her feeling speaches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
Yet pitty in her hart was never prov'd
Till then; for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

And said, " Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foës ensew:
But who can turne the streame of destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to Ioves eternall seat?
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

" Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of nephews kilt?"
" I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,"
Quoth she, " how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came;
Duessa I, the Daughter of Deceipt and Shame."

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying; " In that fayre face
The false resemblaunce of Deceipt, I wist,
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarse in darksome place
Could it discerne; though I the mother bee
Of Falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome, child, whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unwares! Lo, now I go with thee."

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch:
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.
Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch;
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay
Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay;
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

Thence turning backe in silence softe they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole:
By that same hole an entraunce, darke and bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to Hell: there creature never past,
That backe retourned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull furies, which their chaines have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charett, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive:
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eies; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side, [ride.
To gaze on erthly wight, that with the Night durst

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully;
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Iove, the which them thither sent.
The House of endlesse Paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous;
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy
Did him appease: then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly:
For she in Hell and Heaven had power equally.

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the queene of Heaven to sin;
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhœus ioints were stretched on a gin;
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law;
And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw.

They, all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad Æsculapius far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remédilesse;
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
That wont in charett chace the foming bore:
He all his peeres in beauty did surpas;
But ladies love, as losse of time, forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more;
But, when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accusd,
And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd:

Who, all in rage, his sea-god syre besought
Some cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to cast:
From surging gulf two monsters streight were brought;
With dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast
Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast.
His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
That of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

His cruell step-dame, seeing what was donne,
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne.
Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
His heare, and hasty tong that did offend:
Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,
By Dianes meanes who was Hippolyts frend,
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned every part.

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
When Iove avizd, that could the dead revive,
And fatés expired could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive;
But unto Hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

There auncient Night arriving did alight
From her nigh-weary wayne, and in her armes
To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
Whom having softly disaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

"Ah, dame," quoth he, "thou temptest me in vaine
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew;
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that, thrust from Heaven dew,
Here endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay;
But that redoubled crime with vengeaunce new
Thou biddest me to eeke? can Night defray
The wrath of thundring Iove, that rules both Night and Day?"

"Not so," quoth she; "but, sith that Heavens king
From hope of Heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
Goe to then, O thou far renowmed sonne
Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne [donne."
Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be

Her words prevaild: and then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things els, the which his art did teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dredd Darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure;
And, backe retourning, took her wonted way
To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of dame Pryde:
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence; albee (his woundës wyde
Not throughly heald) unready were to ryde.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary dwarfe had spyde
Where, in a dungeon deepe, huge nombers lay [day;
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and

(A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie;)
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,
Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse, [nesse.
Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretched-

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore
And him, as onely God, to call upon;
Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,
Into an oxe he was transformd of yore.
There also was king Crœsus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares daunst.

And, them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
There also was that mightie monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide; [dide.
Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull death he

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkases of beastes in butchers stall.
And, in another corner, wide were strowne
The antique ruins of the Romanes fall:
Great Romulus, the grandsyre of them all;
Proud Tarquin; and too lordly Lentulus;
Stout Scipio; and stubborne Hanniball;
Ambitious Sylla; and sterne Marius;
High Caesar; great Pompey; and fiers Antonius.

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke:
Fayre Sthenoboea, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will;
High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of aspés sting her selfe did stoutly kill: [dongeon
And thousands moe the like, that did that

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,
Which thether were assembled, day by day,
From all the world, after their wofull falles
Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.
But most, of all which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high princes courtes, or ladies bowres;
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

Whose case whenas the careful dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his maister; he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But earely rose; and, ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to Heaven wyde,
He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him descryde.

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great lay-stall,
Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse or decent funerall;
Which, al through that great princesse Pryde, did fall,
And came to shamefull end: and them besyde,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carcases he spyde;
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad House of Pryde.

CANTO VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releast:
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learnes her wise beheast.

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile;
The mariner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To ioy at his foolhappie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind;
Yet cryme in her could never creature find:
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake;
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake:

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde;
And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde:
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while;
And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile:
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhore;
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet, for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vele that hong her face before:
Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t'enforce her chastitye.

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree;
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
Ah Heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
(The last vaine helpe of wemens greate distresse)
And with loud plaintes impórtuneth the skyes;
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
And Phœbus, flying so most shameful sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hydes for shame. What witt of mortall wight
Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plight?

Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way!
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
From lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd:
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd:

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towardes the far rebownded noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde;
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

The wyld wood-gods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin, doolfull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late;
And trembling yet through feare of former hate:
All stand amazed at so úncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state;
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell,
And every tender part for feare does shake:
As when a greedy wolfe, through honger fell,
A seely lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake;
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the lyon looke so grim.

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart;
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to move, she had:
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning forheads, with rough hornes yclad
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;
And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her; and, feare to put away, [obay.
Their backward-bent knees teach her humbly to

The doubtfull damzell dare not yet committ
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th:
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
Are wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth;
And, all prostráte upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'-
nance fayne.

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
And yieldes her to extremitie of time:
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They, all as glad as birdes of ioyous pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme;
And, with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her as queene with olive girlond cround.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled eccho ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing
And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout;
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their god present
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent:
The god himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoë fowle, when her to this he doth com-
paire.

The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddesse of the wood;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what
To thinke of wight so fayre; but gazing stood
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:
Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;
But Venus never had so sober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be;
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

By vew of her he ginneth tó revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse:
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy;
But pynd away in anguish and selfewild annoy.

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thether runne apace;
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face:
But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind, [find.
And henceforth nothing faire, but her, on Earth they

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky mayd
Did her content to please their feeble eyes;
And long time with that salvage people stayd,
To gather breath in many miseryes:
During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th' image of idolatryes:
But, when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
From her own worship, they her asse would worship
fayn.

It fortuned, a noble warlike knight
By iust occasion to that forrest came
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
From whence he tooke his wel-deserved name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far landes with glorie of his might;
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right:
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

A satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis the daughter of Labryde;
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest wyde,
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
Then serve his ladies love, and waste in pleasures
vayne.

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
And could not lacke her lovers company;
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde;
And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desyre;
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:
Then home he suffred her for to retyre;
For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe:
Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
He nousled up in life and maners wilde, [exilde.
Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare:
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the lyon and the rugged beare;
And from the she-beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roring buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare;
And the robuckes in flight to overtake:
That everie beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

Thereby so fearelesse and so fell he grew,
That his owne syre and maister of his guise
Did often tremble at his horrid vew;
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

And, for to make his powre approved more,
Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
The pardale swift, and the tigré cruéll,
The antelope and wolfe, both fiers and fell;
And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
Such ioy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw;
That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes and cruell pastime donne;
When after him a lyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And full in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

The fearefull dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe gan fast to fly away;
Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say:
"Ah, Satyrane, my dearling and my ioy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy: [boy."
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught;
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrowne;
But through al Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

Yet evermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and ofspring auncient.
And now he thether came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge lady, in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around, [dound.
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did re-

He wondred at her wisedome hevenly rare,
Whose like in womens witt he never knew;
And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And ioyd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle dame, so hurtlesse and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise, [arise.
How with that pensive maid he best might thence

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe;
In vaine he seekes that, having, cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine, [plaine,
That they the woods are past, and come now to the

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveild had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way;
And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betyde,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse;
But he, them spying, gan to turne aside
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse:
More greedy they of newes fast towards him do crosse.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveild many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde;
And in his hand a Iacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind [bind.
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did

The knight, approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet red.
"Ay me! deare dame," quoth he, "well may I rew
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red; [ded."
These eies did see that knight both living and eke

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddein cold did ronne through every vaine,
And stony horrour all her sences fild
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
The further processe of her hidden griefe: [chief.
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the

Then gan the pilgrim thus; "I chaunst this day,
This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
To see two knights, in travell on my way,
(A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:
My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
That, dronke with blood, yet thristed after life:
What more? the Redcrosse knight was slain with Paynim knife."

"Ah! dearest lord," quoth she, "how might that bee,
And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne?"
"Ah! dearest dame," quoth he, "how might I see
The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?"
"Where is," said Satyrane, "that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and us of ioy, hath refte?"
"Not far away," quoth he, "he hence doth wonne,
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele were cleft."

Therewith the knight then marched forth in hast,
Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that Pagan proud himselfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side;
Even he it was, that earst would have suppresst
Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochful words he boldly him defide;

And said, "Arise, thou cursed miscreaunt,
That hast with knightlesse guile, and trecherous train,
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."
The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,
And, catching up in hast his three-square shield
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field;

And, drawing nigh him, said; "Ah! misborn Elfe,
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew;
But had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,
Th' enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:
But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven trew."

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
Each other, bent his enimy to quell;
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pitty any living eie:
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;
But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
Both hongred after death; both chose to win, or die.

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That, fainting, each themselves to breathen lett;
And, ofte refreshed, battell ofte renue.
As when two bores, with rancling malice mett,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett;
Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
Where, foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whett,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight retourne; increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped strokes more hugely then before;
That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,
They both deformed, scarsely could bee known.
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the aire was thrown,
Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had sown.

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin;
And lefte the doubtfull battel hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other business plie
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid:
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches said;

"O foolish Faeries sonne, what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that lady had
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate
To love another: lo then, for thine ayd,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate."
So they to fight; the whiles the royall mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore af.ayd.

But that false pilgrim, which that leasing told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow all this to behold;
And much reioyced in their bloody fray:
But, when he saw the damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

CANTO VII.

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
By gyaunt proud oppreſt:
Prince Arthure meets with Una greatly with those newes distrest.

What man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
By which Deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her coulours died deepe in graine,
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
Great maistresse of her art was that false dame,
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

Who when, returning from the drery Night,
She found not in that perilous Hous of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,
Her hoped pray; she would no lenger byde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mynd:
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony sweet.

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And, with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

The cause was this: One day, when Phœbe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Satt downe to rest in middest of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and slow;
And all, that drinke thereof, do faint and feeble grow.

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
And, lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas:
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt;
Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,
And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which, like a fever fit, through all his bodie swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the Earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enimy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
And hideous geaunt, horrible and hye,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed:
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

The greatest Earth his úncouth mother was,
And blustring Æolus his boasted syre; [pas,
Who with his breath, which through the world doth
Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time,
In which the wombes of wemen do expyre,
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme,
Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfull cryme.

So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayde
Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made [mayde.
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dis-

That, when the knight he spyde, he gan advaunce
With huge force and insúpportable mayne,
And towardes him with dreadfull fury prauncc;
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse all in vaine
Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;
And eke so faint in every ioynt and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain, which him feeble made,
That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

The geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,
He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre;
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly lept from underneath the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
That with the winde it did him overthrow,
And all his sences stoond, that still he lay full low.

As when that divelish yron engin, wrought
In deepest Hell, and framd by Furies skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fyre; the Heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
That done can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke;
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke.

So daunted when the geaunt saw the knight,
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye;
"O great Orgoglio, greatest under skye,
O! hold thy mortall hand for ladies sake;
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman take."

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake:
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his newfound make.
Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse;
And, ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
And in a dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall maiestye:
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen [den.
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksom

Such one it was, as that renowmed snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake:
Whose many heades out-budding ever new
Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
But this same monster much more ugly was;
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
And yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the hous of hevenly gods it raught;
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull beast with sevenfold head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

The wofull dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,
(Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed)
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall;
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed;
His mightie armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed;
The rueful moniments of heavinesse; [tresse.
And with them all departes, to tell his great dis-

He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull lady, wofull Una, met
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;
Yet might her pitteous hart be seen to pant and quake.

The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde; dead was his hart within;
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last, recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne. [mourne:
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and

"Ye dreary instuments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell Fates the carefull threads unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse Cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side;
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.

"O, lightsome Day, the lampe of highest love,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When Darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove;
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up Heavens windowes shyning wyde:
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed, [meed."
But, seeled up with death, shall have their deadly

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground;
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last when Life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enimy,
With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
"Tell on," quoth she, "the wofull tragedy,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye:

"Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare ech part.
If death it be; it is not the first wound,
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found."

Then gan the dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold
The wretched payre transformd to treën mould;
The House of Pryde, and perilles round about;
The combat, which he with Sansioy did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the gyaunt stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

She heard with patience all unto the end;
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay:
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never lady loved dearer day
Then she did love the knight of the Redcrosse;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the dwarfe the way to her assynd;
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale:
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale, [vale.
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his squyre, arrayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious rare:

And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, yearv'd with curious slights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold; and handle strong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd:
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
His golden winges; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
That suddeine horrour to faint hartes did show;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
With sprincled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath, that under Heaven is blowne.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
(Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene)
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hew'n out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying Heavens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames both over-lay;
And silver Cynthia wexed pale and faynt,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call;
But all that was not such as seemd in sight
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:
And, when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all:
And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes;
For he, that made the same, was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes:
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to armes he fell;
But, when he dyde, the Faery queene it brought
To Faerie lond; where yet it may be seene, if sought.

A gentle youth, his dearely loved squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square;
A goodly person; and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chauft, that any on his backe should sitt;
The yron rowels into frothy fome he bitt.

Whenas this knight nigh to the lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But, when he heard her aunswers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine:
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And, for her humor fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray; [to say;
Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she gan

"What worlds delight, or ioy of living speach,
Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull Cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
Then rip up griefe, where it may not availe;
My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile."

"Ah, lady deare," quoth then the gentle knight,
"Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
But, woefull lady, let me you intrete
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
And counsell mitigates the greatest smart;
Found never help, who never would his hurts impart."

"O! but," quoth she, "great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought then said."
"Right so," quoth he; "but he, that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid."
"But griefe," quoth she, "does greater grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire."
"Despaire breeds not," quoth he, "where faith is staid." [paire."
"No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does
"Flesh may empaire," quoth he, "but reason can repaire."

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;
And said, "Faire sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquere the secrets of my griefe;
Or that your wisdome will direct my thought;
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe; [briefe.
Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you

"The forlorne maiden, whom your eies have seene
The laughing stocke of Fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a king and queene,
Whose parents deare whiles equal destinies
Did ronne about, and their felicities
The favourable Heavens did not envy)
Did spred their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually:

"Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:
Themselves, for feare into his iawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wall, [thrall.
He has them now fowr years besiegd to make them

"Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd that monster to subdew:
From every coast, that Heaven walks about,
Have thither come the noble martial crew,
That famous harde atchievements still pursew;
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke; and still he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

" At last, yled with far reported praise,
Which flying Fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Fary land did raise,
That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red;
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

"Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved knight;
Whose manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowesse proofe he since hath made
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

" And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting Sword, and his devouring Speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
And well could rule; now he hath left you heare
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disadventurous deare:
O heavie record of the good Redcrosse, [tosse?
Where have ye left your lord, that could so well you

" Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeeme:
Till all unweeting an enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire then such despight.
Be iudge, ye Heavens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might!
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

" Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander, where wilde Fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foote of living wight did tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body dead;
In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread;
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

" At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid
Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall;
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold:
And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remédilesse, for aie he doth him hold: [told."
This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
But he her comforted, and faire bespake;
" Certes, madáme, ye have great cause of plaint,
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
For, till I have acquit your captive knight,
Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake."
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright:
So forth they went, the dwarfe them guiding ever right.

CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight:
Who slayes the gyaunt, wounds the beast,
And strips Duessa quight.

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast Truth acquite him out of all!
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Els should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dyde,
For whose deliverance she this prince doth thether guyd.

They sadly traveild thus, untill they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:
Then cryde the dwarfe, " Lo! yonder is the same,
In which my lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly
Thrall to that gyaunts hatefull tyranny:
Therefore, deare sir, your mightie powres assay."
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and badd the ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

So with his squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towardes that castle wall;
Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight
To warde the same, nor answere commers call.
Then tooke that squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
And tasselles gay; wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe:
No faulse enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

The same before the geaunts gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of free-will open flew.
The gyaunt selfe dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenaunce sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast;
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

Therewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble pere;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere; [beare;
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deepely dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw:
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow;
And, trembling with strange feare, did like an erthquake show.

As when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay.

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the knight him at advantage fownd;
And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh-water streame from riven rocke.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe:
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine,
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing: [ring.
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw,
Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumpteous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.
But him the squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fiers with single sword in hand;
And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwarke stand.

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight
And fiers disdaine, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so unequall foe:
But nathëmore would that corageous swayne
To her yeeld passage, gainst his lord to goe;
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

Then tooke the angry witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner partes;
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts:
Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,
And all his sences were with suddein dread dismayd.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved squyre into such thraldom brought.

And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wownd,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field arownd;
That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That, to have heard, great horror would have bred;
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,
Had not the gyaunt soone her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre, [tyre.
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight re-

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites, [erst;
Which is through rage more strong than both were
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow:
The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:—
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;
The light whereof, that Hevens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayër threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye [lye.
For to have slain the man, that on the ground did

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his sences dazd,
That downie he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the gyaunt lowdly she gan call;
"O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe, or els we perish all."

At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd
Her champion stout; and, for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,
But all in vaine; for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine: for, since that glauncing sight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.
As where th' Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the sences quight.

Whom when the prince, to batteill new addrest
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his left leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen be;
The mightie trunck halfe rent with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

Or as a castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falls; and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours might:
Such was this gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of Earth, as it for feare did quake.

The knight then, lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde:
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound;
But, leaving all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot squire her quickly turnd around,
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his lord, as his deserved pray.

The roiall virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;
And, with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake:
"Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paynes, ye suffer for my sake?

"And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto Deaths dore,
What hath poore virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore.
And He that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee;
And, what I cannot quite, requite with usuree!

"But sith the Heavens, and your faire handëling,
Have made you master of the field this day;
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And, well begonne, end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my lord bethrall,
My dearest lord, and deepe in dongeon lay;
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call!"

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his squyre,
That scarlet whore to keepen carefully;
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
Into the castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye:
Then gan he loudly through the house to call;
But no man car'd to answere to his crye:
There raignd a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall!

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow;
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro;
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo:
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore; [store.
But he could not them use, but kept them still in

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrincled face:
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the gyaunt dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

His reverend heares and holy gravitee
The knight much honord, as beseemed well;
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell:
Who answerd him full soft, *He could not tell.*
Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell
Had made his caytive thrall: againe he sayde,
He could not tell; ne ever other answere made.

Then asked he, which way he in might pas:
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the courteous knight displeased was,
And said; "Old syre, it seemes thou hast not red
How ill it sits with that same silver hed,
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou are pourtrahed
With Natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise what I demaund of thee."

His answere likewise was, *He could not tell.*
Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,
Whenas the noble prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance;
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then, to him stepping, from his arme did reache
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach:
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach,

There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras, and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was; that dreadfull was to vew;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

And there beside a marble stone was built
An altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery;
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy martyres often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cryde continually;
And with great griefe were often heard to grone;
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous mone.

Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr;
But no where could he find that wofull thrall.
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt; but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound;
"O! who is that, which bringes me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in balefull darknesse bound?
For now three moones have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the Heavens chearefull face did vew: [trew."
O welcome, thou, that doest of death bring tydings

Which when that champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore;
And trembling horrour ran through every ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as dark as Hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zele and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that prisoner up to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarse to light could beare;
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly drere.

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted Sunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene consum'd; and all his vitall powres
Decayd; and al his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

Whome when his lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty ioy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage, pale and wan;
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said; "Ah, dearest lord, what evil starre
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
That of yourselfe ye thus berobbed arre, [marre?"
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth

"But welcome now, my lord, in wele or woe;
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day:
And fye on Fortune mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes themselves doe now alay;
And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe."
The chearlesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

"Faire lady," then said that victorious knight,
"The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th' only good, that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

"Henceforth, sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might:
Loe, where your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length;
And loe, that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die."
"To doe her die," quoth Una, "were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enimy;
But spoile her of her scarlet robe, and let her fly."

So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoyld her tire and call,
Such, as she was, their eies might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall;
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honourable eld,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind, [kind.
So scabby was, that would have loathd all woman-

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write:
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight:
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight;
For one of them was like an eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight;
The other like a beares uneven paw:
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw,

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
" Such then," said Una, " as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of Falshood ; such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne."
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

Shee, flying fast from Heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide ;
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weary powres repaire :
Where store they fownd of al, that dainty was and rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells :
The knights knitt friendly bands :
Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
Whom Redcros knight withstands.

O ! goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize ;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safëty despize,
Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands ;
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from bands.

Who when their powres, empayred through labor
With dew repast they had recured well, [long,
And that weake captive wight now wexed strong ;
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell :
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell ;
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles thought.

" Faire virgin," said the prince, " yee me require
A thing without the compas of my witt :
For both the lignage, and the certein sire,
From which I sprong, from me are hidden yitt.
For all so soone as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed Hevens light,
From mother's pap I taken was unfitt,
And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

" Unto old Timon he me brought bylive ;
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on Earth I weene :
His dwelling is, low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore ;
There all my daies he traind me up in vertuous lore.

" Thether the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visitt mee ;
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And tutors nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring,
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king, [bring."
As time in her iust term the truth to light should

" Well worthy impe," said then the lady gent,
" And pupil fitt for such a tutors hand !
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hether into Fary land,
Aread, prince Arthure, crowne of martiall band ? "
" Full hard it is," quoth he, " to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' eternall Might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of living wight.

" For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
Me hither sent, for cause to me unghest ;
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hether brought by wayes yet never found ;
You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest."
" Ah ! courteous knight," quoth she, " what secret wound [ground ? "
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on

" Dear dame," quoth he, " you sleeping sparkes awake,
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow ;
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames ; and, hidden, it does glow ;
I will revele what ye so much desire : [respyre.
Ah ! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may

" It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When corage first does creepe in manly chest ;
Then first that cole of kindly heat appeares
To kindle love in every living brest :
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew, [new.
Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe stil wexeth

" That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enimy,
I ever scorn'd, and ioyd to stirre up strife,
In middest of their mournfull tragedy ;
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent :
Their god himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent ;
But I them warded all with wary government.

" But all in vaine : no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disadvantage fownd :
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd.
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight, [despight.
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most

" Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbed my libertee.
For on a day, prickt forth with iollitee
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the Heavens, with one consent,
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

" Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd:
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

" Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As, when iust time expired, should appeare.
But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, she queene of Faries hight.

" When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as earst I ioyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
And never vowd to rest till her I fynd: [unbynd."
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display;
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;
" O happy queene of Faries, that hast fownd,
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd!
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on grownd."

" Thine, O! then," said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
" Next to that ladies love, shal be the place,
O fayrest virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
And you, my lord, the patrone of my life,
Of that great queene may well gaine worthie grace;
For onely worthie you through prowes priefe,
Yf living man mote worthie be, to be her liefe."

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembrance now the prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew:
Als Una earnd her traveill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast frendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wownd could heale incontinent.
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saveours Testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she, now weighing the decayed plight
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew:
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

So as they traveild, lo! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.
Still, as he fledd, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd:
Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
As he had been a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree:
But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dismayd.
There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
That of himselfe he seemd to be afrayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
" Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight."

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall Furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
The gentle knight; who nought to him replyde;
But, trembling every ioynt, did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to shake;

" For Gods deare love, sir Knight, doe me not stay;
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee!"
Eft looking back would faine have runne away;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood-frosen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
Yett, forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach:

" And am I now in safetie sure," quoth he,
" From him, that would have forced me to dye?
And is the point of death now turned fro mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history?"
" Fear nought," quoth he, " no daunger now is nye."
" Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,"
Said he, " the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

" I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst!)
With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affayres, and was both bold and free;
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And ioyd to see her lover languish and lament:

" From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
A man of Hell, that calls himselfe *Despayre:*
Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

" Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which Love had launched with his deadly darts;
With wounding words, and termes of foule repriefe,
He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
That earst us held in love of lingring life:
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife;
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife:

" With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wyde way made to let forth living breath.
But I, more fearfull or more lucky wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, sir Knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare:
But God you never let his charmed speaches heare!"

" How many a man," said he, " with idle speach
Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health?"
" I wote," quoth he, " whom tryall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
His subtile tong, like dropping honny, mealt'h
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.
O never, sir, desire to try his guilefull traine!"

" Certes," sayd he, " hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde:
And you, sir Knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde."
" I, that hight Trevisan," quoth he, " will ryde,
Against my liking, backe to doe you grace:
But not for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever had I die then see his deadly face."

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle:

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare;
But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind:
His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts:
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew;
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villein sayd; " Thou damned wight,
The authour of this fact we here behold,
What iustice can but iudge against thee right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in sight?"

" What franticke fit," quoth he, " hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
But he should dye, who merites not to live?
None els to death this man despayring drive
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
Is then uniust to each his dew to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

" Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay;
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good;
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast;
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the flood?

" He there does now enioy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave;
Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And sayd; " The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand untill his captaine bed."
" Who life did limit by Almightie doome,"
Quoth he, " knowes best the termes established;
And he, that points the centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

" Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne
In Heaven and Earth? Did not he all create
To die againe? All ends, that was begonne:
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their certein date.
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state;
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence,
nor why.

" The lenger life, I wote the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
Now prayse, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

" Then doe no further goe, no further stray;
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife; [life.
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome

" Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
More luckless dissaventures did amate:
Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maist happen fall.

" Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

" Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
From highest Heven, and beares an equall eie?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie?
Is not his law, Let every sinner die,
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O Faries sonne."

The knight was much enmoved with his speach,
That as a swords poynt through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with enchaunted rimes;
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the miscreaunt
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends, that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law.
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose, what death he would desire:
For death was dew to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe, with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but, soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; " Fie, fie, faint hearted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battaile, which thou vauntst to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

" Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy many hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?
Where iustice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed place."

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight;
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet nathëlesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
To House of Holinesse;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to hevenly blesse.

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly!
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

By that which lately hapned, Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight.
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

There was an auncient house not far away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisedome of a matrone grave and hore;
Whose onely ioy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought
From Heaven to come, or thether to arise;
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two, most sober, chast, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were;
Though spousd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes; but, when they knockt,
The porter opened unto them streight way.
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low;
For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
But, entred in, a spatious court they see,
Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in;
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee;
His name was Zele, that him right well became:
For in his speaches and behaveour hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came,

There fayrely them receives a gentle squyre,
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre;
In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
And knew his good to all of each degree;
Hight Reverence: he them with speaches meet,
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a squyre so great persons to greet.

And afterwardes them to his dame he leades,
That aged dame, the lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades;
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from hevenly race,
Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

And, her embracing, said; "O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
Most vertuous virgin, borne of hevenly berth,
That, to redeeme thy woeful parents head
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead;
What grace hath thee now hether brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hether stray?

"Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place; or any other wight,
That hether turnes his steps: so few there bee,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right!
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way:
O! foolish men, why hast ye to your own decay?"

"Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
O matrone sage," quoth she, "I hether came;
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,
That up to Heven is blowne." The auncient dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,
Loe! two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise;
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her christall face
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like Hevens light.

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood;
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
And ever up to Heven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

They, seeing Una, towardes her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly ioy each other for to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

Then Una thus; "But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa, where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elswhere?"
"Ah! no," said they, "but forth she may not come;
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome."
"Indeed," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore;
But thankt be God, and her encrease for evermore!"

Then said the aged Cælia; "Deare dame,
And you, good sir, I wote that of youre toyle
And labors long, through which ye hether came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."
Then called she a groome, that forth him ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd:
His name was meeke Obedience rightfully aredd.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoolehous plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisedom of her wordes divine.
She graunted; and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

And that her sacred booke, with blood ywritt,
That none could reade except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whitt;
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker witt of man could never reach;
Of God; of grace; of iustice; of free-will;
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

And, when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from Hevens hight:
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway;
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:
Almightie God her gave such powre and puissaunce great.

The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all hevenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore;
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes!

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Els has his sinnes so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found herselfe assayld with great perplexity;

And came to Cælia to declare her smart;
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience,
And well could cure the same; his name was Patience.

Who, comming to that sowle-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which knowne, and all, that noyd his heavie spright,
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might:
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did ranckle yett within,
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin:
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted iott.

And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play:
And sad Repentance used to embay
His body in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore [dore.
The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes

In which his torment often was so great,
That, like a lyon, he would cry and rore;
And rend his flesh; and his owne synewes eat.
His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
For pitty of his payne and anguish sore:
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
For well she wist his cryme could els be never cleare.

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who, ioyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest:
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on Earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love; but Cupids wanton snare
As Hell she hated; chaste in worke and will;
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold;
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,
But thrust them forth still as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told:
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

The knight and Una entring fayre her greet,
And bid her ioy of that her happy brood:
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad House of Penaunce, where his spright
Had past the paines of Hell and long-enduring night.

She was right ioyous of her iust request;
And, taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
Of love; and righteousnes; and well to donne;
And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne;
In which when him she well instructed hath, [path.
From thence to Heaven she teacheth him the ready

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descryde;
Her name was Mercy; well knowne over all
To be both gratious and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldës wave;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

The godly matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmely did upbeare;
As carefull nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

Eftsoones unto an holy hospitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring;
In which seven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high Heavens King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing;
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were traveiling;
And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and governement,
As guardian and steward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainemént
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent;
But such, as want of harbour did constraine:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

The second was an almner of the place:
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thirsty give to drinke; a worke of grace:
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede:
He had enough; what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
But clothës meet to keep keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to array;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prisoners to relieve with gratious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more than that why they in bands were layd;
And he, that harrowed Hell with heavie stowre,
The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When Sin, and Hell, and Death, doe most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
That to their heavenly Spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould!

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone:
In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence; nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
And, when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towardes him did pas;
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare;
For of their order she was patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,
That to the rest more hable he might bee:
During which time, in every good behest,
And godly worke of almes and charitee,
Shee him instructed with great industree.
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That, from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy;
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a litle hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night said his devotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply:
His name was Hevenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him given had;
For God he often saw from Heavens hight:
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
As eagles eie, that can behold the Sunne.
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Gan faile; but, by her helpe, the top at last he wonne.

There they doe finde that godly aged sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every sinew seene, through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh to keep his body low and chast.

Who, when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his hevenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore;
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious hight?

"What end," quoth she, "should cause us take such paine,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his marke, high Heaven to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious House, that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire."

"Thrise happy man," said then the father grave,
"Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!
Who better can the way to Heaven aread
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
In hevenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
Present before the Majesty Divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

"Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.
Then come, thou man of Earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faries sonne;
That never leads the traveiler astray,
But, after labors long and sad delay,
Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is, [tis."
And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmi-

That done, he leads him to the highest mount;
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone:

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
Through famous poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned ladies play [lay.
Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly citty led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song!
The citty of the Greate King hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest Heven in gladsome companee,
And with great ioy into that citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

"Faire knight," quoth he, "Hierusalem that is,
The New Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
Now are they saints all in that citty sam, [dam."
More dear unto their God then younglings to their

"Till now," said then the knight, "I weened well,
That great Cleopolis where I have beene,
In which that fairest Fary queene doth dwell,
The fairest citty was that might be seene;
And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was:
But now by proofe all otherwise I weene;
For this great citty that does far surpas, [of glas."
And this bright angels towre quite dims that towre

"Most trew," then said the holy aged man;
"Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eie beholden can;
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
That covett in th' immortal booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
For she is hevenly borne, and Heaven may iustly vaunt.

"And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate fordonne.
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows, yield.

"Then seek this path that I to thee preságe,
Which after all to Heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For thou emongst those saints, whom thou doest see,
Shall be a saint, and mine owne nations frend
And patrone: thou *Saint George* shalt called bée,
Saint George of mery *Engländ*, the signe of victoree."

"Unworthy wretch," quoth he, "of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine!"
"These, that have it attaynd, were in like cace,"
Quoth he, "as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."
"But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
And ladies love to leave, so dearely bought?"
"What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,"
Said he, "and battailes none are to be fought?
As for loose loves, they are vaine, and vanish into nought."

"O let me not," quoth he, "then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;
But let me here for aie in peace remaine,
Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare."
"That may not be," said he, "ne maist thou yitt
Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt."

"Then shall I soone," quoth he, "so God me grace,
Abett that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly back returne unto this place,
To walke this way in pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"
"That word shall I," said he, "avouchén good,
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

"For well I wote thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
And many bloody battailes fought in place,
High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slept in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
Such, men do chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft.

"Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
Whereof Geórgos he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Fary court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best became."

"O holy sire," quoth he, "how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have fownd,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to Heaven bownd!"
This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne. [vine
So darke are earthly thinges compard to thinges di-

At last, whenas himself he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast him to retyre;
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thankes, and goodly meed, to that good syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre.
So came to Una, who him ioyd to see;
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre

Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters three.

CANTO XI.

The knight with that old dragon fights
Two dayes incessantly:
The third, him overthrowes; and gayns
Most glorious victory.

High time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
"Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High Heven behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take!

"Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his daily spoyle;
Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowmed make
Above all knights on Earth, that batteill undertake."

And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," said she,
"The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
That, O my parents, might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes that Heven with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.

Then badd the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;
From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned dame,
Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
The nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name;

O, gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently; but not with that mightie rage,
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And hartes of great heroes doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The god of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd;
And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

Fayre goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great Faery queene and Paynim king,
That with their horror Heven and Earth did ring;
A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:
But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this, the dreadful beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste;
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore;

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce; ne might his corse be harmd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare;
Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze full rudely dight;
So shaked he, that horror was to heare:
For, as the clashing of an armour bright, [knight.
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the Hevens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred folds,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfolds,
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lacke;
And at the point two stinges infixed arre, [farre.
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes
Wyde gaped, like the grisely mouth of Hell,
Through which into his darke abysse all ravin fell.

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
Of late devoured bodies did appeare;
That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
A cloud of smoothering smoke, and sulphure seare,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still, [fill.
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give, that enemies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
But far within, as in a hollow glade, [full shade.
Those glaring lampes were sett, that made a dread-

So dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great ioyance of his new come guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest;
As chauffed bore his bristles doth upreare;
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest, [feare)
(That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right:
Yet, sore amoved with so puissant push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush [did rush.
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest:
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
At last, low stouping with unweldy sway, [away.
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send;
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightës end:
As hagard hauke, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight; [fight.
Which, comming down to ground, does free itselfe by

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare again assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the monster lowdly cryde,

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;
The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
As they the Earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snacht the wood,
And quite asunder broke: forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill, [thrill.
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nose-

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd;

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell;
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But, when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in adamant rocke it had beene pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to stye above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

Then, full of grief and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayed, that like was never heard;
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace, [lace.
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to un-

Not that great champion of the antique world,
Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
With Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd;
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd;
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent, [fire,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward
That never man such mischiefes did torment;
Death better were; death did he oft desire;
But death will never come, when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him
feld.

It fortuned, (as fayre it then befell)
Behind his backe, unweeting where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that cursed dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life; ne yet his vertues had forgot:

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those, that with sicknesse were infected sore,
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Iordan did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest;
When that infernall monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advaunce his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

Which when his pensive lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre;
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht; ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enimy.

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
Out of the well wherein he drenched lay;
As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe, stil as he flies: [rise.
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enimy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

I wote not, whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell; or sharper edge did feele;
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew:
For, till that stownd, could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty
charme.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine.
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yielden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore:

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite asonder clefte; [lefte.
Five ioints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all,
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall [all.
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast with-

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett, how his talaunts to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
As sparkles from the andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedg are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledg to yield;
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine:
Upon the ioynt the lucky steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

For griefe thereof and devilish despight,
From his infernall fournace fourth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the Hevens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clowds and filthy smoke,
That al the land with stench, and Heven with horror, choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backeward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backeward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide, [fide.
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terri-

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were redd:
For happy life to all which thereon fedd.
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory! [to dy!
That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave;
And deadly wounds could heale; and reare againe
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave:
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

For nigh thereto the ever-damned beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And al that life preserved did detest;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drouping Day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding Night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of Earth and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in Heaven bright.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare;
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks, for hast, were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From Heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
With merry note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundës wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare;

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pryde;
Who him recounting fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted back: the weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with so impórtune might,
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth withall did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudës swift;
So downe he fell, that th' Earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundacion waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And, rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay:
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread which she misdeemd:
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Redcrosse knight
Betrouthed is with ioy:
Though false Duessa, it to barre,
Her false sleightes doe imploy.

Behold I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend:
There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
Must landed bee, now at her iourneyes end;
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay.
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming east
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the Earth his flaming creast;
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull beast did deeme,
And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the dragons fatall fall.

Uprose with hasty ioy, and feeble speed,
That aged syre, the lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tydinges were, as he did understand:
Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
He badd to open wyde his brazen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

Then gan triumphant trompets sownd on hye,
That sent to Heven the ecchoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victory
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

Forth came that auncient lord, and aged queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd,
And sad habiliments right well beseene:
A noble crew about them waited rownd
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

Unto that doughtie conquerour they came,
And him before, themselves prostrating low,
Their lord and patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow greene doe grow,
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light;
And in their handes sweet timbrells all upheld on hight.

And, them before, the fry of children yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the maydens sownding tymbrels song
In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Untill they came where that faire virgin stood:
As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood;

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who, when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to Heven her everlasting fame:
Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game:
Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,
Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden queene.

And after all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admired as from Heaven sent,
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approch him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

Some feard, and fledd: some feard, and well it faynd;
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull seede;
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her little babe revyld,
And to her gossibs gan in counsell say;
"How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?"
So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spred of land.

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about;
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
And thousand thankes him yeeldes for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

And after to his pallace he them bringes,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with clarions sweet;
And all the way the ioyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved street;
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet
Of all, that royall princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.

What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large discourse of roiall princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne;
For th' ántique world excesse and pryde did hate:
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

Then, when with meates and drinkes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed guest:
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly king and queene did passionate,
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too impórtune fate
That heapd on him so many wrathfull wreakes;
(For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;) [cheaks.
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers

Then sayd that royall pere in sober wise;
" Deare sonne, great beene the evils which he bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I no'te, whether praise or pitty more:
For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest:
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be blest!)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest."

" Ah, dearest lord," said then that doughty knight,
" Of ease or rest I may not yet devize;
For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
I bownden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to retourne to that great Faery queene,
And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene:
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene."

" Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"
Quoth he, " the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicity;
Ne I against the same can justly preace.
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne,)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hether backe retourne agayne,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twayn:

" Which, for my part, I covet to performe,
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That whoso kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battayle overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
Therefore since now to thee perteynes the same,
By dew desert of noble chevalree, [thee."
Both daughter and eke kingdome lo! I yield to

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his onely hayre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light:
So faire and fresh that lady shewd herselfe in sight:

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her weary iourney she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare;
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the streame:
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare loved knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

So fairely dight when she in presence came,
She to her syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say — But, eare he thus had sayd,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood;
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake:

" To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
Of that great emperour of all the west;
And bids thee be advized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band
Of wedlocke, to that new unknowen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

" To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affyaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forsworne!
Witnesse the burning altars, which he swore,
And guilty Heavens of his bold periury:
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iust doe fly,
And them coniure t' avenge this shamefull iniury!

" Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O soverayne prince, your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weaknesse of my widowhed or woe:
For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.
So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor foe.
" Fidessa."

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished,
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
" Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake
Thy life and honor late adventurest;
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

" What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?
What Hevens? what altars? what enraged heates,
Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd,
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd?
High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame!
But if yourselfe, sir Knight, ye faulty fynd,
Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the same."

To whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent;
" My lord, my king; be nought hereat dismayd,
Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
That day should faile me ere I had them all declard.

" There did I find, or rather I was fownd
Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest dame on grownd,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wiely skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill."

Then steppeth forth the goodly royall mayd,
And, on the ground herselfe prostráting low,
With sober countenance thus to him sayd;
" O pardon me, my soveraine lord, to show
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse:
Shee, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

" And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and unprovided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, chokt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The falsest man alive; who tries, shall find no lesse."

The king was greatly moved at her speach;
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait:
Whose seeming sorely chaufféd at his band,
As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withstand;
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains;
And with continual watch did warely keepe:
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden bains,
And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day:
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and iollity.

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sownd through all the pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an angels voice
Singing before th' Eternall Maiesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye:
Yett wist no creature whence that hevenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himselfe thereby refte of his sences meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall ioyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his ladies hart and hand;
And ever, when his eie did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

Her ioyous presence, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enioy;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
His deare delights were hable to annoy:
Yet, swimming in that sea of blissfull ioy,
He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faery queene backe to retourne;
The which he shortly did; and Una left to mourne.

Now, strike your sailes, yee iolly mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode,
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide; and then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent!

THE SECOND BOOK OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

RIGHT well I wote, most mighty soveraine,
That all this famousántique history
Of some th' aboundance of an ydle braine
Will indged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of iust memory;
Sith none that breatheth living aire doth know
Where is that happy land of Faëry,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show;
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

But let that man with better sence advize,
That of the world least part to us is red;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The Amazon huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever vew?

Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene;
And later times thinges more unknowne shall show.
Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?
What, if within the Moones fayre shining spheare,
What, if in every other starre unseene
Of other worldes he happily should heare?
He wonder would much more; yet such to some appeare.

Of Faery lond yet if he more inquyre,
By certein signes, here sett in sondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre
But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O fayrest princesse under sky,
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faëry,
And in this ántique ymage thy great auncestry.

The which O! pardon me thus to enfold
In covert vele, and wrapt in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which ells could not endure those beames bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O! pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
The brave adventures of this Faery knight,
The good sir Guyon, gratiously to heare;
In whom great rule of temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,
The Redcrosse knight awaytes;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baytes.

THAT conning architect of cancred guyle,
Whom princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters, and suborned wyle;
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he understands
To beene departed out of Eden landes,
To serve againe his soveraine Elfin queene;
His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene;
His shackles emptie lefte, himselfe escaped cleene;

And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd,
To worken mischiefe, and avenging woe,
Whereever he that godly knight may fynd,
His onely hart-sore and his onely foe;
Sith Una now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earst restore
To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe;
Where she enioyes sure peace for evermore,
As wetherbeaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.

Him therefore now the obiect of his spight
And deadly food he makes: him to offend
By forged treason, or by open fight,
He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:
Thereto his subtile engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his fayre fyled tonge,
With thousand other sleightes; for well he kend
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong:
For hardly could bee hurt, who was already stong.

Still, as he went, he craftie stales did lay,
With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
And privy spyals plast in all his way,
To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;
To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
That he descryde, and shonned still, his slight:
The fish, that once was caught, new bayt wil hardly byte.

Nath'lesse th' enchaunter would not spare his payne,
In hope to win occasion to his will:
Which when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill:
For to all good he enimy was still.
Upon the way him fortuned to meete,
Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

His carriage was full comely and upright;
His countenance demure and temperate;
But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne, of noble state
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good sir Huons hand,
When with king Oberon he came to Fary land.

Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:
And, if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seemd to be a sage and sober syre;
And ever with slow pace the knight did lead, [tread.
Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke some uncouth wyle:
Eftsoones, untwisting his deceiptfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle;
And, with faire countenance and flattring style
To them approching, thus the knight bespake:
"Fayre sonne of Mars, that seeke with warlike spoyle,
And great atchiev'ments, great yourselfe to make,
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake."

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt:
Who feigning then in every limb to quake
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faynt,
With piteous mone his percing speach gan paynt;
"Dear lady! how shall I declare thy cace,
Whom late I left in languorous constraynt?
Would God! thyselfe now present were in place
To tell this ruefull tale: thy sight could win thee
grace:

"Or rather would, O! would it so had chaunst,
That you, most noble sir, had present beene
When that lude rybauld, with vyle lust advaunst,
Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,
To spoyle her dainty corps, so faire and sheene
As on the Earth, great mother of us all,
With living eye more fayre was never seene
Of chastity and honour virginall: [call!"
Witnes, ye Heavens, whom she in vaine to help did

"How may it be," sayd then the knight halfe wroth,
"That knight should knighthood ever so have
shent?" [troth,
"None but that saw," quoth he, "would weene for
How shamefully that mayd he did torment:
Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground; and his sharpe sword
Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloodie word;
Tounge hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhord."

Therewith amoved from his sober mood, [act?
"And lives he yet," said he, "that wrought this
And doen the Heavens afford him vitall food?"
"He lives," quoth he, "and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt." [found,
"Where may that treachour then," sayd he, "be
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?"
"That I shall shew," said he, "as sure as hound
The stricken deare doth chaleng by the bleeding
wound."

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
And zealous haste away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty squyre
Supposd to be. They do arrive anone
Where sate a gentle lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare discheveled,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone:
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

The knight, approching nigh, thus to her said;
"Faire lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
Great pitty is to see you thus dismayd,
And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:
Forthe appease your griefe and heavy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived payne;
For, if he live that hath you doen despight,
He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,
Or els his wrong with greater puissaunce maintaine."

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
Aud scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment;
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene:

Till her that squire bespake; "Madame, my liefe,
For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment
When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
And the weake minde with double woe torment?"
When she her squyre heard speake, she gan appease
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

Eftsoone she said, "Ah! gentle trustie squyre,
What comfort can I, wofull wretch, conceave!
Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
To see faire Heavens face, and life not leave,
Sith that false traytour did my honour reave?"
"False traytour certes," saide the Faerie knight,
"I read the man, that ever would deceave
A gentle lady, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little paine for such a fowle despight.

"But now, fayre lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight,
That short revenge the man may overtake,
Whereso he be, and soone upon him light."
"Certes," said she, "I wote not how he hight,
But under him a gray steede he did wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
He bore a bloodie crosse, that quartred all the field."

"Now by my head," said Guyon, "much I muse,
How that same knight should doe so fowle amis,
Or ever gentle damzell so abuse:
For may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and true of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witnesse well,
When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
Th' adventure of the errant damozell;
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

"Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;
Els, be ye sure, he dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.
Now therefore, lady, rise out of your paine,
And see the salving of your blotted name."
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine;
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

Her purpose was not such as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such as it was seene;
But under simple shew, and semblant plaine,
Lurkt false Duessa secretly unseene,
As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene;
So had false Archimago her disguysd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
To be her squire, and do her service well aguisd.

Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found
Where she did wander in waste wildernesse,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
Sith her prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoyld: her nathëlesse
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

For all he did was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame
To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed shame,
And now exceeding griefe him overcame,
To see the Redcrosse thus advaunced hye;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

So now he Guyon guydes an úncouth way
Through woods and mountaines, till they came at last
Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads, overplast,
The valley did with coole shade overcast;
Through midst thereof a little river rold,
By which there sate a knight with helme unlaste,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travell long and labours manifold.

" Lo! yonder he," cryde Archimage alowd,
" That wrought the shamefull fact which I did shew;
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
To fly the vengeaunce for his outrage dew;
But vaine; for ye shall dearely do him rew:
(So God ye speed and send you good successe!)
Which we far off will here abide to vew."
So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
That streight against that knight his speare he did addresse.

Who, seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his ready speare did sticke;
Tho, whenas still he saw him towards pace,
He gan recounter him in equall race.
They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
When suddeinly that warriour gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap;

And cryde, " Mercie, sir Knight! and mercie, lord,
For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,
The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
Which on your shield is set for ornament!"
But his fierce foe his steed could stay uneath,
Who, prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath.

But, when he heard him speake, streight way he knew
His errour; and, himselfe inclyning, sayd;
" Ah! deare sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
Whose hastie hand so far from reason strayd,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that fayre ymage of that heavenly mayd,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew offence."

So beene they both atone, and doen upreare
Their bevers bright each other for to greet;
Goodly comportaunce each to other beare,
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
Then said the Redcrosse knight, " Now mote I weet,
Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saliaunce,
And fell intent, ye did at earst me meet;
For, sith I know your goodly gouvernaunce,
Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some úncouth chaunce."

" Certes," said he, " well mote I shame to tell
The fond encheason that me hether led.
A false infámous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
A knight had wrought against a lady gent;
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent, [went!"
And now is fled: foule shame him follow wher he

So can he turne his earnest unto game,
Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.
By this his aged guide in presence came;
Who, soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
Eftsoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
Sith him in Faery court he late avizd: [chaunce,
And said; " Fayre sonne, God give you happy
And that deare crosse uppon your shield devizd,
Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd!

" Ioy may you have, and everlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly regesters above the Sunne,
Where you a saint with saints your seat have wonne!
But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
Must now anew begin like race to ronne.
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke!"

" Palmer," him answered the Redcrosse knight,
" His be the praise, that this atchiev'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might!
More then goodwill to me attribute nought;
For all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire sir, whose pageant next ensewes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,
That home ye may report thrise happy newes!
For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle thewes."

So courteous congé both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make
With his blacke palmer, that him guided still:
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his steedy staffe did point his way;
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

In this faire wize they traveild long yfere,
Through many hard assayes which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all countryes wide.
At last, as chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
With percing shriekes and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

" But if that carelesse Hevens," quoth she, "despise
The doome of iust revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageaunts of mens miseries,
As bownd by them to live in lives despight;
Yet can they not warne Death from wretched wight.
Come, then; come, soone; come, sweetest Death, to me,
And take away this long lent loathed light: [me,
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,
That long captived soules from weary thraldome free.

" But thou, sweete babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
Sith Heven thee deignes to hold in living state,
Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall
Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall!
Live thou! and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall:
Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding brest,
Loe! I for pledges leave! So give me leave to rest!"

With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw
That through the wood re-echoed againe;
And after gave a grone so deepe and low
That seemd her tender hart was rent in twaine,
Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing paine:
As gentle hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approching shee does feele,
Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies doth seele.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick;
In whose white alabaster brest did stick
A cruell knife that made a griesly wownd,
From which forth gusht a stream of goreblood thick,
That all her goodly garments staind arownd,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleare waves with purple gore did ray:
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His litle hands, and tender ioints embrew:
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew!

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with blood besprincled was;
His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded;
Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lustyhed,
Fitt to inflame faire lady with loves rage,
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

Whom when the good sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan wexe as starke as marble stone,
And his fresh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his sences seemd berefte attone:
At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
As lion, grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine [paine.
His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
With his faire garment: then gan softly feel
Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop:
Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop:
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last shee gan to breath out living aire.

Which he perceiving, greatly gan reioice,
And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweete voice;
" Ay me! deare lady, which the ymage art
Of ruefull pitty and impatient smart,
What direfull chaunce armd with avenging fate,
Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date? [late."
Speake, O dear lady, speake; help never comes too

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
On which the dreary Death did sitt as sad
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare:
But when as him, all in bright armour clad,
Before her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:
Streight downe againe herselfe in great despight
She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunck againe,
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
And to her said; " Yet, if the stony cold
Have not all seized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your grief unfold,
And tell the secrete of your mortall smart: [part."
He oft finds present helpe, who does his griefe im-

Then, casting up a deadly looke, full low
She sigh't from bottome of her wounded brest;
And, after many bitter throbs did throw,
With lips full pale and foltring tong opprest,
These words she breathed forth from riven chest;
" Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight thou bee,
To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
And trouble dying soules tranquilitee; [me."
Take not away now got, which none would give to

" Ah! far be it," said he, " deare dame, fro mee,
To hinder soule from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captivitee:
For, all I seeke, is but to have redrest
The bitter pangs that doth your heart infest.
Tell then, O lady, tell what fatall priefe
Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest;
That I may cast to compas your reliefe,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe."

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
As Heven accusing guilty of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In these sad wordes she spent her utmost breath;
"Heare then, O man, the sorrowes that uneath
My tong can tell, so far all sence they pas!
Loe! this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
The gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras
Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good sir Mordant was:

"Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
My lord, my love, my deare lord, my deare love,
So long as Hevens iust with equall brow
Vouchsafed to behold us from above.
One day, when him high corage did emmove,
(As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde)
He pricked forth his puissaunt force to prove,
Me then he left enwombed of this childe, [filld.
This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood de-

"Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may ghesse!)
To come, where vile Acrasia does wonne;
Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knightes have fowle fordonne;
Within a wandring island, that doth ronne
And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is:
Fayre sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
The cursed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of Blis.*

"Her blis is all in pleasure, and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers dronken mad;
And then with wordes, and weedes, of wondrous might,
On them she workes her will to uses bad: [might,
My liefest lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frayltie breed!)
Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
(Weake wretch) I wrapt myselfe in palmers weed,
And cast to seek him forth through danger and great dreed.

"Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrice three tymes had fild her crooked hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought: [weare:
The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwives,
Hard help at need! so deare thee, babe, I bought;
Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare I sought.

"Him so I sought; and so at last I fownd,
Where him that witch had thralled to her will,
In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, nether his owne ill;
Till, through wise handling and faire governaunce,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce:
Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

"Which when the vile enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
How that my lord from her I would reprive,
With cup thus charmd him parting she deceivd;
'Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
And losse of love to her that loves to live,
So soone as Bacchus with the nymphe does lincke!'
So parted we, and on our iourney drive;
Till, coming to this well, he stoupt to drincke:
The charme fulfild, dead suddeinly he downe did sincke.

"Which when I, wretch"—Not one word more she
But breaking off the end for want of breath, [sayd,
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing, good sir Guyon could uneath
From teares abstayne; for griefe his hart did grate,
And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plonged had faire lady in so wretched state:

Then, turning to his palmer, said; "Old syre,
Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre!
When raging Passion with fierce tyranny
Robs Reason of her dew regalitie,
And makes it servaunt to her basest part;
The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart:
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake through smart."

"But temperaunce," said he, "with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane;
Nether to melt in pleasures whott desyre,
Nor frye in hartlesse griefe and dolefull tene:
Thrise happy man, who fares them both atweene!
But sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath bene,
Reserve her cause to her eternall doome;
And, in the meane, vouchsafe her honorable toombe."

"Palmer," quoth he, "death is an equall doome
To good and bad, the common in of rest;
But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall bee to them that lived best:
But both alike, when death hath both suppprest,
Religious reverence doth burial teene;
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest:
For all so greet shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene.

So both agree their bodies to engrave:
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
And with sad cypresse seemely it embrave;
Then, covering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein their corses tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.
But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,
Sir Guyon more affection to increase,
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay releace.

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
Which medling with their blood and earth he threw
Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare;
"Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
And worse and worse, young orphane, be thy pane,
If I, or thou, dew vengeaunce doe forbeare,
Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne!"—
So, shedding many teares, they closd the earth agayne.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be clensd.
The face of Golden Meane:
Her sisters, Two Extremities,
Strive her to banish cleane.

THUS when sir Guyon with his faithful guyde
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament

The end of their sad tragedie uptyde,
The litle babe up in his armes he hent;
Who with sweet pleasaunce, and bold blandishment,
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen; that ruth emperced deepe
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares
did steepe:

"Ah! lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are
Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed;
Poore orphane! in the wide world scattered,
As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered!
Such is the state of men! thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree!"

Then, soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath disdainefull nicitee)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene:
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner: still he strove;
Yet still the litle hands were bloody seene:
The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

He wist not whether blott of fowle offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore bloodguiltinesse he hat'th;
Or that the charme and veneme, which they dronck,
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the senceless tronck
That, through the great contagion, direful deadly
stonck.

Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake;
"Ye bene right hard amated, gratious lord,
And of your ignorance great merveill make,
Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake.
But know, that secret vertues are infusd
In every fountaine, and in everie lake,
Which, who hath skill them rightly to have chusd,
To proofe of passing wonders hath full often usd:

"Of those, some were so from their sourse indewd
By great dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
Their wellheads spring, and are with moisture deawd;
Which feeds each living plant with liquid sap,
And filles with flowres fayre Floraes painted lap:
But other some, by guifte of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from
place to place.

"Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
Which to her nymph befell. Upon a day,
As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,
The hartlesse hynd and roebucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
And, kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
As hynd from her, so she fled from her enimy.

"At last, when fayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape; of shame affrayd,
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint;
And, to Diana calling lowd for ayde,
Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
The goddesse heard; and suddeine, where she sate
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

"Lo! now she is that stone; from whose two heads,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
Yet colde through feare and old conceived dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her know;
And yet her vertues in her water byde:
For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde;
But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath beene tryde.

"From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand
May not be clensd with water of this well:
Ne certes, sir, strive you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeathd in her last testament;
That, as a sacred symbole, it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to mind revengement,
And be for all chaste dames an endlesse moniment."

He hearkned to his reason; and the childe
Uptaking, to the palmer gave to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,
An heavie load, himselfe did lightly reare;
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his loftie steed with golden sell
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare;
By other accident, that earst befell,
He is convaide; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

Which when sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foot, however loth:
His double burden did him sore disease.
So, long they travelled with litle ease,
Till that at last they to a castle came,
Built on a rocke adioyning to the seas:
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature and by skilfull frame.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one syre by mothers three;
Who, dying whylome, did divide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But stryfull mind and diverse qualitee
Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:
Still did they strive, and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober, sad, and comely courteous dame:
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments that her well became,
Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threshold mett and well did enterprize.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie;
Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
Was lightnesse seene, or looser vanitie,
But gratious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthly yeares:
Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

Whilest she herselfe thus busily did frame
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accourting each her frend with lavish fest:
They were two knights of perelesse puissance,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these ladies love did countenaunce,
And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.

He, that made love unto the eldest dame,
Was hight sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errant armes to sew he first began.
More huge in strength than wise in workes he was,
And reason with foole-hardize over-ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas;
And was, for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

But he, that lov'd the youngest, was Sansloy;
He, that faire Una late fowle oútraged,
The most unruly and the boldest boy
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And all to lawlesse lust encouraged
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might;
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right;
He, now this ladies champion, chose for love to fight.

These two gay knights, vowd to so diverse loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman moves,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th' others pleasing service to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard
How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
Both knights and ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

But, ere they could proceede unto the place
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
And cruell combat ioyned in middle space:
With horrible assault and fury fell,
They heapt huge strokes the scorned life to quell,
That all on uprore from her settled seat
The house was raysd, and all that in did dwell;
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
Did rend the ratling skies with flames of fouldring heat.

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
And shyning blade unsheathd, with which he ran
Unto that stead, their strife to understond;
And, at his first arrivall, them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

But they, him spying, both with greedy forse
Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
And on his shield like yron sledges bet.
As when a beare and tygre, being met
In cruell fight on Lybicke ocean wide,
Espye a traveiler with feet surbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
They stint their strife, and him assayle on everie side.

But he, not like a weary traveilere,
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,
Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and cut.
But still, when Guyon came to part their fight,
With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rockes doe diversly disease,
Meetes two contrárie billowes by the way,
That her on either side doe sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave; [way,
Shee, scorning both their spights, does make wide
And, with her brest breaking the fomy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire herself doth save:

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriours he dismade:
Attonce he wards and strikes; he takes and paies;
Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade;
Before, behind, and round about him laies:
So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
Three combates ioine in one, and to darraine
A triple warre, with triple enmitee,
All for their ladies froward love to gaine,
Which, gotten, was but hate. So Love does raine
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yett his peace is but continual iarre:
O miserable men, that to him subiect arre!

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire Medina with her tresses torne
And naked brest, in pitty of their harmes,
Emongst them ran; and, falling them beforne,
Besought them by the womb which them had born,
And by the loves which were to them most deare,
And by the knighthood which they sure had sworn,
Their deadly cruell discord to forbeare,
And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

But her two other sisters, standing by,
Her lowd gainsaid; and both their champions bad
Pursew the end of their strong enmity,
As ever of their loves they would be glad:
Yet she with pitthy words, and counsell sad,
Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke;
That at the last, suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
And hearken to the sober speaches which she spoke;

" Ah! puissaunt lords, what cursed evill spright,
Or fell Erinnys, in your noble harts
Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts
Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
And not regard dew right and iust desarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory uniust, [trust.
That more to mighty hands then rightfull cause doth

" And were there rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better fayre it to accord,
Then with blood-guiltinesse to heape offence,
And mortal vengeaunce ioyne to crime abhord?
O! fly from wrath; fly, O my liefest lord!
Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword:
Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth marre
Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

" But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does increase,
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds: [creace,
Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.
Be therefore, O my deare lords, pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside."

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abase their lofty crests
To her faire presence and discrete behests.
Then she began a treaty to procure,
And stablish terms betwixt both their requests,
That as a law for ever should endure; [sure.
Which to observe, in word of knights they did as-

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
She them besought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire a while,
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare;
Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile
Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare [fare.
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty

And those two froward sisters, their faire loves,
Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,
And fained cheare, as for the time behoves;
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both:
For both did at their second sister grutch
And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment frett, not th' utter touch;
One thought her cheare too litle, th' other thought too mutch.

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
As discontent for want of merth or meat;
No solace could her paramour intreat
Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce;
But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
She scould, and frownd with froward countenaunce;
Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kynd;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight:
In wine and meats she flowed above the banck,
And in excesse exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she ioyd her selfe to pranck,
But of her love too lavish: litle have she thanck!

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,
Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding ioy;
Might not be found a francker franion,
Of her leawd parts to make companion.
But Huddibras, more like a malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment;
Yett still he satt, and inly did himselfe torment.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate
With sober grace and goodly carriage:
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire she ever would asswage,
When they would strive dew reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would accorage,
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.

Thus fairely shee attempered her feast,
And pleasd them all with meete satiety:
At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
She Guyon deare besought of curtesie
To tell from whence he came through ieopardy,
And whether now on new adventure bownd:
Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,
Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sownd.

" This thy demaund, O lady, doth revive
Fresh memory in me of that great queene,
Great and most glorious virgin queene alive,
That with her soveraine power, and scepter shene,
All Faery lond does peaceably sustene.
In widest ocean she her throne does reare,
That over all the earth it may be seene;
As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare;
And in her face faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

In her the richnesse of all heavenly grace
In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye:
And all, that els this worlds enclosure bace
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
Adornes the person of her maiestye;
That men, beholding so great excellence
And rare perfection in mortalitye,
Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
As th' idole of her Makers great magnificence.

" To her I homage and my service owe,
In number of the noblest knightes on ground,
Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
Order of Maydenhead, the most renownd,
That may this day in all the world be found.
An yearely solemne feast she wontes to make,
The day that first doth lead the yeare around,
To which all knights of worth and courage bold
Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

" There this old palmer shewd himselfe that day,
And to that mighty princesse did complaine
Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
Whereof he crav'd redresse. My soveraine,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes:
Me, all unfitt for so great purpose, she employes.

" Now hath faire Phebe with her silver face
Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,
Sith last I left that honorable place,
In which her roiall presence is entrold;
Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false Acrasia have wonne;
Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told,
I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne
Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne."

" Tell on, fayre sir," said she, " that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pitty such unhappie bale,
And learne from Pleasures poyson to abstaine:
Ill, by ensample, good doth often gayne."
Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
And told the story of the mortall payne,
Which Mordant and Amavia did rew;
As, with lamenting eyes, himselfe did lately vew.

Night was far spent; and now in ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing Snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make:
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
Those guestes beguyled did beguyle their eyes
Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake.
At last, when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
They wist their houre was spent; then each to rest
him hyes.

CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guyons horse, is made the scorne
Of knighthood trew; and is of fayre
Belphœbe fowle forlorne.

Soone as the morrow fayre with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light;
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowsie couch, and him addrest
Unto the iourney which he had behight:
His puissant armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

Then, taking congé of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly committ, and her coniure
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th;
And that, so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might, for memory of that dayes ruth,
Be called Ruddymane; and thereby taught
T' avenge his parents death on them that had it
wrought.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce: helplesse what may it boot
To frett for anger, or for griefe to mone?
His palmer now shall foot no more alone.
So fortune wrought, at under greene woodes syde
He lately heard that dying lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed it on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing toung and troublous spright
Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd;
He, that brave steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full
light.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
And of himselfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
That puffed up with smoke of vanity,
And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd
For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
But for in court gay portaunce he perceiv'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to court he cast t' advaunce his first degree.

And by the way he chaunced to espy
One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
To whom avaunting in great bravery,
As peacocke that his painted plumes doth pranck,
He smote his courser in the trembling flanck,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
The seely man, seeing him ryde so ranck
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying, " Mercy," loud, his pitious handes gan
reare.

Thereat the scarcrow wexed wondrous prowd,
Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,
And with big thundring voice revyld him lowd;
" Vile caytive, vassall of dread and despayre,
Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre?
Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay:
Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus to stay."

" Hold, O deare lord, hold your dead-doing hand,"
Then loud he cryde, " I am your humble thrall."
" Ah, wretch," quoth he, " thy destinies withstand
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
I give thee life: therefore prostráted fall,
And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee."
The miser threw himselfe, as an offáll,
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

So happy peace they made and faire accord.
Eftsoones this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,
And, when he felt the folly of his lord,
In his owne kind he gan himselfe unfold:
For he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning sleightes and practick knavery.
From thatday forth he cast for to uphold
His ydle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadocchio
To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;
The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
To thinke, without desert of gentle deed
And noble worth, to be advaunced hye;
Such prayse is shame; but honour, vertues meed,
Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.

So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,
Till that at length with Archimage they meet:
Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,
On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
Of his revenge to make the instrument:
For since the Redcrosse knight he erst did weet
To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,
The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon ment.

And comming close to Trompart gan inquere
Of him, what mightie warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden sell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmitee.
"He is a great adventurer," said he,
"That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee
Of that despight, never to wearen none;
That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone."

Th' enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt:
Tho to him louting lowly did begin
To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
By Guyon, and by that false Redcrosse knight;
Which two, through treason and deceiptfull gin,
Had slayne sir Mordant and his lady bright:
That mote him honour win, to wreak so foule despight.

Therewith all suddeinly he seemd enrag'd,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenaunce,
As if their lives had in his hand beene gag'd;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said; "Old man, great sure shal be thy meed,
If, where those knights for feare of dew vengeaúnce
Doe lurke, thou certeinly to mee areed, [deed."
That I may wreake on them their hainous hateful

"Certes, my lord," said he, "that shall I soone,
And give you eke good helpe to their decay.
But mote I wisely you advise to doon;
Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay
Yourselfe of sword before that bloody day;
(For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,
And oft approv'd in many hard assay;)
And eke of surest steele, that may be fownd,
Do arme yourselfe against that day, them to confownd."

"Dotard," said he, "let be thy deepe advise;
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
Els never should thy iudgement be so frayle
To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.
Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
Thou litle wotest that this right-hand can:
Speake they, which have beheld the battailes which it wan."

The man was much abashed at his boast;
Yet well he wist that whoso would contend
With either of those knightes on even coast,
Should neede of all his armes him to defend;
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend:
When Braggadocchio saide; "Once I did sweare,
When with one sword seven knightes I brought to end,
Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,
But it were that which noblest knight on Earth doth weare."

"Perdy, sir Knight," saide then th' enchaunter blive,
"That shalt I shortly purchase to your hond:
For now the best and noblest knight alive
Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie lond;
He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond:
The same, by my device, I undertake
Shall by to-morrow by thy side be fond."
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
And wondred in his minde what mote that monster make.

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
Was suddein vanished out of his sight:
The northerne winde his wings did broad display
At his commaund, and reared him up light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but no where could espye
Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flye:
Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned eye,

Till that they come unto a forrest greene, [feare;
In which they shrowd themselves from causeles
Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene:
Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they heare,
As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare:
Yet both doe strive their fearfulnesse to faine.
At last they heard a horne that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood that ecchoed againe,
And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;
With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped foorth
A goodly ladie clad in hunters weed,
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' hevenly Makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For, with dredd maiestie and awfull yre [desyre.
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace

Her yvorie forhead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itselfe dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red;
For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
Sweete wordes, like dropping honny, she did shed;
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate;
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine monument of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen descrive her heavenly face,
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
She seemd, when she presented was to sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lilly whight,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
Like twinckling starres; and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,
All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld:
Before, they fastned were under her knee
In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all the knots, that none might see
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee:

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
And honour in their festivall resort;
Those same with stately grace and princely port
She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace;
But with the woody nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying libbard she did chace,
She could then nimbly move, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with steel-headed dartes wherewith she queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps; which, like young fruit in May,
Now little gan to swell, and being tide
Through her thin weed their places only signifide.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And, when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
They waved like a penon wyde despred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves, and blossoms did enwrap.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
Where all the nymphes have her unwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game: or as that famous queene
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
The day that first of Priame she was seene,
Did shew herselfe in great triumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

Such when as hartlesse Trompart her did vew,
He was dismayed in his coward minde,
And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behinde;
Both feare and hope he in her face did finde:
When she at last him spying thus bespake; [hynde,
"Hayle, groome; didst not thou see a bleeding
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake?
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake."

Wherewith reviv'd, this answere forth he threw;
"O goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)
For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee,
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.
But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,
That unto thee dew worship I may rightly frame."

To whom she thus — But ere her words ensewd,
Unto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,
And saw it stirre: she lefte her percing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shafte advaunce,
In minde to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out crying; "O! whatever hevenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre!

"O! stay thy hand; for yonder is no game
For thy fiers arrowes, them to exercize;
But loe! my lord, my liege, whose warlike name
Is far renownd through many bold emprize;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies."
She staid: with that he crauld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies;
And standing stoutly up his lofty crest [rest.
Did fiercely shake, and rowze as comming late from

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
For dread of soring hauke herselfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her silly life to save,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid;
Seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid,
Peeps forth, and soone renews her native pride;
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
Prowdly to prune, and sett on every side;
She shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but, when he vewd
Those deadly tooles which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,
Till she to him her gracious speach renewd;
"All haile, sir Knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honor have pursewd
Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall!
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all,

To whom he thus; " O fairest under skie,
Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought and many fraies
Throughout the world, wherso they might be found,
Endevoring my dreaded name to raise
Above the Moone, that Fame may it resound
In her eternall tromp with laurell girlond crownd.

" But what art thou, O lady, which doest raunge
In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
And doest not it for ioyous court exchaunge,
Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
And all delight does raigne much more than this?
There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,
And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for thee."

" Whoso in pompe of prowd estate," quoth she,
" Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
Does waste his daies in darke obscuritee,
And in oblivion ever buried is:
Where ease abownds, yt 's eath to doe amis:
But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd, [fynd:
Who seekes with painfull toile, shall Honor soonest

" In woods, in waves, in warres, she wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man, that moulds in ydle cell,
Unto her happy mansion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweate ordaine,
And wakefull Watches ever to abide:
But easy is the way and passage plaine
To Pleasures pallace; it may soone be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

" In princes court" — The rest she would have sayd,
But that the foolish man (fild with delight
Of her sweete words that all his sence dismayd,
And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight,)
Gan burne in filthy lust; and, leaping light,
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
With that she, swarving backe, her iavelin bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menáce:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

Which when the pesaunt saw, amazd he stood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durst he not
Pursew her steps through wild unknowen wood;
Besides he feard her wrath, and threatened shott,
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgott:
Ne card he greatly for her presence vayne,
But turning said to Trompart; " What fowle blott
Is this to knight, that lady should agayne [dayne!"
Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud dis-

" Perdy," said Trompart, " lett her pas at will,
Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
But that shee is some powre celestiall?
For, whiles she spake, her great words did appall
My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,
That yet I quake and tremble over all."
" And I," said Braggadocchio, " thought no lesse,
When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastlinesse.

" For from my mothers wombe this grace I have
Me given by eternall destiny,
That earthly thing may not my corage brave
Dismay with feare, or cause one foote to flye,
But either hellish feends, or powres on hye:
Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
I hid my selfe from it, as one afteard;
But, when I other knew, my self I boldly reard.

" But now, for feare of worse that may betide,
Let us soone hence depart." They soone agree:
So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
As one unfitt therefore, that all might see
He had not trayned bene in chevalree.
Which well that valiaunt courser did discerne;
For he despisd to tread in dew degree,
But chaufd and fom'd with corage fiers and sterne,
And to be easd of that base burden still did erne.

CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
And stops Occasion:
Delivers Phaon, and therefore
By Strife is rayld uppon.

In brave poursuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence;
As feates of armes; and love to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a sciénce
Proper to gentle blood: some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed
With that blacke palmer, his most trusty guide,
Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide;
But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse,
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
He would, through temperaunce and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong suppresse.

It fortuned, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see,
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heare along upon the grownd
A handsom stripling with great crueltee,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wownd,
That cheekes with teares, and sydes with blood, did all abownd.

And him behynd a wicked hag did stalke,
In ragged robes and filthy disaray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosly hong unreld;
But all behinde was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold;
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinckles old.

And, ever as she went, her toung did walke
In fowle reproch and termes of vile despight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight:
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite;
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe upright;
Ne any evil meanes she did forbeare,
That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare.

The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the hag did thrust away;
And after, adding more impetuous forse,
His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
And pluckt him backe; who, all on fire straightway,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smott, and bitt, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
And did he wist not what in his avengëment.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governaunce it well to guyde:
But, when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde
Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde:
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,
Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought des-cryde;
But, as a blindfold bull, at random fares,
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he hurts nought cares.

His rude assault and rugged handëling
Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
In fayre defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight: yet nathëmoe
Was he abashed now, not fighting so;
But, more enfierced through his currish play,
Him sternly grypt, and, hailing to and fro,
To overthrow him strongly did assay,
But overthrew himselfe unwares, and lower lay:

And being downe the villein sore did beate
And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face:
And eke the hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place.
With whose reproch, and odious menáce,
The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart
Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
His grasping hold: so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.

Which when the palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
"Not so, O Guyon, never thinke that so
That monster can be maistred or destroyd:
He is not, ah! he *is not* such a foe,
As steele can wound, or strength can overthroe.
That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe;
And that same hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion; the roote of all wrath and despight.

"With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,
Must first begin, and well her ámenage:
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his coráge;
Then, when she is withdrawne or strong withstood,
It 's eath his ydle fury to aswage,
And calm the tempest of his passion wood:
The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the flood."

Therewith sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And, turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n' ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and foule révilement;
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong:
But nathëlesse he did her still torment,
And, catching hold of her ungratious tong,
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and strong.

Then, whenas use of speach was from her reft,
With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
And beckned him; the last help she had left:
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
That she no'te stirre. Then gan her sonne to flye
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake:
But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
Who him gain-striving nought at all prevaild;
For all his power was utterly defaste,
And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild:
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slacke.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots, that did him sore constraine:
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre;
And, more for ranck despight then for great paine,
Shakt his long locks colourd like copper-wyre,
And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captívd,
Turning about he saw that wretched squyre,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
Lying on ground, all soild with blood and myre:
Whom whenas he perceived to respyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse,
Being at last recured, he gan inquyre
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caytives thrall, the thrall of wretch-ednesse.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
"Fayre sir," quoth he, "what man can shun the hap,
That hidden lyes unwares him to surprise?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man most wary in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
Unweeting and unware of such mishap,
She brought to mischiefe through occasion,
Where this same wicked villein did me light upon.

"It was a faithlesse squire, that was the sourse
Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of commune nourse
Attonce I was upbrought; and eft, when yeares
More rype us reason lent to chose our peares,
Ourselves in league of vowed love we knitt;
In which we long time, without gealous feares
Or faultie thoughts, contynewd as was fitt;
And, for my part I vow, dissembled not a whitt.

" It was my fortune, commune to that age,
To love a lady fayre of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignitee,
Yet seemd no lesse to love then lovd to bee:
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

" My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake
Of all my love and all my privitie;
Who greatly ioyous seemed for my sake,
And gratious to that lady, as to mee;
Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome bee
As he to her, withouten blott or blame;
Ne ever thing, that she could think or see,
But unto him she would impart the same:
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle dame.

" At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that lady to my spouse had wonne;
Accord of friendes, consent of parents sought,
Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which mariage make: that day too farre did seeme!
Most ioyous man, on whom the shining Sunne
Did shew his face, myselfe I did esteeme,
And that my falser friend did no less ioyous deeme.

" But, ere that wished day his beame disclosd,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told, for secret, how he understood
That lady, whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did bynd;
And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should fynd.

" The gnawing anguish, and sharp gelosy,
Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,
Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreeved mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest;
And him besought, by that same sacred band
Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best:
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assurd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

" Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of base degree,
Which of my love was partner paramoure:
Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
Her oft to meete: which better to approve,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see that would me nearer move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

" This graceless man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,
Who, glad t' embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.
One day, to work her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus; ' Pryené,' (so she hight)
' What great despight doth Fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

" ' But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
T' adorne thy forme according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,
And staynd their prayses with thy least good part;
Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
Tho' she thy lady be, approch thee neare:
For proofe thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.'

" The mayden, proud through praise and mad through love,
Him hearkned to, and soone herselfe arayd; [love,
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His craftie engin; and, as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
Tlfe sad spectatour of my tragedie:
Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my love to bee.

" Eftsoones he came unto th' appointed place,
And with him brought Pryené, rich arayd,
In Claribellaes clothes: her proper face
I not deseerned in that darkesome shade,
But weend it was my love with whom he playd.
Ah, God! what horrour and tormenting griefe
My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all assayd!
Me liefer were ten thousand deathës priefe [repriefe.
Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such

" I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,
And chawing vengeaunce all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
With wrathful hand I slew her innocent;
That after soone I dearely did lament:
For, when the cause of that outrageous deede
Demaunded I made plaine and evident,
Her faultie handmayd, which that bale did breede,
Confest how Philemon her wrought to chaunge her weede.

" Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And hellish fury all enragd, I sought
Upon myselfe that vengeable despight
To punish: yet it better first I thought
To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought:
To Philemon, false faytour Philemon,
I cast to pay that I so dearely bought:
Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

" Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To losse of love adioyning losse of frend,
I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end:
That was Pryené; she did first offend,
She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
And I, poursewing my fell purpose, after went.

" Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my flight;
Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound, we met in middle space:
As I her, so he me poursewd apace,
And shortly overtooke: I, breathing yre,
Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre; [spyre.
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage in-

" Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne handëling,
That death were better then such agony,
As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
That during life will never be appeasd!"
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon; " Squyre, sore have ye beene diseasd;
But all your hurts may soone through temperance be easd."

Then gan the palmer thus; " Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend!
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance growe to fearefull end:
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend;
For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow:
Wrath, Gelosy, Griefe, Love, this squyre have laide low.

Wrath, Gealosie, Griefe, Love, do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire; and Gealosie a weede;
Griefe is a flood; and Love a monster fell;
The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
The flood of drops, the monster filth did breede:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay;
The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away:
So shall Wrath, Gealosy, Griefe, Love, die and decay.

" Unlucky squire," saide Guyon, " sith thou hast
Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
And guyde thy waies with warie governaunce,
Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin."
" Phaon I hight," quoth he, " and do advaunce
Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,
Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin."

Thus as he spake, lo! far away they spyde
A varlet ronning towardes hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which, mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.
He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
And all so soyld, that none could him descry;
His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not [shot.
For Guyons lookes, but scornefull ey-glaunce at him

Behinde his backe he bore a brasen shield,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne: right well beseemed it
To be the shield of some redoubted knight:
And in his hand two dartes exceeding flit
And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were dight
In poyson and in blood of malice and despight.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
He boldly spake; " Sir Knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee;
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ieopardee."
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered;
And, though he scorn'd his ydle vanitee,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
For not to grow of nought he is coniectured;

" Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly: [seeme
But whence shold come that harme, which thou dost
To threat to him that mindes his chaunce t' abye?"
" Perdy," sayd he, " here comes, and is hard by,
A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,
That never yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay."

" How hight he," then sayd Guyon, " and from
" Pyrochles is his name, renowmed farre [whence?"
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre;
The brother of Cymochles; both which arre
The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight;
Acrates sonne of Phlegeton and Iarre;
But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night;
But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight.

So from immortall race he does proceede,
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed;
For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
His am I Atin, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke upon,
And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion."

" His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,"
Sayd he: " but whether with such hasty flight
Art thou now bownd? for well mote I discerne
Great cause, that carries thee so swifte and light."
" My lord," quoth he, " me sent, and streight be-
To seeke Occasion, where so she bee: [hight
For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee;
Hard is his hap, that first fals in his ieopardee."

" Mad man," said then the palmer, " that does
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife; [seeke
Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.
Happy! who can abstaine, when Rancor rife
Kindles revenge, and threats his rusty knife:
Woe never wants, where every cause is caught;
And rash Occasion makes unquiet life!" [sought,"
" Then loe! wher bound she sits, whom thou hast
Said Guyon; " let that message to thy lord be brought."

That when the varlett heard and saw, streightway
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said; " Vile knight,
That knights and knighthood doest with shame upbray,
And shewst th' ensample of thy childishe might,
With silly weake old woman thus to fight!
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in sight!
That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott."

With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with yre and vengeable despight:
The quivering steele his aymed end wel knew,
And to his brest itselfe intended right:
But he was wary, and, ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atween,
On which it seizing no way enter might,
But backe rebownding left the forckhead keene;
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene

CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne untyes,
Who him sore wounds; whiles Atin to
Cymochles for ayd flyes.

Whoever doth to Temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shal find no greater enimy,
Then stubborne Perturbation, to the same;
To which right wel the wise doe give that name;
For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes.

After that varlets flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That, as the sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

Approching nigh, he never staid to greete,
Ne chaffar words, prowd corage to provoke,
But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete
The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And, fayrly couching his steelehanded speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought sir Guyon, comming neare,
To thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare;

But lightly shunned it; and, passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele, arriving forcibly
On his broad shield, bitt not, but glauncing fell
On his horse necke before the quilted sell,
And from the head the body sundred quight:
So him dismounted low he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
The truncked beast fast bleeding did him fowly dight.

Sore bruzed with the fall he slow uprose,
And all enraged thus him loudly shent;
"Disleall knight, whose coward corage chose
To wreake itselfe on beast all innocent,
And shund the marke at which it should be ment;
Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood frayl:
So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent;
But litle may such guile thee now avayl,
If wonted force and fortune doe me not much fayl."

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,
And, glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary sowle from thence it would discharge;
Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his brest his bever bent.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
And much ashamd that stroke of living arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
Tho, hurling high his yron-braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;
Yet there the steel stayd not, but inly bate
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
Yet nathëmore did it his fury stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging yre:
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell tygre far'd.

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thondred blowes,
And every way did seeke into his life;
Ne plate, ne male, could ward so mighty throwes,
But yielded passage to his cruell knife.
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise, and closely did awayt
Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,
And falsed oft his blowes t' illude him with such bayt.

Like as a lyon, whose imperiall powre
A prowd rebellious unicorn defyes,
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him ronning in full course he spyes,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enimyes,
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

With such faire sleight him Guyon often fayld,
Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
And, kindling new his corage seeming queint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
And doe unwilling worship to the saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

Whom Guyon seeing stoup, poursewed fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
That streight on grownd made him full low to lye;
Then on his brest his victor foote he shrust:
With that he cryde; "Mercy, doe me not dye,
Ne deeme thy force by Fortunes doome iniust,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust."

Eftsoones his cruel hand sir Guyon stayd,
Tempring the passion with advizement slow,
And maistring might on enimy dismayd;
For th' equall die of warre he well did know:
Then to him said; "Live, and alleagaunce owe
To him, that gives thee life and liberty;
And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,
Doe breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamy."

So up he let him rise; who, with grim looke
And count'naunce sterne upstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had maystered; [dergd:
Whose bounty more then might, yet both, he won-

Which Guyon marking said; "Be nought agriev'd,
Sir Knight, that thus ye now subdewed arre:
Was never man, who most conquéstes atchiev'd,
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre;
Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre:
Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe;
But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
Both loosers lott, and victours prayse alsóe:
Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth overthrow.

"Fly, O Pyrochles, fly the dreadful warre
That in thyselfe thy lesser partes do move;
Outrageous Anger, and woe-working Iarre,
Direfull Impatience, and hart-murdring Love:
These, those thy foes, those warriours, far remove,
Which thee to endlesse bale captíved lead.
But, sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
Of courtesie to me the cause aread
That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread."

"Dreadlesse," said he, "that shall I soone declare:
It was complaind that thou hadst done great tort
Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralled her in chaines with strong effórt,
Voide of all succour and needfull comfórt:
That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
To worke such shame: therefore I thee exhort
To chaunge thy will, and set Occasion free,
And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee."

Thereat sir Guyon smylde; "And is that all,"
Said he, "that thee so sore displeased hath?
Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath!
Nath'lesse now quench thy whott emboyling wrath:
Loe! there they bee; to thee I yield them free."
Thereat he, wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

Soone as Occasion felt her selfe untyde,
Before her sonne could well assoyled bee,
She to her use returnd, and streight defyde
Both Guyon and Pyrochles; th' one (said shee)
Bycause he wonne; the other, because hee
Was wonne: so matter did she make of nought,
To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree:
But, soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought
To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes wrought.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with Pyrochles fight,
And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
Because he had not well mainteind his right,
But yielded had to that same straunger knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fiers engrasped bee, [see.
Whyles Guyon standing by their úncouth strife does

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,
And him dishabled quyte: but he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
Yet others shé more urgent did devise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased Furors might,
That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a flaming fyer-brond,
Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,
Had kindled: that she gave into his hond,
That armd with fire more hardly he mote him withstond.

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
That nothing might sustain his furious forse:
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fowly battered his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdeigned so loathly sight.
At last he was compeld to cry perforse,
"Help, O sir Guyon! helpe, most noble knight,
To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish wight!"

The knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the palmer, by his grave restraynt,
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse, [presse,
And said; "Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth re-
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne:
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fettred would release agayne,
Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented payne."

Guyon obayd: so him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to poursew.
But rash Pyrochles varlett, Atin hight,
When late he saw his lord in heavie plight,
Under sir Guyons puissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
Fledd fast away to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did call.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes
Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes;
Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
And hong their conquerd armes for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest dame.

His dearest dame is that enchaunteresse,
The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delightes,
And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,
Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprightes
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes;
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
Captív'd eternally in yron mewes
And darksom dens, where Titan his face never shewes.

There Atin fownd Cymochles soiourning,
To serve his lemans love: for he by kynd
Was given all to lust and loose living,
Whenever his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices and lavish ioyes,
Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,
And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled emongst loose ladies and lascivious boyes.

And over him Art, stryving to compayre
With Nature, did an arber greene dispred,
Framed of wanton yvie, flouring fayre,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred
His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw:
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors shew.

And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay:
The wearie traveiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
(Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former payne) and wypt away his toilsom sweat.

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t' Olympick Iove,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gayned goodly victoree:
Therein the mery birdes of every sorte
Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonee,
And made emongst themselves a sweete consort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of damzelles fresh and gay,
That rownd about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies and light meriment;
Every of which did loosely disaray
Her upper partes of meet habiliments, [ments.
And shewd them naked, deckt with many orna-

And every of them strove with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew:
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening lights;
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew;
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting lips:
One boastes her beautie, and does yield to vew
Her daintie limbes above her tender hips:
Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes:
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe:
So' he them deceives, deceivd in his deceipt,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

Atin, arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching to him lowdly cryde;
"Cymochles; oh! no, but Cymochles shade,
In which that manly person late did fade!
What is become of great Acrates sonne?
Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?"

Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
He said; "Up, up, thou womanish weake knight,
That here in ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
And weetlesse eke of lately-wrought despight;
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on senceless ground,
And groneth out his utmost grudging spright
Through many a stroke and many a streaming wound,
Calling thy help in vaine, that here in ioyes art drownd."

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would have questiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but urged sore,
With percing wordes and pittifull implore,
Him hasty to arise: as one affright
With hellish feends, or furies mad uprore,
He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
And called for his armes; for he would algates fight:

They bene ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
And lighty mounted passeth on his way;
Ne ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might
Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay;
For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
(That day itselfe him seemed all too long)
On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay:
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong, [wrong.
And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and

CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest merth
Led into loose desyre;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother burnes in furious fyre.

A HARDER lesson to learne continence
In ioyous pleasure then in grievous paine:
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine:
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can restraine:
Yet Vertue vauntes in both her victories;
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein sate a lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to herselfe alone:
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment:
Matter of merth enough, though there were none,
She could devise; and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowdly cald to such as were aboord
The little barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford.
The mery mariner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike lord
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave,
(Ne cared she her course for to apply)
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats itselfe could wisely save.

And all the way the wanton damsell found
New merth her passenger to entertaine;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to fayne,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine;
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became:
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devize,
As her fantasticke wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would agguize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight:
Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight;
But to weake wench did yield his martiall might.
So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight,
So easie is t'appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind!

Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practized:
"Vaine man," saide she, "that wouldest be reckoned
A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of Phædria, (for so my name is red)
Of Phædria, thine owne fellow seruaunt;
For thou to serve Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt.

"In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thether sayles by ayme,
Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend or whether slow:
Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne;
Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd-thundring Iove
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne:
My litle boat can safely passe this perilous bourne."

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an island waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake;
There her small gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre issewing on the shore
Disburdned her: their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great store.

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves sett, like a little nest,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No dainty flowre or herbe that growes on ground,
No arborett with painted blossomes drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and her sweete smels throwe all arownd.

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed fitt
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please:
So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

Thus when shee had his eyes and sences fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;
And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd:
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly charmd:

"Behold, O man, that toilesome paines doest take,
The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,
How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
And decke the world with their rich pompous showes;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

"The lilly, lady of the flowring field,
The flowre-deluce, her lovely paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure:
Loe! loe, how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous belamoure!
Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother nature all her care she letts.

" Why then doest thou, O man, that of them all
Art lord, and eke of nature soveraine,
Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
And waste thy ioyous howres in needelesse paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it al to have and nothing use?
Who shall him rew that swimming in the maine
Will die for thrist, and water doth refuse? [chuse."
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take:
Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake.
So she him lefte, and did herselfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she clefte
The slouthfull wave of that great griesy lake:
Soone shee that island far behind her lefte,
And now is come to that same place where first she wefte.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strond
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call; shee soone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond
With his sad guide: himselfe she tooke aboord,
But the blacke palmer suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price or prayers once affoord
To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
For the flitt barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish sourse.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
Her mery fitt she freshly gan to reare,
And did of ioy and iollity devize,
Herselfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.
The knight was courteous, and did not forbeare
Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliaunce he despis'd and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former style,
And said, and did, all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasaunt ile,
Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight.
But, whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said;
" Ah! dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
Me litle needed from my right way to have straid."

" Faire sir," quoth she, " be not displeasd at all;
Who fares on sea may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray;
The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay:
Better safe port then be in seas distrest.".
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in iest.

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathëlesse
Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore:
The ioyes whereof and happy fruitfulnesse,
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
And all, though pleasaunt, yet she made much more.
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore;
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musicke by her skilful art:
So did she all, that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize,
Might not revive desire of knightly exercize:

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his hart;
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despise so curteous seeming part
That gentle lady did to him impart:
But, fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
And ever her desired to depart.
She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

And now by this Cymochles howre was spent,
That he awoke out of his ydle dreme;
And, shaking off his drowsy dreriment,
Gan him avize, howe ill did him beseme
In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brond of his conceived yre.
Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
Ne staied for his damsell to inquire,
But marched to the strond, there passage to require.

And in the way he with sir Guyon mett,
Accompanyde with Phædria the faire:
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly frett,
Crying; " Let be that lady debonaire,
Thou recreaunt knight, and soone thyselfe prepaire
To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn.
Loe! loe already how the fowles in aire
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn."

And there-withall he fiersly at him flew,
And with impórtune outrage him assayld;
Who, soone prepard to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall valew countervayld:
Their mightie strokes their haberieons dismayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles;
The mortall steele despiteously entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
That a large purple streame adown their giambeux falles.

Cymochles, that had never mett before
So puissant foe, with envious despight
His prowd presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might
As those unknightly raylinges which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres redoubled every stroke.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes down did sway:
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away:
But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
On th' others helmett, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone; [stone.
Where-with astonisht still he stood as sencelesse

Still as he stood, fayre Phædria, that beheld
That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran;
And at their feet herselfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance wan,
"Ah, well away! most noble lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
To shed your lives on ground? Wo worth the man,
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the living spright!

"If ever love of lady did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce;
And, sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space."
They stayd a while; and forth she gan proceede;
"Most wretched woman and of wicked race,
That am the authour of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights
do breed!

"But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,
And doolefull sorrowe heape with deadly harmes:
Such cruell game my searmoges disarmes.
Another warre, and other weapons, I
Doe love, where Love does give his sweet alarmes
Without bloodshéd, and where the enimy
Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

"Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity,
The famours name of knighthood fowly shend;
But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
And in amours the passing howres to spend,
The mightie martiall handes doe most commend;
Of love they ever greater glory bore
Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidoes frend,
And is for Venus loves renowmed more [yore.
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They, though full
To prove extremities of bloody fight, [bent
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
Such powre have pleasing wordes! Such is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart!
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
Besought that damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy;
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

Tho him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon salied forth to land,
And to that damsell thankes gave for reward.
Upon that shore he spyed Atin stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phædrias flitt barck over that perlous shard.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made;
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
As shepheardes curre, that in darke eveninges shade
Hath tracted forth some salvage beastës trade:
"Vile miscreaunt," said he, "whether dost thou flye
The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enimy?"

With that he stifly shooke his steelhead dart:
But sober Guyon hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
And passed fayrely forth: he, turning taile,
Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight that towardes him fast ran;
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His fórlorne steed from him the victour wan:
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan;
And all his armour sprinckled was with blood,
And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof: he never stood,
But bent his hastie course towardes the Ydle flood.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came
How without stop or stay he fiersly lept,
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt;
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote be;
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight:
Whom should he but his own deare lord there see,
His owne deare lord Pyrochles in sad plight,
Ready to drowne himselfe for fell despight:
"Harrow now, out and well away!" he cryde,
"What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
To see my lord so deadly damnifyde?
Pyrochles, O Pyrochles, what is thee betyde?"

"I burne, I burne, I burne," then lowd he cryde,
"O how I burne with implacable fyre!
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre;
Nothing but death can do me to respyre."
"Ah! be it," said he, "from Pyrochles farre
After pursewing death once to requyre,
Or think, that ought those puissant hands may marre,
Death is for wretches borne under unhappy starre."

" Perdye, then is it fitt for me," said he,
" That am, I weene, most wretched man alive;
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
And, dying dayly, dayly yet revive:
O Atin, helpe to me last death to give!"
The varlet at his plaint was grievd so sore,
That his deepe-wounded hart in two did rive;
And, his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

Into the lake he lept his lord to ayd,
(So love the dread of daunger doth despise)
And, of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
From drowning; but more happy he then wise
Of that seas nature did him not avise:
The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
Engrost with mud which did them fowle agrise,
That every weighty thing they did upbeare,
Ne ought mote ever sinck downe to the bottom there.

Whyles thus they strugled in that Ydle wave,
And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to save;
Lo! to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne;
Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
The carefull servaunt stryving with his raging lord.

Him Atin spying knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald; Help! helpe, O Archimage,
To save my lord in wretched plight forlore;
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:
Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in age."
Him when the old man saw, he woundred sore
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage:
Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pitty, he in hast approched to the shore.

And cald; " Pyrochles, what is this I see?
What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
Yet never in this straunge astonishment."
" These flames, these flames," he cryde, " doe me torment!"
" What flames," quoth he, " when I thee present see
In daunger rather to be drent then brent?"
" Harrow! the flames which me consume," said he,
" Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee.

" That cursed man, that cruel feend of Hell,
Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight:
His deadly woundes within my liver swell,
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boste;
That now I weene Ioves dreaded thunder-light
Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste."

Which whenas Archimago heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him attonce disarm'd:
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a priefe
Of every place that was with bruzing harmd,
Or with the hidden fier inly warmd.
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And evermore with mightie spels them charmd;
That in short space he has them qualifyde, [dyde.
And him restord to helth, that would have algates

CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delve;
Sunning his threasure hore;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To see his secrete store.

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And cover'd Heaven with hideous dreriment;
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
The maysters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that Ydle Lake, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde;
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes.
So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which Fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes:
For still he traveild through wide wastfull ground,
That nought but desert wildernesse shewd all around.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from Heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griesly hew and fowle ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben seard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes appeard.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold;
Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appered to have beene of old
A worke of riche entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery:
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threasury.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of Mulcibers devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingowes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment:
But most were stampt, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and Kesars straung and rare.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide:
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd;

" What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art)
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich hils of welth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?"
Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
In great disdaine he answerd; " Hardy Elfe,
That darest view my direful countenaunce!
I read thee rash and heedlesse of thyselfe, [pelfe.
To trouble my still seate and heapes of pretious

" God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye:
Riches, renowme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

" Wherefore if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
At thy commaund lo! all these mountaines bee:
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and free."
" Mammon," said he, " thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

" Me ill befits, that in derdoing armes
And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend;
Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend
And low abase the high heroicke spright,
That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend:
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes, be my delight;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight."

" Vaine glorious Elfe," saide he, " doest not thou
That money can thy wantes at will supply? [weet
Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee
It can purvay in twinckling of an eye; [meet,
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
And him that raigned into his rowme thrust downe;
And, whom I lust, do heape with glory and renowne?"

" All otherwise," saide he, " I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
Leaving behind them griefe and heavinesse:
Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize;
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,
Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetize;
That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth despize.

" Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
And loyall truth to treason doest ineline:
Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground;
The crowned often slaine; the slayer crouned;
The sacred diademe in peeces rent;
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Castles surprizd; great cities sackt and brent:
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull government!

" Long were to tell the troublous stormes that tosse
The private state, and make the life unsweet:
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet." [sayd,
Then Mammon wexing wroth; " And why then,"
" Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet
So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd; [brayd?"
And, having not, complaine; and, having it, up-

" Indeed," quoth he, " through fowle intemperaunce,
Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise:
But would they thinke with how small allowaunce
Untroubled nature doth herselfe suffise,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our native ioyes.
At the well-head the purest streames arise;
But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes.

" The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Fownd no defect in his Creators grace;
But with glad thankes, and unreproved truth,
The guifts of soveraine bounty did embrace:
Like angels life was then mens happy cace:
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty and fat-swolne encreace
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane and naturall first need.

" Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With sacriledge to dig: therein he fownd
Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compownd;
Then Avarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire."

" Sonne," said he then, " lett be thy bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
To them, that liv'd therin in state forlorne.
Thou, that doest live in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
But thing refused doe not afterward accuse."

" Me list not," said the Elfin knight, " receave
Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
Or that blood-guiltinesse or guile them blott."
" Perdy," quoth he, " yet never eie did vew,
Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;
But safe I have them kept in secret mew [sew."
From Hevens sight and powre of al which them pour-

" What secret place," quoth he, " can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from Heavens eie?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?"
" Come thou," quoth he, " and see." So by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd
A darksome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow grownd,
And was with dread and horror compassed arownd.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne;
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne:
By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On th' other side in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher safe he shroud him might:
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye;
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings;
And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asonder could have rifte;
Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay;
By whom they passing spake unto them nought.
But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a little dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a little stride, [vide.
That did the House of Richesse from Hell-mouth di-

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard:
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleepe to be compard;
Therefore his house is unto his annext: [betwext.
Here Sleep, there Richesse, and Hel-gate them both

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
To him did open, and affoorded way:
Him followed eke sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darknesse him ne daunger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore streightway
Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept
An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day;
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing that likt him best,
Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,
Should be his pray: and therefore still on hye
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong
Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
That heavy ruine they did seeme to threatt;
And over them Arachne high did lifte
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black than iett.

Both roofe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darknes, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that house itselfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertein light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;
Or as the Moone, clothed with clowdy night,
Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad affright.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placed were along.
But all the grownd with sculs was scattered
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong;
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied.

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
As eie of man did never see before,
Ne never could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth, which is or was of yore,
Could gatherd be through all the world arownd,
And that above were added to that under grownd,

The charge thereof unto a covetous spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said;
" Loe, here the worldës blis! loe, here the end,
To which al men do ayme, rich to be made!
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

" Certes," sayd he, " I n'ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend!
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happines, another end.
To them, that list, these base regardes I lend:
But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be lord of those that riches have, [sclave."
Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And griev'd, so long to lacke his greedie pray;
For well he weened that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away
More light than culver in the faulcons fist:
Eternall God thee save from such decay!
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

Thence, forward he him ledd and shortly brought
Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
To him did open as it had beene taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fournaces all burning bright;
By every fournace many feends did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
And every feend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,
Who, maystring them, renewd his former heat:
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great:
And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
Glistring in armes and battailous array,
From their whot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for, till that day,
They never creature saw that cam that way:
Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fyre
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retyre;
Till that him thus bespake their soveraine lord and syre:

"Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That living eye before did never see!
The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by mee
Proceeded, lo! now is reveald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good!
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Avise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood;
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood."

"Suffise it then, thou money-god," quoth hee,
"That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have; what needeth mee
To covet more then I have cause to use?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle abuse;
But give me leave to follow mine emprise."
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise;
And thence him forward ledd, him further to entise.

He brought him, through a darksom narrow strayt,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open; but therein did wayt
A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God defy he would:
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
To be so cald, and who so did him call:
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vayne;
His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall;
Like an huge gyant of the Titans race;
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface: [place.
More fitt emongst black fiendes then men to have his

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight;
For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And that fiers carle commaunding to forbeare,
He brought him in. The rowme was large and wyde,
As it some gyeld or solemne temple weare;
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne;
And every pillour deeked was full deare
With crownes, and diadernes, and titles vaine,
Which mortall princes wore whiles they on Earth did rayne.

A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere
To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye
A stately siege of soveraine maiestye;
And thereon satt a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly cladd in robes of royaltye,
That never earthly prince in such aray
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pryde display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see;
Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'lesse most hevenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall; [withal
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime withal.

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose upper end to highest Heven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that preace did rownd about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close shouldring; some by flatteree;
Others through friendes; others for base regard;
And all, by wrong waies, for themselves prepard:
Those, that were up themselves, kept others low;
Those, that were low themselves, held others hard,
Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow;
But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre?
Him Mammon answered; "That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is:
Honour and dignitie from her alone
Derived are, and all this worldes blis, [mis:
For which ye men doe strive; few gett, but many

" And fayre Philotimé she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,
But that this darksom neather world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity,
Worthie of Heven and hye felicitie,
From whence the gods have her for envy thrust:
But, sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust;
That she may thee advance for works and merits iust."

" Gramercy, Mammon," said the gentle knight,
" For so great grace and offred high estate;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortall mate
Myselfe well wote, and mine unequall fate:
And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
And love avowd to other lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might:
To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike knight."

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath;
Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd,
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished [redd:
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be
Not such as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,
But direfull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead and deck the drery toombe.

There mournfull cypresse grew in greatest store;
And trees of bitter gall; and heben sad;
Dead sleeping poppy; and black hellebore;
Cold coloquintida; and tetra mad;
Mortall samnitis; and cicuta bad,
With which th' uniust Atheniens made to dy
Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Pourd out his life and last philosophy
To the fayre Critias, his dearest belamy!

The Gardin of Prosérpina this hight:
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Herselfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat:
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On Earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those, which Hercules with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those, with which th' Eubœan young man wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which emongst the gods false Ate threw;
For which th' Idæan ladies disagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt in Venus dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greekes and Troians made to bleed.

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So fayre and great, that shadowed all the ground;
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound:
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round;
That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and weepe.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke;
And, looking downe, saw many damned wightes
In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke,
Plonged continually of cruell sprightes,
That with their piteous cryes, and yelling shrightes,
They made the further shore resounden wide:
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,
That drenched lay full deepe under the garden side.

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquour which he waded in;
And, stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swincke;
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with drouth
He daily dyde, yet never througly dyen couth.

The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby?
Who, groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
" Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
Lo Tantalus, I here tormented lye!
Of whom high Iove wont whylome feasted bee;
Lo, here I now for want of food doe dye!
But, if that thou be such as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drinke to mee!"

" Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth he,
" Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And, unto all that live in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present state."
Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
Accusing highest Iove and gods ingrate;
And eke blaspheming Heaven bitterly,
As author of iniustice, there to let him dye.

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
Within the river which the same did hyde:
But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

The knight, him calling, asked who he was?
Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus;
" I Pilate am, the falsest iudge, alas!
And most uniust; that, by unrighteous
And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous
Deliver'd up the Lord of Life to dye,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
The whiles my handes I washt in purity,
The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle iniquity."

Infinite moe tormented in like paine,
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake: "Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruite of gold?
Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole?"

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt;
To which if he inclyned had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him wayt,
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strayt:
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceiptfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray:
So goodly did beguile the guyler of his pray.

And now he has so long remained theare,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan
For want of food and sleepe, which two upbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
That none without the same enduren can:
For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began:
Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought.

The god, though loth, yet was constraynd t' obay;
For lenger time, then that, no living wight
Below the Earth might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe him brought to living light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest.

CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in swowne, is by
Acrates sonnes despoyld;
Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,
And Paynim brethren foyld.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the cace
Of men then beasts: But O! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle feende: o ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward: [gard!
O, why should heavenly God to men have such re-

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mammons house, the palmer, whom whyleare
That wanton mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere;
And, being on his way, approached neare
Where Guyon lay in traunce; when suddeinly
He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
"Come hether, come hether, O! come hastily!"
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

The palmer lent his eare unto the noyce,
To weet who called so importunely:
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste: he by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delve him brought at last,
Where Mammon earst did sunne his threasury:
There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
In senceles dreame; which sight at first him sore aghast.

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And florish faire above his equall peares:
His snowy front, curled with golden heares,
Like Phoebus face adorned with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone; and two sharpe winged sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruell bow away
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murdrous spoiles and bloody pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three;
The goddesse, pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herselfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other ladies mind theyr mery glee.

Whom when the palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the childe bespoke; "Long lackt, alas,
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay!
Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay,
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend sire!
But dread of death and dolor doe away;
For life ere long shall to her home retire, [spire.
And he, that breathlesse seems, shal corage bold re-

"The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
The care thereof myselfe unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou, I pray;
For evill is at hand him to offend."
So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

The palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore afraid, and standing still a space
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight:
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much rejoyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two Paynim knights al armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged sire did trace,
And far before a light-foote page did flie
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
Who, meeting earst with Archimago slie
Foreby that Idle strond, of him were told [bold.
That he, which earst them combatted, was Guyon

Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,
Whereever that on ground they mote him find:
False Archimage provokt their corage prowd,
And stryful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeaunce tind.
Now beene they come whereas the palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assind:
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
That sire he fowl bespake; "Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile
Of that same outcast carcas, that erewhile
Made itselfe famous through false trechery,
And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
Loe! where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proove he lived il, that did thus fowly dye."

To whom the palmer fearelesse answered;
"Certes, sir Knight, ye bene too much to blame,
Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,
And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame
Whose living handes immortalizd his name.
Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold;
And envy base to barke at sleeping fame:
Was never wight that treason of him told:
Yourselfe his prowesse prov'd, and found him fiers
and bold."

Then sayd Cymochles; "Palmer, thou doest dote,
Ne canst of prowesse ne of knighthood deeme,
Save as thou seest or hearst: but well I wote,
That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme:
Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme;
Ne al good knights that shake well speare and shield:
The worth of all men by their end esteeme;
And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield:
Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead on field."

"Good or bad," gan his brother fiers reply,
"What do I recke, sith that he dide entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of revenging yre,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
Yet, since no way is lefte to wreake my spight,
I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?"

"Fayr sir," said then the palmer suppliaunt,
"For knighthoods love doe not so fowle a deed,
Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge: to spoile the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed:
But leave these relicks of his living might
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed."
"What herce or steed," said he, "should he have
dight,
But be entombed in the raven or the kight?"

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th' other brother gan his helme unlace;
Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid:
Till that they spyde where towards them did pace
An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben launce
And coverd shield: well kend him so far space,
Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to praunce;

And to those brethren sayd; "Rise, rise bylive,
And unto batteil doe yourselves addresse;
For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
Prince Arthur, flowre of grace and nobilesse,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought gret distresse,
And thousand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye."
That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
That both eftsoones upstarted furiously,
And gan themselves prepare to batteill greedily.

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And Archimage besought, him that afford
Which he had brought for Bragadocchio vaine.
"So would I," said th' enchaunter, "glad and faine
Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
Or ought that els your honour might maintaine;
But that this weapons powre I well have kend
To be contrary to the worke which ye intend:

"For that same knights owne sword this is, of yore
Which Merlin made by his almightie art
For that his noursling, when he knighthood swore,
Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
The metall first he mixt with medæwart,
That no enchauntment from his dint might save;
Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

"The vertue is, that nether steele nor stone
The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend;
Ne ever may be used by his fone;
Ne forst his rightful owner to offend;
Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend;
Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
In vaine therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend
The same to thee, against his lord to fight;
For sure yt would deceive thy labour and thy might."

"Foolish old man," said then the Pagan, wroth,
"That weenest words or charms may force withstond:
Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for troth,
That I can carve with this inchaunted brond
His lords owne flesh." Therewith out of his hond
That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away;
And Guyons shield about his wrest he bond:
So ready dight, fierce battaile to assay,
And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

By this, that straunger knight in presence came,
And goodly salved them; who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became;
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdaine,
Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine:
Then, turning to the palmer, he gan spy
Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
And deadly hew an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

Sayd he then to the palmer; "Reverend syre,
What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
However, sure I rew his pitteous plight."
"Not one, nor other," sayd the palmer grave,
"Hath him befalne; but cloudes of deadly night
Awhile his heavy eylids cover'd have,
And all his sences drowned in deep soncelesse wave:

"Which those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,
Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
Would him disarme and and treaten shamefully;
Unworthie usage of redoubted knight!
But you, faire sir, whose honourable sight
Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble cace? [face."
First prayse of knighthood is, fowle outrage to de-

"Palmer," said he, "no knight so rude, I weene,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
Ne was there ever noble corage seene,
That in advauntage would his puissaunce bost:
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
May bee, that better reason will aswage
The rash revengers heat. Words, well dispost,
Have secrete powre t' appease inflamed rage:
If not, leave unto me thy knights fast patronage."

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke;
"Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might,
It seemes, iust wronges to vengeaunce doe provoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
But for his carkas pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat."

To whom Cymochles said; "For what art thou,
That mak'st thyselfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeaunce prest? or who shall let me now
On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
And make his carkas as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfye
The guilt, which, if he lived had thus long,
His life for dew revenge should deare abye?
The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye."

"Indeed," then said the prince, "the evill-donne
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave;
But from the grandsyre to the nephewes sonne
And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,
Till vengeaunce utterly the guilt bereave:
So streightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,
That doth against the dead his hand upreare,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagment makes to his former might."

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,
And to him said; "Now, felon, sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his cryme:
Therefore by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead."
With that, his hand, more sad than lomp of lead,
Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure,
His owne good sword Morddure, to cleave his head.
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
But, swarving from the marke, his lordes life did assure.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele asyde:
Nath'lesse the prince would not forsake his sell
(For well of yore he learned had to ryde),
But full of anger fiersly to him cryde;
"False traitour, miscreaunt, thou broken hast
The law of armes, to strike foe undefide:
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
Right sowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast defast."

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent
Against the Pagans brest, and therewith thought
His cursed life out of her lodg have rent:
But, ere the point arrived where it ought,
That seven-fold shield which he from Guyon brought,
He cast between to ward the bitter stownd:
Through all those foldes the steelehead passage wrought,
And through his shoulder perst; wherewith to ground
He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously, [thiefe,
And fowly saide; "By Mahoune, cursed
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby."
Then, hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly:
Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest [possest.
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dis-

Now was the prince in daungerous distresse,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
His single speare could doe him small redresse
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
Had reard himselfe againe to cruell fight
Three times more furious and more puissaunt,
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

So both attonce him charge on either syde
With hideous strokes and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to traverse wyde,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre:
For on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
Their strokes did raine; yet did he never quaile,
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile, [availe.
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay;
Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway
At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,
That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde:
He, swarving with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:
Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
Cursing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe:
Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
And said; "Caytive, curse on thy cruell hond,
That twise hath spedd; yet shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
Lo, where the dreadfull Death behynd thy backe doth stond!"

With that he strooke, and th' other strooke withall,
That nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous might:
The one upon his covered shield did fall,
And glauncing downe would not his owner byte:
But th' other did upon his troncheon smyte;
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
The which dividing with importune sway,
It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lakewarme flood,
Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously;
That when the Paynym spyde the streaming blood,
Gave him great hart and hope of victory.
On th' other side, in huge perplexity
The prince now stood, having his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot revoke.

Whom when the palmer saw in such distresse,
Sir Guyons sword he lightly to him raught, [blesse,
And said; "Fayre sonne, great God thy right hand
To use that sword so well as he it ought!"
Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
When as againe he armed felt his hond:
Then like a lyon, which had long time saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood
and yond:

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;
Eft to Cymochles twise so many fold;
Then, backe againe turning his busie hond,
Them both attonce compeld with courage bold
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not
both withstond.

As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treades downe in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
That all the forest quakes to hear him rore:
So rag'd prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mightie puissaunce sustaine.

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,
(Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,
Whereon the Faery queenes pourtract was writt,)
His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore;
Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly stowre:
But him henceforth the same can save no more;
For now arrived is his fatall howre,
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,
Which them appeached; prickt with guiltie shame
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approch,
Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
And on the haubergh stroke the prince so sore,
That quite disparted all the linked frame,
And pierced to the skin, but bit no more;
Yet made him twise to reele, that never moov'd afore.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
That it empierst the Pagans burganet;
And, cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell passage made [ground,
Quite through his brayne: he, tombling downe on
Breath'd out his ghost, which, to th' infernall shade
Fast flying, there eternall torment found
For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did abound.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd;
Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare:
But, as a man whom hellish feendes have frayd,
Long trembling still he stoode; at last thus sayd;
"Traytour, what hast thou doen! how ever may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
Against that knight! harrow and well away!
After so wicked deede why liv'st thou lenger day!"

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge desyring soone to dye,
Assembling all his force and utmost might,
With his owne sword he fierce at him did flye,
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The prince, with pacience and sufferaunce sly,
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew, [renew.
Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
The clowdes, as thinges affrayd, before him flye;
But, all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre;
And, as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure:
So did prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd
How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede,
But, when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd;
He flong it from him; and, devoyd of dreed,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed
'Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred:
But him in strength and skill the prince surpast,
And through his nimble sleight did under him down
cast.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive;
For as a bittur in the eagles clawe,
That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw;
So he, now subiect to the victours law,
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy;
As one that loathed life, and yet despysd to dye.

But, full of princely bounty and great mind,
The conqueror nought eared him to slay;
But, casting wronges and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life then decay,
And sayd; "Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
And my trew liegeman yield thyselfe for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce, [naunce."
And all thy wronges will wipe out of my sove-

" Foole," sayd the Pagan, " I thy gift defye;
But use thy fortune, as it doth befall;
And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
But in despight of life for death doe call."
Wroth was the prince, and sory yet withall,
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet, sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining helmet he gan soone unlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

By this, sir Guyon from his traunce awakt,
Life having maystered her sencelesse foe;
And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
And saide; " Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
I long have lackt, I ioy thy face to vew!
Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me drew.

" But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good sword and shield?" The palmer, glad
With so fresh hew uprysing him to see,
Him answered; " Fayre sonne, be no whit sad
For want of weapons; they shall soone be had."
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
And those two Sarazins confounded late,
Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostráte.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the prince, with bowing reverence dew,
As to the patrone of his life, thus sayd;
" My lord, my liege, by whose most gratious ayd
I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
What may suffice to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
But to be ever bound"—

To whom the infant thus; " Fayre sir, what need
Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
To bind their doers to receive their meed?
Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstond
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
Suffise, that I have done my dew in place."
So goodly purpose they together fond
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace;
The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace.

CANTO IX.

The House of Temperaunce, in which
Doth sober Alma dwelt,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straunger knightes to flight compel.

Of all Gods workes, which doe this worlde adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent
Then is mans body, both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none then it more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions bace;
It grows a monster, and incontinent
Doth lose his dignity and native grace:
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton prince recov'ring his stolne sword,
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the prince with gentle court did bord;
" Sir Knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,
To weet why on your shield, so goodly scord,
Beare ye the picture of that ladies head?
Full lively is the semblaunt, though the substance dead."

" Fayre sir," sayd he, " if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew;
What mote ye weene, if the trew lively-head
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew!
But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bounty, and imperiall powre,
Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,
O! how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,
And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

" She is the mighty queene of Faëry,
Whose faire retraitt I in my shield doe beare;
Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity,
Throughout the world renowmed far and neare,
My life, my liege, my soveraine, my deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
And with her light the Earth enlumines cleare;
Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre."

" Thrise happy man," said then the Briton knight,
" Whom gracious lott and thy great valiaunce
Have made thee soldier of that princesse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce
Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high advaunce!
How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand lives, to die at her desire."

Said Guyon, " Noble lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly prince so soveraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
But were your will her sold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongst knights of Maydenhed,
Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
And in her favor high be reckoned,
As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored."

" Certes," then said the prince, " I God avow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serve that queene with al my powre and might.
Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that goddesse I have sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heven doth to me envy and fortune favourlesse."

" Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
Seldom," said Guyon, " yields to vertue aide,
But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,
Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid.
But you, faire sir, be not herewith dismaid,
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
Which were it not that I am els delaid
With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through al Fary land."

" Gramercy, sir," said he; " but mote I weete
What straunge adventure doe ye now pursew?
Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew."
Then gan sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia, and her wicked wiles;
Which to avenge, the palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

And now faire Phoebus gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the westerne vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste
Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale;
Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,
They thether marcht: but when they came in sight,
And from their sweaty coursers did avale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
Was to them doen, their entraunce to forstall;
Till that the squire gan nigher to approch,
And wind his horne under the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke as it would fall.
Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call,
To weete what they so rudely did require:
Who gently answered, They entraunce did desire.

" Fly, fly, good knights," said he, " fly fast away,
If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should;
Fly fast, and save yourselves from neare decay;
Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would:
We would and would againe, if that we could;
But thousand enemies about us rave,
And with long siege us in this castle hould:
Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have, [save."
And many good knights slaine that have us sought to

Thus as he spoke, loe! with outragious cry
A thousand villeins rownd about them swarmd
Out of the rockes and caves adioyning nye;
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd;
Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmd:
Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed steares,
Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe upstanding heares.

Fiersly at first those knights they did assayle,
And drove them to recoile: but, when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,
Unable their encounter to sustaine;
For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
Those champions broke on them, that forst them fly,
Like scattered sheepe, whenas the shepherds swaine
A lion and a tigre doth espye
With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

A while they fled, but soone retournd againe
With greater fury then before was found;
And evermore their cruell capitaine
Sought with his raskall routs t' enclose them rownd,
And overronne to tread them to the grownd: [blades
But soone the knights with their bright-burning
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confownd,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;
For though they bodies seem, yet substaunce from them fades.

As when a swarme of gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trompetts sownden wide,
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast
For their sharpe wounds and noyous iniuries,
Till the fierce northerne wind with blustring blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
Unto the castle gate they come againe,
And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perlous paine,
And cumbrous conflict which they did sustaine,
Came to the ladies eare which there did dwell,
Shee forth issewed with a goodly traine
Of squires and ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

Alma she called was; a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;
Yet was shee woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to lincke in marriage:
For shee was faire, as faire mote ever bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
That even Heven reioyced her sweete face to see.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught;
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold and perle most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire damsels which were taught
That service well: her yellow golden heare
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete rosiere.

Goodly shee entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle hall;
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall.
There when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought of favour speciall
Of that faire castle to affoord them vew:
Shee graunted; and, them leading forth, the same did shew.

First she them led up to the castle wall,
That was so high as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire and sensible withall;
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Ægyptian slime,
Whereof king Nine whilome built Babell towre:
But O great pitty, that no lenger time
So goodly workmanship should not endure! [sure.
Soone it must turne to earth: no earthly thing is

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare; O worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;
Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportiond equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle sett in Heavens place:
All which compacted made a goodly diapase.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was:
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That, when it locked, none might thorough pas,
And, when it opened, no man might it close;
Still opened to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
Than iett or marble far from Ireland brought;
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine:
And over it a fayre portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compasse and compaeture strong,
Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

Within the barbican a porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;
Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with dew regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme:
His larum-bell might lowd and wyde be hard
When cause requyrd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

And rownd about the porch on every syde
Twise sixteene warders satt, all armed bright
In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde:
Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,
And were enraunged ready still for fight.
By them as Alma passed with her guestes,
They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,
And then againe retourned to their restes:
The porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
And ready dight with drapets festivall,
Against the viaundes should be ministred.
At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged;
He steward was, hight Diet; rype of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
A iolly yeoman, marshall of the same,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both guestes and meate, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the steward badd. They both attone
Did dewty to their lady, as became;
Who, passing by, forth ledd her guestes anone
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

It was a vaut ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall,
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence
The smoke forth threw: and in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall
Upon a mightie furnace, burning whott,
More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mongiball:
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce
An huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
About the caudron many cookes accoyld
With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;
The whyles the viaundes in the vessell boyld,
They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyld.

The maister cooke was cald Concoction;
A carefull man, and full of comely guyse:
The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th' achates in seemely wise,
And set them forth, as well he could devise.
The rest had severall offices assynd;
Some to remove the scum as it did rise;
Others to beare the same away did mynd;
And others it to use according to his kynd.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,
Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
They in another great rownd vessell plaste,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought;
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
Was close convaid, and to the backgate brought,
That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

Which goodly order and great workmans skill
Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill;
For never had they seene so straunge a sight.
Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,
And soone into a goodly parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought;
Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought:

And in the midst thereof upon the floure
A lovely bevy of faire ladies sate,
Courted of many a iolly paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his lady to aggrate:
And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd
His wanton sportes, being retourned late
From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

Diverse delights they fownd themselves to please;
Some song in sweet consort; some laught for ioy;
Some plaid with strawes; some ydly satt at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasaunce was to them griefe and annoy:
This fround; that faund; the third for shame did blush;
Another seemed envious, or coy;
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:
But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all attonce out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made with humble grace:
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose:
The prince by chaunce did on a lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But somwhat sad and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensive thought constraind her gentle spright.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arayd;
And in her hand a poplar braunch did hold:
To whom the prince in courteous maner sayd;
" Gentle madáme, why beene ye thus dismayd,
And your faire beautie doe with sadnes spill?
Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd?
Or doen you love, or doen you lack your will?
Whatever bee the cause, it sure beseemes you ill."

" Fayre sir," said she, halfe in disdaineful wise,
" How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in yourselfe doe not the same advise?
Him ill beseemes anothers fault to name,
That may unwares be blotted with the same:
Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd,
That have twelve months sought one, yet no where can her find."

The prince was inly moved at her speach,
Well weeting trew what she had rashly told;
Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hyde the breach,
Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold:
Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquyre
What wight she was that poplar braunch did hold:
It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,
That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

The whiles the Faery knight did entertaine
Another damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew:
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight:
Upon her fist the bird, which shonneth vew
And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her dight.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone with rosy red
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
That her became, as polisht yvory
Which cunning craftesman hand hath overlayd
With fayre vermilion or pure castory.
Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
So straungely passioned, and to her gently said;

" Fayre damzell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare
That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, aryse:
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But, if ought else that I mote not devyse,
I will, if please you it discure, assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may."

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth cace;
Till Alma him bespake; " Why wonder yee,
Faire sir, at that which ye so much embrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee;
You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes itselfe is shee."

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,
And turnd his face away; but she the same
Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game
Themselves did solace each one with his dame,
Till that great lady thence away them sought
To vew her castles other wondrous frame:
Up to a stately turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

That turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest Heaven compassed around,
And lifted high above this earthly masse,
Which it survewd, as hils doen lower ground:
But not on ground mote like to this be found;
Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome built
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly guilt,
From which young Hectors blood by cruell Greekes was spilt.

The roofe hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gave light, and flamd continually:
For they of living fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O, who can tell the prayses of that Makers might!

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell,
This parts great workemanship and wondrous powre,
That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
And likest is unto that heavenly towre
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages;
But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

Not he, whom Greece, the nourse of all good arts,
By Phœbus doome the wisest thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
Nor that sage Pylian syre, which did survive
Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
By whose advise old Priams cittie fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
These three in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,
And counselled faire Alma how to governe well.

The first of them could things to come foresee;
The next could of thinges present best advize;
The third things past could keep in memoree;
So that no time nor reason could arize,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
Forthy the first did in the forepart sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize;
He had a sharpe foresight and working wit
That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

His chamber was dispainted all within
With sondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of thinges dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yit,
Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
Some daily seene and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do flit;
Infernall hags, centaurs, feendes, hippodames,
Apes, lyons, aegles, owles, fooles, lovers, children, dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes;
Like many swarmes of bees assembled round
After their hives with honny do abound.
All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies;
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,
That highte Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew
Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of agonyes.

Whom Alma having shewed to her guestes, [wals
Thence brought them to the second rowme, whose
Were painted faire with memorable gestes
Of famous wisards; and with picturals
Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
Of lawes, of iudgementes, and of decretals,
All artes, all science, all philosophy,
And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.

Of those that rowme was full; and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practise and usage
He now was growne right wise and wondrous sage:
Great plesure had those straunger knightes to see
His goodly reason and grave personage,
That his disciples both desyrd to bee:
But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost rowme of three.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
Right firme and strong, though somwhat they declind;
And therein sat an old old man, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompenst them with a better scorse: [forse.
Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled

This man of infinite remembraunce was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pas,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
As all things els the which this world doth weld;
But laid them up in his immortall scrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dweld:
The warres he well remembred of king Nine,
Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;
For he remembred both their infancis:
Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd
Of native strength now that he them surviv'd.
His chamber all was hangd about with rolls
And old recórds from auncient times derivd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unhable them to fett,
A little boy did on him still attend
To reach, whenever he for ought did send;
And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought and unto him did lend:
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is;
And that old man Eumnestes, by their propertis.

The knightes there entring did him reverence dew,
And wondred at his endlesse exercise.
Then as they gan his library to vew,
And antique regesters for to avise,
There chaunced to the princes hand to rize
An auncient booke, highte *Briton Moniments*,
That of this lands first conquest did devize,
And old division into regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans governements.

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,
That highte *Antiquitee of Faery Lond*:
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th' ofspring of Elves and Faryes there he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire
Their countreys auncestry to understond,
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sire
To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

CANTO X.

A chronicle of Briton kings,
From Brute to Uthers rayne:
And rolls of Elfin emperours,
Till time of Gloriane.

Who now shall give unto me words and sound
Equall unto this haughty enterprise?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift itselfe unto the highest skyes?
More ample spirit than hetherto was wount
Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestryes
Of my most dreaded soveraigne I recount,
By which all earthly princes she doth far surmount.

Ne under Sunne that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her linage may compaire;
Which though from Earth it be derived right,
Yet doth itselfe stretch forth to Hevens hight,
And all the world with wonder overspred;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might!
How shall fraile pen, with fear disparaged,
Conceive such soveraine glory and great bountyhed?

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill;
Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,
Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegræan Iove, he wrote,
That all the gods admird his lofty note.
But, if some relish of that hevenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report
To decke my song withall, I would assay
Thy name, O soveraine queene, to blazon far away.

Thy name, O soveraine queene, thy realme, and race,
From this renowmed prince derived arre,
Who mightily upheld that royall mace
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great-grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the northern starre
Immortall Fame for ever hath enrold;
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

The land which warlike Britons now possesse,
And, therein have their mighty empire raysd,
In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
Unpeopled, unmanurd, unprovd, unpraysd;
Ne was it island then, ne was it paysd
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants farre for profits therein praysd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene from the Celticke mayn-land brought.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the southerne sea-coast lay
Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,
For safety that same his sea-marke made,
And nam'd it Albion: but later day,
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt
Of hideous giaunts, and halfe-beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt;
But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as roebucke through the fen,
All naked without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling liveden;
Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,
That sonnes of men amazd their sternesse to behold.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begott,
Uneath is to assure; uneath to wene
That monstrous error which doth some assott,
That Dioclesians fifty daughters shene
Into this land by chaunce have driven bene;
Where, companing with feends and filthy sprights
Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene,
They brought forth geaunts, and such dreadful wights
As far exceeded men in their immeasurd mights.

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
Polluted this same gentle soyle long-time;
That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,
And gan abhorre her broods unkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne native slime:
Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd
From roiall stocke of old Assaracs line,
Driven by fatall error here arriv'd,
And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great batteils with his salvage fone;
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many giaunts left on groning flore:
That wel can witnes yet unto this day
The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore
Of mighty Goëmot, whome in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

And eke that ample pitt, yet far renownd
For the large leape which Debon did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd,
Into the which retourning backe he fell:
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,
Which that huge sonne of hideous Albion,
Whose father Hercules in Fraunce did quell,
Great Godmer threw, in fierce contention,
At bold Canutus; but of him was slaine anon.

In meed of these great conquests by them gott,
Corineus had that province utmost west
To him assigned for his worthy lott,
Which of his name and memorable gest
He called Cornwaile, yet so called best:
And Debons shayre was, that is Devonshyre:
But Canute had his portion from the rest,
The which he cald Canutium, for his hyre;
Now Cantium, which Kent we comenly inquyre.

Thus Brute this realme unto his rule subdewd,
And raigned long in great felicity,
Lov'd of his freends, and of his foes eschewd;
He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy;
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
And Locrine left chiefe lord of Britany.
At last ripe age bad him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune, unto finall fate.

Locrine was left the soveraine lord of all;
But Albanact had all the northerne part,
Which of himselfe Albania he did call;
And Camber did possesse the westerne quart,
Which Severne now from Logris doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet government annoyd;
But each his paynes to others profit still employd.

Untill a nation straung, with visage swart,
And corage fierce that all men did affray,
Which through the world then swarmd in every part,
And overflowd all countries far away,
Like Noyes great flood, with their impórtune sway,
This land invaded with like violence,
And did themselves through all the north display:
Untill that Locrine for his realmes defence,
Did head against them make and strong munificence.

He them encountred, a confused rout,
Foreby the river that whylóme was hight
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,
That forst their chiefetain, for his safeties sake
(Their chiefetain Humber named was aright),
Unto the mighty streame him to betake,
Where he an end of batteill and of life did make.

The king retourned proud of victory,
And insolent wox through unwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the ieopardy,
Which in his land he lately did appease,
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
He lov'd faire ladie Estrild, leudly lov'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd,
From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

The noble daughter of Corinëus
Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
But, gathering force and corage valorous,
Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,
In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind:
But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
Als his faire leman flying through a brooke
She overhent, nought moved with her piteous looke;

But both herselfe, and eke her daughter deare
Begotten by her kingly paramoure,
The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,
She there attached, far from all succoúre:
The one she slew in that impatient stoure;
But the sad virgin innocent of all
Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
Which of her name now Severne men do call:
Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall.

Then for her sonne, which she to Locrin bore,
(Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,)
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
Till ryper years he raught and stronger stay:
During which time her powre she did display
Through all this realme, the glory of her sex,
And first taught men a woman to obay:
But, when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex.

Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race;
For with all shame that sacred throne he fild.
Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,
In which being consorted with Manild,
For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.
But Ebranck salved both their infamies
With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild
In Henault, where yet of his victories [vies.
Brave moniments remaine, which yet that land en-

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
And happy father of faire progeny:
For all so many weekes, as the yeare has,
So many children he did multiply;
Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous desyre:
Those germans did subdew all Germany,
Of whom it hight; but in the end their syre [tyre.
With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to re-

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
The second Brute, the second both in name
And eke in semblaunce of his puissaunce great,
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of everlasting fame:
He with his victour sword first opened
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne dame,
And taught her first how to be conquered;
Since which, with sondrie spoiles she hath been ransacked.

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,
And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,
What colour were their waters that same day,
And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,
With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
The *greene shield* dyde in dolorous vermell?
That not *scuith guiridh* it mote seeme to bee,
But rather *y scuith gogh*, signe of sad crueltee.

His sonne king Leill, by fathers labour long,
Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,
And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.
Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,
But taught the land from wearie wars to cease.
Whose footsteps Bladud following, in artes
Exceld at Athens all the learned preace,
From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,
And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boyling bathes at Cairbadon,
Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
And in their entrailles, full of quick brimstón,
Nourish the flames which they are warmd upon,
That to their people wealth they forth do well,
And health to every forreyne nation;
Yet he at last, contending to excell [fell.
The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief

Next him king Leyr in happie peace long raynd,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three faire daughters, which were well uptraind
In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed;
Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
To have divided: tho, when feeble age
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
Inquyrd, which of them most did love her parentage.

The eldest, Gonorill, gan to protest,
That she much more than her owne life him lov'd;
And Regan greater love to him profest
Then all the world, whenever it were proov'd;
But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoov'd:
Whose simple answere, wanting colours fayre
To paint it forth, him to displeasaunce moov'd,
That in his crown he counted her no hayre, [shayre.
But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scottes,
And th' other to the king of Cambria,
And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lottes;
But, without dowre, the wise Cordelia
Was sent to Aganip of Celtica:
Their aged syre, thus eased of his crowne,
A private life ledd in Albania
With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,
That nought him griev'd to beene from rule deposed downe.

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
So, when he had resignd his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
And wearie wax of his continuall stay:
Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
Who him at first well used every way;
But, when of his departure she despayrd,
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

The wretched man gan then avise too late,
That love is not where most it is profest;
Too truely tryde in his extremest state!
At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
He to Cordelia himselfe addrest,
Who with entyre affection him receav'd,
As for her syre and king her seemed best;
And after all an army strong she leav'd, [reav'd.
To war on those which him had of his realme be-

So to his crowne she him restord againe;
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after wild it should to her remaine:
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
And all mens harts in dew obedience held;
Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,
Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
And overcommen kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life herselfe she hong.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine:
But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy
His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdaine
To have a pere in part of soverainty;
And, kindling coles of cruell enmity,
Raisd warre, and him in batteill overthrew:
Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,
Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him slew:
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equal knew.

His sonne Rivall' his dead rowme did supply;
In whose sad time blood did from Heaven rayne.
Next great Gurgustus, then faire Cæcily,
In constant peace their kingdomes did contayne.
After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,
And Gorbogud, till far in years he grew:
Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex him in prison threw.

But O! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinred, nor regardes no right,
Stird Porrex up to put his brother downe;
Who, unto him assembling forreigne might,
Made warre on him, and fell himselfe in fight:
Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse,
Most mercilesse of women, Wyden hight,
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruell hand him murdred pittilesse.

Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred years this scepter borne
With high renowme and great felicity:
The noble braunch from th' antique stocke was torne
Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne.
Thenceforth this realme was into factions rent,
Whilest each of Brutus boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of Brutus, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
Who, stird with pitty of the stressed plight
Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres [hayres,
By such as claymd themselves Brutes rightfull
Gathered the princes of the people loose
To taken counsell of their common cares;
Who, with his wisedom won, him streight did choose
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

Then made he head against his enimies,
And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allyes,
This of Albány newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civile governaunce,
Now one, which earst were many made through variaunce.

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
Were unto him revealed in vision;
By which he freed the travellers high-way,
The churches part, and ploughmans portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion;
The gratious Numa of great Britany:
For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By strength was wielded without policy:
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignity.

Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)
And left two sonnes, of peerelesse prowesse both,
That sacked Rome too dearely did assay,
The recompence of their periúred oth; [wroth;
And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they were
Besides subiected France and Germany,
Which yet their praises speake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

Next them did Gurgunt, great Belinus sonne,
In rule succeede, and eke in fathers praise;
He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was dew in his dead fathers daies:
He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,
Whom he at sea found wandring from their waies,
A seate in Ireland safely to remayne, [tayne.
Which they should hold of him as subiect to Bri-

After him raigned Guitheline his hayre,
The iustest man and trewest in his daies,
Who had to wife dame Mertia the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortall praise,
Which for this realme found many goodly layes,
And wholesome statutes to her husband brought:
Her many deemd to have beene of the Fayes,
As was Aegerié that Numa tought:
Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd and thought.

Her sonne Sifillus after her did rayne;
And then Kimarus; and then Danius:
Next whom Morindus did the crowne sustayne;
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous
And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
And mightie deedes, should matched have the best:
As well in that same field victorious
Against the forreine Morands he exprest;
Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
All which successively by turnes did rayne.
First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life;
Next Archigald, who for his proud disdayne
Deposed was from princedome soverayne,
And pitteous Elidure put in his sted;
Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
Till by his death he it recovered;
But Peridure and Vigent him disthronized:

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they out-raigned had their utmost date,
And then therein reseized was againe,
And ruled long with honorable state,
Till he surrendred realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
By dew successe, and all their nephewes late;
Even thrise eleven descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse moniments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reædifye
Of Troynovant, gainst force of enimy,
And built that gate which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed solemnly:
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their eme
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the roiall diademe,
And goodly well long time it governed;
Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,
And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the name
Of this sweet island never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hether came.

Yet twise they were repulsed backe againe,
And twise renforst backe to their ships to fly,
The whiles with blood they all the shore did staine,
And the gray ocean into purple dy:
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,
And envious of uncles soveraintie,
Betrayd his country unto forreine spoyle.
Nought els but treason from the first this land did foyle!

So by him Cæsar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,
In which himselfe was charged heavily
Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Theneeforth this land was tributarie made
T' ambitious Rome, and did their rule obay,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd:
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

Next him Tenantius raigned; then Kimbeline,
What time th' Eternall Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombed was, from wretched Adams line
To purge away the guilt of sinful crime.
O ioyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd!
O too high ditty for my simple rime! —
Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd;
For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

Good Claudius, that next was emperour,
An army brought, and with him batteile fought,
In which the king was by a treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought:
For Arvirage his brothers place supplyde
Both in his armes and crowne, and by that draught
Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyde.

Was never king more highly magnifide,
Nor dredd of Romanes, then was Arvirage;
For which the emperour to him allide
His daughter Genuiss' in marriage:
Yet shortly he renounst the vassallage
Of Rome againe, who hether hastly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
Forwasted all, till Genuissa gent
Persuaded him to cease, and her lord to relent.

He dide; and him succeeded Marius,
Who ioyd his dayes in great tranquillity.
Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius,
That first received Christianity,
The sacred pledge of Christes Evangely.
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came Ioseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the Holy Grayle (they say),
And preacht the truth; but sinee it greatly did decay.

This good king shortly without issew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did herselfe in sondry parts divide,
And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
Whilest Romanes daily did the weake subdew:
Which seeing, stout Bunduca up arose,
And taking armes the Britons to her drew;
With whom she marched straight against her foes,
And them unwares besides the Severne did enclose.

There she with them a cruell batteill tryde,
Not with so good successe as shee deserv'd;
By reason that the captaines on her syde,
Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerv'd:
Yet such, as were through former flight preserv'd,
Gathering againe, her host she did renew,
And with fresh corage on the victor servd:
But being all defeated, save a few,
Rather than fly, or be captiv'd, herselfe she slew.

O famous moniment of womens prayse!
Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom antique history so high doth rayse,
Or to Hypsiphil', or to Thomiris:
Her host two hundred thousand numbred is?
Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enemis;
And yet, though overcome in haplesse fight,
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew;
Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled;
So made them victors whome he did subdew.
Then gan Carausius tirannize anew,
And gainst the Romanes bent their proper powre;
But him Allectus treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of emperoure:
Nath'lesse the same enioyed but short happy howre.

For Asclepiodate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
Without or robe or rag to hide his shame:
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;
But shortly was by Coyll in batteill slaine,
Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,
Was of the Britons first crownd soveraine:
Then gan this realme renew her passed prime:
He of his name Coylchester built of stone and lime.

Which when the Romanes heard, they hether sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whome king Coyll made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight,
Who in all godly thewes and goodly praise
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skil in musicke of all in her daies,
As well in curious instruments as cunning laies;

Of whome he did great Constantine begett,
Who afterward was emperour of Rome;
To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,
Octavius here lept into his roome,
And it usurped by unrighteous doome:
But he his title iustifide by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight:
So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right:

But, wanting yssew male, his daughter deare
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the empire wan,
Till murdred by the freends of Gratian.
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this land,
During the raigne of Maximinian;
Who dying left none heire them to withstand;
But that they overran all parts with easy hand.

The wëary Britons, whose war-hable youth
Was by Maximian lately ledd away,
With wretched miseryes and woefull ruth
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And daily spectacle of sad decay: [yeares
Whome Romane warres, which now fowr hundred
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
Til, by consent of commons and of peares,
They crownd the second Constantine with ioyous teares.

Who having oft in batteill vanquished
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein scatterlings
With which the world did in those dayes abound:
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from Alcluid to Panweltdid that border bownd.

Three sonnes he dying left, all under age;
By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere
Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage;
Which th' infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into Armorick did beare:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
He sent to Germany straunge aid to reare;
From whence eftsoones arrived here three hoyes
Of Saxons, whom he for his safëty imployes.

Two brethren were their capitayns, which hight
Hengist and Horsus, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowmed might;
Who making vantage of their civile iarre,
And of those forreyners which came from farre,
Grew great, and gat large portions of land,
That in the realme ere long they stronger arre
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,
And Vortiger enforst the kingdome to aband.

But, by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,
He is againe unto his rule restord;
And Hengist, seeming sad for that was donne,
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his faire daughters face and flattring word.
Soone after which, three hundred lords he slew
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolefull moniments who list to rew,
Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonheng vew.

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne,
And, here arriving, strongly challenged
The crowne which Vortiger did long detayne:
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slayne;
And Hengist eke soone brought to shamefull death.
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
So now entombed lies at Stoneheng by the heath.

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding — There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other cesure right;
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' author selfe could not at least attend
To finish it: that so untimely breach
The prince himselfe halfe seemed to offend;
Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speach.

At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare
The royall ofspring of his native land,
Cryde out; "Deare countrey! O how dearely deare
Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receave!
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all whatever good we have!"

But Guyon all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far excead
My leasure so long leaves here to repeat:
It told how first Prometheus did create
A man, of many parts from beasts deryv'd,
And then stole fire from Heven to animate
His worke, for which he was by Iove depryv'd
Of life himselfe, and hart-strings of an aegle ryv'd.

That man so made he called Elfe, to weet
Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd;
Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardins of Adonis fynd
A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd
To be no earthly wight, but either spright,
Or angell, th' authour of all woman kynd;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight, [right.
Of whom all Faryes spring, and fetch their lignage

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissant kinges which all the world warrayd,
And to themselves all nations did subdew:
The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
Was Elfin; him all India obayd,
And all that now America men call:
Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid
Cleopolis foundation first of all:
But Elfiline enclosd it with a golden wall.

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field:
But Elfant was of most renowmed fame,
Who all of christall did Panthea build:
Then Elfar, who two brethren gyaunts kild,
The one of which had two heades, th' other three:
Then Elfinor, who was in magick skild;
He built by art upon the glassy see
A bridge of bras, whose sound Hevens thunder seem'd to be.

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
And all their ofspring, in their dew descents;
Even seven hundred princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deedes their sondry governments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet should they be most famous moniments,
And brave ensample, both of martiall
And civil rule, to kinges and states imperiall.

After all these Elficleos did rayne,
The wise Elficleos in great maiestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
And with rich spoyles and famous victorie
Did high advaunce the crowne of Faëry:
He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon,
The eldest brother, did untimely dy;
Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon
Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.

Great was his power and glorie over all
Which, him before, that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remaines his wide memoriall:
He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
Him to succeede therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre:
Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and great powre!

Beguyld thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall desire of countryes state,
So long they redd in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate;
Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke how supper did them long awaite:
So halfe unwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fayrely feasted as so noble knightes she ought.

CANTO XI.

The enimies of Temperaunce
Besiege her dwelling place;
Prince Arthure them repelles, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.

What warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong affections doe apply
Against the forte of Reason evermore,
To bring the sowle into captivity!
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage;
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the partes, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His partes to Reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is setled there in sure establishment.
There Alma, like a virgin queene most bright,
Doth florish in all beautie excellent;
And to her guestes doth bounteous banket dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

Early, before the Morne with cremosin ray
The windowes of bright Heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning Day
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose sir Guyon in bright armour clad,
And to his purposd iourney him prepar'd:
With him the palmer eke in habit sad
Himselfe addrest to that adventure hard:
So to the rivers syde they both together far'd:

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The ferriman, as Alma had behight,
With his well-rigged bote: they goe abord,
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behynd them fled away.
But let them pas, whiles winde and wether right
Doe serve their turnes: here I a while must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

For, all so soone as Guyon thence was gon
Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle to assaile on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hyde;
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest, when they approched neare.

Them in twelve troupes their captein did dispart,
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiect most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.
Seven of the same against the castle-gate
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate
They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

The other five, five sondry wayes he sett
Against the five great bulwarkes of that pyle,
And unto each a bulwarke did arrett,
T' assayle with open force or hidden guyle,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedie malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some were
Headed like owles, with beckes uncomely bent;
Others like dogs; others like gryphons dreare;
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare:
And every one of them had lynces eyes:
And every one did bow and arrowes beare:
All those were lawlesse Lustes, corrupt Envyes,
And covetous Aspects, all cruel enimyes.

Those same against the bulwarke of the *sight*
Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night;
But soone as Titan gan his head exault,
And soone againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engines they against it bent;
That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault:
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie and Money, they that bulwarke sorely rent.

The second bulwarke was the *hearing sence*,
Gainst which the second troupe dessignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in straunge difference:
Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,
Some like wild bores late rouzd out of the brakes:
Slaunderous Reproches, and fowle Infamies,
Leasinges, Backbytinges, and vain-glorious Crakes,
Bad Counsels, Prayses, and false Flatteries:
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

Likewise that same third fort, that is the *smell*,
Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd;
Whose hideous shapes were like to feendes of Hell,
Some like to houndes, some like to apes, dismayd;
Some, like to puttockes, all in plumes arayd;
All shap't according their conditions:
For, by those ugly formes, weren pourtrayd
Foolish Delights, and fond Abusions,
Which doe that sence besiege with light illusions.

And that fourth band which cruell battry bent
Against the fourth bulwarke, that is the *taste*,
Was, as the rest, a grysie rablement;
Some mouth'd like greedy oystriges; some faste
Like loathly toades; some fashion'd in the waste
Like swine: for so deformd is Luxury,
Surfeat, Misdiet, and unthriftie Waste,
Vain Feastes, and ydle Superfluity:
All those this sences fort assayle incessantly.

But the fift troupe, most horrible of hew
And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report;
For some like snailes, some did like spyders shew,
And some like ugly urchins thick and short:
Cruelly they assayled that fift fort,
Armed with dartes of sensuall Delight,
With stinges of carnall Lust, and strong effort
Of feeling Pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puissaunce
Against that castle restlesse siege did lay,
And evermore their hideous ordinaunce
Upon the bulwarkes cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neare decay:
And evermore their wicked capitayn
Provoked them the breaches to assay, [gayn,
Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of
Which by the ransack of that place they should attayn.

On th' other side, th' assieged castles ward
Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulse and many hard
Atchievement wrought, with perill and with payne,
That goodly frame from ruin to sustaine:
And those two brethren gyauntes did defend
The walls so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
That never entraunce any durst pretend, [send.
But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did

The noble virgin, ladie of the place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight
(For never was she in so evill cace),
Till that the prince, seeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offring his service and his dearest life
For her defence against that carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe and th' authour of that strife:
She him remercied as the patrone of her life,

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,
And his well proved weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous congè, he behight
Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
Fayre mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,
That ever brandished bright steele on hye!
Whom soone as that unruly rablement
With his gay squyre issewing did espye,
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry:

And therewithall attonce at him let fly
Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
And round about him flocke impetuously,
Like a great water-flood, that tombling low
From the high mountaines, threates to overflow
With suddein fury all the fertile playne,
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw
Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make vayne;
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
Which fled asonder, and him fell before;
As withered leaves drop from their dryed stockes,
When the wroth western wind does reave their locks:
And underneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce Spumador, trode them downe like docks;
The fierce Spumador borne of heavenly seed;
Such as Laomedon of Phœbus race did breed.

Which suddeine horrour and confused cry
When as their capteine heard, in haste he yode
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:
Upon a tygre swift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground:
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode;
But of such subtile substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-clothes were unbound:

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide:
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde:
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine, [tine.
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they did

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke;
His body leane and meagre as a rake;
And skin all withered like a dryed rooke;
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake;
That seemd to tremble evermore and quake:
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake:
Upon his head he wore an helmet light, [ght:
Made of a dead mans skull, that seemd a ghastly

Maleger was his name, and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked hags,
With hoary lockes all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chased stags;
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe all full of litle snags
She did support, and Impotence her name: [flame.
But th' other was Impatience, armd with raging

Soone as the carle from far the prince espyde
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
His beast he felly prickt on either syde,
And his mischiévous bow full readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

Which to prevent, the prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that shot whyleare:
But he was not so hardy to abide
That bitter stownd, but, turning quicke aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
Whom to poursue, the infant after hide
So fast as his good courser could him beare;
But labour lost it was to weene approch him neare.

Far as the winged wind his tigre fled,
That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,
Ne scarse his feet on ground were seene to tred;
Through hils and dales he speedy way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
And in his flight the villeine turn'd his face
(As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,
Whenas the Russian him in fight does chace,)
Unto his tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew;
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should poursew:
But, when his uncouth manner he did vew,
He gan avize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
Untill he quite had spent his perlous store, [more.
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift for

But that lame hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought, fresh batteill to renew;
Which he espying cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that cursed swaine,
And her attaching thought her hands to tye;
But, soone as him dismounted on the plaine
That other hag did far away espye
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily;

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backeward overthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude handes and gryesly graplement;
Till that the villein, coming to their ayd,
Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd:
Full litle wanted, but he had him slaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew ere his bitter bane.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,
That in assurance it may never stand,
Til it dissolved be from earthly band!
Proofe be thou, prince, the prowest man alyve,
And noblest borne of all in Briton land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely drive,
That, had not Grace thee blest, thou shouldest not suryive.

The squyre arriving, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other jade,
His chiefest letts and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Least that his lord they should behinde invade;
The whiles the prince, prickt with reprochful shame,
As one awakte out of long slombring shade,
Revivyng thought of glory and of fame,
United all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long bene underkept and down supprest,
With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave,
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that did earst it hinder and molest,
Yt now devoures with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

So mightely the Briton prince him rouzd
Out of his holde, and broke his caytive bands;
And as a beare, whom angry curres have touzd,
Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads down and overthrowes. Now had the carle
Alighted from his tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quarle,
To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

Which now him turnd to disavantage deare;
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
The knight, yet wrothfull for his late disgraee,
Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,
And him so sore smott with his yron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end;
When suddein up the villeine overthrowne
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan himselfe to second battaill bend,
As hurt he had not beene. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
And had not bene removed many a day; [way:
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shonne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
But grownd he gave, and lightly lept areare:
Eft fierce retourning, as a Tauleon fayre,
That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And unto better fortune doth herselfe prepayre:

So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade,
He to the carle himselfe agayn addrest,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his riven brest,
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;
But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathemore:

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
All were the wownd so wide and wonderous
That through his carcas one might playnly see.
Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to grone full piteous;
Yet nathëmore forth fled his groning spright,
But freshly, as at first, prepard himselfe to fight.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall:
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all:
He doubted least it were some magicall
Illusion that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall,
Or aery spirite under false pretence,
Or hellish feend raysd up through divelish science.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
Flesh without blood, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Give over to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,
Or th' utmost yssew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword Mordure, that never fayld
At need till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield that nought him now avayld;
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcht
And crusht his carcas so against his brest,
That the disdainfull sowle he thence dispatcht,
And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest:
Tho, when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
The lumpish corse unto the sencelesse grownd;
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
That backe againe it did alofte rebownd,
And gave against his mother Earth a gronefull sownd.

As when Ioves harnesse-bearing bird from hye
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,
The stone-dead quarrey falls so forciblye,
That it rebownds against the lowly playne,
A second fall redoubling backe agayne.
Then thought the prince all peril sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remayne;
No sooner thought, then that the carle as fast [cast.
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,
And thought his labor lost, and travell vayne,
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,
That, whiles he marveild still, did still him payne;
Forthy he gan some other wayes advize,
How to take life from that dead-living swayne,
Whom still he marked freshly to arize
From th' Earth, and from her womb new spirits to reprize.

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,
How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
She eke, so often as his life decayd,
Did life with usury to him restore,
And reysd him up much stronger then before,
So soone as he unto her wombe did fall:
Therefore to grownd he would him cast no more,
Ne him committ to grave terrestriall,
But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
And having scruzd out of his carrion corse
The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
Upon his shoulders carried him perforse
Above three furlongs, taking his full course,
Until he came unto a standing lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake:
So end of that carles dayes and his owne paynes did make.

Which when those wicked hags from far did spye,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands;
And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And having quencht her burning fier-brands,
Hedlong herselfe did cast into that lake:
But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands
One of Malegers cursed darts did take, [make.
So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines:
Tho, cumming to his squyre that kept his steed,
Thought to have mounted; but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and served not his need, [bleed,
Through losse of blood which from his wounds did
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good squyre, him helping up with speed,
With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
And led him to the castle by the beaten way.

Where many groomes and squiers ready were
To take him from his steed full tenderly;
And eke the fayrest Alma mett him there
With balme, and wine, and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity:
Eftesoones she causd him up to be convayd,
And of his armes despoyled easily
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd;
And, al the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd.

CANTO XII.

Guyon, by palmers governaunce,
Passing through perilles great,
Doth overthrow the Bowre of Blis,
And Acrasy defeat.

Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temperaunce
Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of highest prayse forth to advaunce,
Formerly grounded and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountyhed:
And this brave knight, that for this vertue fightes,
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mongst thousand dangers and ten thousand magick mights.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought save perill, still as he did pas:
Tho, when appeared the third morrow bright
Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roring far away they heard,
That all their sences filled with affright;
And streight they saw the raging surges reard
Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

Said then the boteman, "Palmer, stere aright,
And keepe an even course; for yonder way
We needes must pas (God doe us well acquight!)
That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,
That deepe engorgeth all this worldës pray;
Which having swallowd up excessively,
He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.

"On th' other syde an hideous rock is pight
Of mightie magnes stone, whose craggie clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For, whiles they fly that gulfe's devouring iawes,
They on the rock are rent, and sunck in helples wawes."

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Untill they nigh unto that gulfe arryve,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puisaunce doth stryve
To strike his oares, and mightily doth dryve
The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave;
Which, gaping wide to swallow them alyve
In th' huge abysse of his engulfing grave, [rave.
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terrour

They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seemd more horrible than Hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creep
Backe to the world, bad livers to torment:
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
Ne that approcheth nigh the wyde descent,
May backe retourne, but is condemned to be drent.

On th' other side they saw that perilous rocke,
Threatning itselfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke;
And shivered ships, which had beene wrecked late,
Yet stuck with carcases exanimate
Of such, as having all their substance spent
In wanton ioyes and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwardes make shipwrack violent
Both of their life and fame for ever fowly blent.

Forthy this hight the Rock of vile Reproch,
A daungerous and détestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approch,
But yelling meawes, with seagulles hoars and bace,
And cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sat wayting on that wastfull clift
For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,
After lost credit, and consumed thrift,
At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift

The palmer, seeing them in safetie past,
Thus saide; "Behold th' ensamples in our sightes
Of lustful luxurie and thriftlesse wast!
What now is left of miserable wightes,
Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red
By these rent reliques speaking their ill plightes!
Let all that live hereby be counselled
To shunne Rock of Reproch, and it as death to dread!"

So forth they rowed; and that ferryman
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubles daunced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last far off they many islandes spy
On every side floting the floodes emong:
Then said the knight; "Lo! I the land descry;
Therefore, old syre, thy course doe thereunto apply."

"That may not bee," said then the ferryman,
"Least wee unweeting hap to be fordonne:
For those same islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
But stragling plots, which to and fro doe ronne
In the wide waters; therefore are they hight
The Wandring Islands: therefore doe them shonne;
For they have oft drawne many a wandring wight
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

"Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispred
With grassy greene of délectable hew;
And the tall trees with leaves appareled
Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsure.

"As th' isle of Delos whylome, men report,
Amid th' Aegæan sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certeine port,
Till that Latona traveiling that way,
Flying from Iunoes wrath and hard assay,
Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was established,
And for Apolloes temple highly herried.

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete;
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
That one of those same islands, which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Upon the banck they sitting did espy
A daintie damsell dressing of her heare,
By whome a little skippet floting did appeare.

She, them espying, loud to them gan call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
For she had cause to busie them withall;
And therewith lowdly laught: but nathémore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her power and might.

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly;
Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly;
Till that the palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke for being loose and light:
Which not abiding, but more scornfully
Scoffing at him that did her iustly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

That was the wanton Phædria, which late
Did ferry him over the Idle Lake:
Whom nought regarding they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forsake;
When them the wary boteman thus bespake;
"Here now behoveth us well to avyse,
And of our safety good heede to take;
For here before a perlous passage lyes, [dies:
Where many mermayds haunt making false melo-

"But by the way there is a great quicksand,
And a whirlepoole of hidden ieopardy;
Therefore, sir Palmer, keepe an even hand;
For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly."
Scarse had he saide, when hard at hand they spy
That quicksand nigh with water covered;
But by the checked wave they did descry
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
It called was the Quickesand of Unthriftyhed.

They, passing by, a goodly ship did see
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
Herselfe had ronne into that hazardize;
Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle;
But neither toyle nor traveill might her backe recoyle.

On th' other side they see that perilous poole,
That called was the Whirlepoole of Decay;
In which full many had with haplesse doole
Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay:
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,
Did covet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their bote within the utmost bound
Of his wide labyrinth, and then to have them dround.

But th' heedful boteman strongly forth did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the dread daunger does behind remaine.
Suddeine they see from midst of all the maine
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, puft up with proud disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
His whirling charet for exceeding feare;
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare;
That all the three thereat woxe much afrayd,
Unweeting what such horrour straunge did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
Of huge sea-monsters, such as living sence dismayd:

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed hydres; and sea-shouldring whales;
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee;
Bright scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales;
Mighty monoceros with immeasured tayles;

The dreadful fish, that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew;
The griesly wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew;
The horrible sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
Huge ziffius, whom mariners eschew
No lesse than rockes, as travellers informe;
And greedy rosmarines with visages deforme:

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore
Came rushing, in the fomy waves enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold:
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

"Feare nought," then saide the palmer well aviz'd,
"For these same monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,
And draw from on this iourney to proceed."
Tho, lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull armie fast gan flye
Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.

Quit from that danger forth their course they kept;
And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea th' resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an island did espy
A seemely maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

Which Guyon hearing, streight his palmer bad
To stere the bote towards that dolefull mayd,
That he might know and ease her sorrow sad:
Who, him avizing better, to him sayd;
"Faire sir, be not displeasd if disobayd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For she is inly nothing ill apayd;
But onely womanish fine forgery,
Your stubborne hart t' affect with fraile infirmity:

"To which when she your courage hath inclind
Through foolish pitty, then her guilefull bayt
She will embosome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the last awayt."
The knight was ruled, and the boteman strayt
Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse;
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

And now they nigh approched to the sted
Whereas those mermayds dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered,
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill;
On th' other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
And did like an halfe theatre fulfill:
There those five sisters had continuall trade,
And usd to bath themselves in that deceiptfull shade.

They were faire ladies, till they fondly striv'd
With th' Heliconian maides for maystery;
Of whom they over-comen were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity
Transform'd to fish for their bold surquedry;
But th' upper halfe their hew retayned still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which ever after they abusd to ill,
T' allure weake traveillers, whom gotten they did kill.

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde;
" O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faëry,
That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
Above all knights that ever batteill tryde,
O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile:
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde;
This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet in from paine and wearisome turmoyle."

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered;
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
A solemne meane unto them measured;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whisteled
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony;
Which Guyons senses softly tickeled,
That he the boteman bad row easily,
And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

But him the palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice discounselled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land to which their course they levelled;
When suddeinly a grosse fog over spred
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And Heavens chearefull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great universe seemd one confused mas.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,
But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,
For tombling into mischiefe unespyde:
Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.
Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,
And with their wicked winges them ofte did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate;
The ill-faste owle, Deaths dreadfull messengere;
The hoars night-raven, trump of dolefull drere;
The lether-winged batt, dayes enimy;
The ruefull strich, still waiting on the bere;
The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy;
The hellish harpyes, prophets of sad destiny:
All those, and all that els does horror breed,
About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare:
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stifly steare;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land itselfe did playnly show.
Said then the palmer; " Lo! where does appeare
The sacred soile where all our perills grow!
Therefore, sir Knight, your ready arms about you throw."

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke:
Then forth the noble Guyon sallied,
And his sage palmer that him governed;
But th' other by his bote behind did stay.
They marched fayrely forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmely armd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that hungers poynt or Venus sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,
Ran towards to devoure those unexpected guests.

But, soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
The palmer over them his staffe upheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
Eftesoones their stubborne corages were queld,
And high advaunced crests downe meekely feld;
Instead of fraying they themselves did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him that did it beare.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which caducëus whilome was made,
Caducëus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wonts the Stygian realmes invade
Through ghastly horror and eternall shade;
Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
And Orcus tame, whome nothing can persuade,
And rule the Furyes when they most doe rage:
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this palmer sage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
As well their entred guestes to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
Nought feard their force that fortilage to win,
But Wisedomes powre, and Temperaunces might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
And therein all the famous history
Of Iason and Medæa was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt;
The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent
With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled [wed.
Yt seemd th' enchaunted flame, which did Crëusa

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be red, that ever open stood to all
Which thether came: but in the porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
That traveilers to him seemd to entize;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercize.

They in that place him Genius did call:
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, perteines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
And ofte of secret ills bids us beware:
That is our selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee:

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us see:
He of this gardin had the governall,
And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

With divers flowres he daintily was deckt,
And strowed rownd about; and by his side
A mighty mazer bowle of wine was sett,
As if it had to him bene sacrifide;
Wherewith all new-come guests be gratyfide:
So did he eke sir Guyon passing by;
But he his ydle curtesie defide,
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully, [blants sly.
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed sem-

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
A large and spacious plaine, on every side
Strowed with pleasauns; whose fayre grassy grownd
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne, [morne.
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early

Thereto the Heavens alwayes joviall
Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall
Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the milde ayre with season moderate
Gently attempred, and disposd so well, [smell:
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom

More sweet and holesome then the pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope, on which the nimphe, that bore
A gyaunt babe, herselfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fayre Daphne Phœbus hart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre;
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect;
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Brydling his will and maystering his might:
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate:

So fashioned a porch with rare deviee,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to entice
All passers-by to taste their lushious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,
Some as the rubine laughing sweetely red,
Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened:

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest
Did bow adowne as overburdened.
Under that porch a comely dame did rest
Clad in fayre weedes but fowle disordered, [hed:
And garments loose that seemd unmeet for woman-

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise all straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast;
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

There the most daintie paradise on ground
Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye;
The painted flowres; the trees upshooting hye;
The dales for shade; the hilles for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the christall running by;
And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine),
That Nature had for wantonesse ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify;
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on Earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively iollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew:
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew;
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plonge, as overmastered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a-vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine:
Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne
Of th' ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

The wanton maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise:
But th' other rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all, that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights, she unto him bewrayd;
The rest, hidd underneath, him more desirous made.

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd:
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signs of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton merriments they did encreace,
And to him beckned to approch more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold could reare:

On which when gazing him the palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And counseld well him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of Blis,
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis;
When thus the palmer; "Now, sir, well avise;
For here the end of all our traveill is:
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise."

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicke that mote bee;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire witch herselfe now solacing
With a new lover, whom, through sorceree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring:
There she had him now laid a slombering
In secret shade after long wanton ioyes;
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

And all that while right over him she hong
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight;
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
Ah! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day!
Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may!
Lo! see soone after how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display!
Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away!

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
Ne more doth florish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady' and many a paramowre!
Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

He ceast; and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their divers notes t' attune unto his lay,
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
The constant payre heard all that he did say,
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton lady with her lover lose,
Whose sleepie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Upon a bed of roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin;
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin;
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see [flee.
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'o'te therewith be fild;
And yet, through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare than nectar, forth distild,
That like pure orient perles adowne it trild;
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light,
Which, sparckling on the silent waves, does seeme more bright.

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place;
That certes it great pitty was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface:
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
Yet sleeping, in his well-proportiond face;
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

His warlike armes, the ydle instruments,
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree;
And his brave shield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly ras't, that none the signes might see;
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend;
But in lewd loves, and wastefull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

The noble Elfe and carefull palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull game,
That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtile net, which only for that same
The skilfull palmer formally did frame:
So held them under fast; the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out to wrest.

And eke her lover strove; but all in vaine:
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, and both them strongly bound
In captive bandes, which there they readie found:
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound:
But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe with rigour pittilesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse;
Their groves he fell; their gardins did deface;
Their arbers spoyle; their cabinets suppresse;
Their banket-houses burne; their buildings race;
And, of the fayrest late, now made the fowlest place.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
Till they arrived where they lately had
Charm'd those wild beasts that rag'd with furie mad;
Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
But them the palmer soone did pacify. [there did ly.
Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes which

Sayd he; "These seeming beasts are men in deed,
Whom this enchauntresse hath transformed thus;
Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous."
"Sad end," quoth he, "of life intemperate,
And mourneful meed of ioyes delicious!
But, palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be unto their former state."

Streightway he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
And streight of beastes they comely men became;
Yet being men they did unmanly looke,
And stared ghastly; some for inward shame,
And some for wrath to see their captive dame:
But one above the rest in speciall
That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by name,
Repyned greatly, and did him miscall [turall.
That had from hoggish forme him brought to na-

Saide Guyon; "See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence!"
To whom the palmer thus; "The donghill kinde
Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence:
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish minde;
But let us hence depart whilest wether serves and winde."

THE THIRDE BOOK OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

It falls me here to write of Chastity,
That fayrest vertue, far above the rest:
For which what needes me fetch from Faëry
Forreine ensamples it to have expreste?
Sith it is shrined in my soveraines brest,
And formd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all ladies, which have it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart;
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art:

But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt:
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,
His dædale hand would faile and greatly faynt,
And her perfections with his error taynt:
Ne poets witt, that passeth painter farre
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
So hard a workemanship adventure darre, [marre.
For fear through want of words her excellence to

How then shall I, apprentice of the skill
That whilome in divinest wits did rayne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckelesse lott doth me constrayne
Hereto perforce: but, O dredd soverayne,
Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,
That I in colourd showes may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Thyselfe thou covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,
Then that sweete verse, with nectar sprinckeled,
In which a gracious servaunt pictured
His Cynthia, his Heavens fayrest light?
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My sences lulled are in slomber of delight.

But let that same delitious poet lend
A little leave unto a rusticke Muse
To sing his mistresse prayse; and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse
In mirrours more then one herselfe to see;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphœbe fashioned to bee;
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare chastitee.

CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart:
Fayre Florimell is chaced:
Duessaes traines and Malecastaes champions are defaced.

The famous Briton prince and Faery knight,
After long ways and perilous paines endur'd,
Having their weary limbes to perfect plight
Restord, and sory wounds right well recur'd,
Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd
To make there lenger soiourne and abode;
But, when thereto they might not be allur'd
From seeking praise and deeds of armes abrode,
They courteous congé tooke, and forth together yode.

But the captived Acrasia he sent
Because of traveill long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faery court safe to convay;
That her for witnes of his hard assay
Unto his Faery queene he might present:
But he himselfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seek adventures, as he with prince Arthure went.

Long so they traveiled through wastefull wayes,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glory and renowmed prayse:
Full many countreyes they did overronne,
From the uprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve;
Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,
And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve.

At last, as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight that towards pricked fayre;
And him beside an aged squire there rode,
That seemd to couch under his shield threesquare,
As if that age badd him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield:
He, them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield
That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

Which seeing, good sir Guyon deare besought
The prince, of grace, to let him ronne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
The verdant gras as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriv'd;
But Guyon drove so furious and fell,
That seemd both shield and plate it would have riv'd;
Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his sell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well:
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell;
Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare, [spare.
That mischievous mischaunce his life and limbs did

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore
And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke,
He fownd himselfe dishonored so sore.
Ah! gentlest knight, that ever armor bore,
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,
And brought to grownd, that never wast before;
For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene;
That speare enchaunted was which layd thee on the greene!

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater griefe and shamefuller regrett
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single damzell thou wert mett
On equall plaine, and there so hard besett:
Even the famous Britomart it was,
Whom straunge adventure did from Britayne fett
To seeke her lover (love far sought, alas!)
Whose image shee had seene in Venus looking-glas.

Full of disdainefull wrath, he fierce uprose
For to revenge that fowle reprochefull shame,
And snatching his bright sword began to close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
Dye rather would he then endure that same.
Which when his palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill, and untoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he should reare;
For Death sate on the point of that enchaunted speare:

And hasting towards him gan fayre perswade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade;
For by his mightie science he had seene
The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissaunce mote not withstond:
Nothing on Earth mote alwaies happy beene!
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loose long-gotten honour with one evill hond.

By such good meanes he him discounselled
From prosecuting his revenging rage:
And eke the prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to aswage;
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed that swarv'd asyde
And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,
That had his furniture not firmely tyde:
So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

Thus reconcilement was betweene them knitt,
Through goodly temperaunce and affection chaste;
And either vowd with all their power and witt
To let not others honour be defaste
Of friend or foe, whoever it embaste,
Ne armes to bear against the others syde:
In which accord the prince was also plaste,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde:
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

O, goodly usage of those antique tymes,
In which the sword was servaunt unto right;
When not for malice and contentious crymes,
But all for prayse, and proofe of manly might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquished had no despight:
Let later age that noble use envy,
Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry!

Long they thus traveiled in friendly wise,
Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissaunce, whylome full dernly tryde:
At length they came into a forest wyde,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sownd
Full griesly seemd: therein they long did ryde,
Yet tract of living creature none they fownd,
Save beares, lyons, and buls, which romed them arownd.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
A goodly lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as christall stone,
And eke, through feare, as white as whalës bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
Which fledd so fast that nothing mote him hold,
And scarse them leasure gave her passing to behold.

Still as she fledd her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evill that poursewd her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely disperst with puff of every blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
But the sage wisard telles, as he has redd,
That it impórtunes death and dolefull dreryhedd.

So as they gazed after her awhyle,
Lo! where a griesly foster forth did rush
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle:
His tyreling jade he fiersly forth did push
Through thicke and thin, both over banck and bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore-speare he shooke.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great envy and fell gealosy
They stayd not to avise who first should bee,
But all spurd after, fast as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The prince and Guyon equally bylive
Herselfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest dame alive:
But after the foule foster Timias did strive.

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of ladies love, did stay behynd;
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place:
But, when she saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her iourney, through that perlous pace,
With stedfast corage and stout hardiment;
Ne evil thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment.

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately castle far away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame.
That castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:
But faire before the gate a spatious playne,
Mantled with greene, itselfe did spredden wyde,
On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne
Fiers battaill against one with cruell might and mayne.

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side arownd,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismaid,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,
All had he lost much blood through many a wownd;
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before him durst assay:

Like dastard curres, that, having at a bay
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place
To get a snatch when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
Badd those same sixe forbeare that single enimy.

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse;
But, gathering him rownd about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encreasse;
Till that she rushing through the thickest presse
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken unto peace:
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquyre
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

Whereto that single knight did answere frame;
"These six would me enforce, by oddes of might,
To chaunge my liefe, and love another dame;
That death me liefer were then such despight,
So unto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For I love one, the truest one on grownd,
Ne list me chaunge; she th' Errant Damzell hight;
For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd
I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody wownd."

"Certes," said she, "then beene ye sixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to iustify:
For knight to leave his lady were great shame
That faithfull is; and better were to dy.
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of love to him that loves but one:
Ne may Love be compeld by maistery;
For, soone as maistery comes, sweet Love anone
Taketh his nimble winges, and soone away is gone."

Then spake one of those six; "There dwelleth here
Within this castle-wall a lady fayre,
Whose soveraine beautie hath no living pere;
Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,
That never any mote with her compayre:
She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,
That every knight which doth this way repayre,
In case he have no lady nor no love,
Shall doe unto her service, never to remove:

"But if he have a lady or a love,
Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,
Or els with us by dint of sword approve,
That she is fairer then our fairest dame;
As did this knight, before ye hether came."
"Perdy," said Britomart, "the choise is hard!
But what reward had he that overcame?"
"He should advaunced bee to high regard,"
Said they, "and have our ladies love for his reward.

"Therefore aread, sir, if thou have a love."
"Love have I sure," quoth she, "but lady none;
Yet will I not fro mine owne love remove,
Ne to your lady will I service done, [alone,
But wreake your wronges wrought to this knight
And prove his cause." With that, her mortall speare
She mightily aventred towards one,
And downe him smot ere well aware he weare;
Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd,
That none of them himselfe could reare againe:
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wearie of his former paine;
That now there do but two of six remaine;
Which two did yield before she did them smight.
"Ah!" said she then, "now may ye all see plaine,
That Truth is strong, and trew Love most of might,
That for his trusty servaunts doth so strongly fight."

"Too well we see," saide they, "and prove too well
Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might:
Forthy, faire sir, yours be the damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
And we your liegemen faith unto you plight."
So underneath her feet their swords they mard,
And, after, her besought, well as they might,
To enter in and reape the dew reward:
She graunted; and then in they all together far'd.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of Castle Joyeous
(For so that castle hight by common name),
Where they were entertaynd with courteous
And comely glee of many gratious
Faire ladies, and of many a gentle knight;
Who, through a chamber long and spacious,
Eftsoones them brought unto their ladies sight,
That of them cleeped was the Lady of Delight.

But, for to tell the sumptuous aray
Of that great chamber, should be labour lost;
For living wit, I weene, cannot display
The roiall riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillour and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great perles and pretious stones embost;
That the bright glister of their beames cleare [peare.
Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did ap-

These stranger knights, through passing, forth were led
Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee
And rich purveyance might uneath be red;
Mote princes place beseeme so deckt to bee.
Which stately manner whenas they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous guize
Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely devize.

The wals were round about apparelled
With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure;
In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The love of Venus and her paramoure,
The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre;
A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
Which her assayd with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit:

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Entyst the boy, as well that art she knew,
And wooed him her paramoure to bee;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his beauperes, and from bright Heavens vew,
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade:

And, whilst he slept, she over him would spred
Her mantle colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And, whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes
She secretly would search each daintie lim,
And throw into the well sweet rosemaryes,
And fragrant violets, and paunces trim;
And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him.

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
And ioyd his love in secret unespyde:
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,
Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betyde
She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
Mote breede him scath unwares: but all in vaine;
For who can shun the chance that dest'ny doth ordaine?

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde bore;
And by his side the goddesse groveling
Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore
With her soft garment wipes away the gore
Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
But, when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize:
And rownd about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldës guize,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to use that use it might:
And all was full of damzels and of squyres,
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres;
And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull fyres.

And all the while sweet musicke did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the while sweete birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of love and iollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim consórt.
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull eye
They sdeigned such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

Thence they were brought to that great ladies vew,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian queenes accustomed:
She seemd a woman of great bountihed
And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce
Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

Long worke it were, and needlesse, to devize
Their goodly entertainement and great glee:
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
And cheared well with wine and spiceree:
The Redcrosse knight was soon disarmed there;
But the brave mayd would not disarmed bee,
But onely vented up her umbriëre,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

As when fayre Cynthia, in darkesome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed
Discovers to the world discomfited;
Of the poore traveiler that went astray
With thousand blessings she is heried:
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the day.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did themselves present
Unto her vew, and company unsought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all civilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegmen to this ladie free,
And her knights-service ought, to hold of her in fee.

The first of them by name Gardantè hight,
A iolly person, and of comely vew;
The second was Parlantè, a bold knight;
And next to him Iocantè did ensew;
Basciantè did himselfe most courteous shew;
But fierce Bacchantè seemd too fell and keene;
And yett in armes Noctantè greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well beseene;
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes beene.

For shee was full of amiable grace
And manly terror mixed therewithall;
That as the one stird up affections bace,
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe that would in error fall:
As hee that hath espide a vermeill rose,
To which sharp thornes and breres the way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But, wishing it far off, his ydle wish doth lose.

Whom when the lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignorant of her contráry sex,
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,
Like sparkes of fire which fall in sclender flex,
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre.

Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,
And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discover'd her incontinence;
Ne reckt shee who her meaning did mistrust;
For she was given all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honor put to flight:
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

Faire ladies, that to love captíved arre,
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre;
Ne blott the bounty of all womankind
'Mongst thousands good, one wanton dame to find:
Emongst the roses grow some wicked weeds:
For this was not to love, but lust, inclind;
For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

Nought so of love this looser dame did skill,
But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foote her honest name:
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she rove at her with crafty glaunce
Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
But Britomart dissembled it with ignoraunce.

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they satt;
Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus fatt
Pourd out their plenty, without spight or spare;
Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare;
And aye the cups their bancks did overflow;
And aye betweene the cups she did prepare
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw;
But Britomart would not such guilfull message know.

So, when they slaked had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meates of every sort,
The lady did faire Britomart entreat
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effórt:
But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For shee her sexe under that straunge purpórt
Did use to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne,)
In playner wise to tell her grievaunce she begonne;

And all attonce discover'd her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous griefe,
The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire:
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her briefe,
That, but if she did lend her short reliefe
And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye.
But the chaste damzell, that had never priefe
Of such malengine and fine forgerye,
Did easely beleeve her strong extremitye.

Full easy was for her to have beliefe,
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
And by long triall of the inward griefe
Wherewith imperious love her hart did vexe,
Could iudge what paines doe loving harts perplexe.
Who means no guile, be guiled soonest shall,
And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe:
The bird, that knowes not the false fowlers call,
Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

Forthy she would not in discourteise wise
Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;
For great rebuke it is love to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;
But with faire countenaunce, as beseemed best,
Her entertaynd; nath'lesse shee inly deemd
Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest;
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd [steemd.
That from like inward fire that outward smoke had

Therewith awhile she her flit fancy fedd,
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire;
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spred itselfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away;
And every knight, and every gentle squire,
Gan choose his dame with *basciomani* gay, [play.
With whom he ment to make his sport and courtly

Some fell to daunce; some fell to hazardry;
Some to make love; some to make meryment;
As diverse witts to diverse things apply:
And all the while faire Malecasta bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.
By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high Iove
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
Into the ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

High time it seemed then for everie wight
Them to betake unto their kindly rest:
Eftesoones long waxen torches weren light
Unto their bowres to guyden every guest:
Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan herselfe despoile,
And safe committ to her soft fethered nest;
Wher through long watch, and late daies weary toile,
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and every mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
And, under the blacke vele of guilty night,
Her with a scarlott mantle covered
That was with gold and ermines faire enveloped.

Then panting softe, and trembling every ioynt,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely loov'd;
And, to her bed approching, first shee proov'd
Whether she slept or wakte: with her softe hand
She softely felt if any member moov'd,
And lent her wary eare to understand
If any puffe of breath or signe of sence shee fond.

Which whenas none she fond, with easy shifte,
For feare least her unwares she should abrayd,
Th' embroder'd quilt she lightly up did lifte,
And by her side herselfe she softly layd,
Of every finest fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sighd. At last the royall mayd
Out of her quiet slomber did awake,
And chaungd her weary side the better ease to take.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly lept out of her filed bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour: but the dame, halfe dedd
Through suddeine feare and ghastly drerihedd
Did shrieke alowd, that through the hous it rong,
And the whole family therewith adredd
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

And those sixe knightes, that ladies champions,
And eke the Redcrosse knight ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their lady lying on the sencelesse grownd:
On th' other side they saw the warlike mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,
Threatning the point of her avenging blade;
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

About their ladye first they flockt arownd;
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frosen swownd;
And afterwardes they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke broch:
But, by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approch,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse:
Her succourd eke the champion of the bloody crosse.

But one of those sixe knights, Gardantè hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight
And fell intent against the virgin sheene:
The mortall steele stayd not till it was seene
To gore her side; yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steep.

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischiefe could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:
Here, there, and every where, about her swayd
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abyde;
And eke the Redcrosse knight gave her good ayd,
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and syde to syde; [fyde.
That in short space their foes they have quite terri-

Tho, whenas all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,
Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade,
Was usd of knightes and ladies seeming gent:
So, earely, ere the grosse Earthes gryesy shade
Was all disperst out of the firmament, [went.
They tooke their steeds, and forth upon their iourney

CANTO II.

The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
Describeth Artegall:
The wondrous myrrhour, by which she
In love with him did fall.

Here have I cause in men iust blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in armes and chevalree
They doe impart, ne maken memoree
Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall:
Scarse do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Rowme in their writtes; yet the same writing small
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glorie all.

But by recórd of antique times I finde
That wemen wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploites themselves inclin'd,
Of which they still the girlond bore away;
Till envious men, fearing their rules decay,
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty:
Yet, sith they warlike armes have laide away,
They have exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'env

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
Be thou, faire Britomart, whose prayse I wryte;
But of all wisedom bee thou precedent,
O soveraine queene, whose prayse I would endyte,
Endite I would as dewtie doth excyte;
But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged arre,
When in so high an obiect they doe lyte,
And, striving fit to make, I feare, doe marre.
Thyselfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowen farre.

She, traveiling with Guyon, by the way
Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,
T'abridg their iourney long and lingring day
Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind
To aske this Briton maid, what uncouth wind
Brought her into those partes, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:
Faire lady she him seemd like lady drest,
But fairest knight alive when armed was her brest.

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre
To speake awhile, ne ready answere make;
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,
And every daintie limbe with horrour shake;
And ever and anone the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning through bright Heven fulmined:
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered:

"Faire sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
I taken was from nourses tender pap,
I have been trained up in warlike stowre,
To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
The warlike ryder to his most mishap;
Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
As ladies wont, in Pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;
Me lever were with point of foemans speare be dead.

"All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, whereso they may be mett,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of richesse or reward:
For such intent into these partes I came,
Withouten compasse or withouten card,
Far fro my native soyle, that is by name
The Greater Brytayne, here to seeke for praise and fame.

" Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
Doe many famous knightes and ladies wonne,
And many straunge adventures to bee fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne:
Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.
But mote I weet of you, right courteous knight,
Tydings of one that hath unto me donne
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
The which I seek to wreake, and Arthegall he hight."

The worde gone out she backe againe would call,
As her repenting so to have missayd,
But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered; " Faire martiall mayd,
Certes ye misavised beene t'upbrayd
A gentle knight with so unknightly blame:
For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

" Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
Or ever doe that mote deserven blame:
The noble corage never weeneth ought
That may unworthy of itselfe be thought.
Therefore, faire damzell, be ye well aware,
Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought:
You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

The royall maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her love so highly magnifyde;
And ioyd that ever she affixed had
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
However finely she it faind to hide.
The loving mother, that nine monethes did beare
In the deare closett of her painefull syde
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much reioyce as she reioyced theare.

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,
And thus replyde; " However, sir, ye fyle
Your courteous tongue his prayses to compyle,
It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

" Let bee therefore my vengeaunce to disswade,
And read, where I that faytour false may find."
" Ah! but if reason faire might you perswade
To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind,"
Said he, " perhaps ye should it better find:
For hardie thing it is, to weene by might
That man to hard conditions to bind;
Or ever hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowesse paragone saw never living wight.

" Ne soothlich is it easie for to read
Where now on Earth, or how, he may be fownd;
For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,
But restlesse walketh all the world arownd,
Ay doing thinges that to his fame redownd,
Defending ladies cause and orphans right,
Whereso he heares that any doth confownd
Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might;
So is his soveraine honour raisde to Hevens hight."

His feeling wordes her feeble sence much pleased,
And softly sunck into her molten hart:
Hart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
With hope of thing that may allegge his smart;
For pleasing wordes are like to magick art,
That doth the charmed snake in slomber lay:
Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay;
(So dischord ofte in musick makes the sweeter lay;)

And sayd; " Sir Knight, these ydle termes forbeare;
And, sith it is uneath to find his haunt,
Tell me some markes by which he may appeare,
If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt;
For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt:
What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed, what stedd,
And whatso else his person most may vaunt?"
All which the Redcrosse knight to point ared,
And him in everie part before her fashioned.

Yet him in everie part before she knew,
However list her now her knowledge fayne,
Sith him whylome in Britayne she did vew,
To her revealed in a mirrhour playne;
Whereof did grow her first engraffed payne,
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
That, but the fruit more sweetnes did contayne,
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,
And yield the pray of love to lothsome death at last.

By straunge occasion she did him behold,
And much more straungely gan to love his sight,
As it in bookes hath written beene of old.
In Deheubarth, that now South-Wales is hight,
What time king Ryence raign'd and dealed right,
The great magitien Merlin had deviz'd,
By his deepe science and Hell-dreaded might,
A looking-glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were solemniz'd.

It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest Earth and Hevens hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd:
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a world of glas.

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke?
But who does wonder, that has red the towre
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke
From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
Great Ptolomæe it for his lemans sake
Ybuilded all of glasse, by magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet, when his love was false, he with a peaze it brake.

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
And gave unto king Ryence for his gard,
That never foes his kingdome might invade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd:
It was a famous present for a prince,
And worthy worke of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince:
Happy this realme, had it remayned ever since!

One day it fortuned fayre Britomart
Into her fathers closet to repayre;
For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre;
Where when she had espyde that mirrour fayre,
Herselfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine:
Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of that mote to herselfe pertaine.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this mayd (as maydens use to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot;
Not that she lusted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blott;
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hye
His manly face, that did his foes agrize
And frends to termes of gentle truce entize,
Lookt foorth, as Phœbus face out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arize:
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his heroicke grace and honorable gest.

His crest was cover'd with a couchant hownd,
And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
But wondrous massy and assured sownd,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was, with cyphers old,
Achilles armes which Arthegall did win:
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crowned little ermilin, [skin.
That deckt the azure field with her fayre pouldred

The damzell well did vew his personage,
And liked well; ne further fastned not,
But went her way; ne her unguilty age
Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot:
Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound:
But the false archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly that she did not feele the wound, [stound.
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
Ruffed of Love, gan lowly to availe;
And her prowd portaunce and her princely gest,
With which she earst tryúmphed, now did quaile:
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile,
She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor why;
She wist not, silly mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy;
Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
And refte from men the worldes desired vew,
She with her nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;
But sleepe full far away from her did fly:
Instead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily;
That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe
Her dainty couch with teares which closely she did weepe.

And if that any drop of slombring rest
Did chaunce to still into her weary spright,
When feeble nature felt herselfe opprest,
Streightway with dreames, and with fantasticke sight
Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight;
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that fayre visage written in her hart.

One night, when she was tost with such unrest,
Her aged nourse, whose name was Glaucè hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe in her warme bed her dight:
"Ah! my deare daughter, ah! my dearest dread,
What uncouth fit," sayd she, "what evill plight
Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead
Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made thee dead?

"For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares
All night afflict thy naturall repose;
And all the day, whenas thine equall peares
Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
Thou in dull corners doest thyselfe inclose;
Ne tastest princes pleasures, ne doest spred
Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but lose
Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,
As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

"The time that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
And every river eke his course forbeares,
Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest:
Like an huge Aetn' of deepe engulfed gryefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
Whence foorth it breakes in sighes and anguish rife,
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused stryfe.

"Ay me! how much I feare least love it bee!
But if that love it be, as sure I read
By knowen signes and passions which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall sead,
Then I avow, by this most sacred head
Of my dear foster childe, to ease thy griefe
And win thy will: therefore away doe dread;
For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre: tell me therefore, my liefest liefe!"

So having sayd, her twixt her armës twaine
Shee streightly straynd, and colled tenderly;
And every trembling ioynt and every vaine
Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frosen cold away to fly;
And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare
Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;
And ever her importund not to feare
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

The damzell pauzd; and then thus fearfully;
"Ah! nurse, what needeth thee to eke my payne?
Is not enough that I alone doe dye,
But it must doubled bee with death of twaine?
For nought for me but death there doth remaine!"
"O daughter deare," said she, "despeire no whit;
For never sore but might a salve obtaine:
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your lovers hart to hit."

" But mine is not," quoth she, " like other wownd;
For which no reason can finde remedy."
" Was never such, but mote the like be fownd,"
Said she; " and though no reason may apply
Salve to your sore, yet Love can higher stye
Then Reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne."
" But neither god of love nor god of skye
Can doe," said she, " that which cannot be donne."
" Things oft impossible," quoth she, " seeme ere
begonne."

" These idle wordes," said she, " doe nought aswage
My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce breed:
For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage
Yt is, O nourse, which on my life doth feed,
And sucks the blood which from my hart doth bleed.
But since thy faithfull zele lets me not hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound
wyde:

" Nor man it is, nor other living wight;
For then some hope I might unto me draw;
But th' only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
Hath me subiected to Loves cruell law:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
And, pleased with that seeming goodlyhed,
Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed:

" Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore
Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,
That all mine entrailes flow with poisnous gore,
And th' ulcer groweth daily more and more;
Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,
Other than my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leafe faln from the tree,
Till death make one end of my daies and miseree!"

" Daughter," said she, " what need ye be dismayd?
Or why make ye such monster of your minde?
Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy lust, contrary unto kinde:
But this affection nothing straunge I finde;
For who with reason can you aye reprove
To love the semblaunt pleasing most your minde,
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remove?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of Love.

" Not so th' Arabian Myrrhe did sett her mynd;
Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart;
But lov'd their native flesh against al kynd,
And to their purpose used wicked art;
Yet playd Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,
That lov'd a bull, and learnd a beast to bee:
Such shamefull lustes who loathes not, which depart
From course of nature and of modestee? [panee.
Swete Love such lewdnes bands from his faire com-

" But thine, my deare, (welfare thy heart, my deare!)
Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed is
On one that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes seemes bestowed not amis:
Ioy thereof have thou and eternall blis!"
With that, upleaning on her elbow weake,
Her alablaster brest she soft did kis,
Which all that while shee felt to pant and quake,
As it an earth-quake were: at last she thus bespake;

" Beldame, your words doe worke me little ease;
For though my love be not so lewdly bent
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse griefe augment.
For they, however shamefull and unkinde,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
Short end of sorrowes they therby did finde;
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their
minde.

" But wicked fortune mine, though minde be good,
Can have no end nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,
And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire
Affection I doe languish and expire.
I, fonder then Cephisus foolish chyld,
Who, having vewed in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the love thereof beguyld;
I, fonder, love a shade, the body far exyld."

" Nought like," quoth shee; " for that same wretch-
Was of himselfe the ydle paramoure, [ed boy
Both love and lover, without hope of ioy;
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
That body, wheresoever that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by magicke might.

" But if thou may with reason yet represse
The growing evill, ere it strength have gott,
And thee abandond wholy do possesse;
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott
Til thou in open fielde adowne be smott:
But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
So that needs love or death must be thy lott,
Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right
To compas thy desire, and find that loved knight."

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busy ayd;
So that at last a litle creeping sleepe
Surprizd her sence: shee, therewith well apayd,
The dronken lamp down in the oyl did steepe,
And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to weepe.

Earely, the morrow next, before that Day
His ioyous face did to the world revele,
They both uprose and tooke their ready way
Unto the church, their praiers to appele,
With great devotion, and with litle zele:
For the faire damzell from the holy herse
Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reverse.

Retourned home, the royall infant fell
Into her former fitt; for why? no powre
Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell.
But th' aged nourse, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered rew, and savine, and the flowre
Of camphora, and calamint, and dill;
All which she in a earthen pot did poure,
And to the brim with coltwood did it fill, [spill.
And many drops of milk and blood through it did

Then, taking thrise three heares from off her head
Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the pots mouth bound the thread;
And, after having whispered a space
Certein sad words with hollow voice and bace,
Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt;
"Come, daughter, come; come, spit upon my face:
Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt;
Th' uneven nomber for this busines is most fitt."

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,
She turned her contráry to the Sunne;
Thrise she her turnd contráry, and returnd
All cóntrary; for she the right did shunne;
And ever what she did was streight undonne.
So thought she to undoe her daughter's love:
But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove;
That well can witnesse, who by tryall it does prove.

Ne ought it mote the noble mayd avayle,
Ne slake the fury of her cruell flame,
But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle,
That, through long languour and hart-burning brame,
She shortly like a pyned ghost became
Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond:
That when old Glaucè saw, for feare least blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
She wist not how t' amend, nor how it to withstond.

CANTO III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The state of Arthegall:
And shews the famous progeny,
Which from them springen shall.

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living brests, ykindled first above
Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pourd into men, which men call Love;
Not that same, which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweete fit that doth true beautie love,
And choseth Vertue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds and never-dying fame:

Well did Antiquity a god thee deeme,
That over mortall mindes hast so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright:
The fatall purpose of divine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And stirredst up th' heroës high intents,
Which the late world admyres for wondrous moniments.

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph more,
Ne braver proofe in any of thy powre
Shewd'st thou, then in this royall maid of yore,
Making her seeke an unknowne paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:
From whose two loynes thou afterwardes did rayse
Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the Earth have spredd their living prayse,
That Fame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred dame,
Daughter of Phœbus and of Memorye,
That doest ennoble with immortall name
The warlike worthies, from antiquitye,
In thy great volume of Eternitye;
Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence
My glorious soveraines goodly auncestrye,
Till that by dew degrees, and long protense,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her excellence.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
Old Glaucè cast to cure this ladies griefe;
Full many wayes she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel that is chiefe
And choicest med'cine for sick harts reliefe:
Forthy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Least that it should her turne to fowle repriefe
And sore reproch, whenso her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

At last she her avisde, that he which made
That mirrhour, wherein the sicke damosell
So straungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,
To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coast of Heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might best be wrought:
For, though beyond the Africk Ismaël
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endevour to have sought.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in straunge
And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge
Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way:
There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deepe delve, far from the vew of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counseld with his sprights encompast round.

And, if thou ever happen that same way
To traveill, go to see that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a rock that lyes a litle space
From the swift Barry, tombling downe apace
Emongst the woody hilles of Dyneuowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace
To enter into that same balefull bowre, [vowre:
For fear the cruell feendes should thee unwares de-

But standing high aloft low lay thine eare,
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines
And brasen caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines;
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous stownds,
When too huge toile and labour them constraines;
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sowndes
From under that deepe rock most horribly rebowndes.

The cause, some say, is this: a little whyle
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
A brasen wall in compas to compyle
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these sprights to bring to perfect end:
During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send;
Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake, [slake.
Them bownd, till his retourne, their labour not to

In the meane time through that false ladies traine
He was surprisd, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his worke returnd againe:
Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbeare,
So greatly his commandëment they feare,
But there doe toyle and traveile day and night,
Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare:
For Merlin had in magick more insight
Then ever him before or after living wight:

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay;
The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darksom night he eke could turne to day;
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meanest thinges could frame,
Whenso him list his enimies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame, [name.
The feendes do quake when any him to them does

And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall syre or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull spright
On a faire lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathtraval by right,
And coosen unto king Ambrosius;
Whence he endued was with skill so marveilous.

They, here arriving, staid awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new dout
For dread of daunger, which it might portend:
Untill the hardy mayd (with Love to frend)
First entering, the dreadfull mage there fownd
Deepe busied 'bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing straunge charácters in the grownd,
With which the stubborne feendes he to his service
bownd.

He nought was moved at their entraunce bold,
For of their comming well he wist afore;
Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,
As if ought in this world in secrete store
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
Then Glaucè thus; "Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksom dore
Unwares have prest; for either fatall end,
Or other mightie cause, us two did hether send."

He bad tell on: and then she thus began;
"Now have three Moones with borrowd bruthers light
Thrise shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and wan,
Sith a sore evill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth and doth plonge in dolefull plight,
First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote bee,
Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright:
But this I read, that, but if remedee
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see."

Therewith th' enchaunter softly gan to smyle
At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well
That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,
And to her said; "Beldame, by that ye tell
More neede of leach-crafte hath your damozell,
Then of my skill: who helpe may have elsewhere,
In vaine seekes wonders out of magick spell."
Th' old woman wox half blanck those wordes to heare;
And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare;
And to him said; "Yf any leaches skill,
Or other learned meanes, could have redrest
This my deare daughters deepe-engraffed ill,
Certes I should be loth thee to molest:
But this sad evill, which doth her infest,
Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
And housed is within her hollow brest,
That either seemes some cursed witches deed,
Or evill spright, that in her doth such torment breed."

The wisard could no lenger beare her bord,
But, bursting forth in laughter, to her sayd;
"Glaucè, what needes this colourable word
To cloke the cause that hath itselfe bewrayd?
Ne ye, fayre Britomartis, thus arayd,
More hidden are then Sunne in cloudy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayd,
Hath hether brought for succour to appele;
The which the powres to thee are pleased to revele."

The doubtfull mayd, seeing herselfe descryde,
Was all abasht, and her pure yvory
Into a cleare carnation suddein dyde;
As fayre Aurora, rysing hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly:
But her olde nourse was nought dishartened,
But vauntage made of that which Merlin had ared;

And sayd; "Sith then thou knowest all our griefe,
(For what doest not thou know?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet reliefe!"
With that the prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirite thus gan foorth display;
"Most noble virgin, that by fatall lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit the dismay
The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,
And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore:

"For so must all things excellent begin;
And eke enrooted deepe must be that tree,
Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin
Till they to Hevens hight forth stretched bee.
For from thy wombe a famous progenee
Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,
Which shall revive the sleeping memoree
Of those same antique peres, the Hevens brood,
Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with their
blood.

"Renowmed kings, and sacred emperours,
Thy fruitfull offspring, shall from thee descend;
Brave captaines, and most mighty warriours,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall upreare, and mightily defend
Against their forren foe that commes from farre,
Till universall peace compound all civill iarre.

"It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye
Glauncing unwares in charming looking-glas,
But the streight course of hevenly destiny,
Led with Eternall Providence, that has
Guyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To love the prowest knight that ever was:
Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,
And doe, by all dew meanes, thy destiny fulfill."

'But read," said Glaucè, "thou magitian,
What meanes shall she out-seeke, or what waies take?
How shall she know, how shall she finde the man?
Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can make
Way for themselves their purpose to pertake?"
Then Merlin thus: "Indeede the fates are firme,
And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake:
Yet ought mens good endevours them confirme,
And guyde the heavenly causes to their constant terme.

"The man, whom Heavens have ordaynd to bee
The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall:
He wonneth in the land of Fayëree,
Yet is no Fary borne, ne sib at all
To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
And whylome by false Faries stolne away,
Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay.

"But sooth he is the sonne of Gorloïs,
And brother unto Cador, Cornish king;
And for his warlike feates renowmed is,
From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
Untill the closure of the evening:
From thence him, firmely bound with faithfull band,
To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring,
Strongly to ayde his countrey to withstand
The powre of forreine Paynims which invade thy land.

"Great ayd thereto his mighty puissaunce
And dreaded name shall give in that sad day;
Where also proofe of thy prow valiaunce
Thou then shalt make, t' increase thy lover's pray:
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away;
Too rathe cut off by practise criminall [fall.
Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischiefe

"With thee yet shall he leave, for memory
Of his late puissaunce, his ymage dead,
That living him in all activity
To thee shall represent: he, from the head
Of his coosen Constantius, without dread
Shall take the crowne that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himselfe in th' others stead;
Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

"Like as a lyon that in drowsie cave
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake;
And, comming forth, shall spred his banner brave
Over the troubled south, that it shall make
The warlike Mertians for feare to quake:
Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise shall win:
But the third time shall fayre accordaunce make:
And, if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly in.

"His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him succeede
In kingdome, but not in felicity:
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many batteills try;
But at the last to th' importunity
Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield:
But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

"Behold the man! and tell me, Britomart,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?
How like a gyaunt in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,
That one of th' old heroës seemes to bee!
He the six islands, comprovinciall
In auncient times unto great Britainee,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sondry kings to do their homage severall.

"All which his sonne Careticus awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppresse;
Untill a straunger king, from unknowne soyle
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;
Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a swift otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall overswim the sea with many one
Of his Norveyses, to assist the Britons fone.

"He in his furie shall over-ronne,
And holy church with faithlesse handes deface,
That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace:
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men;
For all thy citties they shall sacke and race,
And the greene grasse that groweth they shall bren,
That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved den.

"Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
Proud Etheldred shall from the north arise,
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell twise,
And Bangor with massácred martyrs fill;
But the third time shall rew his fool-hardise:
For Cadwan, pittying his peoples ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

"But, after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall wreake;
Ne shall availe the wicked sorcery
Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,
But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleak
Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hire:
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
From their long vassallage gin to respire,
And on their Paynim foes avenge their wranckled ire.

"Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne,
Offricke and Osricke, twinnes unfortunate,
Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne playne,
Together with the king of Louthiane,
Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
Both ioynt partakers of their fatall payne:
But Penda, fearefull of like desteney,
Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and sweare fëalty:

"Him shall he make his fatall instrument
T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd:
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king Oswald, who indewd
With heavenly powre, and by angels reskewd,
All holding crosses in their handes on hye,
Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrewd:
Of which that field for endlesse memory
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

" Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issew,
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,
And crowne with martiredome his sacred head:
Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread,
With price of silver shall his kingdome buy;
And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowly dye;
But shall with gifts his lord Cadwallin pacify.

" Then shall Cadwallin die; and then the raine
Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye;
Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with paine
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time, prefixt by destiny,
Shall be expird of Britons regiment:
For Heven itselfe shall their successe envy,
And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be spent.

" Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeares space,
Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,
From Armoricke, where long in wretched cace
He liv'd, retourning to his native place,
Shal be by vision staide from his intent:
For th' Heavens have decreëd to displace
The Britons for their sinnes dew punishment,
And to the Saxons over-give their government.

" Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe!
Late king, now captive; late lord, now forlorne;
The worlds reproch; the cruell victors scorne;
Banisht from princely bowre to wasteful wood!
O! who shall helpe me to lament and mourne
The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,
Whose empire lenger here then ever any stood!"

The damzell was full deepe empassioned
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned;
And, sighing sore, at length him thus bespake;
" Ah! but will Hevens fury never slake,
Nor vengeaunce huge relent itselfe at last?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for ever be defaste,
And quite from off the Earth their memory be raste?"

" Nay but the terme," sayd he, " is limited,
That in this thraldome Britons shall abide;
And the iust revolution measured
That they as straungers shal be notifide:
For twise fowre hundreth yeares shal be supplide,
Ere they to former rule restor'd shal bee,
And their impórtune fates all satisfide:
Yet, during this their most obscuritee,
Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men them faire may see.

" For Rhodoricke, whose surname shal be Great,
Shall of himselfe a brave ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew
The salvage minds with skill of iust and trew:
Then Griffyth Conan also shall upreare
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
Of native corage, that his foes shall feare [beare.
Least back againe the kingdom he from them should

" Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
For, ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
There shall a raven, far from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty
In their avenge tread downe the victors surquedry.

" Yet shall a third both these and thine subdew:
There shall a lion from the sea-bord wood
Of Neustria come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battaillous bold brood,
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniske tyrants head shall rend
Th' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.

" Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath longwhile
Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull ile
Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that beares the stile
Of royall maiesty and soveraine name: [clame.
So shall the Briton blood their crowne againe re-

" Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
Betweene the nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade
The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,
And civile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall the royall virgin raine, which shall
Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,
And the great castle smite so sore withall, [fall.
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to

" But yet the end is not" — There Merlin stayd,
As overcomen of the spirites powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:
Which suddein fitt and halfe extatick stoure
When the two fearfull wemen saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behaveoure:
At last, the fury past, to former hew [shew.
Hee turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst did

Then, when themselves they well instructed had
Of all that needed them to be inquird,
They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retird;
Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desird:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did devise,
And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange disguise.

At last the nourse in her fool-hardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake;
" Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew advauntage take:
Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren, hight
Octa and Oza, whom hee lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,
That now all Britany doth burne in armës bright.

" That therefore nought our passage may empeach,
Let us in feigned armes ourselves disguize, [teach
And our weake hands (need makes good schollers)
The dreadful speare and shield to exercize:
Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,
I weene, would you misseeme; for ye beene tall
And large of limbe t' atchieve an hard emprize;
Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd martiall.

" And, sooth, it ought your corage much inflame
To heare so often, in that royall hous,
From whence to none inferior ye came,
Bards tell of many wemen valorous,
Which have full many feats adventurous
Perform'd, in paragone of proudest men;
The bold Bunduca, whose victorious
Exployts made Rome to quake; stout Guendolen;
Renowmed Martia; and redoubted Emmilen;

" And, that which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eies beheld:
In the last field before Menevia,
Which Uther with those forrein Pagans held,
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which feld
Great Ulfin thrise upon the bloody playne;
And, had not Carados her hand withheld
From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne;
Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with payne."

" Ah! read," quoth Britomart, " how is she hight?"
" Fayre Angela," quoth she, " men do her call,
No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a martiall
And mightie people, dreaded more then all
The other Saxons, which doe, for her sake
And love, themselves of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore, faire infant, her ensample make
Unto thyselfe, and equall corage to thee take."

Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd
Of the young damzell sunke, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspyre,
That she resolv'd, unweeting to her syre,
Advent'rous knighthood on herselfe to don;
And counseld with her nourse her maides attyre
To turne into a massy habergeon;
And bad her all things put in readiness anon.

Th' old woman nought that needed did omit;
But all thinges did conveniently purvay.
It fortuned (so time their turne did fitt)
A band of Britons, ryding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods; emongst the which was seene
A goodly armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon queene,
All fretted round with gold and goodly wel beseene.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence caused to be hanged hy
In his chiefe church, for endlesse moniments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which herselfe avising readily,
In th' evening late old Glaucè thether led
Faire Britomart, and, that same armory
Downe taking, her therein appareled
Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick garnished.

Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,
Which Bladud made by magick art of yore,
And usd the same in batteill aye to beare;
Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in store,
For his great virtues proved long afore:
For never wight so fast in sell could sit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore:
Both speare she tooke and shield which hong by it;
Both speare and shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,
Another harnesse which did hang thereby
About herselfe she dight, that the yong mayd
She might in equall armes accompany,
And as her squyre attend her carefully:
Tho to their ready steedes they clombe full light;
And through backwaies, that none might them espy,
Covered with secret cloud of silent night, [right.
Themselves they forth convaid, and passed forward

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came; as Merlin them directed late:
Where, meeting with this Redcrosse knight, she fond
Of diverse thinges discourses to dilate,
But most of Arthegall and his estate.
At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:
Then each to other, well affectionate,
Friendship professed, with unfained hart:
The Redcrosse knight diverst; but forth rode Britomart.

CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is throwne on the Rich Strond:
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.

Where is the antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in wemen to appeare?
Where be the brave atchievements doen by some?
Where be the batteilles, where the shield and speare,
And all the conquests which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse?
Or doen they only sleepe, and shall againe reverse?

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake!
For all too long I burne with envy sore
To heare the warlike feates which Homere spake
Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake
Of Greekish blood so ofte in Trojan plaine;
But when I reade, how stout Debora strake
Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine
The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great disdaine.

Yet these, and all that els had puissaunce,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
Aswell for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitee and vertue rare,
That all her goodly deedes doe well declare.
Well worthie stock, from which the branches sprong
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
As thee, O queene, the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this lady I derive along!

Who when, through speaches with the Redcrosse
She learned had th' estate of Arthegall, [knight,
And in each point herselfe informd aright,
A friendly league of love perpetuall
Shee with him bound, and congè tooke withall.
Then he forth on his iourney did procede,
To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

But Britomart kept on her former course,
Ne ever dofte her armes; but all the way
Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
By which the Redcrosse knight did earst display
Her lovers shape and chevalrous aray:
A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind;
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him, such as fittest she for love could find,
Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart; [fedd,
But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So forth she rode, without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guydance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea coast at length she her addrest.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And, sitting down upon the rocky shore,
Badd her old squyre unlace her lofty creast:
Tho, having vewd awhile the surges hore
That gainst the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restraynd;
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd:

" Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to swallow up my fearefull lyfe?
O, doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife, [ryfe!
Which in these troubled bowels raignes and rageth

" For els my feeble vessell, crazd and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallówes,
The whiles that Love it steres, and Fortune rowes:
Love, my lewd pilott, hath a restlesse minde;
And Fortune, boteswaine, no assuraunce knowes;
But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and winde:
How can they other doe, sith both are bold and blinde!

" Thou god of windes, that raignest in the seas,
That raignest also in the continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent!
Then, when I shall myselfe in safety see,
A table, for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace, and my great ieopardee,
Great Neptume, I avow to hallow unto thee!"

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe;
(For her great courage would not let her weepe;)
Till that old Glaucè gan with sharpe repriefe
Her to restraine and give her good reliefe
Through hope of those, which Merlin had her told
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall womb, to be in Heven enrold.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
Where far away one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde;
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her courser mounting light:
Her former sorrow into sudden wrath
(Both coosen passions of distroubled spright)
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path:
Love and despight attonce her corage kindled hath.

As, when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of Heven and the cleare ayre engroste,
The world in darknes dwels; till that at last
The watry southwinde from the seabord coste
Upblowing doth disperse the vapour lo'ste,
And poures itselfe forth in a stormy showre;
So the fayre Britomart, having discloste
Her clowdy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of griefe dissolv'd did into vengeance powre.

Eftsoones, her goodly shield addressing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battaill did herselfe prepayre.
The knight, approching, sternely her bespake;
" Sir Knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despight,
Ne doest by others death ensample take;
I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; " Fly they, that need to fly;
Wordes fearen babes: I meane not thee entreat
To passe; but maugre thee will passe or dy:"
Ne lenger stayd for th' other to reply,
But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly knowne.
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,
That, through his three-square scuchin percing quite
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce:
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce;
Till, sadly soucing on the sandy shore,
He tombled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

Like as the sacred oxe that carelesse stands
With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddeinly with mortall stroke astownd
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres that decked him afore:
So fell proud Marinell upon the Pretious Shore.

The martiall mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strond; which, as she over-went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden owre:
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay,
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,
But them despised all; for all was in her powre.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare;
His mother was the blacke-browd Cymoënt,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare
This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
The famous Dumarin; who on a day
Finding the nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chaunce did wander that same way,
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She, of his father, Marinell did name;
And in a rocky cave as wight forlorne
Long time she fostred up, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him donne:
For never man he suffred by that same
Rich strond to travell, whereas he did wonne, [sonne.
But that he must do battail with the sea-nymphes

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made:
That through all Farie lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous glade:
And, to advaunce his name and glory more,
Her sea-god syre she dearely did perswade
T' endow her sonne with threasure and rich store
Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes ybore.

The god did graunt his daughters deare demaund,
To doen his nephew in all riches flow:
Eftsoones his heaped waves he did commaund
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge threasure, which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
And often wayle their wealth which he from them
did keepe.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
The spoyle of all the world; that it did pas
The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian kings:
Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The sea unto him voluntary brings;
That shortly he a great lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or elsewheare.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scath of many deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might:
The which his mother seeing gan to feare
Least his two haughtie hardines might reare
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life:
Forthy she oft him counseld to forbeare
The bloody batteill, and to stirre up strife,
But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife:

And, for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd
One day of Proteus by his mighty spell
(For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Marinell:
Who, through foresight of his eternall skill,
Bad her from womankind to keepe him well;
For of a woman he should have much ill;
A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay or kill.

Forthy she gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertaine;
A lesson too, too hard for living clay,
From love in course of nature to refraine!
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And ever from fayre ladies love did fly;
Yet many ladies fayre did oft complaine,
That they for love of him would algates dy:
Dy, whoso list for him, he was Loves enimy.

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?
That, when he sleepes in most security
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or soone or late;
So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme!
His mother bad him wemens love to hate,
For she of womans force did feare no harme;
So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

This was that woman, this that deadly wownd,
That Proteus prophecide should him dismay;
The which his mother vainely did expownd
To be hart-wownding love, which should assay
To bring her sonne unto his last decay.
So tickle be the termes of mortall state
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play
With double sences, and with false debate,
T' approve the unknowen purpose of eternall fate.

Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd;
Who, through late triall, on that wealthy strond
Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swownd,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond.
Which when his mother deare did understond,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds from the Sun their forheads fayr to
shade;

Eftesoones both flowres and girlonds far away
She flong, and her faire deawy locks yrent;
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamesom merth to grievous dreriment:
Shee threw herselfe downe on the continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne;
And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

Soone as she up out of her deadly fitt
Arose, she bad her charett to be brought;
And all her sisters, that with her did sitt,
Bad eke attonce their charetts to be sought:
Tho, full of bitter griefe and pensive thought,
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,
And forth together went, with sorow fraught:
The waves obedient to theyre beheast
Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

Great Neptune stoode amazed at their sight,
Whiles on his broad rownd backe they softly slid,
And eke himselfe mournd at their mournful plight,
Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did,
For great compassion of their sorow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Eftesoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the griesly monsters of the see
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

A teme of dolphins raungd in aray
Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoënt;
They were all tought by Triton to obay
To the long raynes at her commaundëment:
As swift as swallowes on the waves they went,
That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did reare,
Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them sent;
The rest, of other fishes drawen weare,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the rich strond, their charets they forlore,
And let their teemed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the fomy shore,
Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate sore
Their tender feete upon the stony grownd:
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd
The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swownd.

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
Could scarce recovered be out of her paine;
Had she not beene devoide of mortall slime,
She should not then have bene relyv'd againe:
But, soone as life recovered had the raine,
She made so piteous mone and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refraine:
And all her sister nymphes with one consent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

"Deare image of myselfe," she sayd, "that is
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high advauncement? O! is this
Th' immortall name, with which thee yet unborne
Thy grandsire Nereus promist to adorne?
Now lyest thou of life and honor refte;
Now lyest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne;
Ne of thy late life memory is lefte;
Ne can thy irrevocable desteny bee wefte!

"Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis!
And they more fond that credit to thee give!
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, [drive.
That so deepe wound through these deare members
I feared love; but they that love doe live;
But they that dye doe nether love nor hate:
Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive;
And to myselfe, and to accursed fate, [late!
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisedom bought too

"O! what availes it of immortall seed
To beene ybredd and never borne to dye?
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed
Then waste in woe and waylfull miserye:
Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth abye;
But who that lives, is lefte to waile his losse:
So life is losse, and death felicity:
Sad life worse then glad death; and greater crosse
To see friends grave, then dead the grave selfe to engrosse.

"But if the Heavens did his days envie,
And my short blis maligne; yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
That the dim eies of my deare Marinell
I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt ——
Yett! maulgre them, farewell, my sweetest sweet!
Farewell, my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall meet!"

Thus when they all had sorowed their fill,
They softly gan to search his griesly wownd:
And, that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarmd; and, spredding on the grownd
Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver rownd,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th' orifice; which having well upbownd,
They pourd in soveraine balme and nectar good,
Good both for erthly med'cine and for hevenly food.

Tho, when the lilly-handed Liagore
(This Liagore whilome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great Apolloes lore,
Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill
He loved, and at last her wombe did fill
With hevenly seed, whereof wise Pæon sprong)
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staied still
Some litle life his feeble sprites emong; [long.
Which to his mother told, despeyre she from her

Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,
They easely unto her charett beare:
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:
Then all the rest into their coches clim,
And through the brackish waves their passage sheare;
Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,
And vauted all within like to the skye,
In which the gods doe dwell eternally:
There they him laide in easy couch well dight;
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might:
For Tryphon of sea-gods the soveraine leach is hight.

The whiles the nymphes sitt all about him rownd,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;
And ofte his mother, vewing his wide wownd,
Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight:
But none of all those curses overtooke
The warlike maide, th' ensample of that might;
But fayrely well shee thryvd, and well did brooke
Her noble deedes, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the prince and Fary gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
Shee lefte, pursewing that same foster strong;
Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
And full of firy zele, him followed long, [wrong.
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through playns,
Those two great champions did attonce pursew
The fearefull damzell with incessant payns;
Who from them fled as light-foot hare from vew
Of hunter swifte and sent of howndës trew.
At last they came unto a double way;
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskéw,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

But Timias, the princes gentle squyre,
That ladies lovē unto his lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant yre
After that wicked foster fiercely went:
So beene they three, three sondry wayes ybent:
But fayrest fortune to the prince befell;
Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent,
To take that way in which that damozell
Was fledd afore, affraid of him as feend of Hell.

At last of her far off he gained vew:
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed:
Alowd to her he oftentimes did call
To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse dreed:
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her withall.

But nothing might relent her hasty flight;
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:
Like as a fearefull dove, which through the raine
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Having farre off espyde a tassell gent,
Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,
Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,
And with her pineons cleaves the liquid firmament.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dreed,
That fearefull ladie fledd from him that ment
To her no evill thought nor evill deed;
Yet former feare of being fowly shent
Carried her forward with her first intent:
And though, oft looking backward, well she vewde
Herselfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight which now her sewde,
Yet she no lesse the knight feard then that villein rude.

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
Whose like in Faery lond were seldom seene;
That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afrayd
Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene;
Yet he her followd still with corage keene
So long, that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of Heaven sheene,
And warnd his other brethren ioyeous
To light their blessed lamps in loves eternall hous.

All suddeinly dim wox the dampish ayre,
And griesly shadowes covered Heaven bright,
That now with thousand starres was decked fayre:
Which when the prince beheld, a lothfull sight,
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour; he gan fowly wyte
His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,
And cursed Night that reft from him so goodly scope.

Tho, when her wayes he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disaventure strayd;
Like as a ship, whose lodestar suddeinly
Covered with clouds her pilott hath dismayd;
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his loftie steed dismounting low
Did let him forage: downe himselfe he layd
Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillów.

But gentle Sleepe envyde him any rest;
Instead thereof sad sorrow and disdaine
Of his hard harp did vexe his noble brest
And thousand fancies bett his ydle brayne
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:
Oft did he wish that ladye faire mote bee
His Faery queene, for whom he did complaine;
Or that his Faery queene were such as shee:
And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie:

"Night! thou fowle mother of annoyaunce sad,
Sister of heavie Death, and nourse of Woe,
Which wast begot in Heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust downe to Hell below,
Where, by the grim floud of Cocytus slow,
Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the gods,) where thou ungratious
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horrour hideous;

"What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee
The world in his continuall course to keepe,
That doest all thinges deface, ne lettest see
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
The slouthfull body that doth love to steepe
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe
Calls thee his goddesse, in his errour blind, [kind.
And great dame Natures handmaide chearing every

"But well I wote that to an heavy hart
Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts;
Instead of rest thou lendest rayling teares;
Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares
And dreadfull visions, in the which alive
The dreary image of sad Death appeares:
So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive
Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

"Under thy mantle black their hidden lye
Light-shonning Thefte, and traiterous Intent,
Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,
Shamefull Deceipt, and Daunger imminent,
Fowle Horror, and eke hellish Dreriment:
All these I wote in thy protection bee,
And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent:
For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee;
And all, that lewdnesse love, doe hate the light to see.

"For Day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:
The prayses of high God he faire displayes,
And his large bountie rightly doth areed:
Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
Which Darknesse shall subdue and Heaven win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed
Most sacred virgin without spot of sinne:
Our life is day; but death with darknesse doth begin.

" O, when will Day then turne to me againe,
And bring with him his long-expected light!
O, Titan! hast to reare thy ioyous waine;
Speed thee to spred abroad thy beamës bright,
And chace away this too long lingring night;
Chace her away, from whence she came, to Hell:
She, she it is, that hath me done despight:
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
And yield her rowme to day, that can it governe well."

Thus did the prince that wearie night outweare
In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine;
And earely, ere the Morrow did upreare
His deawy head out of the ocean maine,
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
And clombe unto his steed: so forth he went
With heavy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:
His steed eke seemd t' apply his steps to his intent.

CANTO V.

Prince Arthur hears of Florimell:
Three fosters Timias wound;
Belphœbe findes him almost dead,
And reareth out of swownd.

Wonder it is to see in diverse mindes
How diversly Love doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to wast his careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it uncomely Idlenesse
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse
Ever to creep into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up that els would lowly fall:
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest;
It lettes not scarse this prince to breath at all,
But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call:

Who long time wandred through the forest wyde
To finde some issue thence; till that at last
He met a dwarfe that seemed terrifyde
With some late perill which he hardly past,
Or other accident which him aghast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whether now he travelled so fast:
For sore he swat, and, ronning through that same
Thicke forest, was bescracht, and both his feet nigh lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The dwarfe him answerd; " Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same: I lately did depart
From Faery court, where I have many a day
Served a gentle lady of great sway
And high accompt throughout all Elfin land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
Her now I seeke; and if ye understand
Which way she fared hath, good sir, tell out of hand."

" What mister wight," saide he, " and how arayd?"
" Royally clad," quoth he, " in cloth of gold,
As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd;
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
A fayrer wight did never Sunne behold;
And on a palfrey rydes more white then snow,
Yet she herselfe is whiter manifold;
The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow."

" Now certes, swaine," saide he, " such one, I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene;
Herselfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare."
" Ah! dearest God," quoth he, " that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare:
But can ye read, sir, how I may her finde, or where?"

" Perdy me lever were to weeten that,"
Saide he, " then ransome of the richest knight,
Or all the good that ever yet I gat:
But froward fortune, and too forward night,
Such happinesse did, maulgre, to me spight,
And fro me reft both life and light attone.
But, dwarfe, aread what is that lady bright
That through this forest wandreth thus alone;
For of her errour straunge I have great ruth and mone."

" That ladie is," quoth he, " whereso she bee,
The bountiest virgin and most debonaire
That ever living eye, I weene, did see:
Lives none this day that may with her compare
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;
And is ycleped Florimell the fayre,
Faire Florimell belov'd of many a knight,
Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is hight;

" A sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,
Of my deare dame is loved dearely well;
In other none, but him, she sets delight;
All her delight is set on Marinell;
But he sets nought at all by Florimell:
For ladies love his mother long ygoe
Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred spell:
But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
He is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

" Five daies there be since he (they say) was slaine,
And fowre since Florimell the court forwent,
And vowed never to returne againe
Till him alive or dead she did invent.
Therefore, faire sir, for love of knighthood gent
And honour of trew ladies, if ye may
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way,
Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray:

" So may ye gaine to you full great renowme
Of all good ladies through the worlde so wide,
And haply in her hart finde highest rowme
Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide!
At least eternall meede shall you abide."
To whom the prince; " Dwarfe, comfort to thee take;
For, till thou tidings learne what her betide,
I here avow thee never to forsake:
Ill weares he armes, that nill them use for ladies sake."

So with the dwarfe he back retourn'd againe,
To seeke his lady, where he mote her finde;
But by the way he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good squire late left behinde,
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in minde,
For doubt of daunger which mote him betide;
For him he loved above all mankinde,
Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,
And bold, as ever squyre that waited by knights side:

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
Of deadly daunger which to him betidd:
For, whiles his lord pursewd that noble mayd,
After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd
To bene avenged of the shame he did
To that faire damzell: him he chaced long [hid
Through the thicke woods wherein he would have
His shamefull head from his avengement strong,
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

Nathlesse the villein sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beast,
Or knowledge of those woods where he did dwell,
That shortly he from daunger was releast,
And out of sight escaped at the least;
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
The heavie plague that for such leachours is prepard.

For, soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t' avenge him of that fowle despight
Which he had borne of his bold enimee:
Tho to his brethren came (for they were three
Ungratious children of one gracelesse syre),
And unto them complayned how that he
Had used beene of that foole-hardie squyre:
So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie yre.

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,
And with him foorth into the forrest went
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst revive
In there sterne brests, on him which late did drive
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight:
For they had vow'd that never he alive
Out of that forest should escape their might;
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such despight.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
Through which it was uneath for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflowne:
By that same way they knew that squyre unknowne
Mote algates passe; forthy themselves they set
There in await with thicke woods overgrowne,
And all the while their malice they did whet [let.
With cruell threats his passage through the ford to

It fortuned, as they devized had,
The gentle squyre came ryding that same way,
Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly foorth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw
With so fell force, and villeinous despite,
That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroke the hardy squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite;
For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

And still the foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will:
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft headed with deadly ill,
And fethered with an unlucky quill;
The wicked steele stayd not till it did light
In his left thigh, and deepely did it thrill:
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight, [fight.
But more that with his foes he could not come to

At last, through wrath and vengeaunce making way,
He on the bancke arryvd with mickle payne;
Where the third brother him did sore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and mayne
A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne;
But warily he did avoide the blow,
And with his speare requited him agayne,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flow.

He, tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.
Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;
For nathëmore for that spectácle bad
Did th' other two their cruell vengeaunce blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load upon him layd, his life for to have had.

Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fiers fury and indignant hate
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,
That to the chin he clefte his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell;
His sinfull sowle with desperate disdaine
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

That seeing, now the only last of three
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had,
Trembling with horror, (as that did foresee
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,)
His bootelesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And therewith shott an arrow at the lad;
Which fayntly fluttring scarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing fel to ground, but him annoyed naught.

With that, he would have fled into the wood;
But Timias him lightly overhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent;
The carcas with the streame was carried downe,
But th' head fell backeward on the continent;
So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne:
They three be dead with shame; the squire lives with renowne:

He lives, but takes small ioy of his renowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne;
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe! thou gentlest squire alive,
Els shall thy loving lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thyselfe of honor which thou didst atchive.

Providence hevenly passeth liuing thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For loe! great grace or fortune thether brought
Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods ye well remember may
How that a noble hunteresse did wonne,
Shee, that base Braggadochio did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest ronne;
Belphœbe was her name, as faire as Phœbus sunne.

Shee on a day, as she pursewd the chace
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene
To have besprinckled all the grassy greene;
By the great persue which she there perceav'd,
Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste the life to have bereav'd:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

Shortly she came whereas that woefull squire
With blood deformed lay in deadly swownd;
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The christall humor stood congealed rownd;
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,
Knotted with blood in bounches rudely ran;
And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosy red were woxen pale and wan.

Saw never living eie more heavy sight,
That could have made a rocke of stone to rew,
Or rive in twaine: which when that lady bright,
Besides all hope, with melting eies did vew,
All suddeinly abasht shee chaunged hew,
And with sterne horror backward gan to start:
But, when shee better him beheld, shee grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:
The point of pitty perced through her tender hart.

Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life
Yett in his frosen members did remaine;
And, feeling by his pulses beating rife
That the weake sowle her seat did yett retaine,
Shee cast to comfort him with busy paine:
His double-folded necke she reard upright,
And rubd his temples and each trembling vaine;
His mayled habergeon she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,
To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy;
For shee of herbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the nymphe which from her infancy
Her nourced had in trew nobility:
There, whether yt divine tobacco were,
Or panachæa, or polygony,
She fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,
Who al this while lay bleding out his hart-blood neare.

The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
Shee pownded small, and did in peeces bruze;
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze;
And round about, as she could well it uze,
The flesh therewith she suppled and did steepe,
T' abate all spasme and soke the swelling bruze;
And, after having searcht the intuse deepe, [keepe.
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold to

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
And, groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
His watry eies drizling like deawy rayne,
He up gan lifte toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,
The goodly maide full of divinities
And gifts of heavenly grace he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

"Mercy! deare Lord," said he, "what grace is this
That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
To send thine angell from her bowre of blis
To comfort me in my distressed plight!
Angell, or goddesse, doe I call thee right?
What service may I doe unto thee meete,
That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,
And with thy hevenly salves and med'cines sweete
Hast drest my sinfull wounds! I kisse thy blessed feete."

Thereat she blushing said; "Ah! gentle squire,
Nor goddesse I, nor angell; but the mayd
And daughter of a woody nymphe, desire
No service but thy saf'ety and ayd;
Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes bee
To commun accidents stil open layd,
Are bound with commun bond of frailtee,
To succor wretched wights whom we captived see."

By this her damzells, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arryv'd,
As did Belphœbe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arow ryv'd:
Forthy the bloody tract they followd fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv'd;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their lady was arrived at the last.

Where when they saw that goodly boy with blood
Defowled, and their lady dresse his wownd,
They wondred much; and shortly understood
How him in deadly cace their lady fownd,
And reskewed out of the heavy stownd.
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in swownd,
She made those damzels search; which being stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them convayd.

Into that forest farre they thence him led
Where was their dwelling; in a pleasant glade
With mountaines rownd about environed
And mightie woodes, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made
Spreading itselfe into a spatious plaine;
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
With gentle murmure that his course they did restraine.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurels greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of Gods high praise, and of their sweet loves teene,
As it an earthly paradize had beene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire pavilion, scarcely to be seene,
The which was al within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

Thether they brought that wounded squire, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.
He rested him awhile; and then the mayd
His readie wound with better salves new drest:
Daily she dressed him, and did the best,
His grievous hurt to guarish, that she might;
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound!
She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart which did rebownd
From her faire eyes and gratious countenaunce.
What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,
To be captíved in endlésse duraúnce
Of sorrow and despeyre without aleggeaunce!

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:
Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole!
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly mayd,
Whiles daily playsters to his wownd she layd,
So still his malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.
Ah, God! what other could he do at least,
But love so fayre a lady that his life releast!

Long while he strove in his corageous brest
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And love for to dislodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soveraine bountie and celestiall hew,
The same to love he strongly was constraynd:
But, when his meane estate he did revew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd,
And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love thus playnd:

"Unthankfull wretch," said he, "is this the meed,
With which her soverain mercy thou doest quight?
Thy life she saved by her gratious deed;
But thou doest weene with villeinous despight
To blott her honour and her heavenly light:
Dye; rather dye than so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:
Fayre death it is, to shonne more shame, to dy:
Dye; rather dye than ever love disloyally.

"But if to love disloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her that from deathës dore
Me brought? ah! farre be such reproch fro mee!
What can I lesse doe then her love therefóre,
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore?
Dye; rather dye, and dying doe her serve;
Dying her serve, and living her adore;
Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve:
Dye; rather dye than ever from her service swerve.

"But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service bace
To her, to whom the Hevens doe serve and sew?
Thou, a meane squyre of meeke and lowly place;
She, hevenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
How then? of all love taketh equall vew;
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
The love and service of the basest crew?
If she will not; dye meekly for her sake:
Dye; rather dye then ever so faire love forsake!"

Thus warreid he long time against his will;
Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last
To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,
Which as a victour proud, gan ransack fast
His inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,
That neither blood in face nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite dry up and blast;
As percing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes and calcineth by art.

Which seeing, fayre Belphœbe gan to feare
Least that his wound were inly well not heald,
Or that the wicked steele empoysoned were:
Litle shee weend that love he close conceald.
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald
When the bright Sunne his beams thereon doth beat:
Yet never he his hart to her reveald;
But rather chose to dye for sorow great
Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

She, gracious lady, yet no paines did spare
To doe him ease, or doe him remedy:
Many restoratives of vertues rare,
And costly cordialles she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne malady:
But that sweet cordiall, which can restore
A love-sick hart, she did to him envy;
To him, and to all th' unworthy world forlore,
She did envy that soveraine salve in secret store.

That daintie rose, the daughter of her morne,
More deare than life she tendered, whose flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorne:
Ne suffred she the middayes scorching powre,
Ne the sharp northerne wind thereon to showre;
But lapped up her silken leaves most chayre,
Whenso the froward skye began to lowre;
But, soone as calmed was the cristall ayre,
She did it fayre dispred and let to florish fayre.

Eternall God, in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admyre.
In gentle ladies breste and bounteous race
Of woman-kind it fayrest flowre doth spyre,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chast desyre.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and reames
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might;
With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds dight
Of chastity and vertue virginall,
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
Such as the angels weare before God's tribunall!

To youre faire selves a fayre ensample frame
Of this fayre virgin, this Belphœbe fayre;
To whom, in perfect love and spotlesse fame
Of chastitie, none living may compayre:
Ne poysnous envy iustly can empayre
The prayse of her fresh-flowring maydenhead;
Forthy she standeth on the highest stayre
Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
That ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity
Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,
Tempred with grace and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two vertues strove to fynd
The higher place in her heroick mynd:
So striving each did other more augment,
And both encreast the prayse of woman-kynde,
And both encreast her beautie excellent:
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

CANTO VI.

The birth of fayre Belphœbe and
Of Amorett is told:
The Gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

Well may I weene, faire ladies, all this while
Ye wonder how this noble damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall citadell,
The great schoolmaistresse of all courtesy:
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell
All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

But to this faire Belphœbe in her berth
The Hevens so favorable were and free,
Looking with myld aspéct upon the Earth
In th' horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne:
Iove laught on Venus from his soverayne see,
And Phœbus with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,
And her conception of the ioyous prime;
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred;
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue and true bountihed,
Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

Her mother was the fair Chrysogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree:
She bore Belphœbe; she bore in like cace
Fayre Amoretta in the second place:
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiall grace;
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

It were a goodly storie to declare
By what straunge accident faire Chrysogone
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare
In this wilde forrest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone:
For not as other wemens commune brood
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodie; nor with commune food,
As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of th' Hevens fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was upon a sommers shinie day,
When Titan faire his beamës did display,
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens vew,
She bath'd her brest the boyling heat t' allay;
She bath'd with roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest grew:

Till faint through yrkesome wearines adowne
Upon the grassy ground herselfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swowne
Upon her fell all naked bare displayd:
The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,
Being through former bathing mollifide,
And pierst into her wombe; where they embayd
With so sweet sence and secret powre unspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

Miraculous may seeme to him that reades
So straunge ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceive and quickned are by kynd:
So, after Nilus inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
Informed in the mud on which the Sunne hath shynd.

Great father he of generation
Is rightly cald, th' authour of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Ministreth matter fit, which, tempred right
With heate and humour, breedes the living wight.
So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chrysogone;
Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright
Wondred to see her belly so upblone, [gone.
Which still increast till she her terme had full out-

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
She fled into the wildernesse a space,
Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,
And shund dishonor which as death she feard:
Where, wearie of long traveill, downe to rest
Herselfe she set, and comfortably cheard;
There a sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,
And seized every sence with sorrow sore opprest.

It fortuned, faire Venus having lost
Her little sonne, the winged god of love,
Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
Was from her fled as flit as ayery dove,
And left her blissfull bowre of ioy above;
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharpely did reprove,
And wandred in the world in straunge aray,
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him bewray;)

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
The house of goodly formes and faire aspécts,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beautie, and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt;
And searched everie way through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tydings to her brings.

First she him sought in court, where most he us'd
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found which sore accus'd
His falshood, and with fowle infámous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:
Ladies and lordes she every where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoysned shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And everie one did aske, Did he him see?
And everie one her answerd, that too late
He had him seene, and felt the crueltee
Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree:
And every one threw forth reproches rife
Of his mischiévous deedes, and sayd that hee
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enimy of peace, and authour of all strife.

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
And in the rurall cottages inquir'd;
Where also many plaintes to her were brought,
How he their heedelesse harts with love had fir'd,
And his false venim through their veines inspir'd;
And eke the gentle shepheard swaynes, which sat
Keeping their fleecy flockes as they were hyr'd,
She sweetly heard complaine both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

But, when in none of all these she him got,
She gan avize where els he mote him hyde:
At last she her bethought that she had not
Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wyde,
In which full many lovely nymphes abyde;
Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,
Or that the love of some of them him tyde:
Forthy she thether cast her course t' apply,
To search the secret haunts of Dianes company.

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the goddesse with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew;
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat
And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

She, having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanck loynes ungirt, and brests unbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinckled light.

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd;
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,
That had not her thereof before aviz'd,
But suffred her so carelessly disguiz'd
Be overtaken: soone her garments loose
Upgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd
Well as she might, and to the goddesse rose;
Whiles all her nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,
And shortly asked her what cause her brought
Into that wildernesse for her unmeet,
From her sweete bowres and beds with pleasures fraught:
That suddein chaung she straung adventure thought.
To whom halfe weeping she thus answered;
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled;
That she repented sore to have him angered.

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd;
"Great pitty sure that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that gives you so good ayd
To your disports; ill mote ye bene apayd!"
But she was more engrieved, and replide;
"Faire sister, ill becsemes it to upbrayd
A doleful heart with so disdainfull pride;
The like that mine may be your paine another tide.

"As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts;
So my delight is all in ioyfulnesse,
In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts:
And ill becomes you, with your lofty creasts,
To scorne the ioye that Iove is glad to seeke:
We both are bownd to follow Heavens beheasts,
And tend our charges with obeisaunce meeke:
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to eeke;

"And tell me if that ye my sonne have heard
To lurke emongst your nimphes in secret wize,
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard
Least he like one of them himselfe disguize,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize:
So may he long himselfe full easie hide;
For he is faire, and fresh in face and guize
As any nimphe; let not it be envide."
So saying every nimph full narrowly shee eide.

But Phœbe therewith sore was angered, [boy,
And sharply saide; "Goe, dame; goe, seeke your
Where you him lately lefte, in Mars his bed:
He comes not here; we scorne his foolish ioy,
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
But, if I catch him in this company,
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The gods doe dread, he dearly shall abye:
Ile clip his wanton wings that he no more shall flye."

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeasd,
See inly sory was, and gan relent
What shee had said: so her shee soone appeasd
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips went
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleasd, and forth her damzells sent
Through all the woods, to search from place to place
If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

To search the god of love her nimphes she sent
Throughout the wandring forest every where:
And after them herselfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere.
So long they sought, till they arrived were
In that same shady covert whereas lay
Faire Crysogone in slombry traunce whilere;
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say) [day.
Unwares had borne two babes as faire as springing

Unwares she them conceivd, unwares she bore:
She bore withouten paine, that she conceiv'd
Withouten pleasure; ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide: which when they both perceiv'd,
They were through wonder nigh of sence berev'd,
And gazing each on other nought bespake:
At last they both agreed her seeming griev'd
Out of her heavie swowne not to awake,
But from her loving side the tender babes to take.

Up they them tooke, each one a babe uptooke,
And with them carried to be fostered:
Dame Phœbe to a nymphe her babe betooke
To be upbrought in perfect maydenhed,
And, of herselfe, her name Belphœbe red:
But Venus hers thence far away convayd,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed;
And, in her litle Loves stead which was strayd,
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

She brought her to her ioyous paradize
Wher most she wonnes, when she on Earth does dwell,
So faire a place as Nature can devize:
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well;
But well I wote by triall, that this same
All other pleasaunt places doth excell,
And called is, by her lost lovers name,
The Gardin of Adonis, far renowmd by fame.

In that same gardin all the goodly flowres,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify
And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
Are fetcht: there is the first seminary
Of all things that are borne to live and dye,
According to their kynds. Long worke it were
Here to account the endlesse progeny
Of all the weeds that bud and blossome there;
But so much as doth need must needs be counted here.

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side;
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor overstride:
And double gates it had which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pas;
Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend
All that to come into the world desire:
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire:
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder gate.

After that they againe retourned beene,
They in that gardin planted bee agayne,
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption nor mortall payne:
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remayne,
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,
Till thether they retourne where first they grew:
So, like a wheele, arownd they ronne from old to new.

Ne needs there gardiner to sett or sow,
To plant or prune; for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
That bad them to *increase and multiply:*
Ne doe they need, with water of the ford
Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry;
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew:
And every sort is in a sondry bed
Sett by itselfe, and ranckt in comely rew;
Some fitt for reasonable sowles t' indew;
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare;
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
That seemd the ocean could not containe them there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more;
Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,
But still remaines in everlasting store
As it at first created was of yore:
For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horróre,
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplyes
The substaunces of Natures fruitfull progenyes.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
And borrow matter whereof they are made;
Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade
The state of life out of the griesly shade.
That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so;
Ne, when the life decayes and forme does fade,
Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
But chaunged is and often altred to and froe.

The substaunce is not chaungd nor altered,
But th' only forme and outward fashion;
For every substaunce is conditioned
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion:
For formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde and by occasion;
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enimy to it, and to' all the rest
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time; who with his scyth addrest
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither and are fowly mard:
He flyes about, and with his flaggy wings
Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pitty may relent his malice hard.

Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
To see so faire thinges mard and spoiled quight:
And their great mother Venus did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight:
Her hart was pierst with pitty at the sight,
When walking through the gardin them she spyde,
Yet n'ote she find redresse for such despight:
For all that lives is subiect to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull gardin growes
Should happy bee, and have immortall blis:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes;
And sweete Love gentle fitts emongst them throwes,
Without fell rancor or fond gealosy:
Franckly each paramour his leman knowes;
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

There is continuall spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one tyme:
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton pryme,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,
Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode:
The whiles the ioyous birdes make their pastyme
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their trew loves without suspition tell abrode.

Right in the middest of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with pretious deaw bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasaunt arber, not by art
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
With wanton yvie-twine entrayld athwart,
And eglantine and caprifole emong,
Fashiond above within their inmost part, [throng,
That nether Phœbus beams could through them
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformde of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets verse hath given endlesse date.

There wont fayre Venus often to enioy
Her deare Adonis ioyous company,
And reap sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian gods, which doe her love envy;
But she herselfe, whenever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill:
And sooth, it seemes, they say; for he may not
For ever dye, and ever buried bee
In balefull night where all thinges are forgot;
All be he subiect so mortalitie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and chaunged diverslie:
For him the father of all formes they call;
Therfore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

There now he liveth in eternal blis,
Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd;
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:
For that wilde bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmely hath emprisoned for ay,
(That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd)
In a strong rocky cave, which is, they say, [may.
Hewen underneath that mount, that none him losen

There now he lives in everlasting ioy,
With many of the gods in company
Which thether haunt, and with the winged boy,
Sporting himselfe in safe felicity:
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
Thether resortes, and, laying his sad dartes
Asyde, with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

And his trew love, faire Psyche, with him playes;
Fayre Psyche, to him lately reconcyld,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,
With which his mother Venus her revyld,
And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld:
But now in stedfast love and happy state
She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

Hether great Venus brought this infant fayre,
The yonger daughter of Chrysogonee,
And unto Psyche with great trust and care
Committed her, yfostered to bee
And trained up in trew feminitee:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of love and goodly womanhead.

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,
Of grace and beautie noble paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldës vew,
To be th' ensample of true love alone,
And lodestarre of all chaste affectione
To all fayre ladies that doe live on grownd.
To Faery court she came; where many one
Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fownd
His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruel wownd.

But she to none of them her love did cast,
Save to the noble knight, sir Scudamore,
To whom her loving hart she linked fast
In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore;
And for his dearest sake endured sore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enimy,
Who her would forced have to have forlore
Her former love and stedfast loialty;
As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history.

But well I weene ye first desire to learne
What end unto that fearefull damozell,
Which fledd so fast from that same foster stearne
Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:
That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell;
Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,
Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from prince Arthure fled with wings of idle feare.

CANTO VII.

The witches sonne loves Florimell:
She flyes; he faines to dy.
Satyrane saves the Squyre of Dames
From gyaunts tyranny.

LIKE as an hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flyes away of her owne feete afeard;
And every leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast:
So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewed:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent
Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
And her white palfrey, having conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried where ever he thought best.

So long as breath and hable puissaunce
Did native corage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did advaunce,
And carried her beyond all icopardy;
But nought that wanteth rest can long aby:
He, having through incessant travell spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move: the lady gent
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment,

And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates fare
A traveiler unwonted to such way;
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That Fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traveild, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A little valley subiect to the same,
All coverd with thick woodes that quite it overcame.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light
Recking aloft uprolled to the sky:
Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guyde
To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around;
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes;
So choosing solitarie to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off unknowne whomever she envide.

The damzell there arriving entred in;
Where sitting on the flore the hag she found
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:
Who, soone as she beheld that suddein stound,
Lightly upstarted from the dustie ground,
And with felt looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake for great amaze;
But shewd by outward signes that dread her sence did daze.

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, What devill had her thether brought,
And who she was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought?
To which the damzell full of doubtfull thought
Her mildly answer'd; "Beldame, be not wroth
With silly virgin, by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth, [blo'th."
That crave but rowme to rest while tempest over-

With that adowne out of her christall eyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient perles did purely shyne
Upon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall
Nor salvage hart but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
And that vile hag, all were her whole delight
In mischiefe, was much moved at so pitteous sight;

And gan recomfort her, in her rude wyse,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe to rest her faint
And wearie limbs awhile: she nothing quaint
Nor 'sdeignfull of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon;
As glad of that small rest, as bird of tempest gon.

Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;
Whom such whenas the wicked hag did vew,
She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright:
T' adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laesy loord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes,
Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade;
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade: [made.
Such laesinesse both lewd and poore attonce him

He, comming home at undertime, there found
The fayrest creature that he ever saw ,
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terrour and with aw
So inly smot, that as one, which hath gaz'd
On the bright Sunne unwares, doth soone withdraw
His feeble eyne with too much brightnes daz'd;
So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
That in so straunge disguizement there did maske,
And by what accident she there arriv'd?
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered;
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From Stygian shores where late it wandered:
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

But the fayre virgin was so meeke and myld,
That she to them vouchsafed to embace
Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld
Her gentle speach applyde, that in short space
She grew familiare in that desert place.
During which time the chorle, through her so kind
And courteise use, conceiv'd affection bace,
And cast to love her in his brutish mind;
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire;
His caytive thought durst not so high aspire:
But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread; many resemblaunces
To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces.

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red;
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
His maistresse praises sweetly caroled:
Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrel wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild:
All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke
and mild.

But, past a while, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischiefe, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her sonne compast:
Her weare palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

And earely, ere the dawning day appear'd,
She forth issewed, and on her iourney went;
She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
And of each shade that did itselfe present;
For still she feared to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne;
Who when, too late awaking, well they kent
That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone as they had beene undonne.

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever man did heare;
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:
That his sad mother seeing his sore plight
Was greatly woe-begon, and gan to feare
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And love to frenzy turnd; sith love is franticke hight.

All wayes shee sought him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with
teares;
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell, might
Asswage the fury which his entrails teares:
So strong is passion that no reason heares!
Tho, when all other helpes she saw to faile,
She turn'd herselfe backe to her wicked leares;
And by her divelish arts thought to prevaile
To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

Eftsoones out of her hidden cave she cald
An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest corage have appald;
Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was spect
With thousand spots of colours queint elect;
Thereto so swifte that it all beasts did pas:
Like never yet did living eie detect;
But likest it to an hyena was
That feeds on wemens flesh, as others feede on gras.

It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge
Through thicke and thin her to poursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her hee had attaind and brought in place,
Or quite devourd her beauties scornefull grace.
The monster, swifte as word that from her went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent
And passing speede, that shortly he her overhent.

Whom when the fearefull damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie;
That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,
That it she shund no lesse then dread to die;
And her flitt palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
That whilest his breath did strength to him supply,
From perill free he her away did beare;
But, when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex areare.

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd
At that same last extremity ful sore,
And of her safety greatly grew afrayd:
And now she gan approch to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could flie no more,
But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse:
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernesse.

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
From dread of her revenging fathers hond;
Nor halfe so fast to sav- her maydenhed
Fled fearefull Daphne on th' Ægæan strond;
As Florimell fled from the monster yond,
To reach the sea ere she of him were raught:
For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught: [taught.
Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her corage

It fortuned (High God did so ordaine)
As shee arrived on the roving shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little bote lay hoving her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:
Into the same shee lept, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:
So safety fownd at sea, which she fownd not at land.

The monster, ready on the pray to sease,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight;
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
But, greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his dame:
Yet, to avenge his divelish despight,
He set upon her palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came:

And, after having him embowelled
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
To passe that way, as forth he traveiled:
Yt was a goodly swaine, and of great might,
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vain sheows, that wont yong knights bewitch,
And courtly services, tooke no delight;
But rather ioyd to bee than seemen sich:
For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich.

It was to weete the good sir Satyrane
That raungd abrode to seeke adventures wilde,
As was his wont, in forest and in plaine:
He was all armd in rugged steele unfilde,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his scutchin bore a satyres hedd:
He comming present, where the monster vilde
Upon that milke-white palfreyes carcas fedd,
Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

There well perceivd he that it was the horse
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorse:
Much feared he least ought did ill betide
To that faire maide, the flowre of wemens pride;
For her he dearely loved, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide;
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he fownd, that did him sore apall.

Full of sad feare and doubtfull agony
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend;
And with huge strokes and cruell battery
Him forst to leave his pray, for to attend
Himselfe from deadly daunger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not doe him die; but aie more fresh
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him thresh.

He wist not how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And himselfe weaker through infirmity:
Greatly he grew enragd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away he lightly lept
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty
Rored and raged to be underkept;
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him hept.

As he that strives to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong bancks his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone.

So him he held, and did through might amate:
So long he held him, and him bett so long,
That at the last his fiercenes gan abate,
And meekely stoup unto the victor strong:
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong
Which he supposed donne to Florimell,
Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,
Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell;
His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her sclender waste, he tooke in hand,
And with it bownd the beast that lowd did rore
For great despight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray:
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had long bene learned to obay;
Yet never learned he such service till that day.

Thus as he led the beast along the way,
He spide far off a mighty giauntesse
Fast flying, on a courser dapled gray,
From a bold knight that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppresse:
She bore before her lap a dolefull squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
He lefte his captive beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter ere she passed by;
But she the way shund nathëmore forthy,
But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran; she, having him descryde,
Herselfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

Like as a goshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling culver, having spide on hight
An eagle that with plumy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre stouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the batteill doth herselfe prepare:
So ran the geauntesse unto the fight;
Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphëmous bannes High God in peeces tare.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd;
But, ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amids her sun-brode shield arriv'd;
Yet nathëmore the steele asonder riv'd,
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast sadle driv'd;
But, glauncing on the tempred metall, brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

Her steed did stagger with that puissaunt strooke;
But she no more was moved with that might
Then it had lighted on an aged oke,
Or on the marble pillour that is pight
Upon the top of mount Olympus hight,
For the brave youthly champions to assay
With burning charet wheeles it nigh to smite;
But who that smites it mars his ioyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

Yet, therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bowd his battred visour to his brest:
Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from east to west:
Which when his cruell enimy espyde,
She lightly unto him adioyned syde to syde;

And, on his collar laying puissant hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforse,
Perforse him pluckt, unable to withstand
Or helpe himselfe; and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away: which when the knight
That her pursewed saw, with great remorse
He neare was touched in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed as she encreast her flight.

Whom whenas nigh approching she espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For she list not the batteill to abide,
But made herselfe more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursewd so nye
That almost in the backe he oft her strake:
But still, when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did make;
But, when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

By this the good sir Satyrane gan wake
Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,
And, seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst thet cruell chaunce
Which reft from him so faire a chevisaunce:
At length he spyde whereas that wofull squyre,
Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the myre,
Unable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

To whom approching, well he mote perceive
In that fowle plight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
Fraile ladies hart with loves consuming rage,
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
He reard him up and loosd his yron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that gyaunts hands,
And who that was which chaced her along the lands.

Then trembling yet through feare the squire bespake;
"That geauntesse Argantè is behight,
A daughter of the Titans which did make
Warre against Heven, and heaped hils on hight
To scale the skyes, and put Iove from his right:
Her syre Typhoeus was; who, mad through merth,
And dronke with blood of men slaine by his might,
Through incest her of his owne mother Earth
Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth:

"For at that berth another babe she bore;
To weet, the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion brought.
These twinnes, men say (a thing far passing thought),
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosed they were,
Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

"So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst natures law and good behaveoure:
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin;
Who, not content so fowly to devoure
Her native flesh and staine her brothers bowre,
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
And suffred beastes her body to deflowre;
So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre:
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre:

"But over all the countrie she did raunge,
To seeke young men to quench her flaming thrust,
And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:
Whom so she fittest findes to serve her lust, [trust,
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth
She with her bringes into a secret ile,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort himselfe with her defile.

"Me seely wretch she so at vauntage caught,
After she long in waite for me did lye,
And meant unto her prison to have brought,
Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfye;
That thousand deathes me lever were to dye
Then breake the vow that to faire Columbell
I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly:
As for my name it mistreth not to tell; [well.
Call me the Squyre of Dames; that me beseemeth

"But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
That geauntesse, is not such as she seemd,
But a faire virgin that in martiall law
And deedes of armes above all dames is deemd,
And above many knightes is eke esteemd
For her great wroth: she Palladine is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread, redeemd:
Ne any may that monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight."

"Her well beseemes that quest," quoth Satyrane:
"But read, thou Squyre of Dames, what vow is this,
Which thou upon thyselfe hast lately ta'ne?"
"That shall I you recount," quoth he, "ywis,
So be ye pleasd to pardon all amis.
That gentle lady whom I love and serve,
After long suit and wearie servicis,
Did aske me how I could her love deserve,
And how she might be sure that I would never swerve.

"I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Badd her commaund my life to save or spill:
Eftsoones she badd me with incessaunt paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And every where, where with my power or skill
I might doe service unto gentle dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill;
And at the twelve monethes end should bring their
names
And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious games.

" So well I to faire ladies service did,
And found such favour in their loving hartes,
That, ere the yeare his course had compassid,
Three hundred pledges for my good desartes,
Ane thrice three hundred thanks for my good partes,
I with me brought and did to her present:
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment;

" To weet, that I my traveill should resume,
And with like labour walke the world arownd,
Ne ever to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other dames had fownd,
The which, for all the suit I could propownd,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for ever chaste and sownd."
" Ah! gentle squyre," quoth he, " tell at one word,
How many fownd'st thou such to put in thy record?"

" Indeed, sir Knight," said he, " one word may tell
All that I ever fownd so wisely stayd,
For onely three they were disposd so well;
And yet three yeares I now abrode have strayd,
To find them out."—" Mote I," then laughing sayd
The knight, " inquire of thee what were those three
The which thy proffred curtesie denayd?
Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,
Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions see."

" The first which then refused me," said hee,
" Certes was but a common courtisane;
Yet flat refusd to have adoe with mee,
Because I could not give her many a jane."
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)
" The second was an holy nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her chapellane,
Because she knew, she sayd, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

" The third a damzell was of low degree,
Whom I in countrey cottage found by chaunce:
Full litle weened I that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce;
Yet was she fayre, and in her countenaunce
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion:
Long thus I woo'd her with due observaunce,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won;
But was as far at last as when I first begon.

" Safe her, I never any woman found
That chastity did for itselfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine
My ladies love, in such a desperate case,
But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,
Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste ladies traine."

" Perdy," sayd Satyrane, " thou Squyre of Dames,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thankes, and therewith many blames;
That may emongst Alcides labours stand."
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the beast he overcame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was returnd againe unto his dame,
To tell what tydings of fayre Florimell became.

CANTO VIII.

The witch creates a snowy lady like to Florimell;
Who wrong'd by carle, by Proteus sav'd,
Is sought by Paridell.

So oft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke how causelesse of her owne accord
This gentle damzell, whom I write upon,
Should plonged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe;
That sure I weene the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate her griefe:
For misery craves rather mercy than repriefe.

But that accursed hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malitious hart,
That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the beast, which by her wicked art
Late foorth she sent, she backe retourning spyde
Tyde with her golden girdle; it a part
Of her rich spoyles whom he had earst destroyd
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde:

And, with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd;
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former griefe with furie fresh reviv'd
Much more than earst, and would have algates riv'd
The hart out of his brest: for sith her dedd
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope wherewith he long had fedd
His foolish malady, and long time had misledd.

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her sprightes to entertaine,
The maisters of her art: there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure, upon eternall paine,
To counsell her so carefully dismayd
How she might heale her sonne whose senses were decayd.

By their advice, and her owne wicked wit,
She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on Earth was never framed yit;
That even Nature selfe envide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
The thing itselfe: in hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former dame,
Another Florimell, in shape and looke
So lively, and so like, that many it mistooke.

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Riphœan hils, to her reveald
By errant sprights, but from all men conceald:
The same she tempred with fine mercury
And virgin wex that never yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect vermily;
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye.

Instead of eyes two burning lampes she set
In silver sockets, shyning like the skyes,
And a quicke moving spirit did arret
To stirre and roll them like to womens eyes:
Instead of yellow lockes she did devyse
With golden wyre to weave her curled head:
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse
As Florimells fayre heare: and, in the stead
Of life, she put a spright to rule the carcas dead;

A wicked spright, yfraught with fawning guyle
And fayre resemblance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell somewhyle
From Heavens blis and everlasting rest:
Him needed not instruct which way were best
Himselfe to fashion likest Florimell,
Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest;
For he in counterfesaunce did excell,
And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well.

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late;
That whoso then her saw, would surely say
It was herselfe whom it did imitate,
Or fayrer then herselfe, if ought algate
Might fayrer be. And then she forth her brought
Unto her sonne that lay in feeble state;
Who seeing her gan streight upstart, and thought
She was the lady selfe whom he so long had sought.

Tho, fast her clipping twixt his armës twayne,
Extremely ioyed in so happy sight,
And soone forgot his former sickely payne:
But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
Yet still, with gentle countenaunce, retain'd
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,
As her creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd:

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woodes with that his idole faire,
Her to disport and idle time to pas
In th' open freshnes of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chaunced to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine
That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,
Proud Braggadochio, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose and credit did maintaine.

He, seeing with that chorle so faire a wight
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparagement:
His bloody speare eftesoones he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare
Fell streight to ground in great astonishment:
"Villein," sayd he, "this lady is my deare;
Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare."

The fearefull chorle durst not gainesay nor dooe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who, finding litle leasure her to wooe,
On Tromparts steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then Braggadochio deem'd,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd
The fairest wight on ground and most of men esteem'd.

But, when he saw himselfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his dame
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute;
For he could well his glozing speaches frame
To such vaine uses that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sory that she ever came
Into his powre, that used her so hard
To reave her honor which she more then life prefard.

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That capons corage; yet he looked grim,
And faynd to cheare his lady in dismay.
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,
And her to save from outrage meekely prayed him.

Fiercely that straunger forward came; and, nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat
Bad that same boaster, as he mote on high,
To leave to him that lady for excheat,
Or bide him batteill without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fild his senses with abashment great;
Yet, seeing nigh him ieopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme;

Saying, "Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous swords!
But if thee list to see thy courser ronne,
Or prove thyselfe; this sad encounter shonne,
And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd."
At those prowd words that other knight begonne
To wex exceeding wroth, and him aredd
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd.

"Sith then," said Braggadochio, "needes thou wilt
Thy daies abridge, through proofe of puissaunce;
Turne we our steeds; that both in equall tilt
May meete againe, and each take happy chaunce."
This said, they both a furlongs mountenaunce
Retird their steeds, to ronne in even race:
But Braggadochio with his bloody launce
Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,
But lefte his love to losse, and fled himselfe apace.

The knight, him seeing flie, had no regard
Him to poursew, but to the lady rode;
And, having her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his courser sett the lovly lode,
And with her fled away without abode:
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was with whom in company he yode,
And so herselfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke himselfe in Heven that was in Hell.

But Florimell herselfe was far away,
Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,
And taught the carefull mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:
Yett there that cruell queene avengenesse,
Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchednesse.

For, being fled into the fishers bote
For refuge from the monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,
And with the tide drove forward carelesly;
For th' ayre was milde and cleared was the skie,
And all his windes dan Aeolus did keepe
From stirring up their stormy enmity,
As pittying to see her waile and weepe;
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

At last when droncke with drowsinesse he woke,
And saw his drover drive along the streame,
He was dismayd; and thrise his brest he stroke,
For marveill of that accident extreame:
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,
He marveild more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awakte; or that some extasye
Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

But, when her well avizing hee perceiv'd
To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frosen spright:
Tho rudely askte her, how she thether came?
"Ah!" sayd she, "father, I note read aright
What hard misfortune brought me to this same;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

"But thou, good man, sith far in sea we bee,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the mayn-land see,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,
Least worse on sea then us on land befell."
Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,
And saide, his boat the way could wisely tell:
But his deceiptfull eyes did never lin
To looke on her faire face and marke her snowy skin.

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand,
Where ill became him rashly would have thrust;
But she with angry scorne him did withstond,
And shamefully reproved for his rudenes fond.

But he, that never good nor maners knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme;
Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew:
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme;
And now he strength gan adde unto his will,
Forcying to doe that did him fowle misseme:
Beastly he threwe her downe, ne car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

The silly virgin strove him to withstand
All that she might, and him in vaine revild;
Shee strugled strongly both with foote and hand
To save her honor from that villaine vilde,
And cride to Heven, from humane help exild.
O! ye brave knights, that boast this ladies love,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
Of filthy wretch! well may she you reprove
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may behove!

But if that thou, sir Satyran, didst weete,
Or thou, sir Peridure, her sory state,
How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,
To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late!
Towres, cities, kingdomes, ye would ruinate
In your avengement and dispiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate:
But, if sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty asswage.

But, sith that none of all her knights is nye,
See how the Heavens, of voluntary grace
And soveraine favor towards chastity,
Doe succor send to her distressed cace:
So much high God doth innocence embrace!
It fortuned, whilest thus she stifly strove,
And the wide sea impórtuned long space
With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abrode did rove,
Along the fomy waves driving his finny drove.

Proteus is shepheard of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty heard;
An aged sire with head all frowy hore,
And sprinckled frost upon his deawy beard:
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resownd,
His charett swifte in hast he thether steard,
Which with a teeme of scaly phocas bownd
Was drawne upon the waves, that fomed him arownd;

And comming to that fishers wandring bote,
That went at will withouten card or sayle,
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
Into his hart attonce: streight did he hayle
The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very little fayle;
And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,
Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much dismay.

The whiles the pitteous lady up did ryse,
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes;
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To save herselfe from that outrageous spoyle:
But when she looked up, to weet what wight
Had her from so infámous fact assoyld,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly shright.

Herselfe not saved yet from daunger dredd
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare:
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare,
And fals to ground to seeke for succor theare,
Whereas the hungry spaniells she does spye
With greedy iawes, her ready for to teare:
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by.

But he endevored with speaches milde
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was her told:
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld;
For her faint hart was with the frosen cold
Benumbd so inly that her wits nigh fayld,
And all her sences with abashment quite were quayld.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough beard
Dropped adowne upon her yvory brest:
Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought;
And, out of that same fishers filthy nest
Removing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle termes her faire be-
sought.

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beautie durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault:
Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin whom he had abusde so sore;
So drag'd him through the waves in scornful state,
And after cast him up upon the shore;
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mightie rocke gainst which doe rave
The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seemes rough masons hand with engines keene
Had long while laboured it to engrave:
There was his wonne; ne living wight was seene
Save one old nymph, hight Panopè, to keepe it cleane.

Thether he brought the sory Florimell,
And entertained her the best he might
(And Panopè her entertaind eke well),
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking unto his delight:
With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire guiftes t' allure her sight;
But she both offers and the offerer
Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest:
But evermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnes did detest;
So firmely she had sealed up her brest.
Sometimes he boasted that a god he hight;
But she a mortall creature loved best:
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight:
But then she said she lov'd none but a Faery knight.

Then like a Faerie knight himselfe he drest;
For every shape on him he could endew:
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offred kingdoms unto her in vew
To be his leman and his lady trew:
But, when all this he nothing saw prevaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharpe threates her often did assayle;
So thinking for to make her stubborne corage quayle.

To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme:
Now like a gyaunt; now like to a feend;
Then like a centaure; then like to a storme
Raging within the waves: thereby he weend
Her will to win unto his wished eend:
But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all
He els could doe, he saw himselfe esteemd,
Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefe
Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of love:
Dye had she rather in tormenting griefe
Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,
Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.
Most vertuous virgin! glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heavenly prayse with saintes above,
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes
exceed:

Fit song of angels caroled to bee!
But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame,
Shall be t' advance thy goodly chastitee,
And to enroll thy memorable name
In th' heart of every honourable dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,
To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late:

Who having ended with that Squyre of Dames
A long discourse of his adventures vayne,
The which himselfe then ladies more defames,
And finding not th' hyena to be slayne,
With that same squyre retourned backe againe
To his first way: and, as they forward went,
They spyde a knight fayre pricking on the playne,
As if he were on some adventure bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

Sir Satyrane him towardes did addresse,
To weet what wight he was, and what his quest:
And, comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse
Both by the burning hart which on his brest
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That Paridell it was: tho to him yode,
And, him saluting as beseemed best,
Gan first inquire of tydinges farre abrode:
And afterwardes on what adventure now he rode.

Who thereto answering said; "The tydinges bad,
Which now in Faery court all men doe tell,
Which turned hath great mirth to mourning sad,
Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,
And suddein parture of faire Florimell
To find him forth: and after her are gone
All the brave knightes, that doen in armes excell,
To savegard her ywandred all alone;
Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy') is to be one."

"Ah! gentle knight," said then sir Satyrane,
"Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
And offrest sacrifice unto the dead:
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee;
That all the noble knights of Maydenhead,
Which her ador'd, may sore repent with mee,
And all faire ladies may for ever sory bee."

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his hew
Gan greatly chaung, and seemd dismaid to bee;
Then sayd; "Fayre sir, how may I weene it trew,
That ye doe tell in such uncerteintee?
Or speake ye of report, or did ye see
Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?
For perdie elles how mote it ever bee,
That ever hand should dare for to engore
Her noble blood! the Hevens such crueltie abhore."

" These eyes did see that they will ever rew
T' have seene," quoth he, " whenas a monstrous beast
The palfrey whereon she did travell slew,
And of his bowels made his bloody feast;
Which speaking token sheweth at the least
Her certein losse, if not her sure decay:
Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
I found her golden girdle cast astray,
Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of the pray."

" Ah me!" said Paridell, " the signes be sadd;
And, but God turne the same to good soothsay,
That ladies safetie is sore to be dradd:
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray."
" Faire sir," quoth he, " well may it you succeed!
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay;
But to the rest, which in this quest proceed,
My labour adde, and be partaker of their spedd."

" Ye noble knights," said then the Squyre of Dames,
" Well may yee speede in so prayseworthy payne!
But sith the Sunne now ginnes to slake his beames
In deawy vapours of the westerne mayne,
And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
Both light of Heven and strength of men relate:
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate."

That counsell pleased well; so all yfere
Forth marched to a castle them before;
Where soone arriving they restrained were
Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore
To errant knights be commune: wondrous sore
Thereat displeasd they were, till that young squyre
Gan them informe the cause why that same dore
Was shut to all which lodging did desyre:
The which to let you weet will further time requyre.

CANTO IX.

Malbecco will no straunge knights host,
For peevish gealosy:
Paridell giusts with Britomart:
Both shew their auncestry.

Redoubted knights, and honorable dames,
To whom I levell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare least with unworthy blames
This odious argument my rymes should shend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton lady I doe write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shyning glory of your soveraine light;
And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

But never let th' ensample of the bad
Offend the good: for good, by paragone
Of evill, may more notably be rad;
As white seemes fayrer macht with blacke attone:
Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
For lo! in Heven, whereas all goodnes is
Emongst the angels, a whole legione
Of wicked sprightes did fall from happy blis;
What wonder then if one, of women all, did mis?

Then listen, lordings, if ye list to weet
The cause why Satyrane and Paridell
Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,
Into that castle, as that squyre does tell.
" Therein a cancred crabbed carle does dwell,
That has no skill of court nor courtesie,
Ne cares what men say of him ill or well:
For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,
Yet has full large to live and spend at libertie.

" But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,
To hoord up heapes of evill-gotten masse,
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe:
Yet is he lincked to a lovely lasse,
Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse;
The which to him both far unequall yeares
And also far unlike conditions has;
For she does ioy to play emongst her peares,
And to be free from hard restraynt and gealous feares.

" But he is old, and withered like hay,
Unfit faire ladies service to supply;
The privie guilt whereof makes him alway
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
Upon her with his other blincked eye;
Ne suffreth he resort of living wight
Approch to her, ne keep her company,
But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,
Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

" Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight;
Unfitly yokt together in one teeme.
That is the cause why never any knight
Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
Such as no doubt of him he need misdeeme."
Thereat sir Satyrane gan smyle, and say;
" Extremely mad the man I surely deeme
That weenes, with watch and hard restraynt, to stay
A womans will, which is disposd to go astray.

" In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne:
For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes
Can guylen Argus, when she list misdonne?
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can withhold her wilfull-wandring feet;
But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesyes,
And timely service to her pleasures meet,
May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet."

" Then is he not more mad," sayd Paridell,
" That hath himselfe unto such service sold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For sure a foole I doe him firmely hold,
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why doe we devise of others ill,
Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old
To keepe us out in scorne of his owne will,
And rather do not ransack all, and himselfe kill?"

" Nay, let us first," sayd Satyrane, " entreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let us in;
And afterwardes affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:
Then, if all fayle, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
As may be worthy of his haynous sin."
That counsell pleasd: then Paridell did rise,
And to the castle-gate approcht in quiet wise:

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.
The good man selfe, which then the porter playd,
Him answered, that all were now retyrd
Unto their rest, and all the keyes convayd
Unto their maister who in bed was layd,
That none him durst awake out of his dreme;
And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
Then Paridell began to chaunge his theme, [treme.
And threatned him with force and punishment ex-

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent:
And now so long before the wicked fast
They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
And the faire welkin fowly overcast
Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast,
With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at last
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for swyne was ordered.

It fortuned, soone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempest thether brought,
Came to that castle, and with earnest mone,
Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought;
But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought;
For flatly he of entrance was refusd;
Sorely thereat he was displeasd, and thought
How to avenge himselfe so sore abusd,
And evermore the carle of courtesie accusd.

But, to avoyde th' intollerable stowre,
He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,
He came, which full of guests he found whyleare,
So as he was not let to enter there:
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And swore that he would lodge with them yfere
Or them dislodg, all were they liefe or loth;
And so defyde them each, and so defyde them both.

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,
And both full liefe his boasting to abate:
But chiefely Paridell his hart did grate
To heare him threaten so despightfully,
As if he did a dogge in kenell rate
That durst not barke; and rather had he dy
Then, when he was defyde, in coward corner ly.

Tho, hastily remounting to his steed,
He forth issew'd; like as a boystrous winde,
Which in th' Earthes hollow caves hath long ben hid
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element, against her kinde,
To move and tremble as it were aghast,
Untill that it an issew forth may finde;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast.

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and forse,
That with the terrour of their fierce affret
They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,
That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse.
But Paridell sore brused with the blow
Could not arise, the counterchaunge to scorse;
Till that young squyre him reared from below;
Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him throw.

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,
And with faire treaty pacifide their hire:
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Against that castles lord they gan conspire,
To heape on him dew vengeaunce of his hire.
They beene agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burn the same with unquenchable fire,
And that uncurteous carle, their commune foe,
To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous woe.

Malbecco seeing them resolvd in deed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ran with fearefull speed,
And, to them calling from the castle wall,
Besought them humbly him to beare withall,
As ignorant of servants bad abuse
And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call.
The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did not refuse.

They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,
And serv'd of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
And welcomde more for feare then charitee;
But they dissembled what they did not see,
And welcomed themselves. Each gan undight
Their garments wett, and weary armour free,
To dry themselves by Vulcanes flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

And eke that straunger knight emongst the rest
Was for like need enforst to disaray:
Tho, whenas vailed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in tramells gay
Upbounden, did themselves adowne display
And raught unto her heeles; like sunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,
And through the persant aire shoote forth their azure streames.

Shee also dofte her heavy haberieon,
Which the faire feature of her limbes did hyde;
And her well-plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short when she did ryde,
She low let fall, that flowd from her lanck syde
Downe to her foot with carelesse modestee.
Then of them all she plainly was espyde
To be a woman-wight, unwist to bee,
The fairest woman-wight that ever eie did see.

Like as Bellona (being late returnd
From slaughter of the giaunts conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethrils burnd
With breathed flames like to a furnace redd,
Transfixed with her speare downe tombled dedd
From top of Hemus by him heaped hye;)
Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye
From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorye.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight;
And each on other, and they all on her,
Stood gazing; as if suddein great affright
Had them surprizd: at last avising right
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
In their first error, and yett still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry vew:

Yet n'ote their hungry vew be satisfide,
But, seeing, still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmely fixed did abide
In contemplation of divinitee:
But most they mervaild at her chevalree
And noble prowesse which they had approv'd,
That much they faynd to know who she mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd;
Yet every one her likte, and every one her lov'd.

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late fall and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gratious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight
And company at meat to doe them more delight.

But he, to shifte their curious request,
Gan causen why she could not come in place;
Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening ill for sicke folkes cace:
But none of those excuses could take place;
Ne would they eate, till she in presence came:
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairely them saluted, as became,
And shewd herselfe in all a gentle courteous dame.

They sate to meat; and Satyrane his chaunce
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he himselfe sate looking still askaunce
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide:
But his blinde eie, that sided Paridell,
All his demeasnure from his sight did hide:
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at will:

And ever and anone, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his secret care;
For all that art he learned had of yore:
Ne was she ignoraunt of that leud lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
And with the like him aunswerd evermore:
She sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd
Empoisned was with privy lust and gealous dredd.

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weake heart opened wyde:
The wicked engine through false influence
Past through his eies, and secretly did glyde
Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so ofte had tryde
The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted, love to entertaine.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne:
Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne;
And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write to lett his love be showne;
Which well she redd out of the learned line:
A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

And, whenso of his hand the pledge she raught,
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Shewing desire her inward flame to slake.
By such close signes they secret way did make
Unto their wils, and one eies watch escape:
Two eies him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into Malbeccoes cape.

Now, when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
Purpose was moved by that gentle dame
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes which unto them became,
And every one his kindred and his name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
Of gratious speach and skill his words to frame
Abounded, being glad of so fitte tide
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well eide:

"Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,
Before that angry gods and cruell skie
Upon thee heapt a direful destinie;
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from Heven thy great genealogie,
Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent
Their ofspring hath embaste, and later glory shent!

"Most famous worthy of the world, by whome
That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame
And stately towres of Ilion whilóme
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir Paris far renowmd through noble fame;
Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
From Lacedaemon fetcht the fayrest dame
That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthinesse;

"Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,
And girlond of the mighty conquerours,
That madest many ladies deare lament
The heavie losse of their brave paramours,
Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
With carcases of noble warrioures,
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all over-flowne!

"From him my linage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepeheard hight,
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,
She, of his father, Parius did name;
Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,
Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,
And, with them sayling thence, to th' isle of Paros came.

"That was by him cald Paros, which before
Hight Nausa; there he many yeares did raine,
And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore;
The which he dying lefte next in remaine
To Paridas his sonne;
From whom I Paridell by kin descend:
But, for faire ladies love and glories gaine,
My native soile have lefte, my dayes to spend
In seewing deeds of armes, my lives and labors end."

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres and Priams citie sackt
(The ruefull story of sir Paridell),
She was empassiond at that piteous act,
With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was lineally extract:
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes cold.

Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:
" O lamentable fall of famous towne,
Which raigned so many yeares victorious,
And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,
In one sad night consumd and throwen downe!
What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
Is not impierst with deepe compassiowne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state, [late!
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening

" Behold, sir, how your pittifull complaint
Hath fownd another partner of your payne:
For nothing may impresse so deare constraint
As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
But, if it should not grieve you backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre
What to Aeneas fell; sith that men sayne
He was not in the cities wofull fyre
Consum'd, but did himselfe to safety retyre."

" Anchyses sonne begott of Venus fayre,"
Said he, " out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repayre;
Where he, through fatall errour long was led
Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
From shore to shore emongst the Lybick sandes,
Ere rest he fownd: much there he suffered,
And many perilles past in forreine landes,
To save his people sad from victours vengefull
handes:

" At last in Latium he did arryve,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th' inland folke which sought him backe to drive,
Till he with old Latinus was constraind
To contract wedlock, so the fates ordaind;
Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished; that many deare complaind:
The rivall slaine, the victour (through the flood
Escaped hardly) hardly praisd his wedlock good.

" Yet, after all, he victour did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part:
But after, when both nations gan to strive
Into their names the title to convart,
His sonne Iulus did from thence depart
With all the warlike youth of Troians bloud,
And in Long Alba plast his throne apart;
Where faire it florished and long time stoud,
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome removd."

" There; there," said Britomart, " afresh appeard
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy againe out of her dust was reard
To sitt in second seat of soveraine king
Of all the world, under her governing.
But a third kingdom yet is to arise
Out of the Troians scattered ofspring,
That, in all glory and great enterprise,
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.

" It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
Upon whose stubborne neck (whereat he raves
With roring rage, and sore himselfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,)
She fastned hath her foot; which stands so hy,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes; and all, which passen by,
Beholding it from farre doe think it threates the skye.

" The Troian Brute did first that citie fownd,
And Hygate made the meare thereof by west,
And Overt-gate by north: that is the bownd
Toward the land; two rivers bownd the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat."

" Ah! fairest lady-knight," said Paridell,
" Pardon I pray my heedlesse oversight,
Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
From aged Mnemon; for my wits beene light.
Indeed he said, if I remember right,
That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad, his mighty braunches threw
Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.

" For that same Brute, whom much he did advaunce
In all his speach, was Sylvius his sonne,
Whom having slain through luckles arrowes glaunce,
He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
And with him ledd to sea an youthly trayne;
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prov'd in th' ocean mayne,
And great adventures found, that now were long to
sayne.

" At last by fatall course they driven were
Into an island spatious and brode,
The furthest north that did to them appeare:
Which, after rest, they, seeking farre abrode,
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for living foode,
But wholy waste and void of peoples trode,
Save an huge nation of the geaunts broode
That fedon living flesh, and dronck mens vitall blood.

" Whom he, through wearie wars and labours long,
Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold:
In which the great Goëmagot of strong
Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old,
Were overthrowne and laide on th' earth full cold,
Which quaked under their so hideous masse:
A famous history to be enrold
In everlasting moniments of brasse,
That all the antique worthies merits far did passe.

" His worke great Troynovant, his worke is eke
Faire Lincolne, both renowned far away;
That who from east to west will endlong seeke,
Cannot two fairer cities find this day,
Except Cleopolis; so heard I say
Old Mnemon: therefore, sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin; and you entyrely pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt us both unknowne." So ended Paridell,

But all the while, that he these speeches spent,
Upon his lips hong faire dame Helenore
With vigilant regard and dew attent,
Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore
In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore.
The whiles unwares away her wondring eye
And greedy eares her weake hart from her bore:
Which he perceiving, ever privily,
In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

So long these knightes discoursed diversly
Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle ieopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And hevenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
Which th' old man seeing wel, who too long thought
Every discourse, and every argument,
Which by the houres he measured, besought
Them go to rest. So all unto their bowres were brought.

CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore;
Malbecco her poursewes;
Fynds emongst Satyres, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.

The morrow next, so soone as Phœbus lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goodly Heven amoved quight,
Faire Britomart and that same Faery knight
Uprose, forth on the iourney for to wend:
But Paridell complaynd, that his late fight
With Britomart so sore did him offend,
That ryde he could not till his hurts he did amend.

So foorth they far'd; but he behind them stayd,
Maulgre his host, who grudged grivously
To house a guest that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him lefte not liberty:
Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fiers youngmans unruly maystery;
His money, which he lov'd as living breath;
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept uneath.

But patience perforce; he must abie
What fortune and his fate on him will lay:
Fond is the feare that findes no remedie.
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evill happen may;
So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent:
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,
Out of his sight herselfe once to absent:
So doth he punish her, and eke himself torment.

But Paridell kept better watch than hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to finde.
False Love! why do men say thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest binde,
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
And seest every secret of the minde;
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee:
All that is by the working of thy deitee.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbeccoes halfen eye did wyle;
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle
That he there soiourned his woundes to heale;
That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close did smyle
To weet how he her love away did steale,
And bad that none their ioyous treason should reveale.

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde
That least avantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
His secret drift till he her layd abord.
Whenso in open place and commune bord
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
He courted her; yet bayted every word,
That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentlenesse or hospitages breach.

But when apart (if ever her apart
He found) then his false engins fast he plyde,
And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart:
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:
Tho, when againe he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she mercie would him give,
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine;
Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,
Now making layes of love, and lovers paine,
Bransles, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devysd,
And thousands like which flowed in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entysd
To take to his new love, and leave her old despysd.

And every where he might, and everie while
He did her service dewtifull, and sewd
At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile;
So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
Who well perceived all, and all indewd.
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
With which he many weake harts had subdewd
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then if she were likewise carried?

No fort so fensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will rive,
Or daily siege, through dispurvayaunce long
And lacke of reskewes, will to parley drive;
And peece, that unto parley eare will give,
Will shortly yield itselfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victors will bylive:
That strategeme had oftentimes assayd
This crafty paramoure, and now it plaine display'd:

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,
That she her love and hart hath wholy sold
To him without regard of gaine, or scath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre cucquóld.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee
Devized hath, and to her lover told.
It pleased well: so well they both agree;
So readie rype to ill, ill wemens counsels bee!

Darke was the evening, fit for lovers stealth.
When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid; thereof she countlesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare;
The rest she fyr'd, for sport or for despight:
As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare
The Troiane flames and reach to Hevens hight,
Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that doleful sight;

The second Hellene, fayre dame Hellenore,
The whiles her husband ran with sory haste
To quench the flames which she had tyn'd before,
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,
And ran into her lovers armes right fast;
Where streight embraced she to him did cry
And call alowd for helpe, ere helpe were past;
For lo! that guest did beare her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy!

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,
And ready seeing him with her to fly,
In his disquiet mind was much dismayd:
But when againe he backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his hart, and scorch his idoles face,
He was therewith distressed diversely,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place:
Was never wretched man in such a wofull cace.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire; love, money overcame:
But when he marked how his money burnd,
He left his wife; money did love disclame:
Both was he loth to loose his loved dame,
And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behinde;
Yet, sith he n'ote save both, he sav'd that same
Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,
The god of his desire, the ioy of misers blinde.

Thus whilest all things in troublous uprore were,
And all men busie to suppresse the flame,
The loving couple neede no reskew feare,
But leasure had and liberty to frame
Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,
Gave them safe conduct till to end they came;
So beene they gone yfere, a wanton payre
Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to repayre.

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
Malbecco, seeing how his losse did lye,
Out of the flames which he had quencht whylere,
Into huge waves of griefe and gealosye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight:
He rav'd, he wept, he stampt, he lowd did cry;
And all the passions, that in man may light,
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive spright.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore:
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemd more grievous then it was before:
At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,
Ne griefe might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise how her he backe mought;
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

At last resolving, like a pilgrim pore,
To search her forth whereso she might be fond,
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaves in ground: so takes in hond
To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond.
Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,
And every where that he mote understond
Of knights and ladies any meetings were;
And of each one he mett he tidings did inquere.

But all in vaine; his woman was too wise
Ever to come into his clouch againe,
And hee too simple ever to surprise
The iolly Paridell, for all his paine.
One day, as he forpassed by the plaine
With weary pace, he far away espide
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
Which hoved close under a forest side,
As if they lay in wait, or els themselves did hide.

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee;
And, as he better did their shape avize,
Him seemed more their maner did agree;
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom to be Paridell he did devize;
And th' other, al yclad in garments light
Discolourd like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his lady bright;
And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight:

And ever faine he towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe;
Till that prickt forth with loves extremity,
That is the father of fowle gealosy,
He closely nearer crept the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her belamour, the partner of his sheet:

But it was scornefull Braggadochio,
That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed clere,
He turned backe, and would have fled arere;
Till Trompart, ronning hastely, him did stay
And bad before his soveraine lord appere:
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,
And comming him before low louted on the lay.

The boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could have kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, "Thou man of nought! what doest thou here
Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere
To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall pere?"

The wretched man at his imperious speach
Was all abasht, and low prostráting said;
"Good sir, let not my rudenes be no breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly pilgrim driven to distresse,
That seeke a lady"— There he suddein staid,
And did the rest with grievous sighes suppresse,
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitternesse.

"What lady?"—"Man," said Trompart, "take good hart,
And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye:
Was never better time to shew thy smart
Then now that noble succor is thee by,
That is the whole worlds commune remedy."
That cheareful word his weake heart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he sayd: "O most redoubted pere,
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches cace to heare."

Then sighing sore, "It is not long," saide hee,
"Sith I enioyd the gentlest dame alive;
Of whom a knight, (no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honor strive)
By treacherous deceipt did me deprive;
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with fowle force unto his will did drive;
Which al good knights, that armes do bear this day,
Are bownd for to revenge and punish if they may.

"And you, most noble lord, that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quarrell then defence of right,
And for a lady gainst a faithlesse knight:
So shall your glory be advaunced much,
And all faire ladies magnify your might,
And eke myselfe, albee I simple such, [rich."
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon

With that, out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;
But he on it lookt scornefully askew,
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,
Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;
And sayd; "Thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt:
I tread in dust thee and thy money both; [wroth.
That, were it not for shame"—So turned from him

But Trompart, that his maistres humor knew
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
And in his eare him rownded close behinde:
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,
Waiting advauntage on the pray to sease;
Till Trompart, lowly to the grownd inclinde,
Besought him his great corage to appease,
And pardon simple man that rash did him displease.

Big looking like a doughty doucepere,
At last he thus; "Thou elod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare;
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertuous pay:
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard
And mov'd amisse with massy mucks unmeet regard.

"And more; I graunt to thy great misery
Gratious respect; thy wife shall backe be sent:
And that vile knight, whoever that he bee,
Which hath thy lady reft and knighthood shent,
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
I sweare ere long shall dearely it repent;
Ne he twixt Heven and Earth shall hide his hedd,
But soone he shall be fownd, and shortly doen be dedd."

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho forth the boaster marching brave begonne
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
As if he Heaven and Hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty;
That much Malbecco ioyed in his iollity.

Thus long they three together traveiled,
Through many a wood and many an uncouth way,
To seeke his wife that was far wandered:
But those two sought nought but the present pray,
To weete, the treasure which he did bewray,
On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,
With purpose how they might it best betray;
For, sith the howre that first he did them lett
The same behold, therwith their keene desires were whett.

It fortuned, as they together far'd,
They spide where Paridell came pricking fast,
Upon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd
To giust with that brave straunger knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past:
Alone he rode without his paragone;
For, having filcht her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone;
He nould be clogd: so had he served many one.

The gentle lady, loose at random lefte,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne wefte;
Till on a day the Satyres her espide
Straying alone withouten groome or guide:
Her up they tooke, and with them home her ledd,
With them as housewife ever to abide, [bredd;
To milk their gotes, and make them cheese and
And every one as commune good her handeled:

That shortly she Malbecco has forgott,
And eke sir Paridell all were he deare;
Who from her went to seeke another lott,
And now by fortune was arrived here,
Where those two guilers with Malbecco were.
Soone as the old man saw sir Paridell,
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake his griefe to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

And, after, asked him for Hellenore:
"I take no keepe of her," sayd Paridell,
"She wonneth in the forrest there before."
So forth he rode as his adventure fell;
The whiles the boaster from his loftie sell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
But the fresh swayne would not his leasure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
He up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

"Perdy nay," said Malbecco, "shall ye not;
Let him passe as lightly as he came:
For litle good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to bee put to shame.
But let us goe to seeke my dearest dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld:
For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
Least salvage beastes her person have despoyld:
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have toyld!"

They all agree, and forward them addrest:
"Ah! but," said crafty Trompart, "weete ye well,
That yonder in that wastefull wilderuesse
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and minotaures, and feendes of Hell,
And many wilde woodmen which robbe and rend
All travellers; therefore advise ye well,
Before ye enterprise that way to wend:
One may his iourney bring too soone to evill end."

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And, with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart; "You, that are the most opprest
With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
Here for to stay in saf'tie behynd:
My lord and I will search the wide forést."
That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mynd;
For he was much afraid himselfe alone to fynd.

"Then is it best," said he, "that ye doe leave
Your treasure here in some security,
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
Or buried in the ground from ieopardy,
Till we returne againe in safety:
As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave." [brave.
It pleased; so he did: then they march forward

Now when amid the thickest woodes they were,
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking hububs them approching nere,
Which all the forest did with horrour fill:
That dreadfull sound the bosters hart did thrill
With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill;
And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd:
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dedd:

Yet afterwardes, close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd.
The iolly Satyres full of fresh delight
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd
Faire Helenore with girlonds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
Shee, proude of that new honour which they redd,
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a lawrell shade.

The silly man that in the thickett lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore;
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lustyhedd,
And with their horned feet the greene gras wore;
The whiles their gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly heardes did gather rownd;
But every Satyre first did give a busse
To Hellenore; so busses did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd
With perly deaw, and th' Earthës gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,
That every bird and beast awarned made [invade.
To shrowd themselves, while sleep their sences did

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,
And like a gote emongst the gotes did rush;
That, through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,
And misty dampe of misconceyving night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,
He did the better counterfeite aright:
So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
Who all the night did mind his ioyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with gealosy did swell:
But yet that nights ensample did bewray
That not for nought his wife them lovd so well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

So closely as he could he to them crept,
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was he which by her side did dwell;
And therefore prayd her wake to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well
She turnd her, and returned backe againe:
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd;
And then perceiving, that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd
With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed,
She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde;
But he her prayd, for mercy or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be descryde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

Tho gan he her perswade to leave that lewd
And loathsom life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace and bandes of fresh accord,
And she receivd againe to bed and bord,
As if no trespas ever had beene donne:
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose emongst the iolly Satyres still to wonne.

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde;
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
Early, before the Heavens fairest light
Out of the ruddy east was fully reard,
The heardes out of their foldes were loosed quight,
And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

So soone as he the prison-dore did pas,
He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,
And never looked who behind him was,
Ne scarsely who before: like as a beare,
That creeping close amongst the hives to reare
An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
And him assayling sore his carkas teare,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne stayes, till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombed had;
Where when he found it not, (for Trompart bace
Had it purloyned for his maister bad)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away; ran with himselfe away:
That who so straungely had him seene bestadd,
With upstart haire and staring eyes dismay,
From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

High over hilles and over dales he fledd,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne;
Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he spedd
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:
Griefe, and Despight, and Gealosy, and Scorne,
Did all the way him follow hard behynd;
And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne of womankynd:
That, as a snake, still lurked in his wounded mynd.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still;
Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To look adowne, or upward to the hight:
From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemd no help for him was left in living sight.

But, through long anguish and selfe-murd'ring thought,
He was so wasted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an aery spright;
That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all;
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light;
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last he found a cave with entrance small:

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion
In drery darkenes and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Cross-cuts the liver with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to himselfe and every wight;
Where he, through privy griefe and horrour vaine,
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is hight.

CANTO XI.

Britomart chaseth Ollyphant;
Findes Scudamour distrest:
Assayes the house of Busyrane,
Where Loves spoyles are exprest.

O HATEFULL hellish snake! what Furie furst
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
And fostred up with bitter milke of tine;
Fowle Gealosy! that turnest love divine
To loylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itselfe with selfe-consuming smart,
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art!

O let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let Love for ever dwell!
Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed nectar and pure Pleasures well,
Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.
And ye, faire ladies, that your kingdomes make
In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,
And of faire Britomart ensample take,
That was as trew in love as turtle to her make.

Who with sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse hous,
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge geaunt, that with hideous
And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argante vile and vitious,
From whom the Squyre of Dames was reft whylere;
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

For as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust exceede all womankinde;
So he surpassed his sex masculine,
In beastly use, all that I ever finde:
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
The fearefull boy so greedily poursew,
She was emmoved in her noble minde
T' employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward where she did him vew.

Ne was sir Satyrane her far behinde,
But with like fiercenesse did ensew the chace:
Whom when the gyaunt saw, he soone resinde
His former suit, and from them fled apace:
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did strive the other to outgoe;
But he them both outran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any roe,
And now made better speed t' escape his feared foe.

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
But Britomart the flowre of chastity;
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly;
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he gas gotten to a forrest neare,
Where he is shrowded in security.
The wood they enter, and search everie where;
They searched diversely; so both divided were.

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His haberieon, his helmet, and his speare:
A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, wherever it in field was showne.

His face upon the grownd did groveling ly,
As if he had beene slombring in the shade;
That the brave mayd would not for courtesy
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddeinly him to invade:
Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pitty did the virgins hart of patience rob.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
He sayd; "O soverayne Lord, that sit'st on hye
And raingst in blis emongst thy blessed saintes,
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
So long unwreaked of thine enimy!
Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
Or doth thy iustice sleepe and silent ly?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse no meed!

"If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,
Why then is Amoret in caytive band,
Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
On foot upon the face of living land?
Or if that hevenly iustice may withstand
The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
Why then is Busirane with wicked hand
Suffred, these seven monethes day, in secret den
My lady and my love so cruelly to pen?

"My lady and my love is cruelly pend
In dolefull darkenes from the vew of day,
Whilest deadly torments doe her chast brest rend,
And the sharpe steele doth rive her heart in tway,
All for she Scudamore will not denay.
Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound,
Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
For whom so faire a lady feeles so sore a wound."

There an huge heape of singultes did oppresse
His struggling soule, and swelling throbs empeach
His foltring toung with pangs of drerinesse,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
As if his dayes were come to their last reach.
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule would flit.

Tho, stouping downe, she him amoved light;
Who, therewith somewhat starting, up gan looke,
And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
And, downe again himselfe disdainefully
Abiecting, th' earth with his faire forhead strooke:
Which the bold virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus courtesly:

"Ah! gentle knight, whose deepe-conceived griefe
Well seemes t' exceede the powre of patience,
Yet, if that hevenly grace some good reliefe
You send, submit you to high Providence;
And ever, in your noble hart, prepense,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
Then vertues might and values confidence:
For who nill bide the burden of distresse, [nesse.
Must not here thinke to live; for life is wretched-

"Therefore, faire sir, doe comfort to you take,
And freely read what wicked felon so
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;
At least it faire endevour will apply."
Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,
That up his head he reared easily;
And, leaning on his elbowe, these few words lett fly:

"What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,
And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare;
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare!
For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward
By strong enchauntments and blacke magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

"There he tormenteth her most terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Because to yield him love she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe:
But yet by torture he would her constraine
Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
Ne may by living meanes be thence relest:
What boots it then to plaine that cannot be redrest!"

With this sad hersall of his heavy stresse
The warlike damzell was empassiond sore,
And sayd; "Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse
Then is your sorrow certes, if not more;
For nothing so much pitty doth implore
As gentle ladyes helplesse misery:
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will, with proofe of last extremity,
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy."

"Ah! gentlest knight alive," said Scudamore,
"What huge heroicke magnanimity [more,
Dwells in thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou
If shee were thine, and thou as now am I?
O spare thy happy daies, and them apply
To better boot; but let me die that ought;
More is more losse; one is enough to dy!"
"Life is not lost," said she, "for which is bought
Endlesse renowm; that, more then death, is to be sought."

Thus she at length persuaded him to rise,
And with her wend to see what new successe
Mote him befall upon new enterprise:
His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
She gathered up and did about him dresse,
And his forwandred steed unto him gott:
So forth they both yfere make their progrésse,
And march, not past the mountenaunce of a shott,
Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they did plott.

There they dismounting drew their weapons bold,
And stoutly came unto the castle gate,
Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;
But in the porch, that did them sore amate,
A flaming fire ymixt with smouldry smoke
And stinking sulphure, that with griesly hate
And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stownd wist how herselfe to beare;
For daunger vaine it were to have assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approachen neare:
And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd;
"What monstrous enmity provoke we heare?
Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made
Batteill against the gods, so we a god invade.

"Daunger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious, beast-like, is: therefore, sir Knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
And how we with our foe may come to fight."
"This is," quoth he, "the dolorous despight,
Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away;
So mighty be th' enchauntments which the same do stay.

"What is there ells but cease these fruitlesse paines,
And leave me to my former languishing!
Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaines,
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing!"
"Perdy not so," saide shee; "for shameful thing
Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce,
For shewe of perill, without venturing:
Rather, let try extremities of chaunce
Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce."

Therewith resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her swords point directing forward right
Assayld the flame; the which eftesoones gave place,
And did itselfe divide with equall space,
That through she passed; as a thonder-bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire
Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
With greedy will and envious desire,
And bade the stubborne flames to yield him way:
But cruell Mulciber would not obay
His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forst, maulgre his fierceness, to relent,
And backe retire all scorcht and pitifully brent.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow that he could not pas
Then for the burning torment which he felt:
That with felt woodnes he effiersed was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras
Did beat and bounse his head and brest full sore:
The whiles the championesse now entred has
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore;
The utmost rowme abounding with all precious store:

For, round about, the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great maiesty,
Woven with gold and silke so close and nere
That the rich metall lurked privily,
As faining to be hidd from envious eye;
Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares
It shewd itselfe and shone unwillingly;
Like to' a discolourd snake, whose hidden snares
Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back declares.

And in those tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate;
And all of love, and al of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat:
And eke all Cupids warres they did repeate,
And cruell battailes, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the gods to make his empire great;
Besides the huge massácres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and kesars into thraldome brought.

Therein was writt how often thondring Iove
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And, leaving Heavens kingdome, here did rove
In straunge disguize, to slake his scalding smart;
Now, like a ram, faire Helle to pervart,
Now, like a bull, Europa to withdraw:
Ah, how the fearefull ladies tender hart
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her t' obay her servaunts law!

Soone after that, into a golden showre
Himselfe he chaung'd, faire Danae to vew;
And through the roofe of her strong brasen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew;
The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew
Of such deceipt, kept th' yron dore fast bard,
And watcht that none should enter nor issew;
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
Whenas the god to gelden hew himselfe transfard.

Then was he turnd into a snowy swan,
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade!
Whiles the proud bird, ruffing his fethers wyde
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade,
She slept; yet twixt her eielids closely spyde
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee,
Deceivd of gealous Iuno, did require
To see him in his soverayne maiestee
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whens dearely she with death bought her desire.
But faire Alcmena better match did make,
Ioying his love in likenes more entire:
Three nights in one they say that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

Twice was he seene in soaring eagles shape,
And with wide-winges to beat the buxome ayre:
Once, when he with Asterie did scape;
Againe, whenas the Trojane boy so fayre
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was there to behould
How the rude shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare least down he fallen should,
And often to him calling to take surer hould.

In Satyres shape Antiopa he snateht;
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd:
A shepeheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht;
And like a serpent to the Thracian mayd. [playd,
Whyles thus on Earth great Iove these pageaunts
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And, scoffing, thus unto his mother sayd;
"Lo! now the Hevens obey to me alone, [gone."
And take me for their Iove, whiles Iove to Earth is

And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,
When she with Mars was meynt in ioyfulnesse:
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart
To love fair Daphne, which thee loved lesse;
Lesse she thee lov'd than was thy iust desart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy
smart.

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinct;
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare:
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct;
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,
The one a paunce, the other a sweete-breare:
For griefe whereof, ye mote have lively seene
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his garlond ever greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of Climene, he did repent;
Who, bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fier brent;
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,
And love a shepheards daughter for his dearest dame.

He loved Isse for his dearest dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became:
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from Heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell his other lovely fitt;
Now, like a lyon hunting after spoile;
Now, like a hag; now, like a faulcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblaunce wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish deaw; his threeforkt pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke
The raging billowes, that on every syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charet might have passage wyde
Which foure great hippodames did draw in temewise tyde.

His seahorses did seeme to snort amayne,
And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,
That made the sparckling waves to smoke agayne
And flame with gold; but the white fomy creame
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame:
The god himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame;
For privy love his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad.

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
And Aeolus faire daughter, Arnè hight,
For whom he turnd himselfe into a steare,
And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight:
Also, to win Deucalions daughter bright,
He turnd himselfe into a dolphin fayre;
And, like a winged horse, he tooke his flight
To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre, [ayre.
On whom he got faire Pegasus that flitteth in the

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene
That sullein Saturne ever weend to love?
Yet love is sullein, and Saturnlike seene,
As he did for Erigone it prove,)
That to a centaure did himselfe transmove.
So proov'd it eke that gratious god of wine,
When, for to compasse Philliras hard love,
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangues, with which he maked meeke
The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes;
How oft for Venus, and how often eek
For many other nymphes, he sore did shreek;
With womanish teares, and with unwarlike smarts,
Privily moystening his horrid cheeke:
There was he painted full of burning dartes,
And many wide woundes launched through his
inner partes.

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah! why should he so?)
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
Which he had wrought to many others moe.
But, to declare the mournfull tragedyes
And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did strow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High Heven beholdes sad lovers nightly theeveryes.

Kings, queenes, lords, ladies, knights, and damsels
Were heap'd togeither with the vulgar sort, [gent,
And mingled with the raskall rablement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort:
And round about a border was entrayld
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short;
And a long bloody river through them rayld,
So lively, and so like, that living sence it fayld.

And at the upper end of that faire rowme
There was an altar built of pretious stone
Of passing valew and of great renowme,
On which there stood an image all alone
Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;
And winges it had with sondry colours dight,
More sondry colours then the proud pavone
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright, [bright.
When her discoloured bow she spreds through Heven

Blyndfold he was; and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at random when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah! man, beware how thou those dartes behold!)
A wounded dragon under him did ly,
Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the victor of the gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bowe their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But ever more and more upon it gazd, [dazd.
The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile sences

Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye
To search each secrete of that goodly sted,
Over the dore thus written she did spye,
Bee bold: she oft and oft it over-red,
Yet could not find what sence it figured:
But whatso were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent, [went.
But forward with bold steps into the next roome

Much fayrer then the former was that roome,
And richlier, by many partes, arayd;
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was overlayd, [playd
Wrought with wilde antickes which their follies
In the rich metall, as they living were:
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false Love doth oft upon him weare;
For Love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft
appeare.

And, all about, the glistring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes
Of mightie conquerours and captaines strong,
Which were whilóme captíved in their dayes
To cruell Love, and wrought their owne decayes:
Their swerds and speres were broke, and hauberques
rent,
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the victors might and merciless intent.

The warlike mayd, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder; ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:
But more she mervaild that no footings trace
Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptiness
And solemne silence over all that place:
Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

And, as she lookt about, she did behold
How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, Be bolde, and every where, *Be bold;*
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill or commune wit.
At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend [tend.
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might in-

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appeare.
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare;
Yet nould she doff her weary armes, for feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heavy eyes with natures burdein deare,
But drew herselfe aside in sickernesse,
And her welpointed wepons did about her dresse.

CANTO XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchaunted chamber are displayd;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire Amoret through charmes decayd.

Tho, whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
Fayre Heaven with an universall clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory:
Nought therewith daunted was her courage prowd,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt:
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearefull sted
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persévered.

All suddeinly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had bene tore;
And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore
Of some theátre, a grave personage
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragicke stage.

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And, passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble mayd still standing all this vewd,
And merveild at his straunge intendiment:
With that a ioyous fellowship issewd
Of minstrales making goodly meriment,
With wanton bardes, and rymers impudent;
All which together song full chearefully
A lay of loves delight with sweet concent:
After whom marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

The whiles a most delitious harmony
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble sences wholy did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd:
And, when it ceast, shrill trompets lowd did bray,
That their report did far away rebound;
And, when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

The first was Fansy, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect and beautie without peare,
Matchable either to that ympe of Troy,
Whom Iove did love and chose his cup to beare;
Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
To great Alcides, that, whenas he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wyde [cryde.
He filld with Hylas name; the nymphes eke Hylas

His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray
Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare;
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and theare.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other swayne,
Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,
And gave him being, commune to them twayne:
His garment was disguysed very vayne,
And his embrodered bonet sat awry:
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames
did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguyse,
That at his backe a brode capuccio had,
And sleeves dependaunt Albanese-wyse;
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nycely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse;
And on a broken reed he still did stay [he lay.
His feeble steps, which shrunck when hard thereon

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed
Made of beares skin, that him more dreadfull made;
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horrour to deforme his griesly shade:
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was; this mischiefe, that mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill he practizd to entrap.

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving to and froe;
And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld;
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold:
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinckled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

And after them Dissemblaunce and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned and exceeding faire;
Yet was that all but paynted and purloynd, [haire;
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she
twynd:

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce;
And ever, as Dissemblaunce laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eye-glaunce,
Shewing his nature in his countenaunce;
His rolling eies did never rest in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattis still before his face, [pace.
Through which he stil did peep as forward he did

Next him went Griefe and Fury matcht yfere;
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more then seeming sad:
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But Fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull drerihed;
And from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rente her snarled heare:
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roaming here and there;
As a dismayed deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;
She chearfull, fresh, and full of ioyaunce glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
That evill matched paire they seemd to bee:
An angry waspe th' one in a viall had,
Th' other in hers an hony lady-bee.
Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree.

After all these there marcht a most faire dame,
Led of two grysie villeins, th' one Despight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name:
She dolefull lady, like a dreary spright
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes own ymage figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright
Wherewith the craftesman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight;
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene:

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd.
And those two villeins (which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade)
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

Next after her, the winged god himselfe
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faire dame he might behold in perfect kinde;
Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell minde.

Of which full prowd, himselfe uprearing hye
He looked round about with sterne disdayne,
And did survay his goodly company;
And, marshalling the evill-ordered trayne,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hye his coulourd wingës twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce, Shame;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde:
Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and lame;
Reproch despightfull, carelesse, and unkinde;
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde:
Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch did scould;
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce whips entwinde,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
Emongst them was sterne Strife; and Anger stout;
Unquiet Care; and fond Unthriftyhead;
Lewd Losse of Time; and Sorrow seeming dead;
Inconstant Chaunge; and false Disloyalty;
Consuming Riotise; and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeaunce; faint Infirmity;
Vile Poverty; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I note readen well;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wavering womens witt, that none can tell,
Or paines in love, or punishments in Hell:
All which disguized marcht in masking-wise
About the chamber by the damozell;
And then returned, having marched thrise,
Into the inner rowme from whence they first did rise.

So soone as they were in, the dore streightway
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
Which first it opened, and bore all away.
Then the brave maid, which al this while was plast
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issewd forth and went unto the dore
To enter in, but fownd it locked fast:
It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

Where force might not availe, there sleights and art
She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprize:
Forthy from that same rowme not to depart
Till morrow next shee did herselfe avize,
When that same maske againe should forth arize.
The morrowe next appeard with ioyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercize:
Then she, as morrow fresh, herselfe did reare
Out of her secret stand that day for to outweare.

All that day she outwore in wandering
And gazing on that chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second evening
Her covered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent:
Then, when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
Neither of ydle showes nor of false charmes aghast.

So soone as she was entred, rownd about
Shee cast her eies to see what was become
Of all those persons which she saw without:
But lo! they streight were vanisht all and some;
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,
Save that same woefull lady; both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands
Unto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

And, her before, the vile enchaunter sate,
Figuring straunge charácters of his art;
With living blood he those charácters wrate,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart;
And all perforce to make her him to love.
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart!
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove;
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart remove.

Soon as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And, fiercely running to that lady trew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villeinous despight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew:
But the stout damzell to him leaping light
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And, turning to herselfe his fell intent,
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground [slaine,
He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should have
Had not the lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly unto her called to abstaine
From doing him to dy; for else her paine
Should be remédilesse; sith none but hee
Which wrought it could the same recure againe.
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee;
For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to see:

And to him said; "Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischiefe and vile villany
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed;
Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy
But if that thou this dame do presently
Restore unto her health and former state;
This doe, and live; els dye undoubtedly."
He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date:

And rising up gan streight to over-looke
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse:
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horrour gan the virgins hart to perse,
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;
And, all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout,
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all:
At last that mightie chaine, which round about
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord;
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not been sor'd;
And every part to safety full sownd,
As she were never hurt, was soone restord:
Tho, when she felt herselfe to be unbownd
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd;

Before faire Britomart she fell prostráte,
Saying; "Ah! noble knight, what worthy meede
Can wretched lady, quitt from wofull state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
Even immortall prayse and glory wyde,
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
And goodly well advaunce that goodly well was tryde."

But Britomart, uprearing her from grownd,
Said; "Gentle dame, reward enough I weene,
For many labours more than I have found,
This, that in safetie now I have you seene,
And meane of your deliverance have beene:
Henceforth, faire lady, comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene;
Insted thereof, know that your loving make
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake."

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all living wightes she loved best.
Then laid the noble championesse strong hond
Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages oppprest:
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
He bound that pitteous lady prisoner now relest,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst
She saw so rich and royally arayd,
Now vanisht utterly and cleane subverst
She found, and all their glory quite decayd;
That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd.
Thence forth descending to that perlous porch,
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd
And quenched quite like a consumed torch,
That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

More easie issew now then entrance late
She found; for now that fained dreadfull flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted gate
And passage bard to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe.
Th' enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame
To have efforst the love of that faire lasse,
Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrieved was.

But when the victoresse arrived there
Where late she left the pensife Scudamore
With her own trusty squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them lore:
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore;
But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new affright.

But he, sad man, when he had long in drede
Awayted there for Britomarts returne,
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speed,
His expectation to despaire did turne,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne;
And therefore gan advize with her old squire,
Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t' enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire.

When Spenser printed his first three books of the Faerie Queene, the two lovers, sir Scudamore and Amoret, have a happy meeting: but afterwards, when he printed the fourth, fifth, and sixth books, he reprinted likewise the three first books; and, among other alterations of the lesser kind, he left out the five last stanzas, and made three new stanzas, viz. *More easie issew now, &c.* By these alterations this third book not only connects better with the fourth, but the reader is kept in that suspense which is necessary in a well-told story. The stanzas which are mentioned above, as omitted in the second edition, and printed in the first, are the following: —

At last she came unto the place, where late
She left sir Scudamour in great distresse,
Twixt dolour and despight half desperate,
Of his loues succour, of his owne redresse,
And of the hardie Britomarts successe:
There on the cold earth him now throwen she found,
In wilful anguish, and dead heavinesse,
And to him cald; whose voices knowen sound
Soone as he heard, himself he reared light from ground.

There did he see, that most on Earth him joyd,
His dearest loue, the comfort of his dayes,
Whose too long absence him had sore annoyd,
And wearied his life with dull delayes:
Straight he upstarted from the loathed layes,
And to her ran with hasty eagernesse,
Like as a deare, that greedily embayes
In the cool soile, after long thirstinesse, [desse.
Which he in chace endureth hath, now nigh breath-

Lightly he clipt her twixt his armës twaine,
And streightly did embrace her body bright,
Her body, late the prison of sad paine,
Now the sweet lodge of loue and dear delight:
But the faire lady, overcommen quight
Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
And in sweet ravishment pourd out her spright.
No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
But like two senceless stocks in long embracements dwelt.

Had ye them seene, ye would have surely thought
That they had been that faire hermaphrodite,
Which that rich Roman of white marble wrought,
And in his costly bath causd to be site.
So seemd those two, as growne together quite;
That Britomart, halfe enuying their blesse,
Was much empassiond in her gentle sprite,
And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse: [sesse.
In vaine she wisht, that fate n'ould let her yet pos-

Thus doe those louers with sweet counteruayle,
Each other of loues bitter fruit despoile.
But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,
All woxen weary of their iournall toyle;
Therefore I will their sweatie yokes assoyle
At this same furrowes end, till a new day:
And ye, fair swayns, after your long turmoyle,
Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure play;
Now cease your work; to morrow is an holy day.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

The rugged forhead, that with grave foresight
Wields kingdomes causes and affaires of state,
My looser rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite
For praysing loue as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers deare debate;
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues discipled, [fed.
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies

Such ones ill iudge of love, that cannot love,
Ne in their frosen hearts feele kindly flame;
Forthy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame
For fault of few that have abusd the same:
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amisse.

Which whoso list looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find that all the workes of those wise sages,
And brave exploits which great heroes wonne,
In love were either ended or begunne:
Witnesse the Father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from Sunne,
Of love full manie lessons did apply,
The which these stoicke censours cannot well deny.

To such therefore I do not sing at all;
But to that sacred saint my soveraigne queene,
In whose chast brest all bountie naturall
And treasures of true love enlocked beene,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene;
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive I weene;
To her this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queene of Love, and Prince of Peace from Heaven blest.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou, dread infant, Venus dearling dove,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And use of awfull maiestie remove:
Insted thereof with drops of melting love,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete-smyling mother from above,
Sprinckle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
That she may hearke to love, and reade this lesson often.

CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret:
Duessa discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deedes.

Or lovers sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous ever was ytold
Then that of Amorets hart-binding chaine,
And this of Florimels unworthie paine:
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softned heart so sorely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

For, from the time that Scudamour her bought
In perilous fight, she never ioyed day;
A perilous fight! when he with force her brought
From twentie knights that did him all assay;
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
And with great glorie both the shield of Love
And eke the ladie selfe he brought away;
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknowen mischiefe did from him remove.

For that same vile enchauntour Busyran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every man
Surcharg'd with wine were heedlesse and ill-hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of love which late was showen;
And there the ladie ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knowen,
Conveyed quite away to living wight unknowen.

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to sterve
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerve:
And now she is with her upon the way
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a prey.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diverse usage, and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell:
For Amoret right fearefull was and faint
Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
That everie word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,
And everie limbe that touched her did quake;
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her make.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her live's lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:
All is his iustly that all freely deal'th.
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth;
Die had she lever with enchanters knife
Then to be false in love, profest a virgine wife.

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd;
Who, for to hide her fained sex the better
And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to gesse:
For otherwiles to her she purpos made
Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse, [excesse.
That much she feard his mind would grow to some

His will she feard; for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no service she too much esteemed:
Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle dishonor
Made her not yeeld so much as due she deemed.
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It so befell one evening that they came
Unto a castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a lovely dame,
Was then assembled deeds of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that hee,
Which had no love nor lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,
Who, being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offred that to iustifie alowd.
The warlike virgine, seeing his so prowd
And boastfull chalenge, wexed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;
And sayd, her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have, or both.

So foorth they went, and both together giusted;
But that same younker soone was overthrowne,
And made repent that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawfull that was not his owne:
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no lesse was courteous then stout,
Cast how to salve, that both the custome showne
Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out;
That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so far in dout.

The seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right;
Whom she requir'd that first fayre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight
That did her win and free from chalenge set:
Which straight to her was yeelded without let:
Then, since that strange knights love from him was
She claim'd that to herselfe, as ladies det, [quitted,
He as a knight might iustly be admitted; [fitted.
So none should be out shut, sith all of loves were

With that, her glistring helmet she unlaced;
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were upbound
Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veile in compasse round
About her backe and all her bodie wound:
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of firie light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

Such when those knights and ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And every one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that some enchantment faygned it;
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:
So diversely each one did sundrie doubts devise.

But that young knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,
And, doubly overcommen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford;
And to her bed, which she was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance theare:

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great
And griefull pittie privately bemone.
The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet never met with none
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their harts delight.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed knights that toward them did pace,
And eech of them had ryding by his side
A ladie, seeming in so farre a space;
But ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

The one of them the false Duessa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;
For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save the trew:
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that, such as she was, she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree:

Her name was Atè, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights, [nights.
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and

Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound
Which punish wicked men that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
That none the same may easily out win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in:
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken scepters plast;
Altars defyld, and holy things defast;
Disshivered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine;
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast;
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon;
Of fatall Thebes; of Rome that raigned long;
Of sacred Salem; and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong;
Of Alexander, and his princes five [alive:
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell;
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to Hell,
That under great Alcides furie fell:
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to deprive, [strive.
All mindlesse of the golden fleece, which made them

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some, of sworne friends that did their faith forgoe;
Some, of borne brethren prov'd unnaturall;
Some, of deare lovers foes perpetuall;
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh and greene.

Such was her house within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she herselfe had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes;
Which, when to ripenesse due they growen arre,
Bring forth an infinite increase that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Through mischievous debate and deadly feood,
That she may sucke their life and drinke their blood,
With which she from her childhood had bene fed;
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall furies nourished;
That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrárie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue so was her hart discided,
That never thoght one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report:
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplast; that, when th' one forward yode,
The other backe retired and contrárie trode.

Likewise unequall were her handes twaine;
That one did reach, the other pusht away;
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay:
For all her studie was and all her thought [wrought.
How she might overthrow the things that Concord

So much her malice did her might surpas,
That even th' Almightie selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she herselfe was of his grace indigne:
For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

Such was that hag, which with Duessa roade;
And, serving her in her malitious use
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse:
For though, like withered tree that wanted iuyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce
She was become, by chaunge of her estate, [mate;
And made full goodly ioyance to her new-foun

Her mate, he was a iollie youthfull knight
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might;
His name was Blandamour, that did descrie
His fickle mind full of inconstancie:
And now himselfe he fitted had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon, his conquests part,
Approching nigh; eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd;
"Lo! there, sir Paridel, for your desart,
Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd."

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond:
Whom whenas Paridel more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld
That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,
He had small lust to buy his love so deare,
But answered; "Sir, him wise I never held,
That, having once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare.

"This knight too late his manhood and his might
I did assay, that me right dearely cost;
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light ladies love, that soone is lost."
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
"Take then to you this dame of mine," quoth hee,
"And I, without your perill or your cost,
Will chalenge yond same other for my fee."
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

The warlike Britonesse her soone addrest,
And with such uncouth welcome did receave
Her fayned paramour, her forced guest,
That, being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Himselfe he did of his new love deceave;
And made himselfe th' ensample of his follie.
Which done, she passed forth, not taking leave,
And left him now as sad as whilome iollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd;
And, finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horse-backe and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth convayd:
And all the way, with wondrous griefe of mynd
And shame, he shewd himselfe to be dismayd
More for the love which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to sir Paridel resynd.

Nathlesse he forth did march, well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and evill plight;
Till that ere long they chanced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge them new:
Whom whenas Blandamour approching nie
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

For th' one of them he perfectly descride
To be sir Scudamour, (by that he bore
The god of love with wings displayed wide)
Whom mortally he hated evermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his love he wonne by right:
Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
That, through the bruses of his former fight,
He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

Forthy he thus to Paridel bespake;
"Faire sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventured for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And iustifie my cause on yonder knight."
"Ah! sir," said Paridel, "do not dismay
Yourselfe for this; myselfe will for you fight,
As ye have done for me; the left hand rubs the right."

With that he put his spurres unto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed.
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approch, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,
That what of them became themselves did scarsly weete.

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrárie tydes,
Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with fome, divydes
The doubtfull current into divers wayes:
So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;
But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprayse,
And, mounting light, his foe forlying long upbrayes:

Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swound
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle;
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle:
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With busie care they strove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing spake.

Which whenas Blandamour beheld, he sayd;
"False faitour Scudamour, that hast by slight
And foule advantage this good knight dismayd,
A knight much better then thyselfe behight,
Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
This day, to wreake the dammage by thee donne!
Such is thy wont, that still when any knight
Is weakned, then thou doest him overronne:
So hast thou to thyselfe false honour often wonne."

He little answer'd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbeare;
Which was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frouning face appeare:
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
An hideous storme, is by the northerne blast
Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare
But that it all the skie doth overcast
With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to wast.

" Ah! gentle knight," then false Duessa sayd,
" Why do ye strive for ladies love so sore,
Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
Mongst gentle knights to nourish evermore?
Ne be ye wroth, sir Scudamour, therefore,
That she your love list love another knight,
Ne do yourselfe dislike a whit the more;
For love is free, and led with selfe-delight,
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might."

So false Duessa: but vile Atè thus;
" Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
That strive and storme with stirre outrageous
For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
And loves another, with whom now she go'th
In lovely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes;
Whilest both you here with many a cursed oth
Sweare she is yours, and stirre up bloudie frayes,
To win a willow bough, whilest other weares the bayes.

" Vile hag," sayd Scudamour, " why dost thou lye,
And falsly seekst a virtuous wight to shame?"
" Fond knight," sayd she, " the thing that with this eye
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?"
" Then tell," quoth Blandamour, " and feare no blame;
Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre whoso it heares."
" I saw," quoth she, " a straunger knight, whose name
I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares;

" I saw him have your Amoret at will;
I saw him kisse; I saw him her embrace;
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill;
All, manie nights; and manie by in place
That present were to testifie the case."
Which whenas Scudamour did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward griefe: as when in chace
The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart;

So stood sir Scudamour when this he heard,
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
But lookt on Glaucè grim, who woxe afeard
Of outrage for the words which she heard say,
Albee untrue she wist them by assay.
But Blandamour, whenas he did espie
His chaunge of cheere that anguish did bewray,
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

" Lo! recreant," sayd he, " the fruitlesse end
Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgotten,
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost shend,
And all true lovers with dishonor blotten:
All things not rooted well will soone be rotten."
" Fy, fy, false knight," then false Duessa cryde,
" Unworthy life, that love with guile hast gotten;
Be thou, whereever thou do go or ryde,
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde!"

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
Staid not to answer; scarcely did refraine
But that in all those knights and ladies sight
He for revenge had guiltlesse Glaucè slaine:
But, being past, he thus began amaine;
" False traitour squire, false squire of falsest knight,
Who doth mine hand from thine avenge abstaine,
Whose lord hath done my love this foule despight,
Why do I not it wreake on thee now in my might?

" Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man uniust!
What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust!
Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust!
Yet thou, false squire, his fault shall deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply."

The aged dame him seeing so enraged
Was dead with feare; nathlesse as neede required
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desired
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred;
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare:
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,
And thrise he drew it backe: so did at last forbeare.

CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell;
Paridell for her strives:
They are accorded: Agapè
Doth lengthen her sonnes lives.

Firebrand of Hell first tynd in Phlegeton
By thousand furies, and from thence outthrowen
Into this world to worke confusion
And set it all on fire by force unknowen,
Is wicked Discord; whose small sparkes once blowen
None but a god or godlike man can slake:
Such as was Orpheus, that, when strife was growen
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
His silver harpe in hand and shortly friends them make:

Or such as that celestial psalmist was,
That, when the wicked feend his lord tormented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such musicke is wise words with time concented,
To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to strive:
Such as that prudent Romane well invented;
What time his people into partes did rive,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did drive.

Such us'd wise Glaucè to that wrathfull knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
Yet Blandamour, with termes of foule despight,
And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked and not good for ought.
Both they unwise, and warelesse of the evill
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought,
Through that false witch, and that foule aged drevill,
The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill.

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie knight
That had a goodly ladie by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight:
It was to weet the bold sir Ferraugh hight,
He that from Braggadochio whilome reft
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

Which whenas Blandamour, whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind
After each beautie that appeard in sight,
Beheld; eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust that reasons eye did blind,
That to sir Paridell these words he sent;
" Sir Knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
Since so good fortune doth to you present
So fayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?"

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
List not to hearke, but made this fayre denyall;
" Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine;
This now be yours; God send you better gaine!"
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine
Against that knight, ere he him well could torne;
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly overborne.

Who, with the sudden stroke astonisht sore,
Upon the ground awhile in slomber lay;
The whiles his love away the other bore,
And, shewing her, did Paridell upbray;
" Lo! sluggish knight, the victors happie pray!
So fortune friends the bold." Whom Paridell
Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His hart with secret envie gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him that he had sped so well.

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Having so peerlesse paragon ygot:
For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alive on Earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did woo,
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did devise, and all things doo, [too.
That might her love prepare, and liking win there-

She, in regard thereof, him recompenst
With golden words and goodly countenance,
And such fond favours sparingly dispenst:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eyeglance,
And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise;
That, having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
And prov'd himselfe most foole in what he seem'd most wise.

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
And by his false allurements wylie draft
Had thousand women of their love beraft,
Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false spright,
Which that same witch had in this forme engraft,
Was so expert in every subtile slight,
That it could overreach the wisest earthly wight.

Yet he to her did dayly service more,
And dayly more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
As seeming plast in sole felicity:
So blind is lust false colours to descry.
But Até soone discovering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre up strife twixt love and spight and ire,
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth;
Now with remembrance of those sprightfull speaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that hag him teaches:
And ever, when his passion is allayd,
She it revives, and new occasion reaches:
That, on a time as they together way'd,
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly sayd;

" Too boastfull Blandamour! too long I beare
The open wrongs thou doest me day by day;
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did
The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray [sweare,
Should equally be shard betwixt us tway:
Where is my part then of this ladie bright,
Whom to thyselfe thou takest quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answere for thy wrong as shall fall out in fight."

Exceeding wrath thereat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answere to him make;
" Too foolish Paridell! that fayrest floure
Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst take:
But not so easie will I her forsake; [take:
This hand her wonne, that hand shall her defend."
With that they gan their shivering speares to shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to have bene ever others frend.

Their firie steedes with so untamed forse
Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
That both their speares with pitilesse remorse
Through shield and mayle and haberieon did wend,
And in their flesh a grieslie passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where, lying still awhile, both did forget [were set.
The perilous present stownd in which their lives

As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Do meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder;
They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordnance thonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder.

At length they both upstarted in amaze,
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselves a while did gaze;
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
And, drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes did hew.

So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would attonce have rent
Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,
And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore;
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice and so sore
Become, of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

And that which is for ladies most befitting,
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
Was from those dames so farre and so unfitting,
As that, instead of praying them surcease,
They did much more their cruelty encrease;
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then ladies cause release: [move,
With which vaine termes so much they did them
That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

There they, I weene, would fight untill this day,
Had not a squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
By great adventure travelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
And first laide on those ladies thousand blames,
That did not seeke t' appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their estate:

And then those knights he humbly did beseech
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken;
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them coniur'd by some well knowen token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
They said, it was for love of Florimell. [bee,
"Ah! gentle knights," quoth he, "how may that
And she so farre astray, as none can tell?"
"Fond squire," full angry then sayd Paridell,
"Seest not the ladie there before thy face?"
He looked backe, and, her avising well,
Weend, as he said, by that her outward grace
That fayrest Florimell was present there in place.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight,
For none alive but ioy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight;
"Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest excell,
This happie day I have to greete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell;
Long may you live in health and happie state!"
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

Then, turning to those knights, he gan anew;
"And you, sir Blandamour, and Paridell,
That for this ladie present in your vew
Have rays'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
Certes, me seemes, bene not advised well;
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triúmph to make."

Thereat sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;
"Aread, thou squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take!"
"Not one," quoth he, "but many doe partake
Herein; as thus: it lately so befell,
That Satyran a girdle did uptake
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well.

"But, whenas she herselfe was los tand gone,
Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire ladies ornament should weare,
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare;
Which he to shun, and stop vile envies sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A solemne feast, with publike turneying, [bring.
To which all knights with them their ladies are to

"And of them all she, that is fayrest found,
Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
And of those knights, who is most stout on ground,
Shall to that fairest ladie be prefard.
Since therefore she herselfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Against all those that chalenge it, to gard,
And save her honour with your ventrous paines;
That shall you win more glory than ye here find gaines."

When they the reason of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves regard
The furious flames of malice to asswage.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,
That chaleng'd ought in Florimell, save they alone.

So, well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort, that lasted but a while;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather:
Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyle,
That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evill end enure:
For vertue is the band that bindeth harts most sure.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake
Two knights, that lincked rode in lovely wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete, two ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them pursew.

Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,
They sent that squire afore, to understand
What mote they be: who, viewing them more neare,
Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the prowest knights in Faery lond;
And those two ladies their two lovers deare;
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely bond.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
And battell made the dreddest daungerous
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowmed poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, Well of English undefyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought outweare,
That famous moniment hath quite defaste,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare.
O cursed eld, the canker-worme of writs!
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits [bits!
Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durst ever whilest thou wast alive,
And, being dead, in vaine yet many strive:
Ne dare I like; but, through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit which doth in me survive,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,
That was the learnedst ladie in her dayes,
Well seene in everie science that mote bee,
And every secret worke of Nature's wayes;
In wittie riddles; and in wise soothsayes;
In power of herbes; and tunes of beasts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words, [lords.
And wondrous chast of life, yet lov'd of knights and

Full many lords and many knights her loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly governement,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment;
And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But, like to warie centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes afrayd.

So much the more as she refusd to love,
So much the more she loved was and sought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought;
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiv'd would breede great mischiefe, he bethought
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers
Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring dooers
(The harder it to make them well agree),
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That, of them all which love to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest three
That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sister take.

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceived by a ring which she him sent,
That, mongst the manie vertues which we reed
Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally did bleed.

Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all;
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight:
More wise they weend to make of love delight
Then life to hazard for faire ladies looke;
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke.

Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond!
Her name was Agapè, whose children werne
All three as one; the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horsebacke used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight;
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both usd Priamond in field.

These three did love each other dearely well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divyde;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap:
And, like that roote that doth her life divide,
Their mother was; and had full blessed hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face
She list discover, and of goodly stature;
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place [space.
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to

There on a day a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate carelesse by a cristall flood
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good;
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three champions bold:

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew:
Then, shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did ensew,
Seeking adventures where they anie knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safetie; least by searching daungers new,
And rash provoking perils all about, [stout.
Their days mote be abridged through their corage

Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes
To know, and them t' enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes
To the three fatall Sisters house she went.
Farre under ground from tract of living went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe abysse,
Where Demogorgon in dull darknesse pent
Farre from the view of gods and Heavens bliss,
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

There she them found all sitting round about
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,
That cruell Atropos eftsoones undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids so vaine!

She, them saluting there, by them sate still,
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of comming she to tell began.
To whom fierce Atropos; "Bold Fay, that durst
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthie thou to be of Iove accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst!"

Whereat she sore affrayd yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the measure of their utmost date
To them ordained by eternall Fate:
Which Clotho graunting shewed her the same.
That when she saw, it did her much amate
To see their thrids so thin, as spiders frame, [came.
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly

She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their lives might be prolonged late:
But Lachesis thereat gan to repine, [divine
And sayd; "Fond dame! that deem'st of things
As of humane, that they may altred bee,
And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine:
Not so; for what the Fates do once decree, [free!"
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Iove himselfe can

"Then since," quoth she, "the terme of each mans
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee; [life
Graunt this; that when ye shred with fatall knife
His line, which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
And, when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their lives may likewise be annext
Unto the third, that his may be so trebly wext."

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
And, comming home, in warlike fresh aray
Them found all three according to their kynd;
But unto them what destinie was assynd,
Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other deare, whatever them befell.

So did they surely during all their dayes,
And never discord did amongst them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praise:
And now, t' increase affection naturall,
In love of Canacee they ioyned all:
Upon which ground this same great battell grew
(Great matter growing of beginning small),
The which, for length, I will not here pursew,
But rather will reserve it for a canto new.

CANTO III.

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee:
Cambina with true friendships bond
Doth their long strife agree.

O! why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire;
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at Deathes gate!
And he that happie seemes and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth playne.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which, in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:
Yet whilest they lived none did ever see
More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee;
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowmed for their chevalrie, [nie.
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and

These three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight:
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright:
That day (the dreddest day that living wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine),
So soone as Heavens window shewed light,
These warlike champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field the chalenge to define.

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the prease of people farre away;
And at th' one side sixe iudges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day;
And on the other side in fresh aray
Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray
And to be seene, as his most worthy wage
That could her purchase with his live's adventur'd gage.

Then entred Cambell first into the list,
With stately steps and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after did the brethren three advance
In brave aray and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd;
And, marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted lowly to the noble mayd;
The whiles shril trompets and loud clarions sweetly playd.

Which doen, the doughty chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to point, his chalenge to abet:
Gainst whom sir Priamond, with equall worth
And equall armes, himselfe did forward set.
A trompet blew; they both together met
With dreadfull force and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to losse they had forelent,
And cared not to spare that should be shortly spent.

Right practicke was sir Priamond in fight,
And throughly skild in use of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare;
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare;
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did slyde.

Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unluckie glaunce
Through Cambels shoulder it unwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disadvaunce:
Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chaunce;
Yet from the wownd no drop of bloud there fell,
But wondrous paine that did the more enhaunce
His haughtie courage to avengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to swell.

With that his poynant speare he fierce aventred
With doubled force close underneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And, there arresting, readie way did yield
For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field,
That he for paine himselfe n'ot right upreare,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old oke, whose pith and sap is seare,
At puffe of every storme doth stagger here and theare.

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
Againe he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point most cruelly empight;
Where fast infixed, whilest he sought by slight
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behinde: with which despight
He all enrag'd his shivering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh thus felly him bespake;

"Lo! faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,
The meede of thy mischalenge and abet:
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
But to forbeare doth not forgive the det."
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow;
And, passing forth with furious affret,
Pierst through his bever quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

Therewith asunder in the midst it brast,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast
Out of his head-peece Cambell fiercely reft,
And with such furie backe at him it heft,
That, making way unto his dearest life,
His weasand-pipe it through his gorget cleft:
Thence streames of purple bloud issuing rife
Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an end of strife.

His wearie ghost assoyld from fleshly band
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land;
Ne into ayre did vanish presently;
Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky;
But through traduction was eftsoones derived,
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
Into his other brethren that survived,
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though sad and sorrie for so heavy sight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld;
But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reversion of his brothers right;
And chalenging the virgin as his dew.
His foe was soone addrest: the trompets freshly blew.

With that they both together fiercely met,
As if that each ment other to devoure;
And with their axes both so sorely bet,
That nether plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
But rived were, like rotten wood, asunder;
Whilest through their rifts the ruddy bloud did showre,
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

As when two tygers prickt with hungers rage
Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle
On which they weene their famine to asswage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle;
Both falling out doe stirre up strifefull broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either sdeigns with other to partake:
So cruelly those knights strove for that ladies sake.

Full many strokes that mortally were ment,
The whiles were interchaunged twixt them two;
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe;
Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,
Resolv'd to end it one or other way; [sway.
And heav'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived
Where it was ment (so deadly it was ment),
The soule had sure out of his body rived,
And stinted all the strife incontinent;
But Cambels fate that fortune did prevent:
For, seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
And so gave way unto his fell intent;
Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh feld whilst his right foot did slyde.

As when a vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend
His dreadfull souse, avoydes it, shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarse recovereth flight.

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recower
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let drive at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in evill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that stower,
Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept;
Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

They, which that piteous spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the heedlesse tronke to see
Stand up so long and weapon vaine to weld,
Unweeting of the Fates divine decree
For lifes succession in those brethren three.
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet, had the bodie not dismembred bee,
It would have lived, and revived eft;
But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

It left; but that same soule, which therein dwelt,
Streight entring into Triamond, him fild
With double life and griefe; which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild
With point of steele that close his hartbloud spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And, rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against Cambello fiercely him addrest;
Who, him affronting soone, to fight was readie prest.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble knight,
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot now to renew the fight:
But had ye then him forth advauncing seene,
Some newborne wight ye would him surely weene;
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight;
Like as a snake, whom wearie winters teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommers might
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him dight.

All was, through vertue of the ring he wore;
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset.
Else how could one of equall might with most,
Against so many no lesse mightie met,
Once thinke to match three such on equall cost,
Three such as able were to match a puissant host?

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
Ne desperate of glorious victorie;
But sharpely him assayld, and sore bestedde
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht,
And did his yron brond so fast applie,
That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are dasht.

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes:
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
As fast, as forward erst, now backward to retrate.

Like as the tide, that comes fro th' ocean mayne,
Flowes up the Shenan with contrárie forse,
And, over-ruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to have some other sourse;
But when the floud is spent, then backe againe,
His borrowed waters forst to re-disbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his soveraine.

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed;
Yet victors both themselves alwayes esteemed:
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like litle rivers stremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble stood.

But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperisht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still whenas he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds and all his bruses guarisht:
Like as a withered tree, through husbands toyle,
Is often seene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the seame which did his hauberk close
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight:
Yet dead he was not; yet he sure did die,
As all men do that lose the living spright:
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

But nathëlesse whilst all the lookers-on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And fresh assayld his foe; who halfe affeard
Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sweard;
Till, having often by him stricken beene,
He forced was to strike and save himselfe from teene.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
Ne followd on so fast, but rather sought
Himselfe to save, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.
Which Triamond perceiving, weened sure
He gan to faint toward the battels end,
And that he should not long on foote endure;
A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

Whereof full blith eftsoones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow
To make an end of all that did withstand:
Which Cambell seeing come was nothing slow
Himselfe to save from that so deadly throw;
And at that instant reaching forth his sweard
Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike upreard,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound appeard.

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And, falling heavie on Cambelloes crest,
Strooke him so hugely that in swowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest:
And sure, had it not happily found rest
Upon the brim of his brode-plated shield,
It would have cleft his braine downe to his brest:
So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

Which whenas all the lookers-on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end;
And iudges rose; and marshals of the field
Broke up the listes, their armes away to rend;
And Canacee gan wayle her dearest frend.
All suddenly they both upstarted light,
The one out of the swownd which him did blend,
The other breathing now another spright;
And fiercely each assayling gan afresh to fight.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne:
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise;
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to have the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to save or spill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne;
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life itselfe seemd loathsome, and long safetie ill.

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
Unsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine;
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to desine,
Confus'd with womens cries and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled theatres ofttimes annoyes.

Thereat the champions both stood still a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment:
Lo! where they spyde with speedie whirling pace
One in a charet of straunge furniment
Towards them driving like a storme out sent.
The charet decked was in wondrous wize
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian monarchs antique guize,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art devize.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lyons, taken from the wood
In which their powre all others did excell,
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T' obey their riders hest, as seemed good:
And therein sate a lady passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of angels brood;
And, with her beautie, bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should have the greater share.

Thereto she learned was in magicke leare,
And all the artes that subtill wits discover,
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other:
Who, understanding by her mightie art
Of th' evill plight in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
And pacifie the strife which causd so deadly smart.

And, as she passed through th' unruly preace
Of people thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For hast did over-runne in dust enrould;
That, thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some, that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd to dout.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailes together firmely bound,
And both were with one olive garland crownd;
(Like to the rod which Maias sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound;)
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with nepenthe to the brim upfild.

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
Devized by the gods for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the gods to drinck thereof assynd;
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd.

Such famous men, such worthies of the Earth,
As Iove will have advaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to Heaven flie,
To drincke thereof; whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memorie:
So did those olde heroës hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the gods were plaste.

Much more of price and of more gratious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscane penne;
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro love to hate, a change of evill choise:
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice!

At last arriving by the listes side
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope and gave her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her coch she gan availe,
And pacing fairely forth did bid all haile;
First to her brother whom she loved deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quaile;
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden love t' appeare.

They lightly her requit (for small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine),
And eft them turned both againe to fight:
Which when she saw, downe on the bloudy plaine
Herselfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reasons, to restraine
From blouddy strife; and, blessed peace to seeke,
By all that unto them was deare did them beseeke.

But whenas all might nought with them prevaile,
She smote them lightly with her powrefull wand:
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they, like men astonisht, still did stand.
Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Wherof, full glad for thirst, ech drunk an harty draught:

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haulst, from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands, for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing ioy, which so great marvaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the Heaven rings.

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befeld:
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended;
And, entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere.
Those warlike champions both together chose
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose:
And wise Cambina, taking by her side
Faire Canacee as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her coch remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people and much glorifide.

Where making ioyous feast their daies they spent
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were each to other liefe.
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their days such lovers were not found elswere.

CANTO IV.

Satyrane makes a turneyment
For love of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

It often fals (as here it earst befell),
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull freends,
And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell:
The cause of both of both their minds depends;
And th' end of both likewise of both their ends:
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded seeds.

That well (me seemes) appeares by that of late
Twixt Cambell and sir Triamond befell;
As als by this; that now a new debate
Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
The which by course befals me here to tell:
Who, having those two other knights espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their squire to have them both descride,
And eke those masked ladies riding them beside.

Who backe returning told, as he had seene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name;
And those two ladies their two loves unseene;
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame
To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
But Blandamour full of vain-glorious spright,
And rather stird by his discordfull dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse fight.

Yet nigh approching he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, himselfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont; so weening way to make
To ladies love, wherese he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface.
Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so sore,
That both were bent t' avenge his usage base,
And gan their shields addresse themselves afore:
For evill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

But faire Cambina with perswasions myld
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyl'd,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrode,
And strange adventures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most excell.

To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply;
Gainst whom sir Paridell himselfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to have represt.

Which th' other seeing gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disadvaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance;
Whereat they shewed curteous countenaunce.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eie did on the lady glaunce
Which Blandamour had riding by his side: [eide.
Whom sure he weend that he somewhere tofore had

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne;
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How having reft her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost; wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprize:
Which scornefull offer Blandamour gan soone d spize;

And said; " Sir Knight, sith ye this lady clame,
Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a lady was great shame),
Yee shall her winne, as I have done, in fight:
And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight
Together with this hag beside her set,
That whoso winnes her may her have by right;
But he shall have the hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get."

That offer pleased all the company:
So Florimell with Atè forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an hag, that seemed worst then nought,
His person to emperill so in fight:
But if to match that lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his unmanly cowardize:
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize;
And Atè eke provokt him privily
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize.
But naught he car'd for friend or enemy;
For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

But Cambell thus did shut up all in iest;
" Brave knights and ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To stirre up strife, when most us needeth rest,
That we may us reserve both fresh and strong
Against the turneiment which is not long,
When whoso list to fight may fight his fill:
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
Whether shall have the hag, or hold the lady still."

They all agreed; so, turning all to game
And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way;
And all that while, whereso they rode or came,
That masked mock-knight was their sport and play.
Till that at length upon th' appointed day
Unto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in fresh aray
Manie a brave knight and manie a daintie dame
Assembled for to get the honour of that game.

There this faire crew arriving did divide
Themselves asunder: Blandamour with those
Of his on th' one, the rest on th' other side.
But boastful Braggadochio rather chose,
For glorie vaine, their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,
Like as it seemed best to every one;
The knights in couples marcht with ladies linckt attone.

Then first of all forth came sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane;
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewd, that all men it mote marke;
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With pearle and precious stone, worth manya marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same which lately Florimell had lost.

The same alofte he hung in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which, eftsoones discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine.
Thrise happie ladie, and thrise happie knight,
Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

Then tooke the bold sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And, vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing himselfe all readie for the field:
Gainst whom there singled from the other side
A Painim knight that well in armes was skil'd,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fiersly forth did ride.

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the others force sustaine:
As two fierce buls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted tumble on the plaine;
So these two champions to the ground were feld:
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
He pricked forth in ayd of Satyran;
And him against sir Blandamour did ride
With all the strength and stifnesse that he can:
But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horse and man:
Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell;
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

Which Braggadochio seeing had no will
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd:
But Triamond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
Sternly stept forth, and raught away his speare,
With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in hast themselves again upreare.

Which to avenge sir Devon him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the rest;
For him likewise he quickly downe did smight:
And after him sir Douglas him addrest;
And after him sir Palimord forth prest;
But none of them against his strokes could stand;
But, all the more, the more his praise increst:
For either they were left upon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand.

And now by this sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
Whenas he saw the mercilesse affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
Unto the noble knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht have beene then in so bad a stead.

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons which lay scattered all abrode,
And, as it fell, his steed he ready found:
On whom remounting fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire that from the andvile glode,
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstond;
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

With that, at him his beamlike speare he aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide:
The wicked steele for mischiefe first ordained,
And having now Misfortune got for guide,
Staid not till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streames of blood his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull stownd,
That scarse he him upheld from falling in a sound.

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine:
Then gan the part of chalengers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none against them battell durst maintaine.
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell:
So Satyrane that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

The morrow next the turney gan anew;
And with the first the hardy Satyrane
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But mongst them all was not sir Triamond;
Unable he new battell to darraine,
Through grievaunce of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve when so himselfe he found.

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not salve,
Ne done undoe, yet, for to salve his name
And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
This goodly counterfesaunce he did frame:
The shield and armes, well knowne to be the same
Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight
And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame
If he misdid, he on himselfe did dight, [fight.
That none could him discerne; and so went forth to

There Satyrane lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And cast t' avenge his friends indignity:
A mightie speare eftsoones at him he bent;
Who, seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

They up againe themselves can lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords themselves betake;
With which they wrought such wondrous marvels
That all the rest it did amazed make, [there,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffing close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take:
As two wild boares together grapling go,
Chauſing and foming choler each against his fo.

So as they courst, and turneyd here and theare,
It chaunst sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through sodein feare,
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vauntage Cambell did pursue so fast,
That, ere himselfe he had recovered well,
So sore he sowst him on the compast creast,
That forced him to leave his loftie sell, [fell.
And rudely tumbling downe under his horse-feete

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed
For to have rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
When all unwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords that lode on him did lay:
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray;
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd upon them all,
And with his brond-iron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a lion, that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdaining to be thrall:
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, though it grieve him sore.

Whereof when newes to Triamond was brought
Thereas he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting up streight for his armour sought:
In vaine he sought; for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew
Leading his friend away, full sorie to his vew.

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with fervent zeale; ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came where he had Cambell seene
Like captive thral two other knights atweene:
There he amongst them cruell havocke makes,
That they, which lead him, soone enforced beene
To let him loose to save their proper stakes;
Who, being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes:

With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in revengement of his owne despight:
So both together give a new allarme,
As if but now the battell wexed warme.
As when two greedy wolves doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and ravine without all remorse: [force.
So did these two through all the field their foes en-

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest:
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best:
But Triamond to Cambell it relest,
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd;
Each labouring t' advance the others gest,
And make his praise before his owne preferd:
So that the doome was to another day differd.

The last day came; when all those knightes againe
Assembled were their deedes of armes to shew.
Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
But Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declard in all mens view;
For from the first he to the last endured:
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet evermore his honour he recured,
And with unwearied powre his party still assured.

Ne was there knight that ever thought of armes,
But that his utmost prowesse there made knowen:
That, by their many wounds and carelesse harmes,
By shivered speares and swords all under strowen,
By scattered shields, was easie to be showen.
There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,
Whose lucklesse riders late were overthrowen;
And squiers make hast to helpe their lords fordonne:
But still the knights of Maidenhead the better wonne.

Till that there entred on the other side
A straunger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In quyent disguise, full hard to be descride:
For all his armour was like salvage weed
With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
For salvage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Salvagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

He, at his first incomming, charg'd his spere
At him that first appeared in his sight;
That was to weet the stout sir Sangliere,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant knight,
Approved oft in many a perlous fight:
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And over-bore beyond his crouper quight;
And after him another knight, that hote
Sir Brianor, so sore, that none him life behote.

Then, ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seven knights one after other as they came:
And, when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and slashing shields and helmets bright,
And beating downe whatever nigh him came,
That every one gan shun his dreadfull sight
No lesse then death itselfe, in daungerous affright.

Much wondred all men what or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name:
But, when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguize
It seemed, him to terme the Salvage Knight:
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Though knowne to few that Arthegall he hight,
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of might.

Thus was sir Satyrane with all his band
By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
Dismay'd, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were and chased all about,
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till evening that the Sunne gan downward bend:
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend:
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end!

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At Arthegall, in middest of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his umbriere
So sore, that tombling backe he downe did slyde
Over his horses taile above a stryde;
Whence litle lust he had to rise againe.
Which Cambell seeing, much the same envyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And cast t' avenge the shame doen to his freend:
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond
In no lesse neede of helpe then him he weend.
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

Full many others at him likewise ran;
But all of them likewise dismounted were:
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieved,
And overthrew whatever came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieved,
And that late weaker band of chalengers relieved.

Like as in sommers day when raging heat
Doth burne the earth and boyled rivers drie,
That all brute beasts forst to refraine fro meat
Doe hunt for shade where shrowded they may lie,
And, missing it, faine from themselves to flie;
All travellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to knights of Maydenhead that day,
Which else was like to have been lost, and bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all away.
Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leave their labours and long toyle
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize should win that pretious spoyle:
Where I with sound of trompe will also rest awhyle.

CANTO V.

The ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell:
Scudamour, comming to Cares House,
Doth sleepe from him expell.

It hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie still hath ioyned beene;
And that for reasons speciall privitee;
For either doth on other much relie:
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of prowesse ended well,
The controverse of Beauties soveraine grace;
In which, to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in itselfe containe,
Which ladies ought to love, and seeke for to obtaine.

That girdle gave the vertue of chast love
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus girdle, by her 'steemed deare
What time she usd to live in wively sort,
But layd aside whenso she usd her looser sport.

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he loved her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament, they say, did make,
And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loves first hire
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
And loose affections streightly to restraine;
Which vertue it for ever after did retaine.

The same one day, when she herselfe disposd
To visite her beloved paramoure,
The god of warre, she from her middle loosd,
And left behind her in her secret bowre
On Acidalian mount, where many an howre
She with the pleasant Graces wont to play.
There Florimell in her first ages flowre
Was fostered by those Graces (as they say),
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

That goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,
And as her life by her esteemed deare:
No wonder then, if that to winne the same
So many ladies sought, as shall appeare;
For pearelesse she was thought that did it beare.
And now by this their feast all being ended,
The iudges, which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended [tended.
To deeme this doutfull case, for which they all con-

But first was question made, which of those knights
That lately tumeyd had the wager wonne:
There was it iudged, by those worthie wights,
That Satyr. the first day best had donne:
For he last ended, having first begonne.
The second was to Triamond behight,
For that he sav'd the victour from fordonne:
For Cambell victour was, in all mens sight,
Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did light.

The third dayes prize unto that straunger knight,
Whom all men term'd knight of the Hebene Speare,
To Britomart was given by good right;
For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare
The Salvage Knight that victour was whileare,
And all the rest which had the best afore,
And, to the last, unconquer'd did appeare;
For last is deemed best: to her therefore
The fayrest ladie was adiudged for Paramore.

But thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
And much repynd, that both of victors meede
And eke of honour she did him forestall:
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede;
But inly thought of that despightfull deede
Fit time t' awaite avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensew'd the paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.

Then first Cambello brought into their view
His faire Cambina covered with a veale;
Which, being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,
That eble was weake harts away to steale.
Next did sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale;
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

And after her did Paridell produce
His false Duessa, that she might be seene;
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene;
As diverse wits affected divers beene.
Then did sir Ferramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene:
And after these an hundred ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.

All which whoso dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For, since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might have sought.

At last, the most redoubted Britonesse
Her lovely Amoret did often shew;
Whose face, discovered, plainely did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the bell away;
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display:
The sight of whom once seene did all the rest dismay.

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her that shone as Phebes light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.
All that her saw with wonder ravisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see;
Yet thought that Flomirell was not so faire as shee.

As guilefull goldsmith that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-spred
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
So hard this idole was to be ared,
That Florimell herselfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame:
For, ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd:

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came:
But she herselfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
Then many other ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.

Which when that scornefull Squire of Dames did vew,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to iest;
"Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like cannot be seene from east to west,
Cannot find one this girdle to invest!
Fie on the man that did it first invent,
To shame us all with this, *Ungirt unblest!*
Let never ladie to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly shent."

Thereat all knights gan laugh, and ladies lowre:
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayd to prove that girdles powre;
And, having it about her middle set,
Did find it fit withouten breach or let;
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie:
But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
And, snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie:

Yet nathëmore would it her bodie fit;
Yet nathëlesse to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that iudged it;
And she herselfe adiudged to the knight
That bore the hebene speare, as wonne in fight.
But Britomart would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light
For that strange dame, whose beauties wonderment
She lesse esteem'd then th' others vertuous government.

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselves to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
But, after that, the iudges did arret her
Unto the second best that lov'd her better;
That was the Salvage Knight: but he was gone
In great displeasure, that he could not get her.
Then was she iudged Triamond his one;
But Triamond lov'd Canacee and other none.

Tho unto Satyran she was adiudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:
But Blandamour thereat full greatly grudged,
And litle prays'd his labours evill speed,
That for to winne the saddle lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereat did Paridell complaine,
And thought t' appeale, from that which was decreed,
To single combat with sir Satyrane:
Thereto him Atè stird, new discord to maintaine.

And eke, with these, full many other knights
She through her wicked working did incense
Her to demaund and chalenge as their rights,
Deserved for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense
Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long sens:
Whereto herselfe he did to witnesse call;
Who, being askt, accordingly confessed all.

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran;
And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour;
And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan;
And at them both sir Paridell did loure.
So all together stird up strifull stoure,
And readie were new battell to darraine:
Each one profest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne iudges powre, ne reasons rule, mote them restraine.

Which troublous stirre when Satyrane aviz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same,
And, to accord them all, this meanes deviz'd:
First in the midst to set that fayrest dame,
To whom each one his chalenge should disclame,
And he himselfe his right would eke releasse:
Then, looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possesse:
Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingnesse.

They all agreed; and then that snowy mayd
Was in the middest plast among them all:
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the queene of beautie close did call,
That she unto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had lookt upon each one,
As though she wished to have pleasd them all,
At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

Which when they all beheld, they chaft, and rag'd,
And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
That from revenge their willes they scarse asswag'd:
Some thought from him her to have reft by might;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight;
But he nought car'd for all that they could say;
For he their words as wind esteemed light:
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiv'd
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
From wight unworthie of so noble meed.
In which poursuit how each one did succeede,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
But now of Britomart it here doth needе
The hard adventures and strange haps to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
Her list no longer in that place abide;
But, taking with her lovely Amoret,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seeke her lov'd, making blind Love her guide.
Unluckie mayd, to seeke her enemie!
Unluckie mayd, to seeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was unto herselfe most nie,
She through his late disguizement could him not descrie!

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:
Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
In seeking him that should her paine assoyle;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
Was Amoret, companion of her care:
Who likewise sought her lover long miswent,
The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whileare
That stryfull hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell reveng was fully bent;

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime which cursed Atè kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his soule like poysned arrow perst,
That by no reason it might be reverst,
For ought that Glaucè could or doe or say:
For, aye the more that she the same reherst,
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.

So as they travelled, the drouping night
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormie stowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any guest, [nest;
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke:
Whereto approaching nigh, he heard the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe
Full busily unto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent:
Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,
Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
The which he never wont to combe, or comely sheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie with long nayles unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made;
Those be *unquiet thoughts* that carefull minds invade.

In which his worke he had sixe servants prest,
About the andvile standing evermore
With huge great hammers, that did never rest
From heaping stroakes which thereon soused sore:
All sixe strong groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were disagreed;
So likewise did the hammers which they bore
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed, [ceede.
That he, which was the last, the first did farre ex-

He like a monstrous gyant seem'd in sight,
Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,
The which in Lipari doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for Ioves avengefull threate.
So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive:
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rocke of diamond it could rive
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

Sir Scudamour there entring much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And, having long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof; but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his speeches come unto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the northren winde, that none could heare;
Those Pensifenesse did move; and sighes the bellows weare.

Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore
(Whylome for ventrous knights the bedding best),
And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.
And that old aged dame, his faithfull squire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to rest;
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a travell which them both did tire.

There lay sir Scudamour long while expecting
When gentle sleepe his heavie eyes would close;
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;
And oft in wrath he thence againe uprose;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But, wheresoere he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine: [vaine.
So every place seem'd painefull, and ech changing

And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest;
And evermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest,
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing cocke, and now the owle
Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very sowle.

And, if by fortune any little nap
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his head-peece with his yron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started up as one affrayd,
Or as if one him suddenly did call:
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay musing long on that him ill apayd.

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite opprest
With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may
Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet, in his soundest sleepe, his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things, that day most minds, at night doe most appeare.

With that the wicked carle, the maister smith,
A paire of red-whot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipt; that, forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet, looking round about him, none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne
He all that night, that too long night did passe.
And now the day out of the ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
Then up he rose like heavie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainely read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous dread.

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged squire attone;
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared:
The end whereof and daungerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared:
But here my wearie teeme, nigh over-spent,
Shall breath itselfe awhile after so long a went.

CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart:
He sees her face; doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.

What equall torment to the griefe of mind
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds itselfe with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart!
What medicine can any leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart!
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride;
For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a salve provide.

Who having left that restlesse House of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare
Through misconceipt, all unawares espide
An armed knight under a forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deede.

Which Scudamour perceiving forth issewed
To have rencountred him in equall race;
But, soone as th'other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase
And voide his course; at which so suddain case
He wondred much: but th'other thus can say;
"Ah! gentle Scudamour, unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day."

Whereto thus Scudamour; "Small hamme it were
For any knight upon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to prove his spere.
But reade you, sir, sith ye my name have hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite."
"Certes," sayd he, "ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aright:
For time yet serves that I the same refuse;
But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use."

"Then this, sir Salvage Knight," quoth he, "areede;
Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answere to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne."
"This other day," sayd he, "a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne;
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
Whenever he this way shall passe by day or night."

"Shame be his meede," quoth he, "that meaneth
But what is he by whom ye shamed were?" [shame!
"A stranger knight," sayd he, "unknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an hebene speare
With which he all that met him downe did beare.
He, in an open turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And having me, all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest ladie reft, and ever since withheld."

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest love did beare.
Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd; "Now by my head,
Yet is not this the first unknightly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread:

"For lately he my love hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he shall abie:
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
It shall not fayle whenso ye shall it need."
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart agreed.

Whiles thus they communed, lo! farre away
A knight soft ryding towardes them they spyde,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge array:
Whom when they nigh approcht they plaine descryde
To be the same for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then sir Scudamour, "Sir Salvage Knight,
Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite:
And, if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right."

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approching neare
With so fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him well as she can;
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did devise.

But Artegall, beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And, eft aventring his steele-headed launce,
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require:
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazëment.

Lightly he started up out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade:
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground so much his force prevayled),
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes avayled.

So, as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
That, in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischance; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
Where byting deepe so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell:

Like as the lightning-brond from riven skie,
Throwne out by angry Iove in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie;
Which battring downe, it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she, no whit dismayd, her steed forsooke;
And casting from her that enchaunted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas:
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras;
That all his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

At length, whenas he saw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long sufferance growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
Heaping huge strokes as thicke as showre of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.
Ah! cruell hand, and thrise more cruell hart,
That workst such wrecke on her to whom thou dearest art!

What yron courage ever could endure
To worke such outrage on so fayre a creature!
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of Nature,
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature!
Certes some hellish furie or some feend
This mischiefe framd, for their first loves defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto:
But toward th' end sir Arthegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on hie,
Having his forces all in one accrewed,
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, which in itselfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that, her angels face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through sweating sore;
But somewhat redder then beseem'd aright, [fight:
Through toylesome heat and labour of her weary

And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loosd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare;
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters shere
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme benumbd with secret feare
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sence
And felt some ruth, or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

And he himselfe, long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree:
Whilest trembling horrour did his sense assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

Nathelesse she, full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
And, looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand;
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But, die or live, for nought he would upstand;
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniurie.

Which whenas Scudamour, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd;
And drawing nigh, whenas he plaine descride
That peerelesse paterne of dame Natures pride
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe as one sore terrifide;
And, turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

But Glaucè, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle:
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warriours truce awhyle;
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare, [were.
And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they

When Britomart with sharpe avizefull eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
Tempred with sternesse and stout maiestie,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which, in her fathers hall,
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw:
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw, [draw.
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft with-

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler which was turn'd to cold:
But ever, when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold:
But, when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold:
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth speeches myld when she would
have missayd.

But Scudamour now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that hag his love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
He thus bespake; "Certes, sir Artegall,
I ioy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to live a ladies thrall, [all."
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her heart-strings tremble,
For sudden ioy and secret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres, with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble;
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

When Glaucè thus gan wisely all upknit;
"Ye gentle knights, whom fortune here hath brought
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this ladie wrought
Against the course of kind, ne mervaile nought;
Ne henceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing least she your loves away should woo;
Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants
theretoo.

"And you, sir Artegall, the Salvage Knight,
Henceforth may not disdaine that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
For whylome they have conquered sea, and land,
And Heaven itselfe, that nought may them withstand:
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crowne of knighthood and the band
Of noble minds derived from above,
Which, being knit with vertue, never will remove.

"And you, faire ladie knight, my dearest dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace; but so that he fulfill
The penance which ye shall to him empart:
For lovers Heaven must passe by sorrowes Hell."
Thereat full inly blushed Britomart;
But Artegall close-smyling ioy'd in secret hart.

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would
restraine.

But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake; "But, sir, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my love,
My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence
Where she, captived long, great woes did prove;
That where ye left I may her seeke, as doth behove."

To whom thus Britomart; "Certes, sir Knight,
What is of her become, or whether reft,
I cannot unto you aread aright.
For from that time I from enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
And evermore from villenie her kept:
Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare:

"Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
We travelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and sate in shadow myld;
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay:
But, whenas I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray:
I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her
heare."

When Scudamour those heavie tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard;
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare:
Till Glauce thus; "Faire sir, be nought dismayd
With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare;
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd:
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affrayd."

Nathelesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare; so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright;
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight;
"Great cause of sorrow certes, sir, ye have;
But comfort take; for, by this Heavens light,
I vow you dead or living not to leave,
Til I her find, and wreake on him that did her reave."

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
So, peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Unto some resting place, which mote befall;
All being guided by sir Artegall:
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad.

In all which time sir Artegall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke service and much suit did lay
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart;
Which, being whylome launcht with lovely dart,
More eath was new impression to receive;
However she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
Vaine is the art that seekes itselfe for to deceive.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd
And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound;
And unto her his congee came to take:
But her therewith full sore displeasd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed make;
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That, all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve whereto he did aspire,
He unto her would speedily revert:
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned Moone three courses did expire.

With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeelded leave, however malcontent
She inly were and in her mind displeased.
So, early on the morrow next, he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst knights when on adventures they did ride,
Save that she algates him a while accompanide.

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray:
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And eft againe deviz'd somewhat to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

At last when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heavie mind
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind;
With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind:
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

Backe to that desert forrest they retyred,
Where sorie Britomart had lost her late:
There they her sought, and every where inquired
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But, by what haplesse fate
Or hard misfortune she was thence convayd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie Lust
Belphebe saves from dread:
The squire her loves; and, being blam'd,
His daies in dole doth lead.

Great god of love, that with thy cruell darts
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdome in the captive harts
Of kings and Keasars to thy service bound;
What glorie or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble ladies tyranning so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound
With which their lives thou lanchedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more!

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell;
And so and so to noble Britomart:
So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart
Thou martyrest with sorow and with smart,
In salvage forrests and in deserts wide
With beares and tygers taking heavie part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide;
That pittie is to heare the perils which she tride.

So soone as she with that brave Britonesse
Had left that turneyment for beauties prise,
They travel'd long; that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest ryding did devise
T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs a while.
There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of Britomart after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

The whiles faire Amoret of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or for need,
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That, ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her snatched up from ground:
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay sleeping sound.

It was to weet a wilde and salvage man;
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span;
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked bore:
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his blooudy lips afore.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke downe hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feast
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
And raught downe to his waste when up he stood,
More great then th' eares of elephants by Indus flood.

His wast with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore;
For all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red;
But certes was with milke of wolves and tygres fed.

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forrest bore her quite away
With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had sought so many a day:
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

For she (deare ladie) all the way was dead,
Whilest he in armes her bore; but, when she felt
Herselfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread horrour where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swound;
Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.

With that she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would divide:
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus aunswer'd was; "Ah! wretched wight,
That seekes to know anothers griefe in vaine,
Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another is ore-sight!"

"Aye me!" said she, "where am I, or with whom?
Emong the living, or emong the dead?
What shall of me unhappy maid become?
Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, aread."
"Unhappy mayd," then answer'd she, "whose dread
Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in Hell doth lie,
That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

"This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive;
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
The Heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive:
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chast, whenever in his powre
He may them catch unable to gainestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwardes themselves doth cruelly devoure.

"Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men
Divide their workes, have past through Heven sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these sory eies have seen
Seaven women by him slaine and eaten clene:
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman, here remaining beene,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone;
And of us three to morrow he will sure eate one."

"Ah! dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare,"
Quoth she, "of all that ever hath beene knowen!
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, whereever I have gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone?"
"To tell," quoth she, "that which ye see, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot!

"But what I was, it irkes me to reherse;
Daughter unto a lord of high degree;
That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates perverse
With guilefull Love did secretly agree
To overthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
By any ladies side for leman to have laine.

"But, for his meannesse and disparagement,
My sire, who me too dearely well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove:
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But, whether will'd or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove;
And, rather then my love abandon so,
Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo.

"Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things readie dight.
So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
I with that squire agreede away to flit,
And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
Within a grove appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete.

"But ah! unhappy houre me thither brought:
For in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accursed carle of hellish kind,
The shame of men, and plague of womankind;
Who trussing me, as eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him as swift as wind,
Where yet untouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Æmylia."

" Ah! sad Æmylia," then sayd Amoret,
" Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne!
But read to me, by what device or wit
Hast thou in all this time from him unknowne
Thine honour sav'd, though into thraldome throwne?"
" Through helpe," quoth she, " of this old woman here
I have so done, as she to me hath showne:
For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire."

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone:
Loe! where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes sourse,
Came to the cave; and rolling thence the stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And, spredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight himselfe unto his wonted sinne;
Which ended, then his bloudy banket should beginne.

Which whenas fearefull Amoret perceived,
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
But, like a ghastly gelt whose wits are reaved,
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
For horrour of his shamefull villany:
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes, [toes.
Ne feeles the thorns and thickets pricke her tender

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, not dale she staies,
But over-leapes them all, like robucke light,
And through the thickest makes her nighest waies;
And evermore, when with regardfull sight
She looking backe espies that griesly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight;
More swift than Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
Or any of the Thracian nimphes in salvage chace.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
Ne living aide for her on Earth appeares,
But if the Heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
It fortuned Belphebe with her peares
The woody nimphs, and with that lovely boy,
Was hunting then the libbards and the beares
In these wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
That each of them from other sundred were;
And that same gentle squire arriv'd in place
Where this same cursed caytive did appeare
Pursuing that faire lady full of feare:
And now he her quite overtaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

Which drery sight the gentle squire espying
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull ladies piteous crying,
And him assailes with all the might he may;
Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand
Defends himselfe, and saves his gotten pray:
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight:
For, ever when the squire his iavelin shooke,
He held the lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke:
And if it chaunst (as needs it must in fight),
Whilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

Which subtill sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbeare;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare:
A streame of coleblacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
That all her silken garments did with bloud bestaine.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie aback, himselfe to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
That scarse the squire his hand could once upreare,
But, for advantage, ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

Whilest thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphebe, raunging in her forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide:
Whom when that theefe approching nigh espide
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily poursewed
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow to his deadly marke desynde:
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

So well she sped her and so far she ventred,
That, ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His [illegible]dy throte, therewith in two distraught,
That [illegible] vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

Wh[illegible] ground she groveling saw to rowle,
She [illegible]is life to have bereft;
But, ere [illegible]ld him reach, the sinfull sowle
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left
Was fled to Hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft:
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
[illegible] his monstrous shape, and oft
[illegible]bs, whilest all with filthy bloud
[illegible]over-flowne seemd like a sodaine

Thenceforth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft-groning sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night;
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

Then forth the sad Æmylia issewed,
Yet trembling every ioynt through former feare;
And after her the hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare;
A leman fit for such a lover deare:
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate;
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

Thence she them brought toward the place where
She left the gentle squire with Amoret: [late
There she him found by that new lovely mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts which she did get:
For of that carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart, with sight thereof, was fild
With deepe disdaine and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have thrild
With that selfe arrow which the carle had kild:
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore:
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
"Is this the faith?" she said — and said no more,
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

He, seeing her depart, arose up light,
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast: but, when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approch, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasure's utmost proofe:
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case:
And, finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy [illegible]
Where hardly eye mote see [illegible]
For mossy trees, which [illegible] shade
And sad melancholy; there he [illegible]

His wonted warlike weapons [illegible]
And threw away, with [illegible]
Ne thenceforth ever [illegible]
Ne ever word to [illegible]
But in that wildernesse, of [illegible]
And of the wicked world forgotten [illegible]
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofulness,
So on himselfe to wreake his [illegible]

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and griesly to concrew,
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed;
That in short time his face they overgrew,
And over all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was uneath was to be red.

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares:
For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he ever tast
Then running water tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to wast:
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
His own deare lord, prince Arthure, came that way,
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;
And, as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Having espide his cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
Weening therein some holy hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shonne;
Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching Sunne.

Arriving there he found this wretched man
Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
And, through long fasting, woxen pale and wan,
All over-growen with rude and rugged haire;
That albeit his owne dear squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all;
But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
Saluting him, gan into speach to fall, [thrall.
And pitty much his plight, that liv'd like outcast

But to his speach he aunswered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguishe over-cum;
And unto every thing did aunswere mum:
And ever, when the prince unto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make;
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
The prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he some gentle swaine had beene,
Traind up in feates of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene
To weld his naked [illegible] by the edges keene;

And [illegible] saw on every tree
How [illegible] engraven had
Which [illegible] was his deare love to be,
From [illegible] so sorely was he stad;
Which [illegible] BELPHEBE rightly rad.
Yet [illegible] Belphebe he ne wist;
[illegible] how he wexed glad
[illegible] and how the ground he kist
[illegible] was, and how himselfe he blist.

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote cease to mitigate his paine;
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace againe:
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end untill another tide.

CANTO VIII.

The gentle squire recovers grace;
Sclaunder her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth Placidas,
And is by Arthure slaine.

Well said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this
Which to this gentle squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death itselfe more dreed and desperate;
For naught the same may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferaunce soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He ever tasted; but with penaunce sad
And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish and decay:

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle dove
To come, where he his dolors did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove:
Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyld that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that he forth would pouce so plenteous teares,
And beat his breast [illegible] such blame,
And knocke his head, and [illegible] heares,
That could have perst the hearts [illegible] of beares.

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use
Withouten dread of perill to repaire
Unto his wonne, and with her mournefull [illegible]
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much [illegible] his mourning and misfa[illegible]
And every day [illegible] of her song,
He part of his [illegible] to her would share
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued [illegible]

Upon a day, as she him sate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew:
Amongst the rest a iewell rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herselfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind:
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid; [straid.
And, looking after long, did marke which way she

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eie returned to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his iuell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing flew forthright,
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Belphebe faire.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late wearie toile which she had tride
In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet,
There she, alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe that for her sake
Her gentle squire through her displeasure did pertake.

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious iuell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well with colourd ribbands drest:
Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
With ready hand it to have reft away:
But the swift bird obayd not her behest,
But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

And ever, when she nigh approcht, the dove
Would flit a litle forward, and then stay
Till she drew neare, and then againe remove:
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
[illegible] at length into that forrest wide
[illegible] far, and led with slow delay:
greeey he[illegible] her unto that place did guide,
In [illegible] his [illegible] wofull man in languor did abide.

[illegible]om when on [illegible]ew unto his fearelesse hand,
[illegible]an in hast h[illegible]ous [illegible] new deviz'd,
[illegible] she co[illegible] have made him understand
His [illegible] cause, to be of her despis'd:
Whom when she saw in wretched weeds disguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
And [illegible] risen from his grave agryz'd,
His mighty limbs not, but pittied much his case,
The place therefore in her to doe him any grace,

He, her beholding, at her feet downe fell
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And washt the same with water which did well
From his moist eies, and like two streames procead;
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he ment;
But, as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull lookes unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathëmore his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so selcouth case;
And by his persons secret seemlyhed
Well weend that he had beene some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface;
That, being mov'd with ruth, she thus bespake:
"Ah! wofull man, what Heavens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or selfe-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make!

"If Heaven; then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne!
If wrathfull wight; then fowle rebuke and shame
Be theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne!
But, if through inward griefe, or wilfull scorne
Of life, it be; then better doe advise:
For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thanklesse nigardise."

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake,
His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
And, sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;
"Then have they all themselves against me bent!
For Heaven, first author of my languishment,
Envying my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent
To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

"Ne any but yourself, O dearest dred,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displesure, through misdeeming bred:
That, when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light!"
Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and [illegible]
Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or envies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare lord.
The noble prince, who never heard one word
Of tydings, what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford,
But through the endlesse world did [illegible]nder wide,
Him seeking evermore, yet no where [illegible]im descride:

Till on a day, as through that wood [illegible] he rode,
He chaunst to come where those two [illegible]
Æmylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food, which in her duresse she had found;
The other almost dead and desperate [wound
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse
With which the squire, in her defence, her sore astound.

Whom when the prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evill case in which those ladies lay;
But most was moved at the piteous vew
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
That her great daunger did him much dismay,
Eftsoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew, [anew.
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soone

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell:
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide,
Of that same wicked carle, by virgins hond;
Whose bloudie corse they show'd him there beside,
And eke his cave in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much when all those signes he fond.

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know, what virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But, whenas nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare,
(No service lothsome to a gentle kind),
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot to succour them from feare.

So when that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell;
And, entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:
For she was stuft with rancour and despight
Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
It forth would breake and gush in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe;
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall [call.
And wickedly backbite: her name men Sclaunder

Her nature is, all goodnesse to abuse,
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name:
Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame
So chast and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame;
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive, [deprive.
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysnous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind; [hart,
Which passing through the eares would pierce the
And wound the soule itselfe with griefe unkind:
For, like the stings of aspes that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the inner part.

Such was that hag, unmeet to host such guests,
Whom greatest princes court would welcome fayne:
But neede, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
And eke that age despysed nicenesse vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

Then all that evening, welcommed with cold
And chearelesse hunger, they together spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde
To be uniustly blamd and bitterly revilde.

Here well I weene, whenas these rimes be red
With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle ladies will misdeeme too light
For thus conversing with this noble knight;
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare:
More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from pleasant lare.

But antique Age, yet in the infancie
Of time, did live then, like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie;
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But, voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue, for itselfe, in soveraine awe:
Then loyall love had royall regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

The lyon there did with the lambe consort,
And eke the dove sate by the faulcons side;
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old,
(Whereof it hight) and, having shortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

Then Beautie, which was made to represent
The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight;
And that, which wont to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vassall of the victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Despisd and troden downe of all that over-ran:

And now it is so utterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth scarse remaine,
But if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
In princes court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie soveraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient stocke of princes straine,
Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed. —

Tho, soone as day discovered Heavens face
To sinfull men with darknes overdight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselves unto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
That them to view had beene an uncouth sight;
How all the way the prince on footpace traced,
The ladies both on horse together fast embraced.

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did vexe
His noble hart: thereto she did annexe
False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
That those two ladies much asham'd did wexe:
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

At last, when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbeare,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone, which passed straunger at him threw;
So she, them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongs end grew.

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feeblesse which did oft assay
Faire Amoret, that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heavie armes which sore annoyd
The prince on foot, not wonted so to fare;
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare;
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

At length they spide where towards them with speed
A squire came gallopping, as he would flie,
Bearing a litle dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen skie:
Whom after did a mighty man pursew,
Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew, [vew:
That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull face to

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre that poysnous bale did breede
To all that on him lookt without good heed,
And sternly his enemies did slay:
Like as the basiliske, of serpents seede,
From powrefull eyes close venim doth convay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

He all the way did rage at that same squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine in his avengefull ire:
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him overtooke before he came in vew:
Where when he saw the prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud his case to rew,
And rescue him, through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in sight.

Eftsoones the prince tooke downe those ladies twaine
From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead
Came to that squire yet trembling every vaine;
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread:
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That unto death had doen him unredrest,
Had not the noble prince his readie stroke represt:

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head, before the harme came neare:
Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heavie sway, that hard unto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the covering reare:
Therewith both squire and dwarfe did tomble downe
Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swowne.

Whereat the prince, full wrath, his strong right hand
In full avengement heaved up on hie,
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
And sure, had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place;
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

But when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by Mahoune that he should be slaine.
With that his murdrous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might:
But, ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child, with readie quick foresight
Did shun the proofe thereof and it avoyded light.

But, ere his hand he could recure againe
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine
So furiously that, ere he wist, he found
His head before him tombling on the ground;
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his god that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudie streame,
His soule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

Which when that squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine:
But that same dwarfe right sorie seem'd and sad,
And howld aloud to see his lord there slaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident there hapned plaine,
And what he was whose eyes did flame with fire:
All which was thus to him declared by that squire.

"This mightie man," quoth he, "whom you have slaine,
Of an huge geauntesse whylome was bred;
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
But by the powre of his infectious sight,
With which he killed all that came within his might.

"Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought;
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore;
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Unto his bay, and captived her thought:
For most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes into their harts and parts entire.

"Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright,
Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie;
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire Pæana; who seemes outwardly
So faire as ever yet saw living eie;
And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any under skie:
But ah! she given is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

"So, as it fell, there was a gentle squire
That lov'd a ladie of high parentage;
But, for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high, her friends with counsell sage
Dissuaded her from such a disparage:
But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But, firmely following her first intent, [consent.
Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends

"So twixt themselves they pointed time and place:
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and disaventrous case
Him chaunst; instead of his Æmylia faire,
This gyants sonne, that lies there on the laire
An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught;
And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire
Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
Where he remaines of all unsuccour'd and unsought.

"This gyants daughter came upon a day
Unto the prison, in her ioyous glee,
To view the thrals which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
This lovely swaine, the squire of low degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,
And for his love him promist libertie at last.

"He, though affiyde unto a former love,
To whom his faith he firmely ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that meanes which fortune did unfold,
Her graunted love, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get:
Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,
Fearing, least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leave, and former love forget.

"Yet so much favour she to him hath hight
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place;
Which keeper is this dwarfe, her dearling base,
To whom the keyes of every prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And, whom he list, reserve to be afflicted more.

" Whereof, when tydings came unto mine eare,
Full inly sorie, for the fervent zeale
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thether went; where I did long conceale
Myselfe, till that the dwarfe did me reveale,
And told his dame her squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For me he did mistake that squire to bee;
For never two so like did living creature see.

" Then was I taken and before her brought;
Who, through the likenesse of my outward hew,
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being so untrew
To seeke by flight her fellowship t' eschew,
That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
Thence she commaunded me to prison new:
Whereof I glad did not gaine-say nor strive,
But suffred that same dwarfe me to her dongeon drive.

" There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
In heavy plight and sad perplexitie:
Whereof I sorie, yet myselfe did bend
Him to recomfort with my companie;
But him the more agreev'd I found thereby:
For all his ioy, he said, in that distresse
Was mine and his Æmylias libertie.
Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse;
Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

" But I with better reason him aviz'd,
And shew'd him how, through error and misthought
Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,
Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought,
Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree:
Yet, over-ruld at last, he did to me agree.

" The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
The dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas
To come forthwith unto his ladies bowre:
Insteed of whom forth came I Placidas,
And undiscerned forth with him did pas.
There with great ioyance and with gladsome glee
Of faire Pæana I received was,
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee, [mee.
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love to

" Which I, that was not bent to former love
As was my friend that had her long refus'd,
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the present neede it wisely usd.
My former hardnesse first I faire excusd;
And, after, promist large amends to make.
With such smooth termes her error I abusd
To my friends good more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

" Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand;
That to her dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heavie band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
But if that dwarfe I could with me convay,
I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore away.

" Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursew'd; but nathëmore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But have perforce him hether brought away."
Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
Those ladies two, yet doubtfull through dismay,
In presence came, desirous t' understand
Tydings of all which there had hapned on the land.

Where soone as sad Æmylia did espie
Her captive lovers friend, young Placidas;
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie
She to him ran, and, him with streight embras
Enfolding, said; " And lives yet Amyas?"
" He lives," quoth he, " and his Æmylia loves."
" Then lesse," said she, " by all the woe I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proves;
But what mishap thus long him fro myselfe removes?"

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captivitie;
That her deare hart full deepley made to rew
And sigh full sore, to heare the miserie
In which so long he mercilesse did lie.
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the prince of remedie;
Who thereto did with readie will consent
And well perform'd; as shall appeare by his event.

CANTO IX.

The squire of low degree, releast,
Pæana takes to wife:
Britomart fightes with many knights;
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weet,
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
But of them all the band of vertuous mind,
Me seemes, the gentle hart should most assured bind.

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame;
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppresse,
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.
For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
And all the service of the bodie frame;
So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

All which who list by tryall to assay,
Shall in this storie find approved plaine;
In which these squires true friendship more did sway
Then either care of parents could refraine,
Or love of fairest ladie could constraine.
For though Pæana were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdaine
For his friends sake her offred favours scorne,
And she herselfe her syre of whom she was yborne.

Now, after that prince Arthur graunted had
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad;
He gan advise how best he mote darrayne
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
And, having ympt the head to it agayne,
Upon his usuall beast it firmely bound,
And made it so to ride as it alive was found.

Then did he take that chaced squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were,
And made his dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
To guide the beast that did his maister beare,
Till to his castle they approched neare;
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare
He, running downe, the gate to him unbard;
Whom straight the prince ensuing in together far'd.

There did he find in her delitious boure
The faire Pæana playing on a rote,
Complayning of her cruell paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight
The prince half rapt began on her to dote;
Till, better him him bethinking of the right,
He her unwares attacht, and captive held by might.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived
Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for aide:
But when of him no aunswere she received,
But saw him sencelesse by the squire upstaide,
She weened well that then she was betraide:
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that same squire of treason to upbraide:
But all in vaine; her plaints might not prevaile;
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

Then tooke he that same dwarfe, and him compeld
To open unto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thrals which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of knights and squires to him unknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest that squire of low degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe to bee.

Whom soone as faire Æmylia beheld
And Placidas, they both unto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan:
That faire Pæana, them beholding both,
Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban;
Through iealous passion weeping inly wroth, [loth.
To see the sight perforce that both her eyes were

But when awhile they had together beene,
And diversly conferred of their case,
She, though full oft she both of them had seene
Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captive squire she lov'd so deare,
Deceived through great likenesse of their face:
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she uneath discerned whether whether weare.

And eke the prince whenas he them avized,
Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
And mazd how Nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfet herselfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne seene somewhere
She had them made a paragone to be;
Or whether it through skill or errour were.
Thus gazing long at them much wondred he;
So did the other knights and squires which him did see.

Then gan they ransacke that same castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure.
Upon all which the Briton prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while
To rest himselfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker ladies after wearie toile;
To whom he did divide part of his purchast spoile.

And, for more ioy, that captive lady faire,
The faire Pæana, he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frollicke; nathëmore would she
Shew gladsome countenaunce nor pleasaunt glee;
But grieved was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of lordship with both land and fee;
But most she touched was with griefe entire
For losse of her new love, the hope of her desire.

But her the prince, through his well-wonted grace,
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat
From that fowle rudenesse which did her deface;
And that same bitter cor'sive, which did eat
Her tender heart and made refraine from meat
He with good thewes and speaches well applyde
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat:
For though she were most faire, and goodly dyde
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

And, for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that dame which lov'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her some better priefe;
But to accept her to his wedded wife:
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis
They liv'd together long without debate;
Ne private iarre, ne spite of enemis,
Could shake the safe assuraunce of their state:
And she, whom Nature did so faire create
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defaste, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake her praise.

Thus when the prince had perfectly compylde
These paires of friends in peace and setled rest;
Himselfe, whose minde did travell as with chylde
Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
Resolved to pursue his former guest;
And, taking leave of all, with him did beare
Faire Amoret, whom fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

Feare of her safety did her not constraine;
For well she wist now in a mighty hond
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstond:
But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
Seeing herselfe all soly succourlesse,
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond;
Whose will or weakenesse could no way represse,
In case his burning lust should breake into excesse.

But cause of feare sure had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,
And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore;
That, all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their lovers dispersed diversly;
Yet neither shewed to other their hearts privity.

At length they came whereas a troupe of knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best beseemed,
That which of them was best mote not be deemed.
These foure were they from whom false Florimell
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed;
To weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

Druons delight was all in single life,
And unto ladies love would lend no leasure:
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of measure:
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new lemans prove:
But Paridell of love did make no threasure,
But lusted after all that him did move:
So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

But those two other, which beside them stoode,
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour;
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
Whose like they never saw till that same houre:
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that every dint the ghost would rive
Out of their wretched corses, and their lives deprive.

As when Dan Æolus, in great displeasure
For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure
Upon the sea to wreake his full intent;
They, breaking forth with rude unruliment
From all foure parts of Heaven, doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore;
As if instead thereof they chaos would restore.

Cause of their discord and so fell debate
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in turneyment of late;
And, seeking long to weet which way she straid,
Met here together; where, through lewd upbraide
Of Atè and Duessa, they fell out;
And each one taking part in others aide
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt:

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slacke,
But evermore their malice did augment;
Till that uneath they forced were, for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

There gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
For Paridell did take to Druons side,
For old despight which now forth newly brake
Gainst Blandamour whom alwaies he envide;
And Blandamour to Claribell relide:
So all afresh gan former fight renew.
As when two barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses sew, [anew.
If wind and tide doe change, their courses chaunge

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright ne hawberks strong did spare,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out sponne,
And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne:
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out most cruell fomen bee.

Thus they long while continued in fight;
Till Scudamour and that same Briton maide
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonnesse had to them donne
In that late turney for the snowy maide;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood
They from themselves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with whot bloud
Against those two let drive, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But, being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

The warlike dame was on her part assaid
Of Clarabell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone:
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two themselves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance move;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his blouddy feast:
So, litle did they hearken to her sweet behеast.

Whom when the Briton prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest:
Eftsoones himselfe he to their aide addrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace
Divided them, however loth to rest;
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare,
Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
Long here and there and round about doth stie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and sleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie;
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The prince yet being fresh untoucht afore;
Who them with speaches milde gan first disswade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore;
Till, seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
Himselfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger to relent too late.

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T' asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise:
At whose request he gan himselfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise;
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske; who all that passed gan repeat;

And told at large how that same errant knight,
To weet, faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled,
And also of their private loves beguyled;
Of two full hard to read the harder theft.
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
And shew'd that she had not that lady reft
(As they suppos'd), but her had to her liking left.

To whom the prince thus goodly-well replied;
"Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame
To rip up wrong that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honor both of armes ye shame,
And eke the love of ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchise ever yeelded,
That of their loves choise they might freedom clame,
And in that right should by all knights be shielded:
Gainst which, me seemes, this war ye wrongfully have wielded."

"And yet," quoth she, "a greater wrong remaines:
For I thereby my former love have lost;
Whom seeking ever since with endlesse paines
Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost:
Aye me, to see that gentle maide so tost!"
But Scudamour then sighing deepe thus saide;
"Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, wherever she be straide,
Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide:

"For from the first that I her love profest,
Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
I never ioyed happinesse nor rest;
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre
I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre;
That, living thus a wretch and loving so,
I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo."

The good sir Claribell him thus bespake;
"Now were it not, sir Scudamour, to you
Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew,
That, as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure which ye did assay
For that faire ladies love: past perils well apay."

So gan the rest him likewise to require:
But Britomart did him impórtune hard
To take on him that paine; whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, himselfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them declar'd;
Which sith they cannot in this canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus temple is describ'd;
And lovers life forth set.

"True he it said, whatever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abound:
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony, therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound:
That I too true by triall have approved;
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
I never ioyed howre, but still with care was moved.

"And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evill which they meet
May nought at all their setled mindes remove,
But seeme gainst common sence to them most sweet;
As bosting in their martyrdome unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
Since of my love at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

"Long were to tell the travell and long toile,
Through which this shield of love I late have wonne,
And purchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne:
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearke, ye gentle knights and ladies free,
My hard mishaps that ye may learne to shonne;
For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

" What time the fame of this renowmed prise
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possest;
I, having armes then taken, gan avise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold),
That this same brave emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

" So on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came:
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowmed through exceeding fame;
Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pavement were with yvory spilt:

" And it was seated in an island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote have accesse, nor inward fare,
But by one way that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize,
With curious corbes and pendants graven faire,
And arched all with porches did arize
On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke guize:

" And for defence thereof on th' other end
There reared was a castle faire and strong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flancked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong:
And therein wonned twenty valiant knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient rights.

" Before that castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed;
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
THE SHIELD OF LOVE, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced;
Blessed the man that well can use this blis:
Whose ever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

" Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap:
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
That all the castle ringed with the clap.
Streight forth issewd a knight all arm'd to proofe,
And bravely mounted to his most mishap:
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe.

" Whom boldly I encountred (as I could),
And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
Eftsoones outsprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated:
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there upon the plaine.
Then, preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And, taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

" So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the bridges utter gate I came;
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man answred me by name;
I cald, but no man answred to my clame:
Yet I perséver'd still to knocke and call;
Till at the last I spide within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

" That was to weet the porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backeward bent,
Therein resembling Ianus auncient
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare, [peare.
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not ap-

" On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,
Behinde the gate, that none her might espy;
Whose manner was, all passengers to stay
And entertaine with her occasions sly;
Through which some lost great hope unheedily,
Which never they recover might againe;
And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in unpittied paine,
And seeking often entraunce afterwards in vaine.

" Me whenas he had privily espide
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide:
So in I past, and streight he closd the gate.
But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale, the threasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may.

" But by no meanes my way I would forslow
For ought that ever she could doe or say;
But from my lofty steede dismounting low
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on Earth no where I recken may;
And underneath, the river rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the workmans will.

" Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate:
The same to all stoode alwaies open wide;
But in the porch did evermore abide
An hideous giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would:

" His name was Daunger, dreaded over all;
Who day and night did watch and duely ward
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall
And faint-heart fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from fortunes faire adward:
For oftentimes faint hearts at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard:
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from fairest hope withouten further triall.

" Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide;
But, soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their corage cold.
Againe, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies.

" But I, though meanest man of many moe,
Yet much disdaining unto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
And either beat him in or drive him out.
Eftsoones, advauncing that enchaunted shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about:
Which when he saw, the glaive which he did wield
He gan fortwith t' avale, and way unto me yield.

" So, as I entred, I did backeward looke,
For feare of harme that might lie hidden there;
And loe! his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
Much more deformed, fearfull, ugly were,
Then all his former parts did earst appere:
For Hatred, Murther, Treason, and Despight,
With many moe lay in ambúshment there,
Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight
Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.

" Thus having past all perill, I was come
Within the compasse of that islands space;
The which did seeme, unto my simple doome,
The onely pleasant and delightfull place
That ever trodden was of footings trace:
For all that Nature by her mother-wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
Art, playing second Natures part, supplyed it.

" No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
From lowest iuniper to ceder tall;
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please itselfe withall;
Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

" In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second Paradise I ghesse,
So lavishly enricht with Natures threasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th' Elysian fields and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
That in this ioyous place they mote have ioyance free.

" Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the Sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play;
Soft-rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
High-reared mounts, the lands about to view;
Low-looking dales, disloignd from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew;
False labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by Nature made did Natures selfe amaze.

" And all without were walkes and alleyes dight
With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes:
And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
Praysing their God, and yeelding him great thankes,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

" All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves content.
But, farre away from these, another sort
Of lovers lincked in true harts consent;
Which loved not as these for like intent,
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud or fayned blandishment;
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire, [pire.
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore as-

" Such were great Hercules, and Hyllus deare:
Trew Ionathan, and David trustie tryde;
Stout Theseus, and Pirithous his feare;
Pylades, and Orestes by his syde;
Myld Titus, and Gesippus without pryde;
Damon, and Pythias, whom death could not sever:
All these, and all that ever had beene tyde
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever;
Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.

" Which whenas I, that never tasted blis
Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other Heaven then this;
And gan their endlesse happinesse envye,
That being free from feare and gealosye
Might frankely there their loves desire possesse;
Whilest I, through pains and perlous ieopardie,
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronesse:
Much dearer be the things which come through hard distresse.

" Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold but that forthright
Unto that purposd place I did me draw,
Whereas my love was lodged day and night,
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The queene of Beautie, and of Love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on Earth, all were they set together.

" Not that same famous temple of Diáne,
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds seven wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wise king of Iurie framed
With endlesse cost to be th' Almighties see;
Nor all, that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be clamed.

" I, much admyring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht, which open stood;
But therein sate an amiable dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adowne,

" *On either side of her two young men stood,*
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrárie natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate;
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th' elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

" Nathlesse that dame so well them tempred both,
That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band:
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

" Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew;
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
And she herselfe likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her workes divine did shew;
For strength and wealth and happinesse she lends,
And strife and warre and anger does subdew;
Of little much, of foes she maketh frends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

" By her the Heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almightie Maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devoure the ayre, and Hell them quight;
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

" By her I entring half dismayed was;
But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
And twixt herselfe and Love did let me pas;
But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,
And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
Had not the ladie with her powrefull speach
Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned;
And th' other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

" Into the inmost temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankensence I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillors round
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh as May.

" An hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to Heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred brasen caudrons bright,
To bath in ioy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damzell hight;
For all the priests were damzels in soft linnen dight.

" Right in the midst the goddesse selfe did stand
Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was uneath to understand:
For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse;
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
But, being faire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme.

" But it in shape and beautie did excell
All other idoles which the heath'en adore,
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veile afore;
And both her feete and legs together twyned
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast combyned.

" The cause why she was covered with a vele
Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
From peoples knowledge labour'd to concele:
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish, which the worke mote blame;
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She syre and mother is herselfe alone,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

" And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of litle Loves, and Sports, and Ioyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother: he enioyes
The wide kingdome of Love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

" And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one, through Loves constrayning
Tormented sore, could not conteine it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill;

" ' Great Venus! queene of Beautie and of Grace,
The ioy of gods and men, that under skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place;
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare;
And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And Heavens laugh, and al the world shews ioyous cheare:

" ' Then dóth the dædale Earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowres;
And then all living wights, soone as they see
The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the paramours:
First doe the merry birds, thy prety pages,
Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

" ' Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food:
The lyons rore; the tygers loudly bray;
The raging buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood
To come where thou doest draw them with desire:
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

" ' So all the world by thee at first was made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre:
Ne ought on Earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on Earth that lovely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre:
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is:
Great god of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
Mother of laughter, and wel-spring of blisse,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse!'

" So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gratious help impart.
Whilest thus I spake, behold! with happy eye
I spyde where at the idoles feet apart
A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
Wayting whenas the antheme should be sung on hye.

" The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
And graver countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet unto her obayed all the best:
Her name was Womanhood; that she exprest
By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse:
For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at random, after gazers guyse, [tyse.
Whose luring baytes oftimes doe heedlesse harts en-

" And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
And her against sweet Cherefulnesse was placed,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening cleare,
Where deckt with smyles that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights the which her goodly graced.

" And next to her sate sober Modestie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
And her against sate comely Curtesie,
That unto every person knew her part;
And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
Both linckt together never to dispart;
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence;
Both girlonds of his saints against their foes offence.

" Thus sate they all around in seemely rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd
(Even in the lap of Womanhood) there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arrayd,
With silver streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd:
That same was fayrest Amoret in place, [grace.
Shyning with beauties light and heavenly vertues

" Whome soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
And wade in doubt what best were to be donne:
For sacrilege me seem'd the church to rob;
And folly seem'd to leave the thing undonne,
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
Which ladies love I heard had never wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare.

" Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke for being over-bold;
Saying it was to knight unseemely shame,
Upon a récluse virgin to lay hold,
That unto Venus services was sold.
To whom I thus; ' Nay, but it fitteth best
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold;
For ill your goddesse services are drest
By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.'

" With that my shield I forth to her did show,
Which all that while I closely had conceld;
On which when Cupid with his killing bow
And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more: but I, which all that while
The pledge of faith her hand engaged held
(Like warie hynd within the weedie soyle),
For no entreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

" And evermore upon the goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence;
And, nought for nicenesse nor for envy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

" She often prayed, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles: but yet, for nought
That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;
But forth I led her through the temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe:
But that same ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

" No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His leman from the Stygian princes boure.
But evermore my shield did me defend
Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure:
Thus safely with my love I thence did wend."
So ended he his tale; where I this canto end.

CANTO XI.

Marinells former wound is heald;
He comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thamës doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the sea-gods all.

But ah! for pittie that I have thus long
Left a fayre ladie languishing in payne!

Now well away! that I have doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes chayne;
From which unlesse some heavenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee;
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That virgins love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For, whenas neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke,
Did neede to gard from force or secret theft
Of all her lovers which would her have reft:
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft;
Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,
And Darkenesse dredd that never viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest Hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones alway
(Old Styx the grandame of the gods) doth lay.
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne ever from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres divide.

And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despysd (ah! who would her despyse!)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her provoke.

Yet farre and neare the nymph his mother sought,
And many salves did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did use: but whenas nought
She saw could ease his rankling maladie;
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie
(This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeon hight),
Whom she besought to find some remedie:
And for his paines a whistle him behight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

So well that leach did hearke to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over all.

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed;
But the proud nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led;
Till now at last relenting she to him was wed.

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
Should for the gods in Proteus house be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
As well which in the mightie ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade:
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
And endlesse memorie that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

Helpe therefore, O thou sacred impe of Iove,
The noursling of dame Memorie his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in Heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods
And all those nymphes, which then assembled were
To that great banquet of the watry gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

First came great Neptune, with his three-forkt mace,
That rules the seas and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his diademe imperiall:
And by his side his queene with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for her prepaire.

These marched farre afore the other crew:
And all the way before them, as they went,
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rockes to roare as they were rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
First the sea-gods, which to themselves doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame.

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom those old heroës wonne such fame;
And Glaucus, that wise southsayes understood;
And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became
A god of seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight Palemon, and is saylers frend;
Great Brontes; and Astræus, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend;

The rich Cteatus; and Eurytus long;
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysaor; and Caïcus strong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire Euphœmus, that upon them go'th,
As on the ground, without dismay or dread;
Fierce Eryx; and Alebius, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoarie head,

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world possest,
Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest;
And Inachus renowmd above the rest;
Phœnix; and Aon; and Pelasgus old;
Great Belus; Phœax; and Agenor best;
And mightie Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people which the Britaine islands hold:

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was;
Who, for the proofe of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleeped France,
To fight with Hercules; that did advance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might;
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slaine; but that which is th' immortall spright
Lives still, and to this feast with Neptunes seed was dight.

But what do I their names seeke to reherse,
Which all the world have with their issue fild?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
Let them record them that are better skild,
And know the moniments of passed age:
Onely what needeth shall be here fulfild,
T' expresse some part of that great equipage
Which from great Neptune do derive their parentage.

Next came the aged Ocean and his dame
Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest;
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterward both sea and land possest;
Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
Did first proceed; then which none more upright,
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest;
Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
Doing himselfe and teaching others to doe right:

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the gods unfold;
Through which, when Paris brought his famous prise,
The faire Tindarid lasse, he him foretold
That her all Greece with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud Priams towne: so wise is Nereus old,
And so well skild; nathlesse he takes great ioy [toy.
Oft-times amongst the wanton nymphs to sport and

And after him the famous rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame,
Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the skie;
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus glistring with his golden flood;
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may be withstood;

Great Ganges; and immortall Euphrates;
Deepe Indus; and Mæander intricate;
Slow Peneus; and tempestus Phasides;
Swift Rhene; and Alpheus still immaculate;
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate;
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame;
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge river, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons which doe possesse the same.

Ioy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold!
And shame on you, O men, which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
Yet quaile in conquest of that land of gold!
But this to you, O Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof itselfe hath sold;
The which, for sparing litle cost or paines,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the spouse: that was Arion crownd;
Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew;
That even yet the dolphin, which him bore
Through the Ægéan seas from pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

So went he playing on the watery plaine:
Soone after whom the lovely bridegroome came,
The noble Thames, with all his goodly traine.
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely, th' auncient Thame;
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal grooms, which by their names were hight
The Churne and Charwell, two small streames, which [pained
Themselves her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe alway:

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
And auncient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire city, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
Ioy to you both, ye double noursery
Of arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most glorify.

But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waves, glittering like christall glas,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen whether they were false or trew:
And on his head like to a coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew
In which were many towres and castels set,
That it encompast round as with a golden fret.

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to Ioves pallace she doth take her way,
Old Cybelè, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a turribant.
With such an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

And round about him many a pretty page
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little rivers which owe vassallage
To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulky Kenet; and the Thetis gray;
The morish Cole; and the soft-sliding Breane;
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way;
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant streame.

Then came his neighbour flouds which nigh him dwell,
And water all the English soile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about;
Ne none disdained low to him to lout:
No not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
And, meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines:
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his adamants with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath, [hath.
And Bristow faire, which on his waves he builded

And there came Stoure with terrible aspéct,
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.
Next him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
And of himselfe doth name the shire thereby:
And Mole, that like a nousling mole doth make
His way still under ground till Thames he overtake.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood-god, and flowing fast to Rhy;
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare and Harwitch both doth beautify:
Him follow'd Yar, soft watching Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a present ioyfully
Of his owne fish unto their festivall, [ruffins call.
Whose like none else could shew, the which they

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under-hand
Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
(The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne,)
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That if old sawes prove true (which God forbid!)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish and thirty sundry streames.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they doe call:
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: and Eden, though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tyned on his strand.

Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant knights of one faire nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite:

But past not long, ere Brutus warlicke sonne,
Locrinus, them aveng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate:
For in the selfe same river, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate;
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine, [maine.
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still re-

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall;
And Lindus, that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

Ne thence the Irishe rivers absent were:
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all, according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvage countries thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea;
The sandy Slane; the stony Aubrian;
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea;
The pleasant Boyne; the fishy fruitfull Ban;
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water; and the Liffar deep;
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran;
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep; [weep.
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to

And there the three renowmed brethren were,
Which that great gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire nimph Rheüsa wandring there:
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This gyant found her and by force deflowr'd;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth powrd
In three great rivers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

The first the gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponte boord;
The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord
Great heaps of salmons in his deepe bosóme:
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord
To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come;
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood;
The spreading Lee that, like an island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood;
And balefull Oure late staind with English blood:
With many more whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thames attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull service, as to them befell.

Then came the bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver sprinckled here and theare
With glittering spangs that did like starres appeare,
And wav'd upon, like water chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewrayd itselfe, to let men plainely wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the deawy humour shed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops which doe the morne adore.

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane;
Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spredding traine;
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day;
And her before there paced pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepard her way.

And after these the sea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire Nereïdes men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare,
The gray-eyde Doris; all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had:
Swift Proto; milde Eucratè; Thetis faire;
Soft Spio; sweete Endorè; Sao sad;
Light Doto; wanton Glaucè; and Galenè glad;

White-hand Eunica; proud Dynamenè;
Ioyous Thalia; goodly Amphitrite;
Lovely Pasithee; kinde Eulimene;
Light-foote Cymothoë; and sweete Melitè;
Fairest Pherusa; Phao lilly white;
Wondred Agavè; Poris; and Nesæa;
With Erato that doth in love delite;
And Panopæ; and wise Protomedæa;
And snowy-neckd Doris; and milke-white Galathæa;
Speedy Hippothoë; and chaste Actea;
Large Lisianassa; and Pronæa sage;
Euagorè; and light Pontoporea;
And, she that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas when they do sorest rage,
Cymodocè; and stout Autonoë;
And Neso; and Eionè well in age;
And seeming still to smile Glauconomè;
And, she that hight of many heastes, Polynomè;

Fresh Alimeda deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo with salt-bedewed wrests;
Laomedia like the christall sheene;
Liagorè much praisd for wise behests;
And Psamathè for her brode snowy brests;
Cymo; Eupompè; and Themistè iust;
And, she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Euarna; and Menippè true in trust;
And Nemertea learned well to rule her lust.

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to uprere,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde,
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but Ioves and Phœbus kinde;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote that these, which I descry,
Were present at this great solemnity:
And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckelesse Marinell, Cymodocè;
Which, for my Muse herselfe now tyred has,
Unto an other canto I will overpas.

CANTO XII.

Marin, for love of Florimell,
In languor wastes his life:
The nymph, his mother, getteth her,
And gives to him for wife.

O WHAT an endlesse worke have I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny,
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th' azure sky!
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the seas posterity:
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

Therefore the antique wisards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witnesse th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes which may of none be red.
Then blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers, yet unred:
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there which earst I did recount.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they fild even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodocè,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortal sire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th' eternall gods to bancket come;
But walkt abrode, and round about did rome
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There unto him betid a disadventrous case.

Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,
Which never she before disclosd to none,
But to herselfe her sorrow did bemone:
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine:

"Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare;
Yet, hoping griefe may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man neare:
For Heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight;
And lowest Hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight:
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

"Yet loe! the seas I see by often beating
Doe pearce the rockes; and hardest marble weares;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but, when my piteous plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my aboundant teares:
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

"And when my weary ghost, with griefe outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
That blame it is, to him that armes profest,
To let her die whom he might have redrest!"
There did she pause, inforced to give place
Unto the passion that her heart opprest;
And, after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case:

"Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
Have care of right or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woefull thrall
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long:
And if ye deeme me death for loving one
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him live unlov'd, or love himselfe alone.

"But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare love beloved be:
And, if he should through pride your doome undo,
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me;
One prison fittest is to hold us two:
So had I rather to be thrall then free;
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.

"But O vaine iudgment, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the free!
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me:
So ever loose, so ever happy be!
But whereso loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee!"
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abundance of her smart.

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard;
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pitty rare;
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame Venus sonne that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to love by learning lovers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge:
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine:
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine:
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare where none of her might know.
But all in vaine: for why? he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below;
For all about that rocke the sea did flow.
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet, without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere;
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

At last, whenas no meanes he could invent,
Backe to himselfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses, and reprochfull shame
To damne himselfe by every evil name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despisde so chast and faire a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and long strife;
Yet had refusde a god that her had sought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost himselfe he wist not where;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe;
And still bemoning her unworthy paine:
Like as an hynde whose calfe is falne unwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort:
Which seeing, Marinell was sore offended
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leave his love in that sea-walled fort:
Yet durst he not his mother disobay;
But, her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way;
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence far from wight
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched love lay day and night,
For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight:
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, and mourn'd, and languisht, and alone did weepe;

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight:
His cheeke-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knowen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
He woxe, that lenger he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stir or move.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene;
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which griev'd her more that she it could not mend:
To see an helplesse evill double griefe doth lend.

Nought could she read the root of his disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some means it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
But closely rankled under th' orifis:
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That love it was, which in his hart lay unrevealed.

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust, which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent;
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came unto her patient;
Where searching every part, her well assured
That it was no old sore which his new paine procured;

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grief unknowne, which he could not discerne:
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale: who still her answered, there was nought.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shinie Heaven in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo king of leaches brought.
Apollo came; who, soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve:
And comming to her sonne, gan first to scold
And chyde at him that made her misbelieve:
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And wooe with faire intreatie, to disclose
Which of the nymphes his heart so sore did mieve:
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his love he chose.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens love beware:
Which being ment of mortal creatures sead,
For love of nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promist him, whatever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine:
So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd;
(It 's late, in death, of daunger to advize;
Or love forbid him, that his life denayd;)
But rather gan in troubled mind devize
How she that ladies libertie might enterprize.

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe;
Nor unto any meaner to complaine;
But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his maiestie
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,
A cruell tyrant, had presumpteouslie [die.
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to

To whom god Neptune, softly smyling, thus;
"Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us:
For death t'adward I ween'd did appertaine
To none but to the seas sole soveraine:
Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discover plaine:
For never wight so evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly nought."

To whom she answer'd; "Then it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
For that a waift, the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogative:
Therefore I humbly crave your majestie
It to replevie, and my sonne reprive:
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive."

He graunted it: and streight his warrant made,
Under the sea-god's seale autenticall,
Commanding Proteus streight t' enlarge the mayd
Which wandring on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiving with meete thankefulnesse,
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall:
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnesse,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her delivered Florimell.
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well,
For she all living creatures did excell,
And was right joyous that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him then being sore bestad.

Who soone as he beheld that angels face
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad Death, revived with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feeles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline, [shine.
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sun-

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his dearest love did spy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF JUSTICE.

So oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare;
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed sourse;
And being once amisse growes daily wourse and wourse:

For from the golden age, that first was named,
It 's now at earst become a stonie one;
And men themselves, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone;
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione:
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered.

Let none then blame me, if, in discipline
Of vertue and of civill uses lore,
I do not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes which are corrupted sore;
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was onely for itselfe desyred,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more;
When Justice was not for most meed out-hyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right;
As all things else in time are chaunged quight:
Ne wonder; for the Heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
And so doe make contrárie constitution
Of all this lower world toward his dissolution.

For whoso list into the Heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares:
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot where he wast plast of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europa bore:

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted those two Twinnes of Iove,
That they have crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great Nemæan Lions grove.
So now all range, and doe at random rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe move,
And all his creatures from their course astray;
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other spheres:
For since the terme of fourteen hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake.

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old
(Which in star-read were wont have best insight)
Faith may be given, it is by them told
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth west,
And wested twice where he ought rise aright.
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest;
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it 's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound;
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found;
No warre was knowne, no dreadful trompets sound;
Peace universal rayn'd mongst men and beasts:
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Iustice sate high ador'd with solempe feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred behests.

Most sacred Vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might;
Whose soveraine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with iustice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight
To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

Dread soverayne goddesse, that doest highest sit
In seate of iudgement in th' Almighties stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest nations filles with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read,
As thy great iustice praysed over all;
The instrument whereof loe here thy Artegall.

CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in Iustice lore
Irenaes quest pursewed;
He doeth avenge on Sanglier
His ladies bloud embrewed.

Though vertue then were held in highest price,
In those old times of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat:
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull ranknes did deface.

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th' east before untam'd did over-ronne,
And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne:
There Iustice first her princely rule begonne.
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who all the west with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed;
The club of Iustice dread with kingly powre endewed.

And such was he of whom I have to tell,
The champion of true Justice, Astegall:
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was, to succour a distressed dame
Whom a strong tyrant did uniustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did clame,
Did with strong hand withhold; Grantorto was his name.

Wherefore the lady, which Irena hight,
Did to the Faerie queene her way addresse,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gratious redresse:
That soveraine queene, that mightie emperesse,
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
And of weake princes to be patronesse,
Chose Artegall to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

For Artegall in iustice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire Astræa, with great industrie,
Whilest here on Earth she lived mortallie:
For, till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle childe
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport;
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speaches milde
To wend with her: so thence him farre she brought
Into a cave from companie exilde,
In which she noursled him, till yeares he raught;
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along
According to the line of conscience,
Whenso it needs with rigour to dispence:
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
Whenso he list in wrath lift up his steely brand:

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In Ioves eternall house, unwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest Heaven; Chrysaor it was hight;
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
Well prov'd in that same day when Iove those gyants quelled:

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold upon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof he tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue then of fame:
For there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave whereso it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward;
But wheresoever it did light, it throughly sheard.

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astræa loathing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to Heaven, whence she deriv'd her race;
Where she hath now an everlasting place
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we do see
The Heavens bright-shining baudricke to enchace;
And is the Virgin, fixt in her degree, [bee.
And next herselfe her righteous ballance hanging

But when she parted hence she left her groome,
An yron man, which did on her attend
Always to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe whatever thing he did intend:
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end;
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth unfould.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell tyrant, which opprest
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should succeed;
And now together on their way they bin,
Whenas they saw a squire in squallid weed
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

To whom as they approched, they espide
A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
An headlesse ladie lying him beside
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly
He askt who had that dame so foully dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

"Ah! woe is me, and well away," quoth hee,
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a banke,
"That ever I this dismall day did see!
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should graunt that I have doen the same,
That I mote drinke the cup whereof she dranke;
But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
The which another did who now is fled with shame."

"Who was it then," sayd Artegall, "that wrought?
And why? doe it declare unto me trew."
"A knight," said he, "if knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fayre love whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, having in eompanie [lie.
This lucklesse ladie which now here doth headlesse

"He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me; but I did it denye,
So did the ladies both, as may be knowne:
But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right;
But, having from his courser her downe throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her set to beare her out of sight.

"Which when his ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching hold gan loud to crie
Not so to leave her nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die:
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
In that same place whereas it now doth lie.
So he my love away with him hath borne, [morne."
And left me here both his and mine owne love to

"Aread," sayd he; "which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?"
"To hope," quoth he, "him soone to overtake,
That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
And as I marked bore upon his shield,
By which it 's easie him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloodie field;
Expressing well his nature which the same did wield."

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
His yron page, who him pursew'd so light,
As that it seem'd above the ground he went:
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as lyon in his lordly might.
It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sanglier (so cleeped was that knight),
Whom at the first he ghessed by his looke,
And by the other markes which of his shield he tooke.

He bad him stay and backe with him retire;
Who, full of scorne to be commaunded so,
The lady to aligh did eft require,
Whilest he reformed that uncivil fo;
And streight at him with all his force did go:
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stones throw;
But to him leaping lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a sencelesse blocke.

But, ere he could himselfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he seized had;
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
He found himself unwist so ill bestad,
That lim he could not wag: thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
The sight whereof the lady sore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend withall.

When to the place they came where Artegall
By that same carefull squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all
That did betwixt him and that squire betide:
Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereuppon defide;
For neither he did shed that ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper good.

Well did the squire perceive himselfe too weake
To aunswere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake
Then to approve his right with speare and shield,
And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield.
But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine
That he it was not which that lady kild,
But that strange knight, the fairer love to gaine,
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine;

And sayd; "Now sure this doubtfull causes right
Can hardly but by sacrament be tride,
Or else by ordele, or by blooddy fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side,
But if ye please that I your cause deside,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my iudgment to abide."
Thereto they both did franckly condiscend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

"Sith then," sayd he, "ye both the dead deny,
And both the living lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and living equally
Devided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright.
But looke, who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelve moneths day shall in despight
Beare for his penaunce that same ladies head;
To witnesse to the world that she by him is dead."

Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
And offred streight the lady to be slaine:
But that same squire to whom she was more dere,
Whenas he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield she rather should with him remaine
Alive then to himselfe be shared dead;
And rather then his love should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that ladies head:
True love despiseth shame when life is cald in dread.

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved;
"Not so, thou squire," he sayd, "but thine I deeme
The living lady, which from thee he reaved:
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
And you, sir Knight, that love so light esteeme,
As that ye would for little leave the same,
Take here your owne that doth you best beseeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame;
Your owne dead ladies head, to tell abrode your shame."

But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his beheast;
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that ladies head before his breast:
Untill that Talus had his pride represt,
And forced him, maulgrè, it up to reare.
Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
He tooke it up, and thence with him dide bear;
As rated spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

Much did that squire sir Artegall adore
For his great iustice held in high regard;
And as his squire him offred evermore
To serve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard:
But he thereto would by no meanes consent;
But leaving him forth on his iourney far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went;
They two enough t' encounter an whole regiment.

CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell;
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slaies; drownes lady Munera;
Does race her castle quight.

Nought is more honourable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseeme brave chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry:
Whilome those great heröes got thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserved with the gods on hy:
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceedes:

To which as he now was uppon the way,
He chaunst to meet a dwarfe in hasty course;
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the dwarfe, yet did he stay perforse,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse;
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spousde to Marinell.

For this was Dony, Florimells owne dwarfe,
Whom having lost (as ye have heard whyleare),
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare:
But of her health when Artegall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridale cheare
Should be solémniz'd; for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

"Within three daies," quoth he, "as I do heare,
It will be at the Castle of the Strond;
What time, if naught me let, I will be there
To do her service so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a bridges passage by strong hond,
And many errant knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne."

"What mister wight," quoth he, "and how far hence
Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes?"
"He is," said he, "a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes
With which his daughter doth him still support;
Having great lordships got and goodly farmes
Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
By which he stil them holds, and keepes with strong effort.

"And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more;
For never wight he lets to passe that way,
Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of evill guize,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize;
But he himselfe upon the rich doth tyrannize.

"His name is hight Pollente, rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth over-go,
And makes them subiect to his mighty wrong;
And some by sleight he eke doth underfong:
For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall through oversight.

" And underneath the same a river flowes,
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
All destitue of helpe doth headlong fall;
But he himselfe through practise usuall
Leapes forth into the floud, and there assaies
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man he equally dismaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

" Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked threasury;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy
That many princes she in wealth exceedes,
And purchast all the countrey lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes:
Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes.

" Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and silver feete beside,
That many lords have her to wife desired;
But she them all despiseth for great pride."
" Now by my life," sayd he, " and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that bridge whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead." No more he spake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

Unto the place he came within a while,
Where on the bridge he ready armed saw
The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile:
Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
That passage-money did of them require,
According to the custome of their law:
To whom he aunswerd wroth, " Loe there thy hire;"
And with that word him strooke, that streight he did expire.

Which when the Pagan saw he wexed wroth,
And streight himselfe unto the fight addrest;
Ne was sir Artegall behinde: so both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the floud: streight leapt the carle unblest,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

There being both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannously flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new:
But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew:
And eke the courser whereuppon he rad
Could swim like to a fish whiles he his backe bestrad.

Which oddes whenas sir Artegall espide,
He saw no way but close with him in hast;
And to him driving strongly downe the tide
Uppon his iron coller griped fast,
That with the straint his wesand nigh he brast.
There they together strove and struggled long,
Either the other from his steed to cast;
Ne ever Artegall his gripe strong
For any thinge wold slacke, but still upon him hong.

As when a dolphin and a sele are met
In the wide champian of the ocean plaine,
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine;
They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the sea, disturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with fome above the surges hore:
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.

So Artegall at length him forst forsake
His horses backe for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eftsoones himselfe he from his hold unbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
And durst the depth of any water sownd.
So ought each knight, that use of perill has,
In swimming be expert, through waters force to pas.

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better side:
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.
But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare himselfe upright;
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

But Artegall pursewd him still so neare
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That, as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on him dight.

His corps was carried downe along the lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned:
But his blasphémous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
Butalwaies doe their powre within iust compasse pen.

That done, unto the castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend;
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside;
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endangerment.

Eftsoones his page drew to the castle gate,
And with his iron flale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did sore amate,
The which ere-while spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie.
Yet still he bet and bounst uppon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great uprore.

With noise whereof the lady forth appeared
Uppon the castle wall; and, when she saw
The daungerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neare overthrow;
And gan intreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him faire besought;
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which she against him wrought,
Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease for ought.

But, whenas yet she saw him to proceede
Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
And causde great sackes with endlesse riches fraught
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the castle wall,
That she might win some time, though dearly bought,
Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall;
But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted therewithall:

But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maister to assaile:
Who being entred, nought did them availe
For wight against his powre themselves to reare:
Each one did flie; their harts began to faile;
And hid themselves in corners here and there;
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide herself for feare.

Long they her sought, yet no where could they finde
That sure they ween'd she was escapt away: [her,
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound winde her,
And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
At length found out whereas she hidden lay
Under an heape of gold: thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That Artegall himselfe her seemelesse plight did rew.

Yet for no pitty would he change the course
Of iustice, which in Talus hand did lye;
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
Still holding up her suppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete submissively:
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of silver trye,
Which sought unrighteousnesse, and iustice sold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might them behold.

Herselfe then tooke he by the sclender wast
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the dirty mud:
But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples evil gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes powr'd it down the brooke.

And lastly all that castle quite he raced,
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artegall undid the evil fashion,
And wicked customes of that bridge refourmed:
Which done, unto his former iourney he retourned.

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length *night* to the sea they drew;
By which as they did travell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whose great assembly they did much admire;
For never there the like resort they knew.
So towardes them they coasted to enquire
What thing so many nations met did there desire.

There they beheld a mighty gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surquedrie
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys:
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

He sayd that he would all the earth uptake
And all the sea, divided each from either:
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether:
Then would he ballaunce Heaven and Hell together,
And all that did within them all containe;
Of all whose weight he would not misse a fether;
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

For why, he sayd, they all unequall were,
And had encroched upon others share:
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth; so did the fire the aire;
So all the rest did others parts empaire:
And so were realmes and nations run awry.
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently;
And all things would reduce unto equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine;
Like foolish flies about an hony-crocke;
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see and heare,
How he misled the simple peoples traine,
In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him spake without regard or feare;

"Thou, that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
Instead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
And far above thy forces pitch to sore;
For, ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
What was the poyse of every part of yore:
And looke then, how much it doth overflow
Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trow.

"For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure by their Makers *might*;
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their *right*:
The Earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
All which the Heavens containe, and in their courses guide.

" Such heavenly iustice doth among them raine,
That every one doe know their certaine bound;
In which they do these many yeares remaine,
And mongst them al no change hath yet beene found:
But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine."

" Thou foolishe elfe," said then the gyant wroth,
" Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth?
The sea itselfe doest thou not plainely see
Encroch uppon the land there under thee?
And th' earth itselfe how daily its increast
By all that dying to it turned be?
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most that some were given to the least?

" Therefore I will throw downe these mountains hie,
And make them levell with the lowly plaine,
These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And, as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants, that make men subiect to their law,
I will suppresse, that they no more may raine;
And lordlings curbe that commons over-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw."

" Of things unseene how canst thou deeme aright,"
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
" Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waves continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought:
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

" Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade;
For of the earth they formed were of yore:
However gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it if that when they die
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Hie.

" They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine;
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh kings to sit in soverainty;
He maketh subiects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
He gives to this, from that he takes away:
For all we have is his; what he list doe, he may.

" Whatever thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
Ne any may his soveraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band:
In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand;
Sith of things subiect to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the causes nor their courses dew.

" For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winde that under Heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;
Or weigh the thought that from mans mind doth flow:
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall:
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small."

Therewith the gyant much abashed sayd
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the least word that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce he could way aright.
" Which is," sayd he, " more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?"
He answered that he would try it streight:
So he the words into his ballaunce threw; [flew.
But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce

Wroth wext he then, and sayd that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide:
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
" Well then," sayd Artegall, " let it be tride:
First in one ballance set the true aside."
He did so first, and then the false he layd
In th' other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be stay'd:
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be wayd.

" Now take the right likewise," sayd Artegale,
" And counterpeise the same with so much wrong."
So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the gyant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong:
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his balances have broken:
But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
And said, " Be not upon thy balance wroken:
For they do nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee:
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The eare must be the ballance, to decree
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

" But set the truth and set the right aside,
For they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equal share,
And then together doe them both compare:
For truth is one, and right is ever one."
So did he; and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone:
But right sat in the middest of the beame alone.

But he the right from thence did thrust away;
For it was not the right which he did seeke:
But rather strove extremities to way,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eeke:
For of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
Approaching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing in the sea him dround.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray
Does make herselfe misfortunes piteous pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stirre up civill faction
For certaine losse of so great expectation:
For well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation:
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood
They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
In warlike wise when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do:
For loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew:
Therefore he Talus to them sent t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But soone as they him nigh approching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side;
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay:
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarm of flyes them overthrew:
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his vew.

As when a faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

CANTO III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights:
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the ladies sights.

After long stormes and tempests over-blowne
The Sunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So whenas fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despeire.
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
To tast of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne:

Who, being freed from Proteus cruell band
By Marinell, was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And solemne feasts and giusts ordain'd therefore:
To which there did resort from every side
Of lords and ladies infinite great store;
Ne any knight was absent that brave courage bore.

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee.

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of chevalrie
They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And first of all issu'd sir Marinell,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that she all others did excell.

The first of them was hight sir Orimont,
A noble knight, and tride in hard assayes:
The second had to name sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in prowesse prayse:
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes:
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might:
The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely layes:
The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted knight:
All sixe well seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

And them against came all that list to giust,
From every coast and countrie under Sunne:
None was debard, but all had leave that lust.
The trompets sound; then all together ronne.
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne;
And many knights unhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To Marinell, whose name the heralds loud resounded.

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in Heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame;
Yet whether side was victor note be ghest:
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the rest; and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew;
And through the thickest like a lyon flew,
Rashing off helmes, and ryving plates asonder;
That every one his daunger did eschew:
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

But what on Earth can alwayes happie stand?
The greater prowesse greater perills find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they have him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind:
And now perforce they have him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
And now they lead him hence, of all forsaken,
Unlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.

It fortun'd, whylest they were thus ill beset,
Sir Artegall into the tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way with that his snowy dame:
Where when he understood by common fame,
What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
And streight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

So forth he went, and soone them overhent,
Where they were leading Marinell away;
Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array;
Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
The other stayd behind to gard the pray:
But he ere long the former fiftie bet;
And from the other fiftie soone the prisoner fet.

So backe he brought sir Marinell againe;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew:
Whom with sore havocke, soone they overthrew,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew,
So were they left lords of the field alone:
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore:
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and iudges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield;
Who came not forth: but for sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So unto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that tryumph. Then the trompets shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise:
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greete his brave emprise,
And thousand thankes him yeeld, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell.

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,
With proud disdaine did scornefull answere make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did uncomely speaches crake.
Much did his words the gentle ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Tromparte had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele:
Whom when discovered they had throughly eide,
With great amazement they were stupefide;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell herselfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has,

Which whenas Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd;
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise:
But, like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd;
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmize.

As when two sunnes appeare in th' azure skye,
Mounted in Phœbus charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light;
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright.
So stood sir Marinell, when he had seene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties queene.

All which when Artegall, who all this while
Stood in the preasse close covered, well advewed,
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And unto all himselfe there open shewed,
And to the boaster said; "Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thyselfe endewed,
And others worth with leasings doest deface,
When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in disgrace.

"That shield, which thou doest beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour sav'd to Marinell:
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didst that service unto Florimell:
For proofe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure, it stird this day:
Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest sway
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.

"But this the sword which wrought those cruell stounds,
And this the arme the which that shield did beare,
And these the signs," (so shewed forth his wounds)
"By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all;
But some fayre franion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall."
For proofe whereof he bad them Florimell forth call.

So forth the noble ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face;
As roses did with lillies interlace:
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace:
Whom whenas all the people such did vew,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set;
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall, whether should the honor get.
Streightway, so soone as both together met,
Th' enchaunted damzell vanisht into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought, [wrought.
But th' emptie girdle which about her wast was

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre;
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

Which whenas all that present were beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senselesse horrour queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became none understood:
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoveable he stood.

But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But Florimells owne girdle, from her reft
While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monster which did her compell
To perils great; which he unbuckling eft
Presented to the fayrest Florimell;
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

Full many ladies often had assayd
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Unlesse that she were continent and chast
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgrast.

Whilest thus they busied were bout Florimell,
And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
And, th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword; for with the same
He meant the thiefe there deadly to have smit:
And, had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it.

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse:
For Braggadochio would not let him pas;
And Guyon would him algates have perforse,
Or it approve upon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceived,
He nigh them drew to stay th' avengers forse;
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceaved.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About that wofull couple which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtill traine;
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
But he for nought could him thereto constraine;
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose than trie in armes his right.

Which Artegall well hearing, (though no more
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie,)
Yet further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt, what privie tokens he did beare.
" If that," said Guyon, " may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there."

Whereof to make due tryall one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke.
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedstall tooke:
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
And called Brigadore (so was he hight),
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see;
And, whenas he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee.

Thereby sir Artegall did plaine areed,
That unto him the horse belong'd; and sayd,
" Lo there, sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayd;
And let that losell, plainely now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gayned."
But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
That iudgement so uniust against him had ordayned.

Much was the knight incenst with his lewd word,
To have revenged that his villeny;
And thrice did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby:
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, " Sir Knight, it would dishonour bee
To you that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee:
It 's punishment enough that all his shame doe see."

So did he mitigate sir Artegall;
But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall
Upon him did inflict this punishment:
First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent;
Then from him reft his shield, and it renverst,
And blotted out his armes with falsehood blent;
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst;
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away;
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie:
Who overtaking him did disaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all brave knights be banisht with defame:
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame.

Now when these counterfeits were thus uncased
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to iest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie:
Ladies can laugh at ladies, knights at knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtill slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking usurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such ladies and such lovely knights:
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That, whenas time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive:
Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death reprive.

Whoso upon himselfe will take the skill
True iustice unto people to divide,
Had need have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride:
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iustice to deride,
Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might:
For powre is the right hand of Iustice truely hight.

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
The charge of Iustice given was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust:
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on Earth, preserv'd from yron rust
Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we have to say.

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the castle of the strond
To follow his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and government:

With whom, as he did passe by the sea-shore,
He chaunst to come whereas two comely squires,
Both brethren whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred up with different desires,
Together strove, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside two seemely damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to asswage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good;
Now with sharpe threats; but threats the more increast their mood.

And there before them stood a coffer strong,
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt uppon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands:
Seem'd that for it these squires at ods did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruell hands;
But evermore those damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fierceness pall.

But firmely fixt they were with dint of sword
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try;
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them fortune would iustify:
So stood they both in readinesse thereby
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent:
When Artegall arriving happily
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame;
"Then weet ye, sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two islands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea; of which the one appeares
But like a little mount of small degree;
Yet was as great and wide, ere many years,
As that same other isle, that greater bredth now beares.

"But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this devouring sea, that nought doth spare,
The most part of my land hath washt away,
And throwne it up unto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I should have got,
And should have ioyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

"Then did my younger brother Amidas
Love that same other damzell, Lucy bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre that did delight:
What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
But now, when Philtra saw my lands decay,
And former livel'od fayle, she left me quight,
And to my brother did elope streightway:
Who, taking her from me, his owne love left astray.

" She, seeing then herselfe forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire which she conceyved,
Into the sea herselfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved;
But see how much her purpose was deceived!
Whilest thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,
She chaunst unwares to light upon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

" The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
Whenas the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,
Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
For any death to chaunge life, though most bad:
And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
(The lucky pylot of her passage sad),
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary barke at last uppon mine isle did rest.

" Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore
Did her espy, and through my good endevour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore
Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save her.
She then in recompence of that great favour,
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which fortune gave her,
Together with herselfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

" Yet in this coffer which she with her brought
Great threasure sithence we did finde contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought:
But this same other damzell since hath fained
That to herselfe that threasure appertained;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way:
But whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

" But, whether it indeede be so or no,
This doe I say, that whatso good or ill
Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
(Not wronging any other by my will),
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land the first did winne away,
And then my love (though now it little skill),
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray;
But I will it defend, whilst ever that I may."

So having sayd, the younger did ensew;
" Full true it is whatso about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt us doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne uppon his strand;
Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this maides with whom I fastned hand,
Known by good markes and perfect good espiall:
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall."

When they thus ended had, the knight began;
" Certes your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man."
" Unto yourselfe," said they, " we give our word,
To bide that iudgement ye shall us afford."
" Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Under my foote let each lay downe his sword;
And then you shall my sentence understand."
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

Then Artegall thus to the younger said;
" Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you withhold this day?"
" What other right," quoth he, " should you esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay?"
Your right is good," sayd he, " and so I deeme,
That what the sea unto you sent your own should seeme."

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd;
" Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be showne;
Your brothers threasure, which from him is strayd,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?"
" What other right," quoth he, " should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it unto me throwne?"
" Your right is good," sayd he, " and so I deeme,
That what the sea unto you sent your own should seeme.

" For equall right in equall things doth stand:
For what the mighty sea hath once possest,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
Or else by wracke that wretches hath distrest,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at random left, to whom he list.
So, Amidas, the land was yours first right;
And so the threasure yours is, Bracidas, by right.

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were displeased:
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the threasure by that iudgement seased.
So was their discord by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall,
Whenas their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

So, as he travelled uppon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide:
To whom when he approched neare in sight
(An uncouth sight), he plainely then descride
To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight:

And in the midst of them he saw a knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
And ready for the gallow tree prepard:
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was uneath was to descry;
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

But they, like tyrants mercilesse, the more
Reioyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts and termes of vile disgrace.
Now whenas Artegall, arriv'd in place,
Did aske what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarm apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares some villanous assay.

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceived their intent:
Yet, though himselfe did shame on womankinde
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wrecke on them their follies hardyment:
Who with few sowces of his yron flale
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vaine prowesse turnd to their proper bale:

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horror of fowle death for knight unfit,
Who more than losse of life ydreaded it;
And, him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom soone as he beheld he knew, and thus behight;

"Sir Turpine, haplesse man, what make you here?
Or have you lost yourselfe and your discretion,
That ever in this wretched case ye were?
Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiection?
Or else what other deadly dismall day,
Is falne on you by Heavens hard direction,
That ye were runne so fondly far astray
As for to lead yourselfe unto your owne decay?"

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht he himselfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus; "Most haplesse well ye may
Me iustly terme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorne of knighthood this same day:
But who can scape what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of Heavens will surpasseth humane thought."

"Right true: but faulty men use oftentimes
To attribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on Heaven the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, sir Terpin, ne let you amate
Your misery, how fell ye in this state?" [shame,
"Then sith ye needs," quoth he, "will know my
And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

"Being desirous (as all knights are woont)
Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the brave knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And unto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious head, [dead.
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be

"The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
And wooed him by all the waies she could:
But, when she saw at last that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill [fulfill.
Which she could doe to knights; which now she doth

"For all those knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate:
First, she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in womens weedes; and then with threat
Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
But bread and water or like feeble thing;
Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

"But if through stout disdaine of manly mind
Any her proud observaunce will withstand,
Uppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand;
In which condition I right now did stand:
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base service of her band,
I rather chose to die in lives despight,
Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a knight."

"How hight that Amazon," sayd Artegall,
"And where and how far hence does she abide?"
"Her name," quoth he, "they Radigund doe call,
A princesse of great powre and greater pride,
And queene of Amazons, in armes well tride
And sundry battels, which she hath atchieved
With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed;
Ne would I it have ween'd had I not late it prieved."

"Now sure," said he, "and by the faith that I
To maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame that she to knights doth show.
Therefore, sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and know
How fortune will your ruin'd name repaire
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would empaire."

With that, like one that hopelesse was repryv'd
From deathes dore at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters wherewith he was gyv'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone:
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway;
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which, of her owne name, she called Radegone.

Where they arriving by the watchmen were
Descried streight; who all the citty warned
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a knight all armed,
And th' other two well likely to have harmed.
Eftsoones the people all to harnesse ran,
And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed:
Ere long their queene herselfe, halfe like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

And now the knights, being arrived neare,
Did beat uppon the gates to enter in;
And at the porter, skorning them so few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his flesh in pieces for his sin:
Which whenas Radigund their comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bad that streight the gates should be unbard,
And to them way to make with weapons well prepard.

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forward, entraunce to have made:
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them staid,
And better bad advise, ere they assaid
Unknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout uppon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side, [abide.
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not

But Radigund herselfe, when she espide
Sir Terpin from her direfull doome acquit
So cruell doale amongst her maides divide,
T' avenge that shame they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit
Like a fell lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-piece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours knew.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt; and, in his necke
Her proud foote setting, at his head did levell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her iudgment breake:
As when a beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
Uppon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands over, and awhile doth pause [cause.
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe

Whom whenas Artegall in that distresse
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloudy slaughter
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse:
There her assayling fiercely fresh he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sence distraught her;
And, had she not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye.

Like to an eagle, in his kingly pride
Soring through his wide empire of the aire,
To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath spide
A goshauke, which hath seized for her share
Uppon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarry he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

But, soone as she her sence recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him herselfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath and sdeignfull pride half mad;
For never had she suffred such despight:
But, ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far asunder cast:
But mongst the rest the fight did untill evening last.

And every while that mighty yron man
With his strange weapon, never wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst, and over-ran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre,
For dread of their devouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

But whenas daies faire shinie beame, yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on hight,
Causd all her people to surcease from fight;
And, gathering them unto her cities gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight;
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be convayed in, ere she would once retrate.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted; the Elfin knight,
Weary of toile and travell of that day,
Causd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city-gate in open sight;
Where he himselfe did rest in safety
Together with sir Terpin all that night:
But Talus usde, in times of ieopardy,
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing griefe
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe;
But tossed in her troublous minde what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
There she resolv'd herselfe in single fight
To try her fortune, and his force assay,
Rather than see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day, a disadventerous sight.

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her sayd;
"Goe, damzell, quickly, doe thyselfe addresse
To doe the message which I shall expresse:
Goe thou unto that stranger Faery knight,
Who yesterday drove us to such distresse;
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
And try in equall field whether hath greater might.

"But these conditions doe to him propound;
That, if I vanquishe him, he shall obay
My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may;
Whatever he shall like to doe or say:
Goe streight, and take with thee to witnesse it
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate; henceforth he oft shall hungry sit."

The damzell streight obayd; and, putting all
In readinesse, forth to the town-gate went;
Where, sounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike knights she warning sent.
Then Talus forth issuing from the tent
Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment:
Where that same damzell lowdly him bespake,
And shew'd that with his lord she would emparlaunce make.

So he them streight conducted to his lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word:
Which he accepting, well as he could weete,
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'sies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare delight:
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete;
But Artegall himselfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdew'd by guile:
He is by her emprisoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile.

So soone as Day forth dawning from the east
Nights humid curtaine from the Heavens withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beast
Commaunded them their daily workes renew;
These noble warriors mindefull to pursew
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Themselves thereto preparde in order dew;
The knight, as best was seeming for a knight,
And th' Amazon, as best it likt herselfe to dight.

All in a camis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke;
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham; but, when she list, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends of gold on every side,
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore;
Uppon her thigh her cemitare was tide
With an embrodered belt of mickle pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Uppon the bosse with stones that shined wide,
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect;
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

So forth she came out of the citty-gate
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels that did waite
Uppon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach unto the Heavens hight:
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich pavilion ready pight
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter:
Soone after eke came she with full intent
And countenaunce fierce, as having fully bent her
That battels utmost triall to adventer.
The lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing on the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting how fortune would resolve that dangerous dout.

The trumpets sounded, and the field began;
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have rended:
But he, that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw himselfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on every side.

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And, though powre faild, her courage did accrew;
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her pursew:
Like as a smith, that to his cunning feat
The stubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

So did sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene:
But with her shield so well herselfe she warded
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded;
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

For with his trenchant blade, at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side itselfe did naked show,
And thenceforth unto daunger opened way.
Much was she moved with the mightie sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew;
And like a greedie beare unto her pray
With her sharpe cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh the purple bloud forth drew.

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbrayd that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speaches, fitting with her well;
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissaunce fearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to pieces round about the plaine.

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In sencelesse swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke:
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sun-shynie helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

But, whenas he discovered had her face,
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of Natures goodly grace
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
Which, in the rudenesse of that evill plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone, in foggie winters night, [light.
Doth seeme to be herselfe, though darkned be her

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regarde,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this, upstarting from her swoune she st[illegible]
A while about her with confused [illegible]
Like one that from his d[illegible]

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathëlesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to have stayd.

Like as a puttocke having spyde in sight
A gentle faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made unmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still:
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble knight, and sorely him constraine.

Nought could he do but shun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre;
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And evermore he gently did desyre
To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yield:
Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

So was he overcome, not overcome;
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he iustly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,
To be her thrall and service her afford:
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned:
No fayrer conquest then that with good will is gayned.

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
In signe of true subiection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke:
But Terpine, borne to' a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
She caused to be attacht and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t' abide the balefull stowre
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

But, when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so sondred;
Whose presence all their troups so much encombred,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismay'd, might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reskew his owne lord, but thought it iust t' obay.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
[illegible] weedes, that is to manhood shame,
[illegible] his lap an apron white,
[illegible] fit for fight.

So being clad she brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was field
With moniments of many knights decay
By her subdewed in victorious fray:
Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
And broke his sword for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to stirre up battailous alarmes.

There entred in he round about him saw [knew.
Many brave knights whose names right well he
There bound t' obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd so uncomely vew:
But they were forst, through penurie and pyne,
To doe those workes to them appointed dew:
For nought was given them to sup or dyne, [twyne.
But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
A sordid office for a mind so brave:
So hard it is to be a womans slave!
Yet he it tooke in his owne selfes despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behave
Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed;
His lyon skin chaunged to a pall of gold,
In which, forgetting warres, he onely ioyed [toyed.
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd
T' obay the heasts of mans well-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie:
But vertuous women wisely understand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the Heavens them lift to lawfull soveraintie.

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
Serving proud Radigund with true subiection:
However it his noble heart did gall
T' obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election:
But, having chosen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captive straunge.

Which long concealing in her covert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord
To serve the lowly vassall of her might,
And of her servant make her soverayne lord: [hord.
So great her pride that she such basenesse much ab-

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborne handling of her love-sicke hart;
And still the more she strove it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeysance of Loves mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd her paine.

Unto herselfe in secret she did call
Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
And to her sayd; "Clarinda, whom of all
I trust alive, sith I thee fostred first;
Now is the time that I untimely must
Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need!
It is so hapned that the Heavens uniust,
Spighting my happie freedome, have agreed
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed."

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose:
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And, to her turning, thus began againe;
"This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine;
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine."

"Ah! my deare dread," said then the fearefull mayd,
"Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even Deathes most dreadfull face behold?
Say on, my soverayne ladie, and be bold:
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?"
Therewith much comforted she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie;
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie.

"Clarin," said she, "thou seest yond Fayry knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
Subiected hath to my unequall might!
What right is it, that he should thraldome find
For lending life to me a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompence with ill!
Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

"Bound unto me; but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
Voide of malitious mind or foule offence:
To which if thou canst win him any way
Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull service me right well apay.

"Which that thou mayst the better bring to pass,
Loe! here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee
And token true to old Eumenias,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
Goe now, Clarinda; well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee,
Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise, [tise."
With which thou canst even Love himselfe to love en-

The trustie mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good endevour
Give her great comfort and some harts content:
So from her parting she thenceforth did labour,
By all the meanes she might, to curry favour
With the Elfin knight, her ladies best beloved:
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved,
And with wide-glauncing words one day she thus him proved:

"Unhappie knight, upon whose helplesse state
Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell Heavens have heapt an heavy fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorow, sith thy iuster merit
Might else have with felicitie bene crowned;
Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit [rit."
To thinke how this long death thou mightest disinhe-

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speach,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive;
And gan to doubt least she him sought t' appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
Through which she might his wretched life bereave:
Both which to barre he with this answere met her;
"Faire damzell, that with ruth, as I perceave,
Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard I can but rest your detter.

"Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lesse beseeming well to beare
The storme of Fortunes frowne or Heavens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to ioy and carrie comely cheare:
For though this cloud have now me overcast,
Yet doe I not of better times despeyre;
And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
Yet in my truthies assurance I rest fixed fast."

"But what so stonie minde," she then replyde,
"But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?"
"Unworthy sure," quoth he, "of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursew, if he attaine it may."
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope:

"Then why doest not, thou ill-advized man,
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreatie can
Move Radigund? who though she still have worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of beares and tygres, nor so salvage mynded
As that, albe all love of men she scorne,
She yet forgets that she of men was kynded:
And sooth oft seene that proudest harts base love hath blynded."

"Certes, Clarinda, not of eancred will,"
Sayd he, "nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
I have forbore this duetie to fulfill:
For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
That she a queene, and eome of princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be sewd unto,
Chiefely by him whose life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

" But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
From seeking favour where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to yourselfe should rest for ever bound,
And ready to deserve what grace I found."
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but unsound
And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leisure to awayt.

But foolish mayd, whyles heedlesse of the hooke
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through slipperie footing fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion:
For, seeking thus to salve the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceived close in her beguiled hart,
To Artegall, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her mistresse shold have knowledge gayned;
But to herselfe it secretly retayned
Within the closet of her covert brest:
The more thereby her tender hart was payned:
Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts unrest.

One day her ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loves successe, her lingring smart:
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;
But quickly she it overpast, so soone
As she her face had wypt to fresh her blood:
Tho gan she tell her all that she had donne,
And all the wayes she sought his love for to have wonne.

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne
So fond a lesson as to love againe:
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
Then his foes love or liking entertaine:
His resolution was, both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceived,
To be so scorned of a base-borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forstall.
Nathlesse, when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat:

" What now is left, Clarinda? what remaines,
That we may compasse this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
And greater shame t' abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despize:
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gratious mercie by this wise,
I will awhile with his first folly beare, [neare.
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more

" Say and do all that may hereto prevaile;
Leave nought unpromist that may him perswade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
With which the gods themselves are mylder made:
Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not invade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavie arme:
Who will not stoupe with good shall be made stoupe with harme.

" Some of his diet doe from him withdraw;
For I him find to be too proudly fed:
Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied:
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines with which let him be tide;
And let, whatever he desires, be him denide.

" When thou hast all this doen, then bring me newes
Of his demeane; thenceforth not like a lover,
But like a rebell stout, I will him use:
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till I the conquest of my will recover."
So she departed full of griefe and sdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her:
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

There all her subtill nets she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit display;
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her ladie, and herselfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray;
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad nurse, which, fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to herselfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld;
Even so Clarinda her owne dame beguyld,
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde.

For, comming to this knight, she purpose fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Unto her queene, his freedome to have gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade,
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade;
All which nathlesse she for his love forbore:
So praying him t' accept her service evermore.

And, more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Gan yeeld great thankes for such her curtesie;
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good means he might deserve such grace.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent love to be untrew:
Ne ever did deceiptfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind;
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore unto her mistresse most unkind
She daily told her love he did defye;
And him she told her dame his freedome did denye.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
That his scarse diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow:
Yet to her dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but little friended;
Until his owne true love his freedome gayned;
Which in another canto will be best contayned.

CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegals mishap:
She goes to seeke him; Dolon meetes,
Who seekes her to entrap.

Some men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill:
But he the man that say or doe so dare,
Be well aviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait,
With which those Amazons his love still craved,
To his owne love his loialtie he saved:
Whose character in th' adamantine mould
Of his trew hart so firmely was engraved,
That no new loves impression ever could
Bereave it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
Scarse so conceived in her iealous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
In womans bondage Talus to her brought;
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was sought:
For, after that the utmost date assynde
For his returne she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
A thousand feares, that love-sicke fancies faine to fynde.

Sometime she feared least some hard mishap
Had him misfalne in his adventurous quest;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous trayne, or had unwares opprest;
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
And secretly afflict with iealous feare,
Least some new love had him from her possest;
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill; yet could she not forbeare.

One whyle she blam'd herselfe; another whyle
She him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrew:
And then, her griefe with errour to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew:
For hours, but dayes; for weekes that passed were,
She told but moneths, to make them seeme more few:
Yet, when she reckned them still drawing neare,
Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every moneth a yeare.

But, whenas yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serve that turne,
As her owne selfe, to ease herselfe of dout.
Now she deviz'd, amongst the warlike rout
Of errant knights, to seeke her errant knight;
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose ladies lapped in delight:
And then both knights envide, and ladies eke did spight.

One day whenas she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened west,
Towards which coast her love his way addrest:
There looking forth shee in her heart did find
Many vain fancies working her unrest;
And sent her winged thoughts more swift then wind
To beare unto her love the message of her mind.

There as she looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede;
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her love indeede:
Who when he nigh approacht, shee mote arede
That it was Talus, Artegall his groome:
Whereat her hart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth to know his tidings somme.

Even in the dore him meeting, she begun;
"And where is he thy lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once: and hath he lost or wun?"
The yron man, albe he wanted sence
And sorrowes feeling, yet, with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence;
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning then himselfe it spake.

Till she againe thus sayd; "Talus, be bold,
And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold."
To whom he thus at length; "The tidings sad,
That I would hide, will needs I see be rad.
My lord (your love) by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad."
"Ay me," quoth she, "what wicked destinie!
And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?"

"Not by that tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a tyrannesse," he then replide,
"That him captived hath in haplesse woe."
"Cease thou, bad newes-man; badly doest thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide;
The rest myselfe too readily can spell."
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell;
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

There she began to make her moanefull plaint
Against her knight for being so untrew;
And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did she blame herselfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a straungers love so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she never knew;
And evermore she did him sharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
And then againe she did herselfe torment,
Inflicting on herselfe his punishment.
Awhile she walkt, and chauft; awhile she threw
Herselfe uppon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loude alew, [few.
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and singulfs

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe,
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing:
Such was this ladies fit in her loves fond accusing.

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Herself there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him with mylder mood
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine,
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

"Ah wellaway!" sayd then the yron man,
"That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now undoo."
"Sayd I not then," quoth she, "ere-while aright,
That this is thinge compacte betwixt you two
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight?"

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late:
All which when she with hard enduraunce had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
With sodaine stounds of wrath and grief attone;
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made;
But streight herselfe did dight, and armor don,
And mounting to her steede bad Talus guide her on.

So forth she rode uppon her ready way,
To seeke her knight, as Talus her did guide:
Sadly she rode, and never word did say
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
But still right downe; and in her thought did hide
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
Which had her lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent.

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete toward the even-tide
A knight, that softly paced on the plaine,
As if himselfe to solace he were faine:
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace then needlesse trouble to constraine;
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no evill ment.

He comming neare gan gently her salute
With curteous words, in the most comely wize;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
She would herselfe displease, so him requite.
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light, [light:
And many things demaund, to which she answer'd

For little lust had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare that mote delightfull bee;
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
That gave none other place. Which when as hee
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
He list no lenger to use lothfull speach,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady dampe had dimd the Heavens reach,
To lodge with him that night, unles good cause empeach.

The championesse, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld unto his good request;
And with him went without gaine-saying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by west,
His dwelling was, to which he him addrest;
Where soone arriving they received were
In seemely wise, as them beseemed best;
For he their host them goodly well did cheare,
And talk't of pleasant things the night away to weare.

Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought;
Where groomes awayted her to have undrest:
But she ne would undressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought:
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong uppon a mortall foe;
Which she would sure performe betide her wele or wo.

Which when their host perceiv'd, right discontent tie.
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment:
Yet taking leave of her he did depart:
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe-grieved,
Not suffering the least twinckling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved;
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprieved.

"Ye guilty eyes," sayd she, "the which with guyle
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now too, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway!
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your losse; and now needes will ye sleepe?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe
To thinke of your nights want, that should yee waking keepe."

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In waylfull plaints, that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease.
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease;
Like to a spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his lady treacherously.

What time the native belman of the night,
The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver bell t' each sleepy wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall:
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raysd againe, that no man could it spie.

With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment:
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men comming with close intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull stound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her bound.

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two knights all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight:
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight:
They, seeing that, let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

But soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed knights and eke unarmed rout:
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Wherever in the darke he could them spie;
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay.
Then, backe returning where his dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst t' abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd; but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede;
And for what cause so great mischiévous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in hart.

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight;
A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with slie shiftes and wiles did underminde
All noble knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes:
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had deviz'd of late [hate.
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine;
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine:
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from their traytrous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t' avenge that villany
On that vilde man and all his family:
And, comming down to seeke them where they wond,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie;
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare; but whether, nether kond.

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
But tooke her steede; and thereon mounting light
Gan her addresse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perillous bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That, if two met, the one mote needs falf o'er the lidge.

There they did thinke themselves on her to wreake:
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake;
"Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet knight art none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone;
But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
Of Guizor by thee slaine and murdred by thy slight."

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare;
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous bridge she came; and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared:
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her bever glared,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Like coles that through a silver censer sparkle bright.

She stayd not to advise which way to take;
But, putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Uppon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the bridges further end she past;
Where falling downe his challenge he releast:
The other over side the bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last.

As when the flashing levin haps to light
Uppon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight;
The engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare [beare;
Th' one from the earth, and through the aire doth
The other it with force doth overthrow
Uppon one side, and from his rootes doth reare:
So did the championesse those two there strow,
And to their sire their carcassess left to bestow.

CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

Nought is on Earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define:
For th' Hevens themselves, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest Iove, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferiour gods, and evermore
Therewith containes his heavenly common weale:
The skill whereof to princes hearts he doth reveale.

Well therefore did the antique world invent
That Iustice was a god of soveraine grace
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian kings that whylome were;
With fayned colours shading a true case:
For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
The iustest man alive and truest did appeare.

His wife was Isis; whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great powre and soverainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of iustice which is equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently:
Unto whose temple whenas Britomart
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

There she received was in goodly wize
Of many priests, which duely did attend
Uppon the rites and daily sacrifize,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd
They wore rich mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that Isis doth the Moone portend;
Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne:
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

The championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould
Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workmans passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red;
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

Thenceforth unto the idoll they her brought;
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine:
Uppon her head she wore a crowne of gold;
To shew that she had powre in things divine:
And at her feete a crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

One foote was set uppon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand;
So meaning to suppresse both forged guile
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white sclender wand.
Such was the goddesse: whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herselfe uppon the land
She did prostráte, and with right humble hart
Unto herselfe her silent prayers did impart.

To which the idoll as it were inclining
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence desining:
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And ioyous light the house of Iove forsooke:
Which when she saw her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altars side herselfe to slumber plaste.

For other beds the priests there used none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides uppon the cold hard stone,
T' enure themselves to sufferaunce thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify:
For, by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastity
And continence of life; that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine; for wine they say is blood,
Even the bloud of gyants, which were slaine
By thundring Iove in the Phlegrean plaine:
For which the Earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell:

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine; whose liquor blouddy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre against the gods againe:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within reasons rule her madding mood containe.

There did the warlike maide herselfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night;
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight:
Where whilest her earthly parts with soft delight
Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close implie
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifize
To Isis, deckt with mitre on her hed
And linnen stole after those priestes guize,
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And moone-like mitre to a crowne of gold;
That even she herselfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and ioyed to behold
Herselfe adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

And, in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the temple sodainely,
That from the altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Uppon the ground; which, kindled privily,
Into outragious flames unwares did grow,
That all the temple put in ieopardy
Of flaming, and herselfe in great perplexity.

With that the crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the idols feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre;
And gaping greedy wide did streight devoure
Both flames and tempest; with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat;
But that the goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

Tho, turning all his pride to humblesse meeke,
Himselfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke:
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew,
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew:
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so uncouth sight.

So thereuppon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie;
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day
Up-lifted in the porch of Heaven hie:
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the priests she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow mas;
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was:

But, by the change of her unchearefull looke,
They might perceive she was not well in plight,
Or that some pensiveness to heart she tooke:
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespake; "Sir Knight, it seemes to me
That, thorough evill rest of this last night,
Or ill apayd or much dismayd ye be;
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see."

"Certes," sayd she, "sith ye so well have spide
The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide;
But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find
Your aide to guide me out of errour blind."
"Say on," quoth he, "the secret of your hart:
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd best counsell to impart
To all that shall require my comfort in their smart."

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
And, with long locks up-standing stiffly, stared
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright:
So fild with heavenly fury thus he her behight;

"Magnificke virgin, that in queint disguise
Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprize; [hood,
How couldst thou weene, through that disguized
To hide thy state from being understood?
Can from th' immortall gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linage, and thy lordly brood,
They doe thy sire lamenting sore for thee,
They doe thy love forlorne in womens thraldome see.

"The end whereof, and all the long event,
They do to thee in this same dreame discover:
For that same crocodile doth represent
The righteous knight that is thy faithfull lover,
Like to Osyris in all iust endever:
For that same crocodile Osyris is,
That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever;
To shew that clemence oft, in things amis, [his.
Restraines those sterne behests and cruell doomes of

"That knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
To hinder thee from the iust heritage
Of thy sires crowne, and from thy countrey deare:
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme:
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That lion-like shall shew his powre extreame,
So blesse thee God, and give thee ioyance of thy dreame!"

All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those priests bestowed rich reward;
And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought
She for a present to their goddesse brought.
Then taking leave of them she forward went
To seeke her love, where he was to be sought;
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought;
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see:
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them forth to hold.

So there without the gate, as seemed best,
She caused her pavilion be pight;
In which stout Britomart herselfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise they of the towne in fright
Uppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe;

And caused streight a trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
Who, long before awoke, (for she full ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a jealous guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest
Did forth issue all ready for the fight;
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

But, ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tye her fone,
To serve her so, as she the rest had bound:
Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
For high disdaine of such indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them sound:
For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

The trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot;
Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke use in armes; ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which Nature had created
So faire and tender without staine or spot
For other uses then they them translated; [hated.
Which they now hackt and hewd as if such use they

As when a tygre and a lionesse
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:
But first the tygre clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to loose her right away
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond:
To which the lion strongly doth gainesay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it have wherever she it fond.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fild with blood which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should grow.

At last proud Radigund with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding said; "This token beare
Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest."
Which spitefull words she sore engriev'd to heare
Thus answer'd; "Lewdly thou my love depravest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely bravest."

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder-plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarse uphold; yet soone she it requit:
For, having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostráted on the plaine.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to herselfe againe;
But in revenge both of her loves distresse
And her late vile reproch though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft:
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sence bereft
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the formost win;
And, pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in:
There then a piteous slaughter did begin;
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flale did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach; [preach.
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may em-

And now by this the noble conqueresse
Herselfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though revengefull vow she did professe,
Yet, when she saw the heapes which he did make
Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury wilted him to slake:
For else he sure had left not one alive;
But all, in his revenge, of spirite would deprive.

Tho, when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire:
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight
Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly maske in misery misdight

At last whenas to her owne love she came,
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so bad;
And then too well believ'd that which tofore
Ielous suspect as true untruely drad:
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes sore.

Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chast Penelope possesse,
To see her lord, that was reported drent
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares;
That she knew not his favours likelynesse,
For many scarres and many hoary heares; [feares.
But stood long staring on him mongst uncertaine

"Ah! my deare lord, what sight is this," quoth she,
"What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t' embrew
In bloud of kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
Could ought on Earth so wondrous change have wrought,
As to have robde you of that manly hew?
Could so great courage stouped have to ought?
Then farewell, fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought!"

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight;
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had beene reft from many a noble knight;
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whilest fortune favourd her successe in fight:
In which whenas she him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and ioyd much in his semblance glad.

So there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as princess rained;
And changing all that forme of common-weale
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt; and, them restoring
To mens subiection, did true iustice deale:
That all they, as a goddesse her adoring,
Her wisedome did admire, and hearkned to her loring.

For all those knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free;
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee:
And, that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall:
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, whatso befall,
Uppon his first adventure which him forth did call.

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe:
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe;
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then, hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine and sorrow somewhat ease,
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane while her noble lord sir Artegall
Went on his way; ne ever howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that lady thrall:
That for another canto will more fitly fall.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Soudan; drive his wife
Adicia to despaire.

Nought under Heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to represse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

So whylome learnd that mighty Iewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:
So also did that great Oetean knight
For his love sake his lions skin undight;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world reiect.

Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane;
But left his love (albe her strong request)
Faire Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode himselfe uppon his first intent:
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest;
Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed
A damzell flying on a palfrey fast
Before two knights that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chast
In hope to have her overhent at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;
And ever as she rode her eye was backeward bent.

Soone after these he saw another knight,
That after those two former rode apace
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
They being chased that did others chace.
At length he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face;
However loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere make.

But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull mayd;
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her spie
Sir Artegall, to whom she streight did hie
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enimy:
Who seeing her approch gan forward set
To save her from her feare, and him from force to let.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quight have overwent.
So both together, ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met: but Artegall was stronger,
And better skild in tilt and turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
Then two speares length: so mischiefe overmatcht the wronger:

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke;
For on his head unhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke asunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while the other knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast:
Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan which before him past.

Instead of whom finding there ready prest
Sir Artegall, without discretion
He at him ran with ready speare in rest:
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe: so both anon
Together met, and strongly either strooke
And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke
And tottred, like two towres which through a tempest quooke.

But, when againe they had recovered sence,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had fayld of their pretence:
Which when the damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray;
She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Untill they both do heare what she to them will say.

They stayd their hands; when she thus gan to speake:
"Ah! gentle knights, what meane ye thus unwise
Upon yourselves anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground: what doe ye then devise
Of more revenge? if more, then I am shee [mee."
Which was the roote of all; end your revenge on

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about
To weete if it were true as she had told;
Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And ventailes reare each other to behold.
Tho, when as Artegall did Arthure vew,
So faire a creature and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection nigh him drew;

Saying, "Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus sore,
Suffring my hand against my heart to stray:
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends myselfe yours evermore,
Or whatso penaunce shall by you be red."
To whom the prince; "Certes me needeth more
To crave the same; whom errour so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the ded.

"But, sith ye please that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby."
So gan they both themselves full eath perswade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

Then Artegall gan of the prince enquire,
What were those knights which there on ground were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that mayd.
"Certes I wote not well," the prince then sayd,
"But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way unweetingly I strayd,
And lo! the damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know."

Then they that damzell called to them nie,
And asked her, what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie;
And what was she herselfe so woe-begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus: "Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a queene that not far hence doth wone,
A princesse of great powre and maiestie, [nie,
Famous through all the world, and honour'd far and

"Her name Mercilla most men use to call;
That is a mayden queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen over all
And soveraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her envy
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne;
Yet she herselfe the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

"Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes here by,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate
Seekes to subvert her crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
And her good knights (of which so brave a band
Serves her as any princesse under sky)
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

"Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day;
But that he seekes by trayterous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That, O ye Heavens, defend! and turne away
From her unto the miscreant himselfe;
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his god of his ungodly pelfe,
And idoles serves: so let his idols serve the Elfe!

"To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is provokt, and stird up day and night
By his bad wife that hight Adicia;
Who counsels him, through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right:
For she herselfe professeth mortall foe
To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,
Working, to all that love her, deadly woe,
And making all her knights and people to doe so.

"Which my liege lady seeing, thought it best
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife and stablishment of rest
Both to herselfe and to her common-weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message unto her she sent,
To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonement
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

"All times have wont safe passage to afford
To messengers that come for causes iust:
But this proude dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reviling me and rayling as she lust,
But lastly, to make proofe of utmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

" And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But, thankt be God, and your good hardiment!
They have the price of their owne folly payd."
So said this damzell, that hight Samient;
And to those knights for their so noble ayd
Herselfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped thanks repayd.

But they now having throughly heard and seene
All those great wrongs, the which that mayd com-plained
To have bene done against her lady queene
By that proud dame, which her so much disdained,
Were moved much thereat, and twixt them fained
With all their force to worke avengement strong
Uppon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,
And on his lady, th' author of that wrong,
And uppon all those knights that did to her belong.

But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their deseigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt themselves devise:
First, that sir Artegall should him array
Like one of those two knights which dead there lay;
And then that damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast prize with him convay
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornefull lady that for her had sent.

So as they had deviz'd, sir Artegall
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That damzell, led her to the Souldans right:
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened streight it was her Paynim knight,
Which brought that damzell as his purchast pray;
And sent to him a page that mote direct his way:

Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his service to disarme the knight;
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour dight:
Soone after whom the prince arrived there,
And, sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defyance, did of him requere
That damzell whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought;
And, mounting straight upon a charret hye,
(With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his beastes for provender did spred;)

So forth he came all in a cote of plate
Burnisht with bloudie rust; whiles on the greene
The Briton prince him readie did awayte
In glistering armes right goodly well beseene,
That shone as bright as doth the Heaven sheene;
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his lord; to th' end
He should his flaile to finall execution bend.

Thus goe they both together to their geare
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For the proud Souldan, with presumptuous cheare
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and avengement;
But the brave prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

Like to the Thracian tyrant, who they say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in pieces by Alcides great;
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
Either the prince in peeces to have torne
With his sharpe wheeles in his first rages heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne,
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained scorne.

But the bold child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charret drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew:
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That, had he not it shunn'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfixed or his horse, [morse.
Or made them both one masse withouten more re-

Oft drew the prince unto his charret nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare;
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wing-footed coursers him did beare
So fast away, that, ere his readie speare
He could advance, he farre was gone and past;
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast,
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore:
The wicked shaft, guyded through th' ayrie wyde
By some bad spirit that it to mischiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his enriven side.

Much was he grieved with that haplesse throe,
That opened had the welspring of his blood;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull mood:
That made him rave, like to a lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

Still when he sought t' approch unto him ny
His charret wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly;
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renound
For noble courage and for hardie race, [place,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to

Thus long they trast and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach;
Yet could the prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach:
At last, from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew:
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But th' onely feare that was before their vew;
From which like mazed deere dismayfully they flew.

Fast did they fly as them there feete could beare
High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare:
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought avayles;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore;
But go which way they list; their guide they have forlore.

As when the fiрie-mouthed steedes, which drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaëtons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous scorpion vew
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-knowen courses they forwent;
And, leading th' ever burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scornd all former law: [draw
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did
The yron charet, and the wheeles did teare,
And tost the Paynim without feare or awe;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying heare.

Yet still the prince pursew'd him close behind,
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind:
At last they have all overthrowne to ground
Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan hound
Amongst the yron hookes and graples keene
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the greene.

Like as the cursed sonne of Thesëus,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his stepdames love outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the woody nymphes did wayle and mourne:
So was this Souldain rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape appear'd no litle moniment.

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to brus'd and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongst whom this storie should be spoken,
How worthily, by Heavens high decree,
Iustice that day of wrong herselfe had wroken;
That all men, which that spectacle did see,
By like ensample mote for ever warned bee.

So on a tree, before the tyrants dore,
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a moniment for evermore.
Which when his ladie from the castles hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright:
Yet not, as women wont, in dolefull fit
She was dismayd, or faynted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftsoones devize to be aveng'd for it.

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere
By Artegall, misween'd for her owne knight,
That brought her backe: and, comming present there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands murdred infant out;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about;
Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus priests, her owne deare flesh did teare:
Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Mœnades so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw that damzell there.

But Artegall being thereof aware
Did stay her cruell hand ere she her raught;
And, as she did herselfe to strike prepare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
She forth did rome whether her rage her bore,
With franticke passion and with furie fraught;
And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Unto the wilde wood ranne, her dolours to deplore:

As a mad bytch, whenas the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing doth wreake her wrath
On man and beast that commeth in her path.
There they doe say that she transformed was
Into a tygre, and that tygres scath
In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
To prove her surname true, that she imposed has.

Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That ladies part and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard shame;
So that with finall force them all he overcame.

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde;
And there the prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Presenting him with all the rich array
And roiall pomp, which there long hidden lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong,
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay.
So both, for rest, there having stayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd; fit matter for another song.

CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle
Whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
And see her rich array.

What tygre, or what other salvage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd itselfe with might?
Not fit mongst men that doe with reason mell,
But mongst wyld beasts, and salvage woods, to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake devoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell
Are dreadded most, and feared for their powre;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.

There let her wonne, farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

Where having with sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that damzell and her ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way:
But she them woo'd, by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her, to see her ladie thence not farre away.

By whose entreatie both they overcommen
Agree to goe with her; and by the way,
As often falles, of sundry things did commen;
Mongst which that damzell did to them bewray
A straunge adventure which not farre thence lay;
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie thereabout,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it out.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, she sayd,
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face:
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous over all.

Through these his slights he many doth confound:
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and hewn farre under ground,
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say it goeth downe to Hell:
And, all within, it full of wyndings is
And hidden wayes, that scarse an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone amis.

Which when those knights had heard, their hearts gan earne
To understand that villeins dwelling place,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
"Were not," sayd she, "that it should let your pace
Towards my ladies presence by you ment,
I would you guyde directly to the place."
"Then let not that," said they, "stay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that carle have hent."

So forth they past, till they approched ny
Unto the rocke where was the villeins won:
Which when the damzell neare at hand did spy,
She warn'd the knights thereof: who thereupon
Gan to advize what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raysing pittifull uprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

With noyse whereof whenas the caytive carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awayt would closely him ensnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle;
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke; and there, upon a soyle
Having herselfe in wretched wize abiected, [fected.
Gan weepe and wayle as if great griefe had her af-

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave
Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have:
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the Earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long eurld locks that downe his shoulders shag-
And on his backe an uncouth vestiment [ged,
Made of straunge stuffe, but all to worne and ragged,
And underneath his breech was all to torne and iagged.

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
And ever round about he cast his looke:
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldom fished at the brooke,
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd;
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride:
But, when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
To banish feare; and with Sardonian smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle, [whyle.
That from herself unwares he might her steale the

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant tricks before her show,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For he in slights and iugling feates did flow,
And of legiérdemayne the mysteries did know.

To which whilest she lent her intentive mind,
He suddenly his net upon her threw,
That oversprad her like a puffe of wind;
And snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud: but whenas ny
He came unto his cave, and there did vew
The armed knights stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe and fast away did fly.

But Artegall him after did pursew;
The whiles the prince there kept the entrance still:
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wyld gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:
Ne ought avayled for the armed knight
To thinke to follow him that was so swift and light.

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent
To follow him; for he was swift in chace:
He him pursewd wherever that he went;
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place
Whereso he fled, he followd him apace:
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The hight, and downe descend unto the base:
There he him courst afresh, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take.

Into a foxe himselfe he first did tourne;
But he him hunted like a foxe full fast:
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
But he then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land;
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his lord sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights:
Who whilest in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw:
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew;
But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward drew.

But, whenas he would to a snake againe
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drive at him with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past;
So did deceipt the selfe-deceiver fayle:
There they him left a carrion outcast
For beasts and foules to feede upon for their repast.

Thence forth they passed with that gentle mayd
To see her ladie, as they did agree:
To which when she approched, thus she sayd;
"Loe now, right noble knights, arriv'd ye bee
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see:
There shall ye see my soverayne ladie queene,
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
That ever yet upon this Earth was seene,
Or that with diademe hath ever crowned beene."

The gentle knights reioyced much to heare
The prayses of that prince so manifold;
And, passing litle further, commen were
Where they a stately pallace did behold
Of pompous show, much more then she had told,
With many towres and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge beholders eye.

There they alighting, by that damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight;
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with gyant-like resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
That under shew oft-times of fayned semblance,
Are wont in princes courts to worke great scath and hindrance:

His name was Awe; by whom they passing in
Went up the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome:
By whom they passing through the thickest preasse,
The marshall of the hall to them did come,
His name hight Order; who, commaunding peace,
Them guyded through the throng, that did their clamors ceasse.

They ceast their clamors upon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray:
For never saw they there the like array;
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway
Dealing iust iudgments, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken.

There, as they entred at the scriene, they saw
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vyle
Nayld to a post, adiudged so by law;
For that therewith he falsely did revyle
And foule blaspheme that queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold speaches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compyle;
For the bold title of a poet bad [sprad.
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had

Thus there he stood, whilest high over his head
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bon Fons; but *Bon*, that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in:
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red;
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of evill words, and wicked sclaunders by him shed.

They, passing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the presence of that gratious queene;
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth have gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device;
And all embost with lyons and flourdelice.

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode-spreading wings did wyde unfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunnybeames,
Glistring like gold amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept litle angels through the glittering gleames.

Seemed those litle angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimblesse bold;
Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sate;
She, angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie conquerors, in royall state; [tráte.
Whylest kings and Kesars at her feet did them pros-

Thus she did sit in soverayne maiestie,
Holding a sceptre in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand:
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;
Yet whenas foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

And round about before her feet there sate
A bevie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t' adorne her royall state;
All lovely daughters of high Iove, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in loves delight
Upon the righteous Themis; those they say
Upon Ioves iudgment-seat wayt day and night;
And, when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme and cruell vengeance stay.

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortall princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frayltie which offend:
Those did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
Iust Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene;
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,
And saered Reverence yborne of heavenly strene.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all;
Whylest underneath her feete, there as she sate,
An huge great lyon lay (that mote appall
An hardie courage), like captived thrall
With a strong yron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not move, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when salvage choler gan redound.

So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
Those two strange knights were to her presence brought;
Who, bowing low before her maiestie,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone that they imagine mought:
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high-soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.

As the bright Sunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw;
So did this mightie ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate somewhat of that maiestie and awe
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to entertake.

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in place,
She was about affaires of common-wele,
Dealing of iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people mean and base:
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard:
But, at the sight of these, those were awhile debard.

But, after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Herselfe eftsoones she gan convert againe;
Which that those knights likewise mote understand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
One either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
Th' other on th' other side, and neare them none.

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to revele; [speach
That well could charme his tongue, and time his
To all assayes; his name was called Zele:
He gan that ladie strongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes by her enured;
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t' abhorre and loath her person had procured.

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, Duessa hight;
That false Duessa, which had wrought great care
And mickle mischiefe unto many a knight
By her beguyled and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred Mercilla oft did frame.

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred,)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto herselfe deryve, [dryve.
And tryumph in their blood whom she to death did

But through high Heavens grace, which favour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes
Gainst loiall princes, all this cursed plot
Ere proofe it tooke discovered was betymes,
And th' actours won the meede meet for their crymes:
Such be the meede of all that by such meane
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes!
But false Duessa, now untitled queene, [seene.
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame:
And with him, to make part against her, came
Many grave persons that against her pled.
First was a sage old syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

Then gan Authority her to oppose
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute;
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High Gods beheast, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the peoples cry and commons sute
Importune care of their owne publicke cause;
And lastly Iustice charged her with breach of lawes.

But then, for her, on the contrárie part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead:
First there came Pittie with full tender hart,
And with her ioyn'd Regard of Womanhead;
And then came Daunger threatning hidden dread
And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre;
And lastly Griefe did plead, and many teares forth powre.

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent:
Which whenas Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull obiects to them to present.

He gan t' efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,
The cursed Atè, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach; and, to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons forth did lay.

Then brought he forth with griesly grim aspéct
Abhorred Murder, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits and mutinous uprore:
Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused sore.

All which whenas the prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eftsoones was drawn cleene:
But Artegall, with constant firme intent
For zeale of iustice, was against her bent:
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
And to their queene for iudgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for iustice gainst the thrall.

But she, whose princely breast was touched neare
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare,
That she of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which she covering with her purple pall
Would have the passion hid, and up arose withall.

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belgee for to fight:
Gerioneos seneschall
He slayes in Belges right.

Some clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie, be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate:
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almighties everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of grace.

For if that vertue be of so great might
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But, to preserve inviolated right,
Oft spilles the principall to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art
That seekes to save the subiect of her skill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart;
As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
That herein doest all earthly princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on Earth itselfe enlarged has,
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore,
Unto the margent of the Molucas?
Those nations farre thy iustice doe adore; [more.
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse muc

Much more it praysed was of those two knights,
The noble prince and righteous Artegall,
When they had seene and heard her doome arights
Against Duessa, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce:
And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

During all which, those knights continu'd there
Both doing and receiving curtesies
Of that great ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare
And worthie paterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongst many living are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and her peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother who, a widow, was
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a strong tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

Her name was Belgè; who in former age
A ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage, [seene
Even seventeene goodly sonnes; which who had
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath that all her issue wasted.

But this fell tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood:
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood:
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,
And th' armes and legs of three to succour him in fight.

And sooth they say that he was borne and bred
Of gyants race, the sonne of Geryon;
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subiection,
Through his three bodies powre in one combyn'd;
And eke all strangers, in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd;
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd:

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe t' attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus hight;
Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of Night:
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight.

His sonne was this Geryoneo hight;
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land, where he his syre did quell,
And came to this, where Belgè then did dwell
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow, as befell,
After her noble husbands late decesse;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking advantage and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes
That should her powre against her right oppose:
Wherefore she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertayn'd and did her champion chose;
Which long he usd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

By meanes whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him soveraine powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit:
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To stirre up strife and many a tragicke stowre;
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull monster to devoure,
And setting up an idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gratious great Mercilla call
For ayde against that cruell tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft:
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this ladies gieft:
To whom their sute they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many knights and ladies gent.

Amongst the which then fortuned to bee
The noble Briton prince with his brave peare;
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie queene entreat
To graunt him that adventure for his former feat.

She gladly graunted it: then he straightway
Himselfe unto his iourney gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the Heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

Then taking humble leave of that great queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beseene,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle youthes, which him did guide,
And all his way before him still prepare:
Ne after him did Artegall abide,
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

It was not long till that the prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that ladie sad;
Whereof that tyrant had her now deprived,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle and cities glad,
In which she wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there herselfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight;
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:
And eke herselfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she saw, began to fly;
But, when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up ioyfully;
For well she wist this knight came succour to supply.

And, running unto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele,
And bursting forth in teares; "Ah! my sweet boyes,"
Sayd she, "yet now I gin new life to feele;
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe at this your ioyous sight.
Alreadie seemes that Fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and Sunne to shine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight."

Then turning unto him; "And you, sir Knight,"
Said she, "that taken have this toylesome paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in Heaven immortall guerdon gaine
For so great travell as you doe sustaine!
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else but hare life doth remaine;
And that so wretched one, as ye do see
Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee."

Much was he moved with her piteous plight;
And low dismounting from his loftie steede
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede.
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest and feede,
And she take comfort which God now did send:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

"Ay me!" sayd she, "and whither shall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My palaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and their sky-threatning towres
Raced and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marishes and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those ravenous dogs."

"Nathlesse," said he, "deare ladie, with me goe;
Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to us with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field!
The Earth to all her creatures lodging lends."
With such his chearefull speaches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends; [wends.
And, bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with him

They came unto a citie farre up land,
The which whylome that ladies owne had bene;
But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund without needing perswade.

That castle was the strength of all that state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled downe;
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly castle, and both goodly towne,
Till that th' offended Heavens list to lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne.
When those gainst states and kingdomes do coniure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure!

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enioy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his idole most untrew.

To him he hath before this castle greene
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich beseene,
On which that cursed idole, farre proclamed,
He hath set up, and him his god hath named;
Offring to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes, to see, it would agrize.

And, for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed idols altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of none
That lives on Earth; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee:
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone;
What else they have is all the tyrants fee:
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

There eke he placed a strong garrisone,
And set a seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed every one,
And vanquished all venturous knights in fight;
To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne:
To which when now they gan approch in sight,
The ladie counseld him the place to shonne,
Whereas so many knights had fouly bene fordonne.

Her fearefull speaches nought he did regard;
But, ryding streight under the castle wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their tyrants seneschall:
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight.

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
Amid their shields with so huge might and maine,
That seem'd their soules they would have ryven quight
Out of their breasts with furious despight:
Yet could the seneschals no entrance find
Into the princes shield where it empight
(So pure the metall was and well refynd),
But shivered all about, and scattered in the wynd:

Not so the princes; but with restlesse force
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his habergeon and eke his corse;
Which tombling downe upon the senselesse ground
Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bound
To wander in the griesly shades of night:
There did the prince him leave in deadly swound,
And thence unto the castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

But, as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
All arm'd to point issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.
As three great culverings for batterie bent,
And leveld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forthrent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment:

So all attonce they on the prince did thonder;
Who from his saddle swarved nought asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder;
But like a bulwarke firmely did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past through his shield and pierst through either syde;
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the prince as swiftly sped,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly play.
There, whilest they entring th' one did th' other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he overhent,
And, as he pressed in, him there did slay:
His carkasse tumbling on the threshold sent
His groning soule unto her place of punishment.

The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre the gate; but that same lumpe of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
Right in the middest of the threshold lay,
That it the posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the prince hard preased in betweene,
And entraunce wonne: streight th' other fled away,
And ran into the hall, where he did weene
Himselfe to save; but he there slew him at the skreene.

Then all the rest which in that castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them convayd out at a posterne dore.
Long sought the prince; but when he found no more
T' oppose against his powre, he forth issued
Unto that lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there had vewed,
And, what she had not seene within, unto her shewed:
Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting
For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honourd him with all that her behoved.
Thenceforth into that castle he her led
With her two sonnes right deare of her beloved;
Where all that night themselves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth slay the monster, and restore
Belgè unto her right.

It often fals, in course of common life,
That Right long time is overborne of Wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong:
But Justice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right:
As by sad Belgè seemes; whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton knight.

Whereof when newes was to that tyrant brought,
How that the lady Belgè now had found
A champion, that had with his champion fought,
And laid his seneschall low on the ground,
And eke himselfe did threaten to confound;
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unsound:
Yet, sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage, and take better cheare.

Nathlesse himselfe he armed all in hast,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the castle which they conquerd had:
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the castle gate,
And, with bold vaunts and ydle threatning, bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongefull state.

The prince staid not his aunswere to devize,
But opening streight the sparre forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly aunswerd him, he there did stand
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him streight;
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously uppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight;
That the bold prince was forced foote to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could have rive.

Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise multiplyde,
Besides the double strength which in them was:
For stil, when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand; and with such nimblesse sly
Could wield about, that, ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

Which uncouth use whenas the prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were unwares deceived;
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withstand.
One time when he his weapon faynd to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme as he it up did lift.

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdaine
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
And sodainely, t' avenge himselfe againe
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,
Uppon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horses head him quite did mall.

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare;
But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan himselfe to fight on foote prepare:
Whereof whenas the gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are awry.

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him neare,
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine:
But th' adamantine shield which he did beare
So well was tempred, that for all his maine
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine.

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,
As if he would have tottered to one side:
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan assay
That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay,
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the native tree and cropped quight.

With that all mad and furious he grew
Like a fell mastiffe, through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And Hell unto himselfe with horrour great:
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he strooke,
Nor where it light; but gan to chaufe and sweat,
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats;
But onely wexed now the more aware
To save himselfe from those his furious heats,
And watch advauntage how to worke his care,
The which good fortune to him offred faire:
For as he in his rage him overstrooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked overtooke, [strooke.
And with his mortal steel quite through the body

Through all three bodies he him strooke attonce,
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,
Else should he thrise have needed for the nonce
Them to have stricken, and thrise to have slaine.
So now all three one sencelesse lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloudy gore,
And byting th' earth for very Deaths disdaine;
Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the House of Dole, his daies there to deplore.

Which when the lady from the castle saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
She towards him in hast herselfe did draw
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the citties wall
Uppon these warriours, greedy t' understand
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

But Belgè with her sonnes prostráted low
Before his feete, in all that peoples sight, [wo,
Mongst ioyes mixing some tears, mongst wele some
Him thus bespake: "O most redoubted knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might;
What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
But ev'n that which thou savedst thine still to remaine!"

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying; "Deare lady, deedes ought not be scand
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by the trueth and by the causes right:
That same is it which fought for youth is day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay."

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further sayd; "Ah! sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and stablished my peace."
"What is there else," sayd he, "left of their rout?
Declare it boldly, dame, and doe not stand in dout."

"Then wote you, sir, that in this church hereby
There stands an idole of great note and name,
The which this gyant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom, for endlesse horrour of his shame,
He offred up for daily sacrifize
My children and my people, burnt in flame
With all the tortures that he could devize, [guize.
The more t' aggrate his god with such his bloudy

" And underneath this idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkasses that die
In sacrifize unto that cursed feend:
Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,
That ever scap'd: for of a man they say
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Even blasphémous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poisnous entrails fraught with dire decay."

Which when the prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great desire that monster to assay;
And prayd the place of her abode to learne:
Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe streightway
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the church he came, where it was told
The monster underneath the altar lay;
There he that idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no monster did behold.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;
And, the third time, out of an hidden shade
There forth issewd from under th' altars smooke
A dreadfull feend with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht itselfe as it had long lyen still;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrifide that feared nothing ill.

An huge great beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall Furies kinde:
For of a mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did finde.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse;
A lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare whatso she can oppresse;
A dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds whereso it is empight;
And eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that monster, whom the Theban knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill herselfe for very hearts despight
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose, but suffred deadly doole:
So also did this monster use like slight
To many a one which came unto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death deceived like a foole.

She comming forth, whenas she first beheld
The armed prince with shield so blazing bright
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That backe she would have turn'd for great affright:
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despight
To save herselfe, least that he did her slay;
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her way.

Tho, when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend:
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend;
But, when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell;
That even the temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast;
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger and stand halfe aghast
With trembling ioynts, as he for terrour shooke;
Who nought was terrifide but greater courage tooke.

As when the mast of some well-timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outragious storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne;
Whilest still she stands as stonisht and forlorne;
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile:
But, ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her flaile.

Then gan she cry much louder than afore,
That all the people, there without, it heard,
And Belgè selfe was therewith stonied sore,
As if the onely sound thereof she feard.
But then the feend herselfe more fiercely reard
Uppon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew, [rew:
And thrown his shield atweeen, she had him done to

But, as she prest on him with heavy sway,
Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an open way
To issue forth; the which, once being brust,
Like to a great mill-damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most ugly filth; and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed masse,
Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make:
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
With Belgè, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same daunger drad.

Whom when she saw so ioyously come forth,
She gan reioyce and shew triumphant chere,
Lauding and praysing his renowmed worth
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that monsters spoyle,
And eke that idoll deem'd so costly dere;
Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle.

Then all the people which beheld that day
Gan shout aloud, that unto Heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carrols song:
So him they led through all their streetes along
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies;
And all the vulgar did about them throng
To see the man, whose everlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

There he with Belgè did awhile remaine
Making great feast and ioyous merriment,
Untill he had her settled in her raine
With safe assuraunce and establishment.
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belgè and to all the rest;
Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,
And to his former iourney him addrest;
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

But turne we now to noble Artegall;
Who, having left Mercilla, streightway went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke Irenaes franchisement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent,
Through many perils; and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has.

There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
Unto his soveraine queene her suite for to commend.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;
"Haile, good sir Sergis, truest knight alive,
Well tride in all thy ladies troubles than
When her that tyrant did of crowne deprive;
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?"
To whom he thus; "She liveth sure and sound;
But by that tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

"For she presuming on th' appointed tyde,
In which ye promist, as ye were a knight,
To meete her at the Salvage Ilands syde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come; where she, afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtill slight
Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
Who her imprisond hath, and her life often sought.

"And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him iustifie, and prove her cleare
Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth reare,
She death shall sure aby." Those tidings sad
Did much abash sir Artegall to heare,
And grieved sore, that through his fault she had
Fallen into that tyrants hand and usage bad.

Then thus replide; "Now sure and by my life,
Too much am I to blame for that faire maide,
That have her drayne to all this troublous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I have not yet defraide:
But witnesse unto me, ye Heavens! that know
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide:
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from complishing the faith which I did owe.

"But now aread, sir Sergis, how long space
Hath he her lent a champion to provide."
"Ten daies," quoth he, "he graunted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well before that tide
None can have tidings to assist her side:
For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
That none can there arrive without an hoste:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste."

"Now turne againe," sir Artegall then sayd;
"For, if I live till those ten daies have end,
Assure yourselfe, sir Knight, she shall have ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe spend."
So backeward he attone with him did wend.
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusde array;
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

To which as they approcht the cause to know,
They saw a knight in daungerous distresse
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They spide a lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,
To reskue her from their rude violence;
And like a lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence:
But all in vaine; their numbers are so great,
That naught may boot to banishe them from thence;
For, soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

And now they doe so sharpely him assay,
That they his shield in peeces battred have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save;
Albe that it most safety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name:
For, from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongst all knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant knight with endles shame.

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, however strong and stout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; untill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about;
From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
Like scattred schaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thankes for their so goodly deed,
In saving him from daungerous despaire
Of those which sought his life for to empaire:
Of whom sir Artegall gan then enquere
The whole occasion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what those villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere.

To whom he thus; "My name is Burbon hight,
Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Untill late mischiefe did uppon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht sore:
And that faire lady, which in that uprore
Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdelis hight,
Is mine owne love, though me she have forlore;
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

"But sure to me her faith she first did plight
To be my love, and take me for her lord;
Till that a tyrant, which Grantorto hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entyced her to him for to accord.
O, who may not with gifts and words be tempted!
Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
Ay me, that ever guyle in wemen was invented!

"And now he hath this troupe of villains sent
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainst whom myselfe I long in vaine have bent
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may;
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with unequall might doe overlay,
That oft I driven am to great distresse,
And forced to forgoe th' attempt remédilesse."

"But why have ye," said Artegall, "forborne
Your owne good shield in daungerous dismay?
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
Which unto any knight behappen may,
To loose the badge that should his deedes display."
To whom sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame;
"That shall I unto you," quoth he, "bewray;
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement came.

"True is that I at first was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the Redcrosse;
Who, when he gave me armes in field to fight,
Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
His deare Redeemers badge upon the bosse:
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse;
Therewith Grantorto selfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

"But for that many did that shield envie,
And cruell enemies increased more;
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie scutchin being battred sore
I layd aside, and have of late forbore;
Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned:
Yet can I not my love have nathëmore;
For she by force is still fro me detayned, [ed."
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth mistrayn-

To whom thus Artegall; "Certes, sir Knight,
Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
That it to such a streight mote you constraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is, your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disaventrous field:
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote dishonour yield!"

"Not so," quoth he; "for yet, when time doth serve,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
Whenas necessitie doth it constraine."
"Fie on such forgerie," said Artegall,
"Under one hood to shadow faces twaine:
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things, to dissemble, fouly may befall!"

"Yet let me you of courtesie request,"
Said Burbon, "to assist me now at need
Against these pesants which have me opprest,
And forced me to so infámous deed,
That yet my love may from their hands be freed."
Sir Artegall, albe he earst did wyte
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him eftsoones unto the fight [might.
Did set upon these troupes with all his powre and

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme,
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bils and glayves making a dreadfull luster;
That forst at first those knights backe to retyre:
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre, [quyre.
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe in-

But, whenas overblowen was that brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale:
The raskall manie soone they overthrew; [subdew.
But the two knights themselves their captains did

At last they came whereas that ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight
To save themselves, and scattered were abrode:
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many iewels dight;
But that those villens through their usage bad
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

But Burbon, streight dismounting from his steed,
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed
Would have embraced her with hart entyre:
But she, backstarting, with disdainefull yre
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when those knights so froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded sore.

Sayd Artegall; "What foule disgrace is this
To so faire ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,
With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of love for any worlds delight?
Is ought on Earth so pretious or deare
As prayse and honour? or is ought so bright
And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then Phœbus lampe doth shine more cleare?

"Why then will ye, fond dame, attempted bee
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee,
To leave the love that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignitie debased!
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both your faith once plighted hold."

Much was the ladie in her gentle mind
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare;
Ne ought to answere thereunto did find:
But, hanging down her head with heavie cheare,
Stood long amaz'd as she amated weare:
Which Burbon seeing, her againe assayd;
And, clasping twixt his armes, her up did reare
Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gainesayd:
So bore her quite away nor well nor ill apayd.

Nathlesse the yron man did still pursew
That raskall many with unpittied spoyle;
Ne ceassed not, till all their scattred crew
Into the sea he drove quite from that soyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle:
But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed;
For that the terme, approching fast, required speed.

CANTO XII.

Artegall doth sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And shieth him in field.

O SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine:
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may enduren long.

Witnesse may Burbon be; whom all the bands,
Which may a knight assure, had surely bound,
Untill the love of lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithless and unsound:
And witnesse be Gerioneo found,
Who for like cause faire Belgè did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outragiousnesse.

Gainst whom sir Artegall long having since
Taken in hand th' exploit, (being thereto
Appointed by that mightie Faerie prince,
Great Gloriane, that tyrant to fordoo,)
Through other great adventures hethertoo
Had it forslackt: but now time drawing ny,
To him assynd her high behcast to doo,
To the sea-shore he gan his way apply,
To weete if shipping readie he mote there descry.

Tho, when they came to the sea-coast, they found
A ship all readie, as good fortune fell,
To put to sea, with whom they did compound
To passe them over where them list to tell:
The winde and weather served them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall;
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forstall.

But nathëmore would they from land refraine:
But, whenas nigh unto the shore they drew
That foot of man might sound the bottome plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth issew [threw;
Though darts from shore and stones they at him
And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore; whence he them chast away
And made to fly like doves, whom th' eagle doth affray.

The whyles sir Artegall with that old knight
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight.
By this came tydings to the tyrants eare,
By those which earst did fly away for feare,
Of their arrivall: wherewith troubled sore
He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And, forth issuing with his scouts afore, [shore:
Meant them to have incountred ere they left the

But ere he marched farre he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But Talus sternely did upon them set,
And brusht and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattred over all the land,
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers hand:

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all harkning did awhile asswage
Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
Till he an herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenaes cause with him in single fight:

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine;
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine,
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay;
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day:
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

That night sir Artegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine;
For he had given streight commaundëment
That none should dare him once to entertaine: [faine
Which none durst breake, though many would right
For faire Irena whom they loved deare:
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purvay which for them needfull weare.

The morrow next that was the dismall day
Appointed for Irenas death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegals arrivall her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,
Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee;
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

Then up she rose, and on herselfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;
And with dull countenance and with doleful spright
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay
For to receive the doome of her decay:
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

Like as a tender rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreds the glorie of her leavës gay;
Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the tyrant till it was farre day:

Who came at length with proud presumpteous gate
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a steele-cap he did weare
Of colour rustie-browne, but sure and strong;
And in his hand an huge polaxe did beare,
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to iustifie his wrong:

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
His face was ugly and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne; [cerne.
That whether man or monster one could scarse dis-

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare;
And, grinning grisely, did against him weld
His deadly weapon which in hand he held:
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld:
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about to be in readie plight.

The trompets sound; and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full dangerously bestow,
To doe most dammage whereas most they ment:
But with such force and furie violent
The tyrant thundered his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.

Which cruell outrage whenas Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes, where-ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed:
As when a skilfull marriner doth reed
A storme approching that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-sheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abeare,
And stouped oft his head from shame to shield:
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare;
And, much to gaine, a litle for to yield:
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made, [lade.
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did over-

Yet whenas fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud thence gushing grievously
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye:
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing tooke no great effect;
But, byting deepe, therein did sticke so fast [wrast:
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about:
Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield undoe.
Which Artegall perceiving, strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield did it forgoe;
And, whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore.

So well he him pursew'd that at the last
He stroke him with Chrysaor on the hed,
That with the souse thereof full sore aghast
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted:
Againe, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That, falling, on his mother earth he fed:
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head to ease him of his paine.

Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for ioy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that proud tyrants awe,
Which with strong powre did them long time oppresse;
And, running all with greedie ioyfulnesse
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse
As their true liege and princesse naturall;
And eke her champions glorie sounded over all:

Who, streight her leading with meete maiestie
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein establish peaceablie,
And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne;
And all such persons, as did late maintayne
That tyrants part with close or open ayde,
He sorely punished with heavie payne;
That in short space, whiles there with her he stayd,
Not one was left that durst her once have disobayd.

During which time that he did there remayne,
His studie was true iustice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale:
And that same yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent
To search out those that usd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

But, ere he coulde reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie court, that of necessity
His course of iustice he was forst to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that realme for to redresse:
But envies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray!
So, having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her there left in heavinesse.

Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
Whenas two old ill-favour'd hags he met,
By the way-side being together set,
Two griesly creatures; and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet,
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces [cases.
Did much the more augment, and made most ugly

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt: and her foule heare
Hung loose and loathsomely; thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew
And all her bones might through her cheekes be red;
Her lips were, like raw lether, pale and blew:
And as she spake, therewith she slavered; [she sed:
Yet spake she seldom: but thought more, the lesse

Her hands were foule and durtie, never washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught, [scratcht
Like puttocks clawes; with th' one of which she
Her cursed head, although it itched naught;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely.

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby;
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily;
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall:
For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monsters monsterous dyeat:

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid;
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gayned a great stake.

The other nothing better was then shee;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree:
For whatso Envie good or bad did fynd
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, whatever evill she conceived,
Did spred abroad and throw in th' open wynd:
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to have bereaved.

For, whatsoever good by any sayd
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes invent
How to deprave or slaunderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment:
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort:

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great ioy to publish it to many;
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excelling
In mischiefe; for herselfe she only vext:
But this same both herselfe and others eke perplext.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kils,
Or cruelly does wound whomso she wils:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils;
And faynes to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw amongst the good, which others had disprad.

These two now had themselves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainst sir Artegall;
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall:
Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
A monster which the Blatant Beast men call,
A dreadfull feend of gods and men ydrad, [lad.
Whom they by slights allur'd and to their purpose

Such were these hags, and so unhandsome drest:
Who when they nigh approching had espyde
Sir Artegall return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepheards curres had scryde
A ravenous wolfe amongst the scattered flockes:
And Enwie first, as she that first him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares does beat her brest and forhead knockes.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throws it most despightfully:
The cursed serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remayned secretly;
And, as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

Then th' other comming neare gan him revile,
And fouly rayle, with all she could invent;
Saying that he had, with unmanly guile
And foule abusion, both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice lent,
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for Grantorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having surpriz'd he fouly did to die.

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention;
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
And all the aire rebellowed againe;
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
And evermore those hags themselves did paine
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did straine.

And, still among, most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that so false sclaunders at him threw:
And more, to make them pierce and wound more deepe,
She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

But Talus, hearing her so lewdly raile
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chástiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heast observed:
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast; yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faerie court; where what him fell shall else be told.

THE SIXTH BOOK OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR OF COURTESIE.

The waies through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faëry,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And, when I gin to feele decay of might, [spright.
It strength to me supplies and chears my dulled

Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of learnings threasures
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies where never foote did use,
Ne none can find but who was taught them by the Muse:

Revele to me the sacred noursery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly
From view of men and wicked worlds disdaine;
Since it at first was by the gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at furst
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre
Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie;
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And spreds itselfe through all civilitie:
Of which though pleasant age doe plenteous seeme,
Yet, being matcht with plaine antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned showes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire that feeble eies misdeeme:

But, in the triall of true curtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eies of them that pas,
Which see not perfect things but in a glas:
Yet is that glasse so gay that it can blynd
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is bras:
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows but inward thoughts defynd.

But where shall I in all antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of princely curtesie,
As in yourselfe, O soveraine lady queene?
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
It showes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene;
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet so, from low to high, uplifted is your name.

Then pardon me, most dreaded soveraine,
That from yourselfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to yourselfe doe it returne againe:
So from the ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their king:
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire lords and ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your court where courtesies excell.

CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort
A damzell used vylde:
Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

Of court, it seemes, men courtesie doe call,
For that it there most useth to abound;
And well beseemeth that in princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill conversation:
Right so in Faery court it did redound,
Where curteous knights and ladies most did won
Of all on Earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

But mongst them all was none more courteous knight
Then Calidore, beloved over all:
In whom it seemes that gentlenesse of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away:
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approv'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame display.

Ne was there knight ne was their lady found
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace
For his faire usage and conditions sound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace;
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
To please the best, and th' evill to embase:
For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

And now he was in travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure sore bestad,
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had:
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew themselves, and both their persons rad:
When Calidore thus first; "Haile, noblest knight
Of all this day on ground that breathen living spright!

"Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
To whom sir Artegall gan to expresse
His whole exploite and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
"Now, happy man," said then sir Calidore,
"Which have so goodly as ye can devize,
Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before;
That shall you most renowmed make for evermore.

"But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endlesse trace; withouten guyde
Or good direction how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
In which although good fortune me befall,
Yet shall it not by none be testifyde."
"What is that quest," quoth then sir Artegall,
"That you into such perils presently doth call?"

"The Blattant Beast," quoth he, "I doe pursew,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdew:
Yet know I not or how or in what place
To find him out, yet still I forward trace."
"What is that Blattant Beast then?" he replide;
"Is it a monster bred of hellishe race,"
Then answered he, "which often hath annoyd
Good knights and ladies true, and many else destroyd.

"Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
And fell Chimæra, in her darkesome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
Till he to perfect ripenesse grew; and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment."

"Then, since the Salvage Island I did leave,"
Sayd Artegall, "I such a beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
That all in spight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me devoure:
But I, that knew myselfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre;
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure."

"That surely is that beast," saide Calidore,
"Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tidings which of none afore
Through all my weary travell I have had:
Yet now some hope your words unto me add."
"Now God you speed," quoth then sir Artegall,
"And keepe your body from the daunger drad;
For ye have much adoe to deale withall!"
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
Whenas by chaunce a comely squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide:
To whom approching, in that painefull stound
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him said;

"Unhappy squire, what hard mishap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captyved in this shamefull place?"
To whom he answered thus; "My haplesse case
Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

" Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a streight there stands a castle strong,
Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
For may no knight nor lady passe along
That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,
By reason of the streight, and rocks among,)
But they that ladies lockes doe shave away, [pay."
And that knights beard, for toll which they for passage

" A shamefull use as ever I did heare,"
Sayd Calidore, " and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
And for what cause? tell if thou have it knowne."
Sayd then that squire; " The lady, which doth owne
This castle, is by name Briana hight;
Then which a prouder lady liveth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty knight,
And sought to win his love by all the meanes she might.

" His name is Crudor; who, through high disdaine
And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,
Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
Untill a mantle she for him doe fynd
With beards of knights and locks of ladies lynd:
Which to provide, she hath this castle dight,
And therein hath a seneschall assynd,
Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worse despight.

" He, this same day as I that way did come
With a faire damzell my beloved deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome
Did set uppon us flying both for feare;
For little bootes against him hand to reare:
Me first he tooke unhable to withstond,
And whiles he her pursued every where,
Till his returne unto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I surely whether he her yet have fond."

Thus whiles they spake they heard a ruefull shrieke
Of one loud crying, which they streightway ghest
That it was she the which for helpe did seeke.
Tho, looking up unto the cry to lest,
They saw that carle from farre with hand unblest
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her snowy brest,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pitty, nor refrayne for feare.

Which haynous sight when Calidore beheld,
Eftsoones he loosd that squire, and so him left
With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which had reft
That piteous spoile by so iniurious theft:
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde;
" Leave, faytor, quickely that misgotten weft
To him that hath it better iustifyde, [defyde:"
And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art

Who, hearkning to that voice himselfe upreard,
And, seeing him so fiercely towardes make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
And with sterne count'naunce thus unto him spake;
" Art thou the caytive that defyest me,
And for this mayd, whose party thou doest take,
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me free."

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous strokes with most importune might,
That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight:
But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
Lying in waite how him he damadge might:
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

Like as a water-streame, whose swelling sourse
Shall drive a mill, within strong bancks is pent,
And long restrayned of his ready course;
So soone as passage is unto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent;
Such was the fury of sir Calidore:
When once he felt his foe-man to relent,
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore;
Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might
Whenas the carle no longer could sustaine,
His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight
Toward the castle, where, if need constraine,
His hope of refuge used to remaine:
Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Unto the ward to open to him hastilie.

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soone opened to receive him in;
But Calidore did follow him so fast,
That even in the porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin:
The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,
That it could not be shut; whilest Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the porter on the flore.

With that the rest the which the castle kept
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a steare, in heat of sommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
Thence passing forth into the hall he came,
Where of the lady selfe in sad dismay
He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty blame:

" False traytor knight," said she, " no knight at all,
But scorne of armes! that hast with guilty hand
Murdered my men, and slaine my seneschall;
Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
And spoile myselfe, that cannot thee withstand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none do, yet shame shall thee with shame requight."

Much was the knight abashed at that word;
Yet answer'd thus; " Not unto me the shame,
But to the shamefull doer it afford.
Bloud is no blemish; for it is no blame
To punish those that doe deserve the same;
But they that breake bands of civilitie,
And wicked customes make, those doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie:
No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

" Then doe yourselfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
This evill manner which ye here maintaine,
And doe instead thereof mild curt'sie showe
To all that passe: that shall you glory gaine
More then his love, which thus ye seeke t' obtaine."
Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde;
" Vile recreant! know that I doe much disdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deride,
Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be defyde."

" To take defiaunce at a ladies word,"
Quoth he, " I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his sword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby." [fly
" Cowherd," quoth she, " were not that thou wouldst
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place."
" If I doe so," sayd he, " then liberty
I leave to you for aye me to disgrace [deface."
With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to

With that a dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould
(A privy token which betweene them past)
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
To Crudor; and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a knight,
Who through strong powre had now herself in hould,
Having late slaine her seneschall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might:

The dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night:
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The comming of that so much threatned knight;
Where that discourteous dame with scornfull prdye
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
Did well endure her womanish disdaine,
And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the Earth upreard his flaming head,
The dwarfe, which bore that message to her knight,
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he wil'd her doe away all dread;
And, that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull band.

Thereof full blyth the ladie streight became,
And gan t' augment her bitternesse much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was sir Calidore;
But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore:
And, having soone his armes about him dight,
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, whenas a knight [might.
He spide come pricking on with all his powre and

Well weend he streight that he should be the same
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in middest of the plaine
With so fell fury and dispiteous forse,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse.

But Calidore uprose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse sound;
Yet would he not him hurt although he might:
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
But when Briana saw that drery stound,
There where she stood uppon the castle wall,
She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground;
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

Nathlesse at length himselfe he did upreare
In lustlesse wise; as if against his will,
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
But, when he saw his foe before in vew,
He shooke off luskishnesse; and, courage chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew, [sew.
To prove if better foote then horsebacke would en-

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two for maystery of might:
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both inflam'd with furious despight;
Which as it still encreast, so still increast
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest ceast.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
And tryde all waies how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe;
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,
As they had potshares bene; for nought mote slake
Their greedy vengeaunces but goary blood;
That at the last like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them stood,
Which from their riven sides forth gushed like a flood.

At length it chaunst that both their hands on hie
At once did heave with all their powre and might,
Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
And prove the finall fortune of the fight;
But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight
And nimbler-handed then his enemie,
Prevented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerlie, [militie:
That made him stoupe to ground with meeke hu-

And, ere he could recover foote againe,
He following that faire advantage fast
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
That him upon the ground he groveling cast;
And leaping to him light would have unlast
His helme, to make unto his vengeance way:
Who, seeing in what daunger he was plast,
Cryde out; " Ah mercie, sir! doe me not slay,
But save my life, which lot before your foot doth lay."

With that his mortall hand awhile he stayd;
And, having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd;
" And is the boast of that proud ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now ye may learne
Strangers no more so rudely to entreat;
But put away proud looke and usage sterne,
The which shal nought to you but foule dishonour yearne.

" For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That courtesie doth as well as armes professe,
However strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruelnesse:
In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
Who hath not learnd himselfe first to subdew:
All flesh is frayle and full of ficklenesse,
Subiect to fortunes chance, still chaunging new;
What haps to-day to me to-morrow may to you.

" Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercie ever hope to have?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew:
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
With these conditions which I will propound:
First, that ye better shall yourselfe behave
Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground;
Next, that ye ladies ayde in every stead and stound."

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere:
So, suffring him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or composition;
But to release his former foule condition.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himselfe most firmely to obay,
He up arose, however liefe or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he eald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad Briana which all this beheld;
Who comming forth yet full of late affray
Sir Calidore upcheard, and to her teld
All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld.

Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet herselfe she did proiect;
And him adoring as her lives deare lord,
With all due thankes and dutifull respect,
Herselfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love restord.

So all returning to the castle glad,
Most ioyfully she them did entertaine;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And, after all, unto sir Calidore
She freely gave that castle for his paine,
And herselfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was afore.

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them streight unto that squire againe,
Whom from her seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and strong;
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

CANTO II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight:
He makes him squire, and of him learnes
His state and present flight.

What vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a ladie whom a knight should love,
As curtesie; to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good; that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend:
For some so goodly gratious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine:
For everie thing, to which one is inclin'd,
Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst with paine.

That well in courteous Calidore appeares;
Whose every act and deed, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, whenas he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed knight that did on horsebacke ryde.

And them beside a ladie faire he saw
Standing alone on foote in foule array;
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may:
But, ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fild.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarse did see
Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race:
All in a woodmans iacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne:
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe hore-speare,
With which he wont to launch the salvage hart
Of many a lyon and of many a beare,
That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare.

Whom Calidore awhile well having vewed,
At length bespake; "What meanes this, gentle swaine?
Why hath thy hand too bold itselfe embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,
By thee no knight: which armes impugneth plaine?"
"Certes," said he, "loth were I to have broken
The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,
Rather then let myselfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

"For not I him, as this his ladie here
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were,
But he me first through pride and puissaunce strong
Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long."
"Perdie great blame," then said sir Calidore,
"For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong:
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne uprore."

"That shall I sooth," said he, "to you declare.
I, whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight or worke of greater care,
Doe spend my dayes and bend my carelesse wit,
To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forrest and wyld woodie raine:
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunst to meete this knight who there lyes slaine,
Together with this ladie, passing on the plaine.

"The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
And this his ladie, that him ill became,
On her faire feet by his horse-side did pas
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any dame:
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
Whenso she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his speare (that was to him great blame)
Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous woe.

"Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a ladie, whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind.
Wherewith he wroth and full of proud disdaine
Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,
Threatning to chastize me, as doth t'a chyld pertaine.

"Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
His scornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he streightway with haughtie choler burned,
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
Which I, enforst to beare though to my paine,
Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart."

Much did sir Calidore admyre his speach
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong a breach
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him that first occasion broke:
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same ladie, whether what he spoke
Were soothly so, and that th'unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire.

Of all which whenas she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th'imputed blame;
Sayd then sir Calidore; "Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
For what he spake, for you he spake it, dame;
And what he did, he did himselfe to save: [shame:
Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse
For knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.

"But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,
Please it you, ladie, to us to aread
What cause could make him so dishonourable
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead."
"Certes, sir Knight," sayd she, "full loth I were
To rayse a lyving blame against the dead:
But, since it me concernes myselfe to clere,
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere.

"This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a ladie gent
Sate with a knight in ioyous iolliment
Of their franke loves, free from all gealous spyes:
Faire was the ladie sure, that mete content
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

"Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire,
He inly gan her lover to envy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share:
Whereto whenas my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but, whenas I was loth
My loves owne part to leave so suddenly,
He with strong hand down from his steed me throw'th, [streight go'th.
And with presumpteous powre against that knight

"Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
For ladies service and for loves delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight
Himselfe to yeeld his love or else to fight:
Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
To leave his love he should be ill apayd, [sayd.
In which he had good right gaynst all that it gaine

"Yet since he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to iustifie,
He him requested, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch: but he was fierce and whot,
Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;
From which to thinke to save himselfe it booted not.

"Meane while his ladie, which this outrage saw,
Whilest they together for the quarrey strove,
Into the covert did herselfe withdraw,
And closely hid herselfe within the grove.
My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger drove
And left sore wounded: but, when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan rove
And range through all the wood, whereso he wist
She hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

" But, whenas her he by no meanes could find,
After long search and chauff he turned backe
Unto the place where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong:
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe
Strove to appease him, and perswaded long;
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

" Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we should fare, he flat refused
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,
Pounching me with the butt-end of his speare,
In vaine complayning to be so abused;
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare, [heare.
But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to

" So passed we, till this young man us met;
And being moov'd with pittie of my plight
Spake, as was meete, for ease of my regret:
Whereof befell what now is in your sight."
" Now sure," then said sir Calidore, " and right
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Whoever thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through support of count'nance proud and hault,
To wrong the weaker, oft failes in his owne assault."

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
And hearing the answeres of his pregnant wit,
He praysd it much, and much admyred it;
That sure he weend him born of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
And, when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed good;

" Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,
That in these woods amongst the nymphs dost wonne,
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne;
Well may I certes such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
Or surely borne of some heroicke sead,
That in thy face appeares and gratious goodlyhead.

" But, should it not displease thee it to tell,
(Unlesse thou in these woods thyselfe conceale
For love amongst the woodie gods to dwell,)
I would thyselfe require thee to reveale;
For deare affection and unfayned zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great weale:
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
I never saw in any greater hope appeare."

To whom then thus the noble youth; " May be,
Sir Knight, that, by discovering my estate,
Harme may arise unweeting unto me;
Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a king, (however thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
And lost the crowne which should my head by right adorne,)

" And Tristram is my name; the onely heire
Of good king Meliogras which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through lives despeire
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine:
After whose death his brother, seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

" The widow queene my mother, which then hight
Faire Emiline, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
Of him that did the kingly scepter beare,
Whose gealous dread enduring not a peare
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed;
Thought best away me to remove somewhere
Into some forrein land, whereas no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

" So, taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him adviz'd to send me quight
Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the Fertile Lionesse is hight,
Into the land of Faerie, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong:
To whose wise read she hearkning, sent me streight
Into this land, where I have wond thus long [strong.
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature

" All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlesse; but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres:
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was seene.

" Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray and all her diet know:
Such be our ioyes which in these forrests grow:
Only the use of armes, which most I ioy,
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet; yet past a boy,
And being now high time these strong ioynts to imploy.

" Therefore, good sir, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to use them right;
The rather, since that fortune hath this day
Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden armes which I have won in fight."

All which when well sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now, then earst, he gan admire
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; " Faire chyld, the high desire
To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wish that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is chevalrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie."

There he him caused to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young Tristram grew;
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small
Long shut up in the bud from Heavens vew,
At length breaks forth, and brode displayes his
smyling hew.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part:
Whereat sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this answere he to him behight;

"Glad would I surely be, thou courteous squire,
To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest:
But I am bound by vow, which I profest
To my dread sovereine, when I it assayd,
That in atchievement of her high behest
I should no creature ioyne unto mine ayde;
Forthy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

"But since this ladie is all desolate,
And needeth safegard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull state
To succour her from daunger of dismay,
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay."
The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say:
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne;
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

But Tristram, then despoyling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall shyning like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes:
And, after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight:
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good sir Calidore;
Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
Came to the place wherens ye heard afore
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore
Another knight in his despiteous pryde;
There he that knight found lying on the flore
With many wounds full perilous and wyde, [dyde:
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning:
Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew,
With heavie eyne from teares uneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

Then, speaking to the ladie, thus he said;
"Ye dolefull dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight unarm'd with so unknightly breach
Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may avenge him of so foule despight."
The ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her sory hart few heavie words forth sigh't:

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous knight,
Whom Tristram slew, them in that shadow found
Ioying together in unblam'd delight;
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
From him, to whom she was for ever bound:
Yet, when she fled into that covert greave, [leave.]
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
Well understood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand?
She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A ladie on rough waves row'd in a sommer barge.

Then gan sir Calidore to ghesse streightway,
By many signes which she described had,
That this was he whom Tristram earst did slay,
And to her said; "Dame, be no longer sad;
For he, that hath your knight so ill bestad,
Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight;
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to yourselfe he wrought and to your loved
knight.

"Therefore, faire lady, lay aside this griefe,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
For that displeasure; and thinke what reliefe
Were best devise for this your lovers smart;
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
Convay to be recur'd." She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to herselfe in that sad dreare.

Yet could she not devise by any wit,
How thence she might convay him to some place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
Which whenas he perceiv'd he thus bespake;
"Faire lady, let it not you seeme disgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
Myselfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe."

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne:
Thence they him carried to a castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient knight did wonne:
Where what ensu'd shall in next canto be begonne.

CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saves Sérena, whilest Calepine
By Turpine is oppresst.

TRUE is, that whilome that good poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne:
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners; in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne:
For seldome seene a trotting stalion get
An ambling colt, that is his proper owne:
So seldome seene that one in basenesse set
Doth noble courage shew with curteous manners met.

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in Calidore descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the castle where they had decreed:
There of the knight, the which that castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares;
But now weake age had dimd his candle-light:
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline;
And was the father of that wounded knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine;
And Aldus was his name; and his sonnes, Aladine.

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare
By a faire lady and a straunger knight,
Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth; "Ah! sory boy!
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? ale me! is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy?

"Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope;
So tickle is the state of earthly things;
That, ere they come unto their aymed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
This is the state of Keasars and of kings!
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case!"

So well and wisely did that good old knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to sir Calidore was easie geare;
But that faire lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now be brought:

For she was daughter to a noble lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young knight who dwelt her ny.
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne
And of less livelood and hability,
Yet full of valour the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th' others riches scorne.

So, having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that luckelesse glade;
Where that proud knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade:
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' advize
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devize
How she the blame might salve with coloured disguize.

But Calidore, with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old knight by all meanes did assay
To make them both as merry as he may:
So they the evening past till time of rest;
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his quest.

But faire Priscilla (so that lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe;
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe.
So well she washt them, and so well she watcht him,
That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And drove away the stound which mortally attacht him.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deepely sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood;
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought herselfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

Which she perceiving did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares:
So both conspiring gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast
How to save whole her hazarded estate;
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore: all other helpes wore past.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
A courteous knight and full of faithfull trust;
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.
Earely, so soone as Titans beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped day
All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way.

But first him seemed fit that wounded knight
To visite, after this nights perillous passe;
And to salute him if he were in plight,
And eke that lady his faire lovely lasse.
There he him found much better then he was;
And moved speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to over-passe:
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked sourse.

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadventures to unfold;
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
It to performe: so after little stay,
That she herselfe had to the iourney dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite:
So, as they past together on their way,
He can devize this counter-cast of slight,
To give faire colour to that ladies cause in sight.

Streight to the carkasse of that knight he went,
(The cause of all this evill, who was slaine
The day before by iust avengëment
Of noble Tristram) where it did remaine;
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that ladies fathers house he came;
Most pensive man, through feare what of his childe became.

There he arriving boldly did present
The fearefull lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous knight, who her had reft
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

Most ioyfull man her sire was, her to see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thankes to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld; ne lesse the lady did advaunce.
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploite he did himselfe apply.

So, as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chaunst to come whereas a iolly knight
In covert shade himselfe did safely rest,
To solace with his lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight;
For that himselfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him spight:
And eke the lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

To whom sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more himselfe thereby,
That he so rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himselfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that knights conceiv'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at leasure,
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate:

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
The faire Serena (so his lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether
And plesaunce of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

All sodainely out of the forrest nere
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare,
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfare
Unto the knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

The beast, with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her; when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in middest of his race;
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake himselfe to fearefull flight;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

Who nathëlesse, when he the lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the monster in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath nor gather spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

And now by this sir Calepine, so hight,
Came to the place where he his lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Having both sides through grypt with griesly wound:
His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in drery swound
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint spright he did revoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality:
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steede her did sustaine
With carefull hands soft footing her beside;
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

Now whenas Phœbus with his fiery waine
Unto his inne began to draw apace;
Tho, wexing weary of that toylesome paine,
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace;
Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,
In hope there for his love some succour to provyde.

But, comming to the rivers side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was;
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas:
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde
An armed knight approaching to the place
With a faire lady lincked by his syde, [to ride.
The which themselves prepard thorough the foord

Whom Calepine saluting, as became,
Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely dame
Through that same perilous foord with better heede,
To take him up behinde upon his steed:
To whom that other did this taunt returne;
"Perdy, thou pesant knight mightst rightly reed
Me then to be full base and evill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

"But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy lady likewise doe the same,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne."
With which rude speach his lady much displeased
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne palfrey him have eased
For pitty of his dame whom she saw so diseased.

Sir Calepine her thanckt; yet, inly wroth
Against her knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And carelesly into the river go'th,
As in despight to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for knight;
And, strongly wading through the waves unused,
With speare in th' one hand stayd himselfe upright,
With th' other staide his lady up with steddy might.

And all the while that same discourteous knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him;
At whose calamity, for more despight,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.
But whenas Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe and fell:

"Unknightly knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that armes upon them take;
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe! I defie thee; and here challenge make,
That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
And be for ever held a recreant knight,
Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare ladies sake
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight
To instifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight."

The dastard, that did heare himselfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall;
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his lady to the castle rid,
Where was his won; ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

But the rude porter that no manners had
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad:
Nathlesse the knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night:
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant knight,
Unlesse that with his lord he formerly did fight.

"Full loth am I," quoth he, "as now at earst
When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
And that this lady, both whose sides are pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst:
But yet aread to me, how hight thy lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the Ford."

"His name," quoth he, "if that thou list to learne,
Is hight sir Turpine, one of mickle might
And manhood rare, but terrible and sterne
In all assaies to every errant knight,
Because of one that wrought him fowle despight."
"Ill seemes," sayd he, "if he so valiaunt be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:
For seldome yet did living creature see
That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

"But go thy waies to him, and fro me say
That here is at his gate an errant knight,
That house-rome craves; yet would be loth t' assay
The proofe of battell now in doubtfull night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
And tell withall the lamentable plight
In which this lady languisheth forlorne,
That pitty craves, as he of woman was yborne."

The groome went streightway in, and to his lord
Dechar'd the message which that knight did move;
Who, sitting with his lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his love;
Albe his lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same night.

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
Ne from his currish will awhit reclame.
Which answer when the groome returning brought
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury, for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee:
But most for pitty of his dearest dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

But all in vaine; for why? no remedy
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.
So downe he tooke his lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse;
Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day
Did shew itselfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living light,
Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney go'th.

He go'th on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaying still herselfe uppon her steede,
Being unhable else alone to ride;
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede:
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed knight to spy
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede;
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde:
Tho, whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
To be the man that with such scornfull pryde
Had him abusde and shamed yesterday;
Therefore, misdoubting least he should misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand t' abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeaunce, or to make avoure
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would devoure
His life attonce; who nought could do but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde geate round about did chace
Flying the fury of his bloudy will:
But his best succour and refúge was still
Behind his ladies back; who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to lady was affyde,
To spare her knight, and rest with reason pacifyde:

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd;
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd
In great aboundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaste him still for all his ladies cry;
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously;
The which was certes in great ieopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And saved from his cruell villany:
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought!
That in another canto shall to end be brought.

CANTO IV.

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And, whylest an infant from a beare
He saves, his love doth misse.

Like as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
Having spent all her mastes and her groundhold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold;
Such was the state of this most courteous knight
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in most perilous plight,
And his sad ladie left in pitifull affright:

Till that, by fortune passing all foresight,
A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne;
Drawne with that ladies loud and piteous shright,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne
To understand what there was to be donne:
There he this most discourteous craven found
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

The salvage man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
Was much emmoved at his perils vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew;
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
But naked, without needfull vestiments
To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents:
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by magicke leare.

He stayed not t' advize which way were best
His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran; who being well prepard
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard
That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay:
The salvage nation doth all dread despize:
Tho on his shield he gryple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine;
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe:
Who having now no use of his long speare
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed,
For he was swift as any bucke in chace;
And, had he not in his extreamest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight.
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out; a thing uncomely for a knight.

But, when the salvage saw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple nere their utmost cast:
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound:

For though she were right glad so rid to bee
From that vile lozell which her late offended;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see
And perill, by this salvage man pretended;
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended
By reason that her knight was wounded sore:
Therefore herselfe she wholy recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor speach,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words (which Nature did him teach
T' expresse his passions) which his reason did empeach:

And comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
He made great mone after his salvage mood;
And, running streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whose vertue he by use well understood;
The juyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched thought.

Then taking up that recreants shield and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes unto them made
With him to wend unto his wonning neare;
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the forrest, by a hollow glade
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spredding brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne scarse wyld beasts durst come, there was this wights abode.

Thither he brought these unacquainted guests;
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests;
But the bare ground with hoarie mosse bestrowed
Must be their bed; their pillow was unsowed;
And the fruites of the forrest was their feast:
For their bad stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obaying Natures first behеast.

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare;
And saw'd from being to that caytive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
That, having there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

During which time that wyld man did apply
His best endevour and his daily paine
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine
When ought he did, that did did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe:
But that same ladies hurts no herbe he found
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound.

Now whenas Calepine was woxen strong,
Upon a day he cast abrode to wend,
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend;
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell beare, the which an infant bore,
Betwixt his bloodie iawes, besprinckled all with gore.

The litle babe did loudly scrike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill,
Percing his hart, with pities point did thrill;
That after him he ran with zealous haste
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to want,
Whose burden mote empeach his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an hauke, which feeling herselfe freed
From bels and iesses which did let her flight, [light.
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed de-

So well he sped him, that the wearie beare
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay;
And, without weapon him assayling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray
Upon him turned, and, with greedie force
And furie, to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aveng'd on him and to devoure his corse.

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
But catching up in hand a ragged stone
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digest that bone;
Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

Whom whenas he thus combred did behold,
Stryving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him closd, and, laying mightie hold
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath him downe to ground he cast;
And, then oppressing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to straine.

Then tooke he up betwixt his armës twaine
The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pray;
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray;
And every litle limbe he searcht around,
And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all he found.

So, having all his bands againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe;
But when he lookt about on every syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme;
For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now west he went awhile,
Then north, then neither, but as fortune fell:
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With wearie travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourneys end;
And evermore his lovely litle spoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend:
So all that day, in wandring, vainely he did spend.

At last, about the setting of the Sunne,
Himselfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:
Where, looking all about where hé mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the forrests syde
A voice, that seemed of some womankynd,
Which to herselfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

To whom approaching, whenas she perceived
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd:
Whom whenas Calepine saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and, with faire blandishment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd;
"What be you, wofull dame, which thus lament,
And for what cause, declare; so mote ye not repent."

To whom she thus; "What need me, sir, to tell
That which yourself have earst ared so right?
A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight!"
"Nathlesse," quoth he, "if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it disclose, to ease your grieved spright:
Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot fynd."

Then thus began the lamentable dame;
"Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold sir Bruin, who is lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great gyant, called Cormoraunt,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord;
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

"So is my lord now seiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate:
But to these happie fortunes cruell fate
Hath ioyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to over-flow.

"For th' Heavens, envying our prosperitie,
Have not vouchsaft to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after ourselves remaine
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the same after our livës end.

" But most my lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,
That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet it was sayd, *There should to him a sonne*
Be gotten, not begotten; which should drinke
And dry up all the water which doth ronne [*donne.*
In the next brooke, by whom that feend should be for-

" Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
That from his side some noble chyld should rize,
The which through fame should farre be magnifide,
And this proud gyant should with brave emprize
Quite overthrow, who now ginnes to despize
The good sir Bruin growing farre in years,
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.
Lo! this my cause of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaselesse teares."

Which when he heard he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe;
And, when he had devized of her case,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe,
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe:
And, having cheared her, thus said; " Faire dame,
In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe;
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

" If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lacke of children to supply your place,
Lo! how good fortune doth to you present
This litle babe, of sweete and lovely face,
And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enchace
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,
Or noursle up in lore of learn'd philosophy.

" And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene seene
That of the like, whose linage was unknowne,
More brave and noble knights have raysed beene
(As their victorious feedes have often showen,
Being with fame through many nations blowen,)
Then those which have bene dandled in the lap.
Therefore some thought that those brave imps were sowen
Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly sap,
That made them grow so high t' all honorable hap."

The ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speach,
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor geason,
Having oft seene it tryde as he did teach:
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her owne by liverey and seisin;
And, having over it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
Of his young charge whereof he skilled nought;
Ne she lesse glad; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so wrought,
That, when that infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his owne;
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne,
And did right noble deedes; the which elswhere are showne.

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenewoods side in sorie plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from Heavens spight;
Albe that dame, by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes and whatso else to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thankt her as a frend;

And, for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine.

CANTO V.

The salvage serves Serena well,
Till she prince Arthure fynd;
Who her, together with his squyre,
With the hermit leaves behynd.

O WHAT an easie thing is to descry
The gentle bloud, however it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt!
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man being undisciplynd,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt;
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
Who, though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst salvage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched dame:
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hether came;
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

Who, whenas now long time he lacked had
The good sir Calepine, that farre was strayd,
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afrayd;
And, leaving there his ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or whatso else were unto him betyde:
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where he spyde.

Tho, backe returning to that sorie dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament:
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her brenst, and piteously herselfe torment.

Upon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with her bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breast new launcht with murdrous knife
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life:
There she long groveling and deepe groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay:
Such were this ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

Whom when the salvage saw so sore distrest,
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And sought, by all the meanes that he could best,
Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound:
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did wexe her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

At length, whenas no hope of his retourne
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that sorie case:
His steede, now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could she got, and did bedight;
And being thereon mounted forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

Whom when her host saw readie to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which Calepine whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about himself unfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare,
But without sword upon his thigh to sit:
Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

So forth they traveld an uneven payre,
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight;
A salvage man matcht with a lady fayre
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might
Gotten by spoyle then purchaced aright:
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident;
Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
Of this her groome; which he by signes did reede;
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed;
And, in his homely wize, began to assay
T' amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
Lo! where a knight, together with his squire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward;
Which seemed, by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures, where they mote them get:
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By straunge occasiõn, that here needs forth be set.

After that Timias had again recured
The favour of Belphebe, as ye heard,
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard:
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with uniust detraction him did beard;
Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her soveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

But, of them all which did his ruine seeke,
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely sought by open might
To overthrow, but to supplant by slight:
The first of them by name was cald Despetto,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second, not so strong but wise, Decetto;
The third, nor strong nor wise but spightfullest Defetto.

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
And several deceipts, but all in vaine;
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine:
Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound:
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found
To worke his utter shame, and throughly him confound.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite
When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
To draw him from his deare beloved dame
Unwares into the daunger of defame:
For well they wist that squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forrest wylde or tame
Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.

The hardy boy, as they devised had,
Seeing the ugly monster passing by,
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the uncouth ieopardy;
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That, his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet, ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

Securely he did after him pursew,
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight;
Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers him drew,
To weary him the more and waste his spight,
So that he now has almost spent his spright:
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose covert stopt his further sight;
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite:
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite;
And all the while his backe for best safegard
He lent against a tree, that backeward onset bard.

Like a wylde bull, that, being at a bay,
Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre, barking with bitter sownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder:
So did that squire his foes disperse and drive asonder.

Him well behoved so; for his three foes
Sought to encompasse him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose:
But, most of all, Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde;
So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
But stout Despetto in his greater pryde
Did front him, face to face against him bent:
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
Whenas unwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be uppon his gard;
With noise whereof the squire, now nigh aghast,
Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

Eftsoones he spide a knight approching nye;
Who, seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, himself did faster hye
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty so to see him overset:
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get:
Him booted not to thinke them to pursew;
The covert was so thicke, that did no passage shew.

Then, turning to that swaine, him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true squire;
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake; "My liefe, my lifes desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or Heavens yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where bene weft?"

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the squire nought aunswered againe,
But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His dear affect with silence did restraine,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seem'd fit time to entertaine:
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd.
Which when that squire beheld, he to them stept
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound;
But he it seeing lightly to him lept, [kept:
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline;
Whence soone upstarting, much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine;
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement stayd.

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
Unto the knight, them to dispart in twaine:
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the prince of her for to demand
What and from whence she was; and by what traine
She fell into that salvage villaines hand;
And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

To whom she thus; "I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst dame that lives this day on ground,
Who both in minde (the which most grieveth me)
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this drery stound.
I was erewhile the love of Calepine;
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define.

"In salvage forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wylde man, in that wofull stead
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,
It is most straunge and wonderful to fynd
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

"Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake:
Small praise to prove your powre on wight so weake!"
With such faire words she did their heate asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

So, having all things well about her dight,
She on her way east forward to proceede;
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede;
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed:
And eke this squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same monster late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe [ease
To seeke some place, the which mote yeeld some
To these sicke twaine that now began to droupe:
And all the way the prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could invent;
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

Mongst which, Serena did to him relate
The foule discourt'sies and unknightly parts,
Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
Without compassion of her cruell smarts:
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But also trayterously did wound her weary knight.

Wherewith the prince sore moved there avoud
That, soone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
And shameful knight, of whom she did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine
To passe the tedious travell of the way;
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

And nigh thereto a little chappel stoode,
Which being all with yvy overspred
Deckt all the roofe, and, shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over hed:
Therein the hermite, which his life here led
In streight observaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewise was praying now, [nor how.
Whenas these knights arrived, they wist not where

They stayd not there, but streightway in did pas:
Whom when the hermite present saw in place,
From his devotion streight he troubled was;
Which breaking off he toward them did pace
With stayed steps and grave beseeming grace:
For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all; and well did weene
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene:

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now, and weary to
Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did disavow;
And, hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
From all this worlds incumbraunce did himselfe assoyle.

He thence them led into his hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene:
Small was his house, and, like a little cage,
For his owne turne; yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay beseene:
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged showes as fitter beene
For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Did use his feeble body to sustaine;
The which full gladly they did take in glee,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But, being well suffiz'd, them rested faine:
But fair Serene all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beast
Had given them, whose griefe through suffraunce sore increast.

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painefull plight.
Then up they rose, and gan themselves to dight
Unto their iourney; but that squire and dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were sicke; their sides were sore; their feete were lame.

Therefore the prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit to make there lenger stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd
In that good hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well: so forth he went his way,
And with him eke the salvage (that whyleare
Seeing his royall usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere)
Would needes depart; as shall declared be elsewhere.

CANTO VI.

The hermite heales both squire and dame
Of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate and shame
For his late villanies.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art nor any leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beast
Made in the bodies of that squire and dame;
And, being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and carelesse they became:
Howbe that carefull hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poysnous humour which did most infest [dresst.
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely

For he right well in leaches craft was seene;
And, through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright;
And all the passions heale, which wound the weaker spright.

For whylome he had been a doughty knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
In which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies:
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
He tooke himselfe unto this hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festred privily;
And, ranckling inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery;
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With holesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde.

So, taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe as well as say the same;
And thus he to them sayd; "Faire daughter dame,
And you, faire sonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor since ye hither came;
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewsie in vaine doe salves to you applie:

"For in yourselfe your onely helpe doth lie
To heale yourselves, and must proceed alone
From your owne will to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one:
First learne your outward senses to refraine
From things that stirre up fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk restraine
From that they most affect, and in due termes containe.

"For from those outward sences, ill affected,
The seede of all this evill first doth spring,
Which at the first, before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppresst with little thing:
But, being growen strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,
In th' inner parts; and, lastly, scattering
Contagious poyson close through every vaine,
It never rests till it have wrought his finall bane.

"For that beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are so exceeding venomous and keene,
Made all of rusty yron ranckling sore,
That, where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With salve, or antidote, or other mene,
It ever to amend: ne marvaile ought;
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

"Echidna is a monster direfull dred,
Whom gods doe hate, and Heavens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous dragon, full of fearful uglinesse.

"To her the gods, for her so dreadfull face,
In fearefull darknesse, furthest from the skie
And from the Earth, appointed have her place
Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age:
There did Typhaon with her company;
Cruell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage [asswage.
Makes th' Heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes

"Of that commixtion they did then beget
This hellish dog, that hight the Blatant Beast;
A wicked monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And pours his poysnous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne ever knight that bore so lofty creast,
Ne ever ladie of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

"In vaine therefore it were with medicine
To goe about to salve such kind of sore,
That rather needes wise read and discipline
Then outward salves that may augment it more."
"Aye me!" sayd then Serena, sighing sore,
"What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
If that no salves may us to health restore!"
"But sith we need good counsell," sayd the swaine,
"Aread, good sire, some counsell that may us sustaine."

"The best," sayd he, "that I can you advize,
Is, to avoide th' occasion of the ill;
For when the cause, whence evill doth arize,
Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will;
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;
Use scanted diet, and forbeare your fill;
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight."

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave beheast,
And kept so well his wise commaundëments,
That in short space their malady was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull beast [ceave
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did per-
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good hermite both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave:

But each the other vow'd t' accompany:
The lady, for that she was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy iade unmeetly set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof herselfe she did acquite,
I must a while forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton prince did lite,
Pursuing that proud knight, the which whileare
Wrought to sir Calepine so foule despight;
And eke his lady, though she sickly were,
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

The prince, according to the former token,
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
Pursu'd him streight; in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wyld man; whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrained be from his attendëment.

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode;
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his lords forbidden hall to passe:
To whom the prince, him fayning to embase,
Mylde answer made, he was an errant knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickely thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for why? his lord of old
Did hate all errant knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay.

Which when the salvage comming now in place
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And, running streight upon that villaine base,
Like a fell lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and mailes, in present vew,
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore;
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that same knight and salvage standing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slaine them presently:
But the bold prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That, maugre all their might, he did repell [fell.
And beat them back, whilst many underneath him

Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled,
Those evill tydings to their lord to shew:
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast; where whenas with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same knight
And salvage with their bloud fresh steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on hight;

"Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast slaine my men in this unmanly maner,
And now triumphest in the piteous spoile [nor
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black disho-
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end which still attendeth on her."
With that himselfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to addresse:
And evermore that craven cowherd knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might:
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

Whereof whenas the prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement:
So likewise turnde the prince upon the knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick prease, there thinking him to hyde:
But, when the prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde;
But, ioyning close, huge lode at him did lay;
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

But, when his foe he still so eager saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw:
Ne would the prince him ever foot forsake,
Whereso he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whylest every ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace;
That made him evermore increase his speedie pace.

At last he up into the chamber came
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the prince him overtake anone
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone;
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone:
Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred steele did not into his braynepan byte.

Which when the ladie saw, with great affright
She starting up began to shrieke aloud;
And, with her garment covering him from sight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud;
And, falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd;
That, with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abase.

Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover;
Who now come to himselfe yet would not rize,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the prince his basenesse did despize;
And eke his dame, him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare;
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom when the prince so deadly saw dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd;
"Vile cowheard dogge, now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou caytive so unworthie art,
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thyselfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightlesse part.

"Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare:
For first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
T' erect this wicked custome, which I beare
Gainst errant knights and ladies thou dost reare;
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of armes despoile,
Or of their upper garment which they weare:
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to foile.

"And, lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame; for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet have through prowesse and their brave emprize
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight:
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then right.

"Yet, since thy life unto this ladie fayre
I given have, live in reproch and scorne!
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to professe; for shame is to adorne
With so brave badges one so basely borne;
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive!"
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

There whilest he thus was setling things above,
Atwene that ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine;
And laying yet afresh with courage stout
Upon the rest that did alive remaine;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

Whom when the prince so felly saw to rage,
Approaching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And sought, by making signes, him to asswage:
Who them perceiving, streight to him obayd,
As to his lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up convayd
Into the chamber, where that dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

Whom when the salvage saw from daunger free,
Sitting beside his ladie there at ease,
He well remembred that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his lord for to displease:
Tho all in rage he on him streight did seaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent;
And, were not that the prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent: [ment.
But streight he held his hand at his commaundement.

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The prince himselfe there all that night did rest;
Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best:
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest;
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous skill.

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
Therete, when needed, she could weepe and pray,
And when her listed she could fawne and flatter;
Now smyling smoothly like to sommers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her tears but water.

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
As women went their guilefull wits to guyde;
Or learned the art to please, I doe not fynd:
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soon she pacifyde
The wrathfull prince, and wrought her husbands peace:
Who nathelesse, not therewith satisfyde,
His rancorous despight did not release,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surceasse;

For all that night, the whiles the prince did rest,
In carelesse couch not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him, that had so shamefully him shent:
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the prince did early rize,
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two knights
Doe gaine their treasons meed.
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
For Loves disdaine decreed.

Like as the gentle hart itselfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even so the baser mind itselfe displayes
In cancred malice and revengefull spight:
For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind;
Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind malitious and ingrate
He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate:
Therefore, so soone as he was out of vew,
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.
At last he met two knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, whatever chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to divide and each to make his owne.

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,
To cloke the mischiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare ladie shent;
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

The knights beleev'd that all he sayd was trew;
And, being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; "Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed?"

"He rides," said Turpine, "there not farre afore,
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde;
That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde."
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde;
And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe; "False traytour knight,
Foule woman-wronger!" — for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Against him ran; but th' one did misse his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the Heavens darke.

But th' other, ayming better, did him smite
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
And scattered all about fell on the flowre:
But the stout prince with much more steddy stowre,
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,
That the cold steele through piercing did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

As when a cast of fauleons make their flight
At an herneshaw, that tyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Herselfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing;
But th' other, not so swift as she before, [more.
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no

By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight;
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismal sight;
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malitious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight:
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

Not so the prince; for his well-learned speare
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
And, to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearfull swayne beholding death so nie
Cryde out aloud, for mercie, him to save;
In lieu whereof he would to him descrie
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.
The prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave,
Then thus said he; "There is a straunger knight,
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might."

The prince much mused at such villenie, [meed;
And sayd; "Now sure ye well have earn'd your
For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed."
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this mischiefe breed,
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
He would surcease, but him whereso he were would seeke.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went
Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore;
There he him found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore
And griesly wounds, that him appalled sore.
Yet thus at length he said; "How now, sir Knight,
What meaneth this which here I see before?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight, [sight?"
So different from that which earst ye seem'd in

"Perdie," said he, "in evill houre it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell;
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake:
Witnesse the wounds, and this wide bloudie lake,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearned have, that life so dearely did redeeme."

" But where then is," quoth he, halfe wrothfully,
" Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,
That recreant knight, whose hated life I sought?
And where is eke your friend which halfe it ought?"
" He lyes," said he, " upon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that errant knight with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards myselfe with many a wound
Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound."

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,
And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine;
For else his feare could not be satisfyde.
So, as they rode, he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came, whenas in evill tyde
That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

Much did the craven seeme to mone his case,
That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
And, him bewayling with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none:
For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found
Whereas the prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground, [swound.
Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
Having his armes and warlike things undight,
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
The whyles his salvage page, that wont be prest,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing, that seemed to him best;
The whyles his lord in silver slomber lay,
Like to the evening starre adorn'd with deawy ray.

Whom whenas Turpin saw so loosely layd,
He weened well that he indeed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had sayd:
But, when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine signes in him of life and livelihead.
Whereat much griev'd against that straunger knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would have backe retyred from that sight,
That was to him on Earth the deadliest despight.

But that same knight would not once let him start;
But plainely gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischiefe and late lucklesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the victor, him to trace
And follow through the world whereso he went,
Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

He, therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And, softly whispering him, entyrely prayd
T' advize him better then by such a traine
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine:
Yet rather counseld him contrárywize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

Nathlesse, for all his speach, the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd!
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The salvage forth out of the wood issew'd [vew'd.
Backe to the place, whereas his lord he sleeping

There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee;
And, throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet, great store of forrest frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternly shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

Whereat the prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
He started up; and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But, as he lay upon the humble gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke, that noblor harts repine.
Then, letting him arise like abiect thrall,
He gan to him obiect his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And, lastly, to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
However they through treason doe trespásse.
But turne we now backe to that ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an asse,
Led by a carle and foole which by her side did passe.

She was a ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faërie:
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of Natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire,
In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle squire:

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scornd them all that love unto her ment;
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere:
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright:
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

But this coy damzell thought contrariwize,
That such proud looks would make her praysed more;
And that, the more she did all love despize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared she, who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her own delight.

Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whylest she, the ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would hight:
What could the gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

But loe! the gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide:
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort, [report;
That of their loves successe they there may make

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all Loves folke were fyled,
That many there were missing, which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled.
Which whenas Cupid heard, he wexed wroth;
And, doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might;
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a iurie was impaneld streight,
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away convayd:
To whom foule infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious mayd.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wil'd a capias
Should issue forth t' attach that scornefull lasse.
The warrant straight was made; and therewithall
A bayliffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there Portamore did call;
He, which doth summon lovers to Loves iudgement hall.

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Unto the barre whereas she was arrayned:
But she thereto nould plendy nor answere ought,
Even for stubborne pride, which her restrayned:
So iudgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like; which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,
Gan stoupe; and, falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd,
But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome represse;
Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
He unto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sav'd so many loves as she did lose.

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this uncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace;
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space
Saved but two; yet in two yeares before, [place/
Through her dispiteous pride, whilest love lackt
She had destroyed two and twenty more: [fore!
Aie me, how could her love make half amends there-

And now she was uppon the weary way,
Whenas the gentle squire, with faire serene,
Met her in such misseeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the evil termes and cruell meane
That he could make; and eeke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th' other better her to use;
For both so wilfull were and obstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse:
But most the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuse;
Who, though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead:

For he was sterne and terrible by nature,
And eeke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a gyant monstruous:
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old gyants, which did warres darraine
Against the Heaven in order battailous;
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthure, whenas Unas knight he did maintaine.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
Like two great beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pryde;
And stalking stately, like a crane, did stryde,
At every step uppon the tiptoes hie;
And, all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about and stared horrible,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a iacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight;
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about and voyded from before;
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

This was Disdaine, who led that ladies horse
Through thick and thin, through mountains and through plains,
Compelling her, where she would not, by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines:
But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
Was Scorne; who, having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks; and still, when she complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament and bite her tender lip.

Whose cruell handling when that squire beheld,
And saw those villaines her so vildely use,
His gentle heart with indignation swelld,
And could no lenger beare so great abuse
As such a lady so to beate and bruse;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
And, maugre all his might, backe to relent:
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent.

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered himselfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton which he bore
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rather than once his burden to sustaine:
For bootlesse thing him seemed to abide [pride.
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissance of his

Like as a mastiffe having at a bay
A salvage bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get,
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore;
So did the squire, the whiles the carle did fret
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd,
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rewd)
And with his yron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heavy hand the carle upon him layd,
And bound him fast: tho, when he up did looke
And saw himselfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare,
But with his whip him following behynd
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd:
And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous then the others blowes:
Words sharpely wound, but greatest griefe of scorning growes.

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
Under that villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought
To seeke for safety; which long time she sought;
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought:
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further say.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine; Quites Mirabell from dreed; Serena, found of salvages, By Calepine is freed.

Ye gentle ladies, in whose soveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift;
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate;
Ensample take of Mirabellaes case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Who after thraldome of the gentle squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery;
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threat
To hope for to release or mollify
For aye the more that she did them entreat,
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
They met prince Arthure with sir Enias,
(That was that courteous knight, whom he before
Having subdew'd yet did to life restore;)
To whom at they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement:
As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

The squire himselfe, whenas he saw his lord
The witnesse of his wretchednesse in place,
Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive case,
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see or to be seene at all;
Shame would be hid; but whenas Enias
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall;

And to the prince thus sayd; "See you, sir Knight,
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
Yond lady and her squire with foule despight
Abusde, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe!
See! how they doe that squire beat and revile!
See! how they doe the lady hale and draw!
But, if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile."

The prince assented; and then he, streightway
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approaching thus he gan to say;
" Abide, ye caytive treachetours untrew,
That have with treason thralled unto you
These two, unworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty pursew:
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or else abide the death that hard before you stands."

The villaine stayd not aunswer to invent;
But, with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe unto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay,
No more then lightening from the lofty sky:
Ne list the knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death; but, lightly slipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny:

And, to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the carle with paine
Saved himselfe but that he there him slew;
Yet sav'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory:
Who, therewith flesht, upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke thought certainely
To have supplyde the first, and paide the usury.

But Fortune aunswered not unto his call;
For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brond-yron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe
He driven was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdaine.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in; and, whilest on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him and held so strayte,
That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,
So as he could not weld him any way:
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two and tame their corage stout.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength have overthrone a stubborne steare,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did these two this knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare;
And, buckling soone himselfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that carle, to save his friend from ieopardy.

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

But yet the prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas;
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light.
At last the caytive after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
Thought sure have pownded him to powder soft,
Or deepe embowelled in the earth entyre;
But Fortune did not with his will conspire:
For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout (yet did no bloud appeare),
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his hurt.

Eftsoones the prince to him full nimbly stept,
And, least he should recover foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept:
Which when the lady saw, she cryde amaine;
" Stay, stay, sir Knight, for love of God abstaine
From that unwares ye weetlesse doe intend;
Slay not that carle, though worthy to be slaine;
For more on him doth then himselfe depend;
My life will by his death have lamentable end."

He staide his hand according her desire,
Yet nathemore him suffred to arize;
But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety lies;
That were no might in man, nor heart in knights,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
Yet Heavens themselves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for itselfe redresse, and punish such despights.

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
Like many water-streams, awhile she stayd;
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd;
" Nor Heavens, nor men, can me most wretched mayd
Deliver from the doome of my desart,
The which the god of love hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

" In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight;
And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
Of all her gifts, that pleasde each living sight;
I was belov'd of many a gentle knight,
And sude and sought with all the service dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and sigh't,
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
Complayning *out on me* that would not on them rew.

" But let them love that list, or live or die;
Me list not die for any lovers doole:
Ne list me leave my loved libertie
To pitty him that list to play the foole:
To love myself I learned had in schoole.
Thus I triúmphed long in lovers paine,
And, sitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repayd with interest againe.

" For loe! the winged god, that woundeth harts,
Causde me be called to accompt therefore;
And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce sore;
That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should stray
Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay."

" Certes," sayd then the prince, " the god is iust,
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples spoile:
For were no law in love, but all that lust
Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me, lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare, [were?"
That for these carles to carry much more comely

" Here in this bottle," sayd the sory mayd,
" I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in fals out anon,
And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more I mourn."

The infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at Cupids iudgment wise,
That could so meekly made proud hearts avale,
And wreake himselfe on them that him despise.
Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
Who was not able up himselfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late lucklesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen up, who him supported standing neare.

But being up he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall;
And with sterne eye-brows stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall:
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall;
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraized.

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
He from those hands weend him to have unwound;
But when approaching neare he plainely found
It was his owne true groome, the gentle squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

Meane while the salvage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppressing th' other knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy kight
Unto some carrion offered to his sight;
And, downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the bloud downe followeth.

And sure I weene, had not the ladies cry
Procur'd the prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye:
But, being checkt, he did abstaine streightway
And let him rise. Then thus the prince gan say;
" Now, lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That, if ye list have liberty, ye may;
Unto yourselfe I freely leave to chose, [lose."
Whether I shall you leave, or from these villaines

" Ah! nay, sir Knight," said she, " it may not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill:
Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will."
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside:
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them devide.

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena; who, as earst you heard,
When first the gentle squire at variaunce fell
With those two carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two she foure did read.

Through hils and dales, through bushes and through breres,
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Herselfe now past the perill of her feares:
Then looking round about, and seeing nought
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
And, sitting downe, herselfe awhile bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine;
And often did of love, and oft of lucke, complaine.

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good sir Calepine, her owne true knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine;
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
Yet never turtle truer to his make,
Then he was tride unto his lady bright:
Who all this while endured for her sake
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

Tho whenas all her plaints she had displayd,
And well disburdened her engrieved brest,
Upon the grasse herselfe adowne she layd;
Where, being tyrde with travell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke herselfe to rest:
There whilest in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safëty betray
Unto a strange mischaunce, that menac'd her decay.

In these wylde deserts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Themselves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive,)
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others need.

Thereto they usde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to devoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde:
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde!
They, towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde
Whereas this lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearlesse lay.

Soone as they spide her, Lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongst themselves! but when her face
Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
For ioy of such good hap by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to devize what course to take;
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

The best advizement was, of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment;
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill better:
Then, when she wakt, they all gave one consent
That, since by grace of God she there was sent,
Unto their god they would her sacrifize,
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would present:
But of her dainty flesh they did devize
To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

So round about her they themselves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring space:
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps; some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their knives, and strip their elboes bare:
The priest himselfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowers, and with full busie care
His bloudy vessels wash and holy fire prepare.

The damzell wakes; then all attonce upstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brasen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly griefful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes: then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay:
And first they spoile her of her iewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly threasures of nature appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to himselfe, and to the rest envyes.

Her yvorie neck; her alablaster brest;
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were
For Love in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides; her bellie white and clere,
Which like an altar did itselfe uprere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon [won.
The spoiles of princes hang'd which were in battel

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins vew'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spyes;
And some of them gan mongst themselves devize
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure:
But them the priest rebuking did advize
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure [sure.
Vow'd to the gods: Religion held even theeves in mea-

So, being stayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected
To slay her on. And now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the Heavens wyde
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh hand obtayned.

Tho, whenas all things readie were aright,
The damzell was before the altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright:
To whom the priest with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certain secret charme,
With other divelish ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t' advance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to shrill
And shrieke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did reioyce.
Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now, all weetlesse of the wretched stormes
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast;
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast, [past.
And catching up his arms streight to the noise forth

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoyled of all attire
He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire:
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved life.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng;
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing lays on earth along,
And sacrifizeth to th' infernall feends:
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends;
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to Hell he sends:
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
My like a flocke of doves before a faulcons vew.

From them returning to that ladie backe,
Whom by the altar he doth sitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death, the lacke
Of clothes to cover what she ought by kind;
He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woe;
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind:
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answere him a whit thereto.

So inward shame of her uncomely case
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did cover her disgrace,
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the state in which she stood:
So all that night to him unknown she past:
But day, that doth discover bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knowen to him at last:
The end whereof ile keepe untill another cast.

CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibee,
And loves fayre Pastorell:
Coridon envies him, yet he,
For ill, rewards him well.

Now turne againe my teme, thou iolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow one or twayne
Unplough'd, the which my coulter had not cleft;
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it past; that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to Calidores immortall name.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the Blatant Beast; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Through hils, through dales, through forests, and through plaines,
In that same quest, which fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the monster did pursew,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe (but natures dew)
For dread of daunger not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the cities coursed,
And from the cities to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to private farmes he scorsed:

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the heardes were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing to their flockes that fed,
Layes of sweet love and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,
And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunst to spie a sort of shepheard groomes
Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes;
For other worldly wealth they cared nought:
To whom sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

They answer'd him that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw;
But if that such there were (as none there kend),
They prayd high God them farre from them to send:
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to queneh his thirstie heat,
And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne:
Tho, having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses; and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace
And comely carriage of her countenance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
And, caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheards swayne,
But her did honour; and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But most of all the shepheard Coridon
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind [ascend.

Her whyles sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a princes paragone esteemed,
He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
Of the blynd boy; ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands;
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon:
But after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
And evermore his speach he did apply [tazy.
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fan-

By this the moystie Night approching fast
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed:
Then came to them a good old aged syre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wil'd the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

He was to weet, by common voice, esteemed
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
And of herselfe in very deede so deemed;
Yet was not so; but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an infant left alone;
And, taking up, brought home and noursed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none;
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did give.

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge then in the salvage fields to rome.
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto, [go.
Being his harts owne wish; and home with him did

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre
And of his aged beldame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde:
And, supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away;
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife:
And, drawing thence his speech another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

"How much," sayd he, "more happie is the state
In which ye, father, here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease;
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease!
That certes I your happinesse envie,
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie!"

"Surely, my sonne," then answer'd he againe,
"If happie; then it is in this intent,
That having small yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe myselfe, with that I have, content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

"Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envyde of any one therefore;
They, that have much, feare much to loose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The litle that I have growes dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that doth send it!

"To them, that list, the worlds gay showes I leave,
And to great ones such follies doe forgive;
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
To sad decay, that might contented live.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

"Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
Unto my lambes, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practise from the doe,
Or from the goat her kidde, how to convay;
Another while I baytes and nets display
The birds to catch or fishes to beguyle;
And, when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle;
And drinke of every brooke, when thirst my throte doth boyle.

"The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares
To follow sheepe and shepheards base attire;
For further fortune then I would inquire:
And, leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
Where I did sell myselfe for yearely hire,
And in the princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vaineesse as I never thought.

" With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares myselfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to myselfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare:
Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
That he was wrapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speach that wrought him great content,
And also of the object of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe-entraunced grew.

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde; " Now surely, syre, I find,
That all this worlds gay showes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadows to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones affrayd of every chaunges dred.

" That even I, which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great mongst whom I won,
And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great lordship and ambition;
And wish the Heavens so much had graced mee,
As graunt me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

" In vaine," said then old Melibee, " doe men
The Heavens of their fortunes fault accuse;
Sith they know best what is the best for them:
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use.
For not that, which men covet most, is best;
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

" It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath litle, asks no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wise;
For wisedome is most riches: fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes devize;
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize."

" Since then in each mans self," said Calidore,
" It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Give leave awhyle, good father, in this shore
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate.
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine;
That, whether quite from them for to retrate
I shall resolve or backe to turne againe,
I may here with yourselfe some small repose obtaine

" Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer live." [drive.
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake; " Sir Knight, your bounteous
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display [proffer
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread:
But, if ye algates covet to assay
This simple sort of life that shepheards lead,
Be it your owne; our rudeness to yourselfe aread."

So there that night sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
Daily beholding the faire Pastorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courtesies he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

But she that never had acquainted beene
With such quient usage, fit for queens and kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seene;
But, being bred under base shepheards wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things;
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for Colins carolings
Then all that he could doe, or e'er devize; [spize.
His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all de-

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes himselfe addrest
In shepheards weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of steele-head speare, a shepheards hooke;
That who had seene him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
When he the love of fayre Benone sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

So being clad, unto the fields he went
With the faire Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke; love so much could.

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that straungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were;
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Pastorell to all the shepheards there, [dere.
That she did love a stranger swayne then him more

And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who on the other side did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That, all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle sparrowes stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best:
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This new-come shepheard had his market mard.
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

One day, whenas the shepheard swaynes together
Were met to make their sports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee;
They fell to daunce: then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit:
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lips closely bit.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace;
And whenas Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridons instead:
Then Coridon woxe frolicke, that earst seemed dead.

Another time, whenas they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their iudge did Pastorella chose;
A garland was the meed of victory:
There Coridon, forth stepping, openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game;
For he, through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practisd was, and in the same
Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his foe great shame.

But Calidore he greatly did mistake;
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake;
And, had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour: so it surely wrought
With this faire mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time dearely bought.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell;
Which having got, he used without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,
Was favoured and to her grace commended:
But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce
To Colins melody:
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

Who now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,
Whilest Calidore does follow that faire mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high behеast
Which by the Faery queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieved?
But now, entrapt of love which him betrayed,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath sore engrieved.

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toile and paine;
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine;
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour fed with light report
Of every blast, and sayling alwaies in the port.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From so high step to stoup unto so low;
For who had tasted once, as oft did he,
The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales;
Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales
T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight which Calidore did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That never more they should endure the shew
Of that shunne-shine, that makes them looke askew:
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the Earth which were:
For all that ever was by Natures skill
Deviz'd to worke delight was gathered there;
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in maiesty and powre:

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approch; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred itselfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Herselfe to plesaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herselfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court
And in her soveraine majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit.

Unto this place whenas the Elfin knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a shepheard piping he did see.

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde:
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he himselfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And dauncd round; but in the midst of them
Three other ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
And in the middest of those same three was placed
Another damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

Looke! how the crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her ivory forehead that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloudy fray
With the fierce Lapithes which did them dismay;
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright Heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:
But she, that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond that right well
Did her beseeme: and ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far did smell
And fragrant odours they upon her threw; [dew.
But, most of all, those three did her with gifts en-

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Upon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all, that Venus in herself doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them: but that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone;
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

She was, to weete, that iolly shepheards lasse,
Which piped there unto that merry rout;
That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poor Colin Clout, (who knows not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.
Pype, iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout;
Thy love is present there with thee in place;
Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seene;
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties queene,
Or nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But, soone as he appeared to their vew,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew;
All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne:
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne:

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake;
"Haile, iolly shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here leadest in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes!
Tell me what mote these dainty damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes?
Right happy thou, that mayest them freely see!
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?"

"Not I so happy," answerd then that swaine,
"As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe;
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themselves list so to grace."
"Right sory I," saide then sir Calidore,
"That my ill fortune did them hence displace:
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thee grieves so sore."

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate;
"Then wote, thou shepheard, whatsoe'er thou bee,
That all those ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are Venus damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces which on her depend;
Besides a thousand more which ready bee
Her to adorne, whenso she forth doth wend; [tend:
But those three in the midst, doe chiefe on her at-

"They are the daughters of sky-ruling Iove,
By him begot of faire Eurynome,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way comming from feastful glee
Of Thetis wedding with Aecidee,
In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry; [cherry!
Sweete goddesses all three, which me in mirth do

"These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well-favoured show;
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie:
They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
We should ourselves demeane, to low, to hie,
To friends, to foes; which skill men call civility.

"Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from covert malice free;
And eeke themselves so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd herselfe afore; [store.
That good should from us goe, then come in greater

"Such were those goddesses which ye did see:
But that fourth mayd, which there amidst them traced,
Who can aread what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from Heven first enraced!
But whatso sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe:

"So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell;
So farre doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell;
Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

"Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine resemblaunce, beauty soveraine rare,
Firme chastity, that spight ne blemish dare!
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

"Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the Earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greatest maiesty!
Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse;
That, when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made!"

When thus that shepheard ended had his speach,
Sayd Calidore; "Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy loves deare sight from thee:
But, gentle shepheard, pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sought that which I mote not see."
Thus did the courteous knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.

In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the knight himselfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reason red,
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his sences ravished,
That thence he had no will away to fare, [share.
But wisht that with that shepheard he mote dwelling

But that envenimd sting, the which of yore
His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
And to renue the rigour of his smart;
Which to recure, no skill of leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse paine;
Like as the wounded whale to shore flies from the maine.

So, taking leave of that same gentle swaine,
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine:
To whome in sort, as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply himselfe to donne
All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

And evermore the shepheard Coridon,
Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strive to match with strong contention,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunst to arize [frize.
To him, the shepheard straight with iealousie did

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather strawberies,
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident:
A tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide-gaping like hell-gate,
Did runne at Pastorell her to surprize;
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

Which Coridon first hearing, ran in hast
To reskue her; but, when he saw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his frend:
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to rend
His loves deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enraged, instead of being frayde.

He had no weapon but his shepheards hooke
To serve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will;
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell;
Whence ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell;
Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thankt that had her death prevented.

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowherdize reiect,
Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for loves content:
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
But usde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship he colour might
Both his estate and love from skill of any wight.

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And ioyed long in close felicity:
Till Fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and brute,
That envies lovers long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity.

It fortuned one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never usde to live by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade;
And spoyld their houses, and themselves did murder,
And drove away their flocks; with other much disorder.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
They spoyld old Melibee of all he had,
And all his people captive led away;
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,
Faire Pastorella, sorrowful and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sigh't,
Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convay:
Their dwelling in a little island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrowen gras:

For underneath the ground their way was made
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of living wight and covered over;
But darkenesse dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as felt.

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought herself in Hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse dwell.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
(Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of Sunne
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade;)
And what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in another canto better be begonne.

CANTO XI.

The theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slain:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

The ioys of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be on Earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to Heaven then mortall wretchednesse:
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on Earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

Like as is now befalne to this faire mayd,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song:
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage strong
Detaynd; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That whoso heares her heavinesse, would rew
And pitty her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt hew.

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
It so befell, as Fortune had ordayned,
That he which was their capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournefull hew
Like the faire morning clad in misty fog did shew.

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himselfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
And sought her love by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

But all that ever he could doe or say
Her constant mind could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love:
Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

At last when him she so importune saw,
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;
She thought it best, for shadow, to pretend
Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearmes she did him entertaine;
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her ioyance should obtaine:
But when she saw, through that small favours gaine,
That further then she willing was he prest;
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sicknesse which her sore oppprest,
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes behest.

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meete for remedy:
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
Her sickenesse was not of the body but the mynde.

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount
To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this isle, though bare and blunt,
T'inquire for slaves; where being readie met
By some of these same theeves at th' instant brunt,
Were brought unto their captaine, who was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

To whom they shewed, how those merchants were
Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy;
And therefore prayd that those same captives there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their iust demaund deny,
And willed streight the slaves should forth be called,
And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled.

Then forth the good old Melibee was brought,
And Coridon with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught;
All which he to the marchants sale did showe:
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe;
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more t' augment her price through praise of comlinesse.

To whom the captaine in full angry wize
Made answere, that "the mayd of whom they spake
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize;
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe which did that conquest make;
Litle for him to have one silly lasse;
Besides through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandize to passe:"
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake she was.

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
Yet, like a diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
The marchants fixed eyes did so amaze, [light,
That what through wonder, and what through de-
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

At last when all the rest them offred were,
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her;
Ne ought would buy, however prisd with measure,
Withouten her, whose worth above all threasure,
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold: [sure.
But then the captaine, fraught with more displea-
Bad them be still; "his love should not be sold;
The rest take if they would; he her to him would hold."

Therewith some other of the chiefest theeves
Boldly him bad such iniurie forbeare;
For that same mayd, however it him greeves,
Should with the rest be sold before him theare,
To make the prises of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;
And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare
That whoso hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for Death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the griesly night, [stalke,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them
And makes huge havocke; whiles the candle-light
Out-quenched leaves no skill nor difference of wight.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray;
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruell brigants there.

But, first of all, their captives they doe kill,
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old Melibee is slaine; and him beside
His aged wife; with many others wide:
But Coridon, escaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

But Pastorella, wofull wretched elfe,
Was by the captaine all this while defended,
Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre Pastorell, who with the selfe same wound
Launcht through the arme fell downe with him in drerie swound.

There lay she covered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell:
Tho, whenas he was dead, the fray gan ceasse;
And each to other calling did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone:
Thereto they all attonce agreëd well;
And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

Their captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet angell twixt two clouds uphild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie night.

But, when they mov'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine;
Then all their helpes they busily applyde
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well, with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last:
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene and all her hart-strings brast,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghast.

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Herselfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that having saved her from dying
Renew'd her death by timely death denying.
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying!
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
Albe with all their might those brigants her did keepe.

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one, the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarse yeelding her due food or timely rest,
And scarsely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we back to Calidore, where we him found.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
And his love reft away; he wexed wood
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
That even his hart, for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare:
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sigh't,
And fared like a furious wyld beare, [where.
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being other-

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increast the anguish of his paine:
He sought the woods, but no man could see there;
He sought the plaines, but could no tydings heare:
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare;
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

At last, as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunst one coming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he unto him approached nye,
He mote perceive, by signes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the silly shepheards hynd.

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt, Where were the rest,
Where Pastorell? — Who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so oppresst,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
And up to Heaven his eyes fast-streming threw:
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, What meant that rufull hew;
Where was his Pastorell? where all the other crew?

"Ah! well away," sayd he, then sighing sore,
"That ever I did live this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire Pastorella dye!"
"Die! out alas!" then Calidore did cry,
"How could the Death dare ever her to quell!
But read thou, shepheard, read what destiny
Or other dyrefull hap from Heaven or Hell [tell."
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and

Tho, when the shepheard breathed had awhyle,
He thus began; "Where shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how those brigants vyle
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence
Spoyld all our cots, and carried us from hence;
Or how faire Pastorell should have bene sold
To marchants, but was sav'd with strong defence;
Or how those theeves, whilest one sought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

" In that same conflict (woe is me!) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.
First all the captives, which they here had hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent;
Old Melibee and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament:
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall, [forstall:
Their captaine long withstood, and did her death

" But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
It could not boot; needs mote she die at last!
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cryes and clamors, which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darknesse, dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast;
Despoyled of those ioyes and iollyhead, [lead."
Which with those gentle shepheards here I wont to

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death itselfe unto himselfe did threat;
Oft cursing th' Heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft, that he were present there [nere.
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour

But after griefe awhile had had his course,
And spent itselfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last:
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wreake;
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or, if it to revenge he were too weake, [breake.
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to see what should be donne:
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede;
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne:
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes; but Calidore
Had, underneath, him armed privily:
Tho, to the place when they approached nye,
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best
assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The self-same flocks the which those theeves had reft
From Melibee and from themselves whyleare;
And certaine of the theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards, themselves then kept:
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And, seeing them, for tender pittie wept:
But, when he saw the theeves which did them keepe,
His hart gan-fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

But Calidore recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare; for nought may feare disswade
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counseld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

Tho, sitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Pastorell, were she alive or slaine:
Mongst which the theeves them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which whylere [elswhere.
Had from their maisters fled, and now sought hyre

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe:
For they themselves were evill groomes, they sayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe.
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe;
For they for better hyre did shortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke.

Tho, whenas towards darksome night it drew,
Unto their hellish dens those theeves them brought;
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles sought:
There did they find, contrárie to their thought,
That Pastorell yet liv'd; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
But chiefly Calidore, whom griefe had most possest.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the theeves did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd, as he thought best;
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meanest sort;
With which he streight went to the captaines nest:
But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind for dread of worse effort.

When to the cave they came, they found it fast:
But Calidore with huge resistlesse might
The dores assayled, and the locks unbrast:
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light
Unto the entrance ran; where the bold knight
Encountring him with small resistence slew:
The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some uprore were like that which lately she did vew.

But whenas Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,
She sudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each houre into Deaths mouth to fall,
At length espyes at hand the happie cost,
On which he safety hopes that earst feard to be lost.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had never ioyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
Like lyfeful heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele that long for death had sought:
Ne lesse in hart reioyced Calidore,
When he her found; but, like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore;
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
The hue and cry was raysed all about;
And all the brigants flocking in great store
Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
And, entertayning them with courage stout,
Still slew the formost that came first to hand;
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approch,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day;
Which when he spyde upon the earth t' encroch,
Through the dead carcases he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he forth went into th' open light,
Where all the rest for him did ready stay,
And, fierce assayling him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

How many flyes in whottest summers day
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes doe overlay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troups, and round about him scattreth wide.

Like as a lion mongst an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convay
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

Then, backe returning to his dearest deare,
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight:
So her uneath at last he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

This doen, into those theevish dens he went,
And thence did all the spoyles and threasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent:
But Fortune now the victors meed did make;
Of which the best he did his love betake;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibee and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon restore:
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands.
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

Like as a ship, that through the ocean wyde
Directs her course unto one certaine cost,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she herselfe in stormie surges tost;
Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost;
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-sayd,
To shew the courtesie by him profest
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Pastorella from those brigants powre,
Unto the castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was lord the good sir Bellamoure;
Who whylome was in his youthes freshest flowre,
A lustie knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloudy battell for a ladie deare,
The fayrest ladie then of all that living were:

Her name was Claribell; whose father hight
The lord of many ilands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might:
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the prince of Picteland, bordering nere;
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forreign fere:

And Bellamour againe so well her pleased
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrely seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few:
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage that them in dongeon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

Nathlesse sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his love sometimes he came in place;
Whereof her wombe unwist to wight was fraught,
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought,
Which she streightway (for dread least if her syre
Should know thereof to slay he would have sought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fostred under straunge attyre.

The trustie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a sight;
Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched case;
But, closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place;
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or Heavens grace,
Would for the wretched infants helpe provyde;
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

At length a shepheard, which thereby did keepe
His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry that loud did weepe,
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found
Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound;
And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,
He tooke it up and in his mantle wound;
So home unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst and named evermore.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands; till that her syre
Departed life, and left unto them all:
Then all the stormes of Fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they ioy'd in happinesse together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thether.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field: als Claribell
Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
Seeing her weake and wan through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Untill the damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

Tho gan sir Calidore him to advize
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
That much he feared least reproachfull blame
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

Therefore, resolving to returne in hast
Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now perill being past,
With Claribell; whylest he that monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell,
During his absence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who in a morning, when this maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That litle infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her lady Claribell, [dwell.
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did

Which well avizing, streight she gan to cast
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire mayd
Was that same infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To Fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd:
So, full of ioy, streight forth she ran in hast
Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her, how the Heavens had her graste,
To save her chylde, which in Misfortunes mouth was plaste.

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her so.
"My liefe," sayd she, "ye know that long ygo,
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho,
The same againe if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder lady, whom high God did save."

Much was the lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question streight how she it knew.
"Most certaine markes," sayd she, "do me it teach;
For on her breast I with these eyes did vew
The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
Besides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
Matched with equall years, do surely prieve
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth live."

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in hast ran to the straunger mayd;
Whom catching greedily, for great desire
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
In which that rose she plainely saw displayd:
Then, her embracing twixt her armës twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
"And livest thou, my daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine?"

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young mayd, whom chance to her presents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at those so straunge events,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a ioyfull kisse, and many a melting teare.

Whoever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dēad she fyndes alive,
Let her by proofe of that which she hath fylde
In her owne brest, this mothers ioy descrive:
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was; that nigh she swelt
For passing ioy, which did all into pitty melt.

Thence running forth unto her loved lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell:
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd, for his owne, faire Pastorell.
There leave we them in ioy, and let us tell
Of Calidore; who, seeking all this while
That monstrous beast by finall force to quell,
Through every place with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd by the track of his outragious spoile.

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a monastere did light, [might.
Where he him found despoyling all with maine and

Into their cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the monckes he chaced here and there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their cells and secrets neare;
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion nor their holy heast.

From thence into the sacred church he broke,
And robd the chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And altars fouled, and blasphémy spoke,
And the images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew;
So all confounded and disordered there:
But, seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing soone approached neare.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim:

And therein were a thousand tongs empight
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night;
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry;
And some of beares, that groynd continually;
And some of tygres, that did seeme to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

And them amongst were mingled here and there
The tongues of serpents, with three-forked stings,
That spat out poyson and gore-bloudy gere,
At all that came within his ravenings;
And spake licentious words and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,
Ne Kesars spared he a whit nor kings;
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke threatning in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight
That fomed all about his bloody iawes:
Tho, rearing up his former feete on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes:

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene; and, therewithall
Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall;
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

Full cruelly the beast did rage and rore
To be downe held, and maystred so with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore,
Striving in vaine to rere himself upright:
For still, the more he strove, the more the knight
Did him suppresse, and forcibly subdew;
That made him almost mad for fell despight:
He grind, he bit, he scracht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend right horrible in hew:

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw;
Who nathëmore his heavy load releast, [creast.
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his powre in-

Tho, when the beast saw he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharpely at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbeare,
But strained him so streightly that he chokt him neare.

At last, whenas he found his force to shrineke
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzle strong
Of surest yron made with many a lincke;
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphémous tong,
For never more defaming gentle knight,
Or unto lovely lady doing wrong:
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his own despight.

Like as whylóme that strong Tirynthian swaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of Hell
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly did him compell
To see the hatefull Sunne, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto, what on Earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For aye in darkenesse which day-light doth shonne:
So led this knight his captyve with like conquest wonne.

Yet greatly did the beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durst till then impose;
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once withstand
The proved powre of noble Calidore;
But trembled underneath his mighty hand, [land.
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, whereso he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him leade that beast in bondage strong;
And, seeing it, much wondred at the sight:
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong
Reioyced much to see his captive plight, [knight.
And much admyr'd the beast, but more admyr'd the

Thus was this monster, by the maystring might
Of doughty Calidore, suppresst and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed:
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that (whether wicked fate so framed
Or fault of men) he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he wrought
To mortall men then he had done before; [brought
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more:
Albe that, long time after Calidore,
The good sir Pelleas him tooke in hand;
And after him sir Lamoracke of yore;
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime;
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle poets rime;
But rends, without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More than my former writs, all were they cleanest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please; that now is counted wise mens threasure.

TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE:

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleasd in mortall things
Beneath the Moone to raigne)
Pretends, as well of gods and men,
To be the soveraine.

WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse, that whylome I heard say,
How she at first herselfe began to reare
Gainst all the gods, and th' empire sought from them to beare.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Faery land mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturnes sonne for Heavens regiment;
Whom though high Iove of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive:

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Iove, and high authority:
As Hecatè, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diversly
To gods and men, as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto nations wide,
That makes both Heaven and Earth to tremble at her pride.

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
Rule and dominion to herselfe to gaine;
That as a goddesse men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine:
And first, on Earth she sought it to obtaine;
Where she such proofe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewd)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst
Of gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Iustice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:
Sinee which, all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of Mutabilitie,
By which we all are subiect to that curse, [nurse:
And death, in stead of life, have sucked from our

And now, when all the Earth she thus had brought
To her behest and thralled to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the Heavens hight,
And Iove himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

Thence to the circle of the Moone she clambe,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with Heavens goodly story;
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight Tyme) she entred, were he liefe or sory;
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

Her sitting on an ivory throne she found,
Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side there ran her page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the evening-starre intend;
That with his torche, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And ioy to weary wandring travailers did lend:

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld
The goodly building of her palace bright,
Made of the Heavens substance, and up-held
With thousand crystall pillors of huge hight;
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t' envie her that in such glorie raigned.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might
Her to displace, and to herselfe t' have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

Boldly she bid the goddesse downe descend,
And let herselfe into that ivory throne;
For she herselfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men whose fall she did bemone,
Or unto gods whose state she did maligne,
Or to th' infernal powers her need give lone
Of her faire light and bounty most benigne,
Herselfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne.

But shee that had to her that soveraigne seat
By highest Iove assign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
But, with sterne countenaunce and disdainfull cheare
Bending her horned browes, did put her back;
And, boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bade her attonce from Heavens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull thunders wrack.

Yet nathemore the giantesse forbare;
But, boldly preacing on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did withstand:
Whereat the starres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

Mean while the lower world, which nothing knew
Of all that chanced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the Heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chiefely Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste unto the king of gods to plaine.

All ran together with a great out-cry
To Ioves faire palace fixt in Heavens hight;
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that suddaine lack of light.
The father of the gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting least Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent
Downe to the circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why shee did her wonted course forslowe;
And, if that any were on Earth belowe
That did with charmes or magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to Hell to throwe;
But if from Heaven it were, then to arrest
The author, and him bring before his presence prest.

The wingd-foot god so fast his plumes did beat,
That soone he came whereas the Titanesse
Was striving with faire Cynthia for her seat;
At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse;
Yet, laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last he bade her, with bold stedfastnesse,
Cease to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high Iove her doings to discharge.

And therewithall he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both gods and hellish fiends affraid:
Whereat the Titanesse did sternely lower,
And stoutly answer'd; That in evill hower
He from his Iove such message to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthias silver bower;
Sith shee his Iove and him esteemed nought,
No more then Cynthias selfe; but all their kingdoms sought.

The Heavens herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Unto his lord; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placed in his principall estate,
With all the gods about him congregate:
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate, [bold,
Save Iove; who, changing nought his count'nance
Did unto them at length these speeches wise amfold;

" Harken to mee awhile, ye heavenly powers:
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the Heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed;
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Ye all doe knowe, and them destroied quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull Earth, which doth us yet despite.

" Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver bed,
And eke ourselves from Heavens high empire,
If that her might were match to her desire:
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counsell wise:
Areed, ye sonnes of God, as best ye can devise."

So having said, he ceast; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest powers of Heaven to check,)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake:
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and wise.
Meanewhile th' Earths daughter, though she nought
Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise [did reck
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprize.

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd; that whil'st the gods
(After returne of Hermes embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods;
Before they could new counsels re-allie,
To set upon them in that extasie,
And take what fortune, time, and place would lend:
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To Ioves high palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: good onset boads good end.

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass;
Where all the gods she found in counsell close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose:
But Iove, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his soveraine throne gan streight dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and maiestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad audience;
Untill that Iove himselfe herselfe bespake:
" Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with confidence;
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou Earths mansion to forsake?"

Shee, halfe confused with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund;
" I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is grand-mother magnifide
Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos child:
But by the fathers, be it not envide,
I greater am in bloud, whereon I build, [exil'd.
Then all the gods, though wrongfully from Heaven

" For Titan, as ye all acknowledge must,
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right;
Both sonnes of Uranus; but by uniust
And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes slight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which thou, Iove, iniuriously hast held
The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by might;
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld:
Witnesse, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have teld!"

Whil'st she thus spake, the gods that gave good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
(Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the goddesses in place,)
Stood all astonied; like a sort of steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and foraine race
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

Till, having pauz'd awhile, Iove thus bespake;
" Will never mortall thoughts ceasse to aspire
In this bold sort to Heaven claime to make,
And touch celestiall seates with earthly mire?
I would have thought that bold Procrustes hire,
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,
Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restraine,
And warn'd all men, by their example, to refraine:

" But now this off-scum of that cursed fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And chalenge th' heritage of this our skie;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to Hell?" With that, he shooke
His nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare
That could the greatest wrath soon turne to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in Heaven beare)
He staide his hand; and, having chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wise began;
" But ah! if gods should strive with flesh yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if Iove should doe still what he can!

" But thee, faire Titans child, I rather weene,
Through some vaine errour, or inducement light,
To see that mortall eyes have never seene;
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,
Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongst wretched men, dismaide with her affright,
To bandie crownes, and kingdoms to bestowe:
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth seem to showe.

" But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanesse,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in Heavens interesse;
Much lesse the title of old Titans right:
For we by conquest, of our soveraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Have wonne the empire of the Heavens bright;
Which to ourselves we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

" Then ceasse thy idle claime, thou foolish gerle;
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
That place, from which by folly Titan fell;
Thereto thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine
Have Iove thy gracious lord and soveraigne."
So having said, she thus to him replyde;
" Ceasse, Saturnes sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t' allure mee to thy side,
For to betray my right, before I have it tride.

" But thee, O Iove, no equall iudge I deeme
Of my desert, or of my dewfull right;
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:
But to the highest him, that is behight
Father of gods and men by equall might,
To weet, the god of Nature, I appeale."
Thereat Iove wexed wroth, and in his spright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her appellation seale.

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly wights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For triall of their titles and best rights:
That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
That is the highest head, in all mens sights,
Of my old father Mole, whom shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file [knights,
To sing of hilles and woodes mongst warres and
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights;
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes spights,
(Beeing of old the best and fairest hill
That was in all this holy-islands hights)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
Meane while, O Clio, lend Calliope thy quill.

Whylome when Ireland florished in fame
Of wealth and goodnesse, far above the rest
Of all that beare the British Islands name,
The gods then us'd, for pleasure and for rest,
Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them best:
But none of all therein more pleasure found
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine queene profest
Of woods and forrests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on ground:

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
(Either for chace of beasts with hound or bowe,
Or for to shroude in shade from Phœbus flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe)
She chose this Arlo; where shee did resort
With all her nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody gods did oft consort; [sport:
For with the nymphes the satyres love to play and

Amongst the which there was a nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright:
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
That shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be:
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oakes high-mounted growes,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks [showes
Of some faire bride, brought forth with pompous
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So through the flowry dales she tumbling downe
Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
That on each side her silver channell crowne,
Till to the plaine she come, whose valleyes shee doth drowne.

In her sweet streames Diana used oft,
After her sweatie chace and toilesome play,
To bathe herselfe; and, after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may;
For much she hated sight of living eye:
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her nymphes in privity.

No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire:
So her with flattering words he first assaid;
And, after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betraid
To tell what time he might her lady see [bee.
When she herselfe did bathe, that he might secret

Thereto hee promist, if she would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that whereas shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his love, and of him liked well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debtor
For many moe good turnes then he would tell;
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

The simple maid did yield to him anone;
And eft him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for Iove a likely pray.

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That, for great ioy of somewhat he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest;
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought: a foolish faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thyselfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed!
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

The goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;
And, running straight whereas she heard his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke
Like darred larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding whereas some wicked beast unware
That breakes into her dayr' house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine;
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deathes deviseth in her vengefull mind:

So did Diana and her maydens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their baile:
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all did beare;
For nought against their wils might countervaile:
Ne ought he said, whatever he did heare; [peare.
But, hanging downe his head, did like a mome ap-

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penaunce him to give.
Some would have gelt him; but that same would spill
The wood-gods breed, which must for ever live:
Others would through the river him have drive
And ducked deepe; but that seem'd penaunce light:
But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
Him in deeres skin to clad; and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, himselfe save how
hee might.

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome iest;
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid.
He, much afeard, to her confessed short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a deeres-skin they covered, and then chast
With all their hounds that after him did speed;
But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast
Then any deere; so sore him dread aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the Heavens would have brast;
That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the skie.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
Her whelm'd with stones: yet Faunus, for her paine,
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine,
Till with the Fanchin she herselfe doe wed, [spred.
And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandond her delicious brooke;
In whose sweete streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
And all that mountaine, which doth overlooke
The richest champian that may else be rid; [bred.
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand salmons

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thenceforth she left; and, parting from the place,
Thereon an heavy haplesse curse did lay;
To weet, that wolves, where she was wont to space,
Shou'd harbour'd be and all those woods deface,
And thieves should rob and spoile that coast around.
Since which, those woods, and all that goodly chase
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since have
found!

CANTO VII.

Pealing from Iove to Natures bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large evidence: but Nature soone
Her righteous doome areads.

Ah! whither doost thou now, thou greater Muse,
Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring?
And my fraile spirit, that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight unfit for her weake wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of Heavens king
(Thy soveraine sire) his fortunate successe;
And victory in bigger noates to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
That him of Heavens empire sought to dispossesse?

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne; and in my sable brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of Heaven and heavenly sire,
Can tell things doen in Heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne?

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo-hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Onely th' infernall powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Prosérpina were present there.

And thither also came all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features;
That Arlo scarsly could them all containe;
So full they filled every hill and plaine:
And had not Natures sergeant (that is Order)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border,
They would have caused much confusion and dis-
order.

Then forth issew'd (great goddesse) great dame Na-
With goodly port and gracious maiesty, [ture
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or powers on hie;
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry;
For, with a veile that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid that mote to none ap-
peare.

That, some doe say, was so by skill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;
For that her face did like a lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beauteous was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass.

That well may seemen true; for well I weene
That this same day, when she on Arlo sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that:
As those three sacred saints, though else most wise,
Yet on Mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their eyes.

In a fayre plaine upon an equall hill
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not such as craftesmen by their idle skill
Are wont for princes states to fashion;
But th' Earth herself, of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,
Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe
For homage unto her, and like a throne did show.

So hard it is for any living wight
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle spright
The pure well-head of poesie did dwell)
In his *foules parley* durst not with it mell,
But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of Kindes* describ'd it well:
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seek he out that Alane where he may be sought.

And all the earth far underneath her feete
Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view,
The which the nymphes from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, they at her foote-stoole threw;
That richer seem'd than any tapestry,
That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himself in freshest faire attire;
And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the love of some new nymph late seene
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene:
Ah! gentle Mole, such ioyance hath thee well beseene.

Was never so great ioyance since the day
That all the gods whylome assembled were
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare
Twixt Peleus and dame Thetis pointed there;
Where Phœbus self, that god of poets hight,
They say, did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were ravisht with delight
Of his celestiall song and musicks wondrous might.

This great grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted;
Unseene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have teld,
Before her came dame Mutabilitie;
And, being lowe before her presence feld
With meek obaysance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif plea with words to amplifie:

"To thee, O greatest goddesse, onely great,
An humble suppliant loe! I lowely fly,
Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat;
Who right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning all wrong and tortious iniurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other
Oppressing them with power unequally,
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother:

"To thee therefore of this same Iove I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds raign,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And Heaven itselfe by heritage in fee:
For Heaven and Earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith Heaven and Earth are both alike to thee;
And gods no more then men thou doest esteeme:
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seeme.

"Then weigh, O soveraigne goddesse, by what right
These gods do claime the worlds whole soverainty;
And that is onely dew unto my might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which Iove usurpes iniustly, that to be
My heritage, Iove's selfe cannot deny,
From my great grandsire Titan unto mee
Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well known to thee.

"Yet mauger Iove, and all his gods beside,
I doe possesse the worlds most regiment;
As if ye please it into parts divide,
And every parts inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And first, the Earth (great mother of us all)
That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
And unto Mutability not thrall,
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall:

"For all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
However fayre it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
To turne again unto their earthly slime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily see new creatures to arize,
And of their winter spring another prime,
Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:
So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

"As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts;
The beasts we daily see massácred dy
As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts;
And men themselves doe change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly;
But eeke their mindes (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

" Ne is the Water in more constant case;
Whether those same on high, or these belowe:
For th' ocean moveth still from place to place;
And every river still doth ebbe and flowe;
Ne any lake, that seems most still and slowe,
Ne poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde
When any winde doth under Heaven blowe;
With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
Now like great hills; and streight, like sluces, them unfold.

" So likewise are all watry living wights
Still tost and turned with continuall change,
Never abyding in their stedfast plights:
The fish, still floting, doe at random range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

" Next is the Ayre: which who feeles not by sense
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still, and with subtill influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
In state of life? O weake life! that does leane
On thing so tickle as th' unsteady ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

" Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce;
Now boyling hot; streight friezing deadly cold;
Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce;
Streight bitter storms, and balefull countenance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake:
Rayne, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad penánce,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes make.

" Last is the Fire; which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite; yet, every day,
We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay;
So makes himself his owne consuming pray:
Ne any living creatures doth he breed;
But all, that are of others bredd, doth slay;
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seede.

" Thus all these fower (the which the groundwork
Of all the world and of all living wights) [bee
To thousand sorts of change we subject see:
Yet are they chang'd by other wondrous slights
Into themselves, and lose their native mights;
The Fire to Aire, and th' Ayre to Water sheere,
And Water into Earth; yet Water fights
With Fire, and Aire with Earth, approaching neere;
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

" So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
However these, that gods themselves do call,
Of them doe claime the rule and soverainty;
As Vesta, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this with us so usuall;
Ops, of the earth; and Iuno, of the ayre;
Neptune, of seas; and nymphes, of rivers all:
For all those rivers to me subiect are;
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

" Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe, O goddesse, to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold;
As Times and Seasons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which demand in generall,
Or iudge thyselfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subiect all."
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by
Bade Order call them all before her maiesty.

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare:
First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore, [sore.
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde, [yold.
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had

Lastly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill:
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarse his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went.
And after them the Monthes all riding came:
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went, [ment.
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourish-

Next came fresh Aprill full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he seem'd in sight [delight.
With [illegible] through which he waded for his loves

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The Twinnes of Leda; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soveraine queene:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

And after her came iolly Iune, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face; [grace.
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest

Then came hot Iuly boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay:
(It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Némæan forrest, till th' Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:)
Behinde his backe a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crownd
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on Earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after wrong was lov'd and iustice solde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to Heaven extold.

Next him September marched eeke on foote;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A Paire of Waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gave to each as Iustice duly scann'd.

Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frollick and so full of lust:
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianaes doom uniust
Slew great Orion; and eeke by his side
He had his plowghing-share and coulter ready tyde.

Next was November; he full grosse and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem,
In planting eeke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad:
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Iove in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' Ideän mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

Then came old Ianuary, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may;
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot Steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane flood.

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two Fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.
So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew places found.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall pase;
Th' one on a palfrey blacke, the other white:
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the Moon and stars were pight,
And Sleep and Darknesse round about did trace:
But Day did beare upon his scepters hight
The goodly Sun encompast all with beamës bright.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Iove
And timely Night: the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might forslack the charge to them foreshewed
By mighty Iove; who did them porters make
Of Heavens gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life; and lastly Death:
Death with most grim and grisly visage seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene:
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively ioy, [ploy.
Deckt all with flowres and wings of gold fit to em-

When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse;
"Lo! mighty mother, now be iudge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
Change doth not raign and bear the greatest s
For who sees not that Time on all doth pra
But times do change and move continually
So nothing here long standeth in one sta
Wherefore this lower world who can d
But to be subiect still to Mutabilitie!

Then thus gan Iove; "Right true it is that these
And all things else that under Heaven dwell
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all disseise
Of being: but who is it (to me tell)
That Time himselfe doth move and still compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee,
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods doe rule, and in them also thee."

To whom thus Mutability; "The things,
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,
Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
And say, they by your secret power are made:
But what we see not, who shall us perswade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordered by your ayde,
Yet what if I can prove, that even yee
Yourselves are likewise chang'd, and subiect unto
mee?

"And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, faire Cynthia; whom so much ye make
Ioves dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
On Cynthus hill, whence she her name did take;
Then is she mortall borne, howso ye crake:
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed see and sundry forms partake, [gray:
Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown and
So that *as changefull as the Moone* men use to say.

"Next Mercury; who though he lesse appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one;
Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So Venus eeke, that goodly paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day:
And Phœbus self, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

"Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most;
For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
And cleane without his usuall sphere to fare;
That even these star-gazers stonisht are
At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
So likewise grim sir Saturne oft doth spare
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
So many turning cranks these have, so many crookes.

"But you, Dan Iove, that only constant are,
And king of all the rest, as ye do clame,
Are you not subject eeke to this misfare?
Then let me aske you this withouten blame;
Where were ye borne? some say in Crete by name,
Others in Thebes, and others otherwhere;
But, wheresoever they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were [peare.
And borne here in this world; ne other can ap-

"Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me;
Unlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
Immortall and unchangeable to be:
Besides, that power and vertue, which ye spake,
[illegible]at ye here worke, doth many changes take,
[illegible] your owne natures change: for each of you,
[illegible]ertue have or this or that to make,
[illegible]t and changed from his nature trew,
[illegible] opposition or obliquid view.

[illegible]e sundry motions of your spheares,
[illegible]s and fashions as clerkes faine,
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;
What is the same but alteration plaine?
Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine:
Yet do the starres and signes therein still move,
And even itself is moved, as wizards saine:
But all that moveth doth mutation love:
Therefore both you and them to me I subiect prove.

"Then since within this wide great universe
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transverse;
What then should let, but I aloft should reare
My trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
Now iudge then, O thou greatest goddesse trew,
According as thyselfe doest see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew;
That is, the rule of all; all being rul'd by you."

So having ended, silence long ensewed;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground still viewed.
Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,
To whether side should fall the soveraigne place:
At length she, looking up with chearefull view, [few:
The silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches

"I well consider all that ye have sayd;
And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate
And changed be; yet, being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being doe dilate;
And, turning to themselves at length againe,
Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne;
But they raigne over Change, and doe their states
maintaine.

"Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire:
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change shall
So was the Titaness put downe and whist, [see!"
And Iove confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And Natures selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

CANTO VIII. — UNPERFITE.

When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare
Of Mutability, and well it way;
Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
Of the Heavens' rule; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway:
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away;
Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming
sickle!

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie:
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight: [sight!
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that sabbaths

FULKE GREVILE, LORD BROOKE,

SERVANT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH, COUNSELLOR TO KING JAMES, AND FRIEND TO SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

1554—1628.

Thus he is designated in his epitaph; and in the title-page to his poems they are said to have been "written in his youth, and familiar exercise with Sir Philip Sydney;" so much and so deservedly did he pride himself upon the friendship of so excellent a man.

He was murdered in a fit of passion, and perhaps of madness, by a servant who had served him long and faithfully, and thought himself ill requited. The murderer immediately killed himself. This was in the year 1628. His poems were published in 1633, and never reprinted. Twenty-two pages are wanting in all the copies that have yet been examined: they were undoubtedly cancelled on account of something which was deemed censurable in their contents.

His "Remains," being "Poems of Monarchy and Religion," were printed in 1670. The publisher states in his advertisement, that Lord Brooke bequeathed "them to his friend Mr. Michael Malet, an aged gentleman in whom he most confided, who intended, what the author purposed, to have had them printed altogether; but by copies of some parts of them which happened into other hands, some of them came first abroad; each of his works having had their fate, as they singly merit particular esteem, so to come into the world at several times. He to whom they were first delivered being dead, the trust of these remaining pieces devolved on Sir J. M(alet,) who hath given me the licensed copy of them."

Mrs. Cooper, whose taste and judgement were far beyond those of her age, speaks thus of Lord Brooke: — "Perhaps few men that dealt in poetry had more learning or real wisdom than this nobleman, and yet his stile is sometimes so dark and mysterious, that one would imagine he chose rather to conceal than illustrate his meaning. At other times, his wit breaks out again with an uncommon brightness, and shines, I'd almost said, without an equal. It is the same thing with his poetry, sometimes so harsh and uncouth, as if he had no ear for music; at others, so smooth and harmonious, as if he was master of all its powers."

Lord Brooke is certainly the most difficult of all our poets: but no writer, whether in prose or verse, in this or any other country, appears to have reflected more deeply on momentous subjects; and his writings have an additional value, if (as may be believed) they represent the feelings and opinions of Sir Philip Sydney as well as his own.

A beautiful edition of his life of Sydney was printed at the Press Priory, 1816: one of the many services for which English literature is beholden to Sir Egerton Brydges.

A

TREATIE

OF HUMANE LEARNING.

The mind of man is this world's true dimension;
And knowledge is the measure of the minde:
And as the minde, in her vaste comprehension,
Containes more worlds than all the world can finde:
So knowledge doth it selfe farre more extend,
Than all the minds of men can comprehend.

A climing height it is without a head,
Depth without bottome, way without an end,
A circle with no line inuironed;
Not comprehended, all it comprehends;
Worth infinite, yet satisfies no minde,
Till it that infinite of the God-head finde.

This knowledge is the same forbidden tree,
Which man lusts after to be made his Maker;
For knowledge is of powers eternity,
And perfect glory, the true image-taker;
So as what doth the infinite containe,
Must be as infinite as it againe.

No maruell then, if proud desires reflexion,
By gazing on this sunne, doe make vs blinde,
Nor if our lust, our centaure-like affection,
In stead of nature, fadome clouds, and winde,
So adding to originall defection,
As no man knowes his owne vnknowing minde:
And our Ægyptian darkenesse growes so grosse,
As we may easily in it, feele our losse.

For our defects in nature who sees not?
Wee enter first things present not conceiving,
Not knowing future, what is past forgot:
All other creatures instant power receiving,
To helpe themselues; man onely bringeth sense
To feele, and waile his natiue impotence.

Which sense, mans first instructor, while it showes,
To free him from deceipt, deceiues him most;
And from this false root that mistaking growes,
Which truth in humane knowledges hath lost:
So that by iudging sense herein perfection,
Man must deny his natures imperfection.

Which to be false, euen sense itself doth proue,
Since euery beast in it doth vs exceed;

Besides, these senses which we thus approue,
In vs as many diuerse likings breed,
As there be different tempers in complexions,
Degrees in healths, or ages imperfections.

Againe, change from without no lesse deceives,
Than doe our owne debilities within:
For th' obiect, which in grosse our flesh conceives,
After a sort, yet when light doth beginne
These to retaile, and subdiuide, or sleeues
Into more minutes; then growes sense so thinne,
As none can so refine the sense of man,
That two, or three agree in any can.

Yet these rack'd vp by wit excessiuely,
Make fancy thinke shee such gradations findes
Of heat, cold, colors such variety,
Of smels, and tasts, of tunes such diuers kindes,
As that braue Scythian never could descry,
Who found more sweetnesse in his horses naying,
Than all the Phrygian, Dorian, Lydian playing.

Knowledges next organ is imagination;
A glasse, wherein the obiect of our sense
Ought to respect true height, or declination,
For vnderstandings cleares intelligence:
But this power also hath her variation,
Fixed in some, in some with difference;
In all, so shadowed with selfe-application
As makes her pictures still too foule, or faire;
Not like the life in lineament or ayre.

This power besides, alwayes cannot receiue
What sense reports, but what th' affections please
"To admit; and as those princes that doe leaue
Their state in trust to men corrupt with ease,
False in their faith, or but to faction friend,
The truth of things can scarcely comprehend."

So must th' imagination from the sense
Be misinformed, while our affections cast
False shapes, and formes on their intelligence,
And to keepe out true intromission thence,
Abstracts the imagination or distasts,
With images pre-occupately plac'd.

Hence our desires, feares, hopes, loue, hate, and sorrow,
In fancy make us heare, feele, see impressions,
Such as out of our sense they doe not borrow;
And are the efficient cause, the true progression
Of sleeping visions, idle phantasmes waking,
Life, dreames, and knowledge, apparitions making.

Againe, our memory, register of sense,
And mould of arts, as mother of induction,
Corrupted with disguis'd intelligence,
Can yeeld no images for mans instruction:
But as from stained wombes, abortiue birth
Of strange opinions, to confound the earth.

The last chiefe oracle of what man knowes
Is vnderstanding; which though it containe
Some ruinous notions, which our nature showes,
Of generall truths; yet haue they such a staine
From our corruption, as all light they lose;
Saue to conuince of ignorance, and sinne,
Which where they raigne let no perfection in.

Hence weake, and few those dazled notions be,
Which our fraile vnderstanding doth retaine;
So as mans bankrupt nature is not free,
By any arts to raise it selfe againe;
Or to those notions which doe in vs liue
Confus'd, a well-fram'd art-like state to giue.

Nor in a right line can her eyes ascend,
To view the things that immateriall are;
"For as the sunne doth, while his beames descend,
Lighten the earth, but shaddow euery starre:"
So reason stooping to attend the sense,
Darkens the spirits cleare intelligence.

Besides, these faculties of apprehension;
Admit they were, as in the soules creation,
All perfect here, (which blessed large dimension
As none denies, so but by imagination
Onely, none knowes) yet in that comprehension,
Euen through those instruments wherby she works,
Debility, misprision, imperfection lurkes.

As many, as there be within the braine
Distempers, frenzies, or indispositions;
Yea of our falne estate the fatall staine
Is such, as in our youth while compositions,
And spirits are strong, conception then is weake,
And faculties in yeeres of vnderstanding breake.

Againe, we see the best complexions vaine,
And in the worst more nimble subtilty;
From whence wit, a distemper of the braine,
The schooles conclude, and our capacity;
How much more sharpe, the more it apprehends
Still to distract, and lesse truth comprehends.

But all these naturall defects perchance
May be supplyed by sciences and arts;
Which wee thirst after, study, admire, aduance,
As if restore our fall, recure our smarts
They could, bring in perfection, burne our rods;
With Demades, to make us like our gods.

Indeed to teach they confident pretend,
All generall, vniforme axioms scientificall
Of truth, that want beginning, haue no end,
Demonstratiue, infallible, onely essentiall:
But if these arts containe this mystery,
It proues them proper to the Deity:

Who onely is eternall, infinite, all-seeing,
Euen to the abstract essences of creatures;
Which pure transcendent power can haue no being
Within mans finite, fraile, imperfect features:
For proofe, what grounds so generall, and known,
But are with many exceptions ouerthrowne?

So that where our philosophers confesse,
That we a knowledge vniuersall haue,
Our ignorance in particulars we expresse:
Of perfect demonstration, who it gaue
One cleare example? Or since time began,
What one true forme found out by wit of man?

Who those characteristicall ideas
Conceiues, which science of the Godhead be?
But in their stead we raise, and mould tropheas,
Formes of opinion, wit, and vanity,

Which we call arts; and fall in loue with these,
" As did Pygmalion with his carved tree;
For which men, all the life they here enioy,
Still fight, as for the Helens of their Troy."

Hence doe we out of words create us arts;
Of which the people notwithstanding be
Masters, and without rules doe them impart:
Reason we make an art; yet none agree
What this true reason is; nor yet haue powers,
To leuell others reason vnto ours.

Nature we draw to art, which then forsakes
To be herselfe, when she with art combines;
Who in the secrets of her owne wombe makes
The load-stone, sea, the soules of men, and windes;
" Strong instances to put all arts to schoole,
And proue the science-monger but a foole."

Nay we doe bring the influence of starres,
Yea God himselfe euen vnder moulds of arts;
Yet all our arts cannot preuaile so farre,
As to confirme our eyes, resolue our hearts,
" Whether the heauens doe stand still or moue,
Were fram'd by chance, antipathie, or loue?"

Then what is our high-prais'd philosophie,
But bookes of poesie, in prose compil'd?
Farre more delightfull than they fruitfull be,
" Witty apparance, guile that is beguil'd;"
Corrupting minds much rather than directing,
The allay of duty, and our prides erecting.

For as among physitians, what they call
Word-magike, neuer helpeth the disease,
Which drugges, and dyet ought to deale withall,
And by their reall working giue vs ease:
So these word-sellers haue no power to cure
The passions, which corrupted liues endure.

Yet not asham'd these verbalists still are,
From youth, till age, or study dimme their eyes,
To engage the grammar rules in ciuill warre,
For some small sentence which they patronize;
As if our end liu'd not in reformation,
But verbes, or nounes true sense, or declination.

Musike instructs me which be lyrike moodes;
Let her instruct me rather, how to show
No weeping voyce for losse of fortunes goods.
Geometrie giues measure to the earth below;
Rather let her instruct me how to measure
What is enough for need, what fit for pleasure.

Shee teacheth, how to lose nought in my bounds,
And I would learne with ioy to lose them all:
This artist showes which way to measure rounds,
But I would know how first mans minde did fall,
How great it was, how little now it is, [this?
And what that knowledge was which wrought vs

What thing a right line is, the learned know;
But how auailes that him, who in the right
Of life, and manners doth desire to grow?
What then are all these humane arts, and lights,
But seas of errors? In whose depths who sound,
Of truth finde onely shadowes, and no ground.

Then if our arts want power to make vs better,
What foole will thinke they can vs wiser make,
Life is the wisdome, art is but the letter,
Or shell, which oft men for the kernell take;
In moodes, and figures moulding vp deceit,
To make each science rather hard, than great.

And as in grounds, which salt by nature yeeld
No care can make returne of other graine:
So who with bookes their nature ouer-build,
Lose that in practise, which in arts they gaine;
That of our schooles it may be truely said,
Which former times to Athens did vpbraid:

" That many came first wisemen to those schooles;
Then grew philosophers, or wisdome-mongers;
Next rhetoricians, and at last grew fooles."
Nay it great honour were to this booke-hunger,
If our schools dreams could make their scholars see
What imperfections in our natures be.

But these vaine idols of humanity,
As they infect our wits, so doe they staine,
Or binde our inclinations borne more free,
While the nice alchymie of this proud veine
Makes some grow blinde, by gazing on the skie,
Others, like whelpes, in wrangling elenchs die.

And in the best, where science multiplies,
Man multiplies with it his care of minde:
While in the worst, these swelling harmonies,
Like bellowes, fill vnquiet hearts with winde,
To blow the fame of malice, question, strife,
Both into publike states and priuate life.

Nor is it in the schooles alone where arts
Transforme themselues to craft, knowledge to sophistrie,
Truth into rhetorike; since this wombe imparts,
Through all the practice of humanity,
Corrupt, sophisticall, chymicall alwayes,
Which snare the subiect and the king betrayes.

Though there most dangerous, where wit serveth might,
To shake diuine foundations, and humane,
By painting vices, and by shadowing right,
Which tincture of probabile prophane,
Vnder false colour giuing truth such rates,
As power may rule in chiefe through all estates.

For which respects, learning hath found distaste
In gouernments, of great, and glorious fame;
In Lacedemon scorned, and disgrac'd,
As idle, vaine, effeminate, and lame:
Engins that did vn-man the mindes of men
From action, to seeke glorie in a den.

Yea Rome it selfe, while there in her remain'd
That antient, ingenuous austerity,
The Greeke professors from her wals restrain'd,
And with the Turke they still exiled be:
We finde in Gods law curious arts reprou'd,
Of mans inventions no one schoole approu'd.

Besides, by name this high philosophy
Is in the Gospell term'd a vaine deceipt;
And caution giuen, by way of prophecy
Against it, as if in the depth, and height
Of spirit, the apostle clearely did foresee,
That in the end corrupt the schoole-men would
Gods true religion, in a heathen mould.

And not alone make flesh a deity,
But gods of all that fleshly sense brings forth:
Giue mortall nature immortality,
Yet thinke all but time present nothing worth:
An angel-pride, and in vs much more vaine,
Since what they could not, how should we attaine?

For if mans wisedomes, lawes, arts, legends, schooles,
Be built vpon the knowledge of the evill;
And if these trophies be the onely tooles,
Which doe maintaine the kingdome of the diuell;
If all these Babels had the curse of tongues,
So as confusion still to them belongs:

Then can these moulds neuer containe their Maker,
Nor those nice formes, and different beings show,
Which figure in his works truth, wisdome, nature,
The onely obiect for the soule to know:
These arts, moulds, workes can but expresse the sinne,
Whence by mans follie, his fall did beginne.

Againe, if all mans fleshly organs rest,
Vnder that curse, as out of doubt they doe;
If skie, sea, earth, lye vnder it opprest,
As tainted with that tast of errors too;
In this mortalitie, this strange priuation,
What knowledge stands but sense of declination?

A science neuer scientificall,
A rhapsody of questions controuerted;
In which because men know no truth at all,
To euery purpose it may be conuerted:
Iudge then what grounds this can to other give,
That waued euer in it selfe must liue?

Besides, the soule of man, prince of this earth,
That liuely image of God's truth, and might,
If it haue lost the blisse of heauenly birth,
And by transgression dimme that piercing light,
Which from their inward natures, gaue the name
To euery creature, and describ'd the same.

If this be stain'd in essence, as in shrine,
Though all were pure, whence she collects, diuides
Good, ill; false, true; things humane, or diuine;
Yet where the iudge is false, what truth abides?
False both the obiects, iudge, and method be;
What be those arts then of humanity?

But strange chimeras borne of mortall sense,
Opinions curious moulds, wherein she casts
Elenches, begot by false intelligence,
Betweene our reasons, and our senses tast:
Binding mans minde with earths imposture-line,
For euer looking vp to things diuine.

Whereby, euen as the truth in euery heart
Refines our fleshly humor, and affection;
That they may easlier serue the better part,
Know, and obey the wisedome to perfection:
These dreames embody and engrosse the minde,
To make the nobler serve the baser kind.

In lapse to God though thus the world remaines,
Yet doth she with diuine eyes in chaos'd light,
Striue, study, search through all her finite veines,
To be, and know (without God) infinite:
To which end cloysters, cells, schooles, she erects,
False moulds, that while they fashion, doe infect.

Whence all mans fleshly idols being built,
As humane wisedome, science, power, and arts,
Vpon the false foundation of his guilt;
Confusedly doe weaue within our hearts,
Their owne aduancement, state, and declination,
As things whose beings are but transmutation.

Subiect not onely therein vnto time,
And all obstructions of misgouernment;
But in themselves, when they are most sublime,
Like fleshly visions, neuer permanent:
"Rising to fall, falling to rise againe,
And never can, where they are knowne remaine."

But if they scape the violence of warre,
(That actiue instrument of barbarisme)
With their owne nicenesse they traduced are,
And like opinion, craftie moulds of schisme;
As founded vpon flatteries of sense,
Which must with truth keepe least intelligence.

But in darke successiue ignorance
Some times lye shadowed, and although not dead,
Yet sleeping, till the turnes of change, or chance
Doe (in their restlesse chariots garnished
Among the cloudy meteors made of earth)
Giue them again, to scourge the world, new birth.

Thus, till man end, his vanities goe round,
In credit here, and there discredited;
Striuing to binde, and neuer to be bound;
To gouerne God, and not bee governed:
Which is the cause his life is thus confused,
In his corruption, by these arts abused.

Here see we then the vainenesse, and defect
Of schooles, arts, and all else that man doth know,
Yet shall wee straight resolve, that by neglect
Of science, nature doth the richer grow?
That ignorance is the mother of deuotion,
Since schooles giue them that teach this such promotion?

No, no; amongst the worst let her come in,
As nurse, and mother vnto euery lust;
Since who commit iniustice, often sinne,
Because they know not what to each is iust;
Intemperance doth oft our natures winne,
Because what's foule, vndecent, wee thinke best,
And by misprision so grow in the rest.

Man must not therefore rashly science scorne,
"But choose, and read with care; since learning is
A bunch of grapes sprung vp among the thornes,
Where, but by caution, none the harme can misse;
Nor arts true riches read to vnderstand,
But shall, to please his taste, offend his hand."

For as the world by time still more declines,
Both from the truth, and wisedome of creation:
So at the truth she more and more repines,
As making hast to her last declination.
Therefore if not to care, yet to refine
Her stupidnesse, as well as ostentation,
Let vs set straight that industrie againe,
Which else as foolish proves, as it is vaine.

Yet here, before we can direct mans choice,
We must diuide Gods children from the rest;

Since these pure soules (who only know his voice)
Haue no art, but obedience, for their test:
A mystery betweene God, and the man,
Asking, and giuing farre more than we can.

Let vs then respite these, and first behold
The world, with all her instruments, waies, ends;
What keepes proportion, what must be control'd,
Which be her enemies, and which her friends?
That so we best may counsell, or decree
The vanity can neuer wiser bee.

Wherein to guide mans choice to such a mood,
As all the world may iudge a worke of merit;
I wish all curious sciences let blood,
Superfluous purg'd from wantonnesse of spirit:
For though the world be built vpon excesse,
Yet by confusion shee must needs grow lesse:

For man being finite both in wit, time, might,
His dayes in vanitie may be mispent;
Vse therefore must stand higher than delight,
The actiue hate a fruitlesse instrument:
So must the world those busie idle fooles,
That serve no other market than the schooles.

Againe the actiue, necessarie arts,
Ought to be briefe in bookes, in practise long;
Short precepts may extend to many parts,
The practise must be large, or not be strong.
And as by artlesse guides, states euer waine:
So doe they where these vselesse dreamers reigne.

For if these two be in one ballance weigh'd,
The artlesse vse beares downe the vselesse art;
With mad men, else how is the madd'st obey'd,
But by degrees of rage in actiue hearts?
While contemplation doth the world distract,
With vaine ideas, which it cannot act.

And in this thinking vndigested notion,
Transformes all beings into atomi;
Dissolues, builds not; nor rests, nor gets by motion,
Heads being lesse than wombes of vanity:
Which visions make all humane arts thus tedious,
Intricate, vaine, endlesse, as they proue to vs.

The world should therefore her instructions draw
Backe vnto life, and actions, whence they came;
That practise, which gaue being, might giue law,
To make them short, cleare, fruitfull vnto man,
As God made all for vse; euen so must she,
By chance, and vse, vphold her mystery.

" Besides, where learning, like a Caspian Sea,
Hath hitherto receiu'd all little brookes,
Deuour'd their sweetnesse, borne their names away,
And in her greenesse hid their chrystall lookes;
Let her turne ocean now, and giue backe more
To those cleare springs, than she receiu'd before."

Let her that gather'd rules emperiall,
Out of particular experiments,
And made meere contemplation of them all,
Apply them now to speciall intents;
That she, and mutuall action, may maintaine
Themselues, by taking, what they giue againe.

And where the progresse was to finde the cause,
First by effects out, now her regresse should
Forme art directly vnder natures lawes;
And all effects so in their causes mould;
As fraile man liuely, without schoole of smart,
Might see successes comming in an art.

For sciences from nature should be drawne,
As arts from practise, neuer out of bookes;
Whose rules are onely left with time in pawne,
To shew how in them vse, and nature lookes:
Out of which light, they that arts first began,
Pierc'd further, than succeeding ages can.

Since how should water rise aboue her fountaine?
Or spirits rule-bound see beyond that light?
So as if bookes be man's Parnassus mountaine,
Within them no arts can be infinite;
Nor any multiply himselfe to more,
But still grow lesse than he that went before.

Againe, art should not, like a curtizan,
Change habits, dressing graces euery day;
But of her termes one staple counterpane
Still keepe, to shun ambiguous allay;
That youth in definitions once receiu'd,
(As in kings standards) might not be deceiu'd.

To which true end, in euery art there should
One, or two authors be selected out,
To cast the learners in a constant mould;
Who if not falsely, yet else goe about;
And as the babes by many nurses doe,
Oft change conditions, and complexions too.

The like surueyes that spirit of gouernment,
Which moulds, and tempers all these seruing arts,
Should take, in choosing out fit instruments,
To iudge mens inclinations, and their parts;
That bookes, arts, natures, may well fitted be,
To hold vp this worlds curious mystery.

First dealing with her chiefe commanding art,
The outward churches, which their ensignes beare
So mixt with power, and craft in euery part,
As any shape, but truth, may enter there:
All whose hypocrisies, thus built on passion,
Can yet nor being giue, nor constant fashion.

For though the words she vse, seeme leuels true,
And strong, to show the crookednesse of error;
Yet in the inward man there's nothing new,
But masked euill, which still addeth terror,
Helping the vanity to buy or sell,
And rests as seldome as it labours well.

Besides their schoolemens sleepy speculation,
" Dreaming to comprehend the Deity
In humane reasons finite eleuation:"
While they make sense seat of eternity,
Must bury faith, whose proper obiects are
Gods mysteries, aboue our reason farre.

Besides, these nymphs of Nemesis still worke
Nets of opinion, to entangle spirits;
And in the shadow of the Godhead lurke,
Building a Babel vpon faithlesse merits;
Whence forme and matter neuer can agree,
To make one church of Christianitie.

The ancient church which did succeed that light,
In which the Iewes high priesthood iustly fell,

More faithfully endeauour'd to vnite,
And thereby neerer came to doing well;
Neuer reuealing curious mysteries,
Vnlesse enforc'd by mans impieties.

And when that disobedience needs would deale
With hidden knowledge, to prophane her Maker;
Or vnder questions contradiction steale,
Then wisely vndertakes this vndertaker
With powerfull councels, that made error mute;
Not arguments, which still maintaine dispute.

So were it to be wish'd, each kingdome would
Within her proper soueraignity,
Seditions, schismes, and strange opinions mould
By synods, to a setled vnity;
Such, as though error priuately did harme,
Yet publike schismes might not so freely swarme.

For though the world, and man can neuer frame
These outward moulds, to cast God's chosen in;
Nor giue his spirit where they giue his name;
That power being neuer granted to the sinne:
Yet in the world those orders prosper best,
Which from the word, in seeming, varie least.

Since therefore she brookes not diuinity,
But superstition, heresie, schisme, rites,
Traditions, legends, and hypocrisie;
Let her yet forme those visions in the light,
To represent the truth she doth despise;
And, by that likenesse, prosper in her lies.

To which end let her raise the discipline,
And practise of repentance, piety, loue;
To image forth those homages diuine,
Which euen by showes, draw honour from aboue:
Embracing wisedome, though she hate the good,
Since power thus vayl'd is hardly vnderstood.

Lawes be her next chiefe arts, and instruments,
Of which the onely best deriued be,
Out of those tenne words in Gods Testaments,
Where conscience is the base of policie;
But in the world a larger scope they take, [make.
And cure no more wounds, than perchance they

They being there meere children of disease,
Not form'd at once by that all-seeing might,
But rather as opinions markets please,
" Whose diuerse spirits in times present light,
Will yet teach kings to order, and reduce
Those abstract rules of truth, to rules of vse."

Therefore, as shadowes of those lawes diuine,
They must assist church-censure, punish error,
Since when, from order, nature would decline,
There is no other natiue cure but terror;
By discipline, to keepe the doctrine free,
That faith and power still relatiues may be.

Let this faire hand-maid then the church attend,
And to the wounds of conscience adde her paines,
That priuate hearts may vnto publike ends
Still gouern'd be, by order's easie raines:
And by effect, make manifest the cause
Of happy states to be religious lawes.

Their second noble office is, to keepe
Mankinde vpright in traffick of his owne,
That fearelesse each may in his cottage sleepe,
Secur'd that right shall not be ouerthrowne;
Persons indifferent, reall arts in prise,
And in no other priuiledge made wise.

Lastly, as linkes betwixt mankinde, and kings,
Lawes safely must protect obedience,
Vnder those soueraigne, all-embracing wings,
Which from beneath expect a reuerence:
That like the ocean, with her little springs,
We for our sweet may feele the salt of kings.

Physicke, with her faire friend philosophie,
Come next in ranke, as well as reputation;
Whose proper subiect is mortalitie,
Which cannot reach that principall creation,
Mixtures of nature, curious mystery,
Of timelesse time, or bodies transmutation;
Nor comprehend the infinite degrees
Of qualities, and their strange operation;
" Whence both, vpon the second causes grounded,
Most iustly by the first cause, be confounded."

Therefore, let these which decke this house of clay,
And by excesse of man's corruption gaine,
Know probabilitie is all they may,
For to demonstrate they cannot attaine:
Let labour, rest, and dyet be their way
Mans natiue heat, and moisture to maintaine,
As healths true base, and in disease proceed,
" Rather by what they know, than what they read."

Next after comes that politicke philosophie,
Whose proper obiects, forme and matters are;
In which she oft corrupts her mystery,
By grounding orders offices too farre
" On precepts of the heathen, humours of kings,
Customes of men, and times vnconstant wings."

Besides, what can be certaine in those arts,
Which cannot yeeld a generall proposition,
To force their bodies out of natiue parts?
But like things of mechanicall condition,
Must borrow that wherewith they doe conclude,
And so not perfect nature, but delude.

Redresse of which cannot come from below;
But from that orbe, where power exalted raignes,
To order, iudge, to gouerne, and bestow
Sense, strength, and nourishment, through all the veines,
That equall limbes each other may supply,
To serue the trophies of authority.

Once in an age let gouernment then please
The course of these traditions, with their birth;
And bring them backe vnto their infant dayes,
To keepe her owne soueraignity on earth;
Else viper-like, their parents they deuoure:
For all powers children easily couet power.

Now for these instrumentall following arts,
Which, in the traffick of humanity,
Afford not matter, but limme out the parts,
And formes of speaking with authority:
" I say who too long in their cobwebs lurks,
Doth like him that buyes tooles, but neuer works."

For whosoeuer markes the good, or euill,
As they stand fixed in the heart of man:

The one of God, the other of the deuill,
Feele, out of things, men words still fashion can:
" So that from life since liuely words proceed,
What other grammar doe our natures need?"

Logike comes next, who with the tyranny
Of subtile rules, distinctions, termes, and notions,
Confounds of reall truth the harmony,
Distracts the iudgement, multiplies commotion,
In memory, man's wit, imagination,
To dimme the cleare light of his own creation.

Hence striue the schooles, by first, and second kinds
Of substances, by essence, and existence;
That trine, and yet vnitednesse diuine
To comprehend, and image to the sense;
As doe the misled superstitious minds,
By this one rule, or axiom taken thence;
Looke where the whole is, there the parts must be,
Thinke they demonstrate Christs vbiquity.

The wise reformers therefore of this art
Must cut off termes, distinctions, axioms, lawes,
Such as depend either in whole, or part,
Vpon this stained sense of words, or sawes:
Onely admitting precepts of such kinde,
As without words may be conceiu'd in minde.

Rhetorike, to this a sister, and a twinne,
Is growne a siren in the formes of pleading,
" Captiuing reason, with the painted skinne
Of many words; with empty sounds misleading
Vs to false ends, by these false forms abuse,
Bring neuer forth that truth, whose name they vse.

Besides, this art, where scarcity of words
Forc'd her, at first, to metaphorike wings,
Because no language in the earth affords
Sufficient characters to expresse all things;
" Yet since she playes the wanton with this need,
And staines the matrone with the harlots weed."

Whereas those words in euery tongue are best,
Which doe most properly expresse the thought;
" For as of pictures, which should manifest
The life, we say not that is fineliest wrought,
Which fairest simply showes, but faire and like:"
So words must sparkes be of those fires they strike.

For the true art of eloquence indeed
Is not this craft of words, but formes of speech,
Such as from liuing wisdomes doe proceed;
Whose ends are not to flatter, or beseech,
Insinuate, or perswade, but to declare
What things in nature good, or euill are.

Poesie and musicke, arts of recreation,
Succeed, esteem'd as idle mens profession;
Because their scope, being meerely contentation,
Can moue, but not remoue, or make impression
Really, either to enrich the wit,
Or, which is lesse, to mend our states by it.

This makes the solid iudgments giue them place,
" Onely as pleasing sauce to dainty food;"
Fine foyles for iewels, or enammels grace,
Cast vpon things which in themselues are good:
Since, if the matter be in nature vile,
How can it be made pretious by a stile?

Yet in this life, both these play noble parts;
The one, to outward church-rites if applied,
Helps to moue thoughts, while God may touch the hearts
With goodnesse, wherein he is magnified:
And if to Mars we dedicate this art,
It raiseth passions which enlarge the minde,
And keepes downe passions of the baser kinde.

The other twinne, if to describe, or praise
Goodnesse, or God she her ideas frame,
And like a maker, her creations raise
On lines of truth, it beautifies the same;
And while it seemeth onely but to please,
Teacheth vs order vnder pleasures name:
" Which in a glasse, shows nature how to fashion
Her selfe againe, by ballancing of passion."

Let therefore humane wisedome vse both these,
As things not pretious in their proper kind,
The one a harmony to moue, and please;
" If studied for it selfe, disease of mind:"
The next (like Nature) doth ideas raise,
Teaches, and makes; but hath no power to binde:
Both, ornaments to life and other arts,
Whiles they doe serve, and not possesse our hearts.

The grace, and disgrace of this following traine,
Arithmetike, geometrie, astronomy,
Rests in the artisans industrie, or veine,
Not in the whole, the parts, or symmetrie:
Which being onely number, measure, time;
All following nature, helpe her to refine.

And of these arts it may be said againe,
That since their theoricke is infinite;
" Of infinite there can no arts remaine.
Besides, they stand by curtesie not right;
Who must their principles as granted craue,
Or else acknowledge they no being haue."

Their theoricke then must not waine their vse,
But, by a practise in materiall things,
Rather awake that dreaming vaine abuse
Of lines, without breadth; without feathers, wings:
So that their boundlesnesse may bounded be,
In workes, and arts of our humanity.

But for the most part those professors are,
So melted, and transported into these;
And with the abstract swallowed up so farre
As they lose traffick, comfort, vse, and ease:
And are, like treasures which strange spirits guarded,
Neither to be enioy'd, nor yet discarded.

Then must the reformation of them be,
By carrying on the vigor of them all,
Through each profession of humanity,
Military, and mysteries mechanicall:
Whereby their abstract formes yet atomis'd,
May be embodied; and by doing pris'd.

As for example; buildings of all kinds;
Ships, houses, halls, for humane policy;
Camps, bulwarkes, forts, all instruments of warre;
Surueying, nauigation, husbandry,
Traffick, exchange, accompts, and all such other,
" As, like good children, do aduance their mother."

For thus, these arts passe, whence they came, to life,
Circle not round in selfe-imagination,
Begetting lines upon an abstract wife,
As children borne for idle contemplation;
" But in the practise of mans wisedome giue,
Meanes, for the worlds inhabitants to liue."

Lastly, the vse of all vnlawfull arts
Is maine abuse; whose acts, and contemplation,
Equally founded vpon crased parts,
Are onely to be cur'd by extirpation:
The rule being true, that what at first is ill,
Grow worse by vse, or by refining will.

" Now as the bullion, which in all estates,
The standard beares of soueraignity;
Although allaid by characters, or rates
Moulded in wisedome, or necessitie,
Gets credit by the stampe, aboue his worth,
To buy, or sell; bring home, or carry forth:"

Eu'n so, in these corrupted moulds of art,
Which while they doe conforme, reforme vs not;
If all the false infections they impart
Be shadowed thus, thus formally be wrought;
Though what works goodnesse, onely makes men wise;
Yet power thus mask'd may finely tyrannize.

And let this serue to make all people see,
The vanity is crafty, but not wise;
Chance, or occasion her prosperitie,
And but aduantage in her head, no eyes:
Truth is no counsellor to assist the euill,
And in his owne, who wiser than the deuill?

In which corrupt confusion let vs leaue
The vanity, with her sophistications;
Deceiu'd by that wherwith she would deceiue,
Paying, and paid with vaine imaginations;
Changing, corrupting, trading hope, and feare,
In stead of vertues, which she cannot beare.

And so returne to those pure, humble creatures,
Who if they haue a latitude in any,
Of all these vaine, traducing, humane features,
Where, out of one root doe proceed so many;
They must be sparing, few, and onely such,
As helpe obedience, stirre not pride too much:

For in the world, not of it, since they be;
Like passengers, their ends must be to take
Onely those blessings of mortality,
Which he that made all, fashion'd for their sake:
Not fixing loue, hope, sorrow, care, or feare,
On mortall blossoms, which must dye to beare.

With many linkes, an equall glorious chaine,
Of hopes eternall those poor people frame;
Yet but one forme, and metall it containes,
Reason, and passion, being there the same:
"Which wel-linckt chaine they fixe vnto the sky,
Not to draw heauen downe, but earth vp by."

Their arts, laws, wisedome, acts, ends, honors being
All stamp'd and moulded in th' Eternall breast;
Beyond which truth, what can be worth their seeing,
That as false wisedomes all things else detest?
Wherby their workes are rather great than many,
More than to know, and doe, they haue not any.

For earth, and earthynesse it is alone,
Which enuies, strifes, hates, or is malecontent;
Which meteors vanish must from this cleare zone,
Where each thought is on his Creator bent;
And where both kings and people should aspire,
To fix all other motions of desire.

Hence haue they latitudes, wherein they may
Study sea, skie, ayre, earth, as they enioy them;
Contemplate the creation, state, decay
Of mortall things, in them that misimploy them:
" Preserue the body to obey the minde,
Abhorre the error, yet loue humane kinde."

Salomon knew nature both in herbes, plants, beasts;
Vs'd then for health, for honour, pleasure, gaine,
" Yet, that abundance few crownes wel digest,"
Let his example, and his booke maintaine:
Kings, who haue trauail'd through the vanity,
Can best describe vs what her visions be.

For we in such kings (as cleare mirrors) see,
And reade the heauenly glory of the good;
All other arts, which borne of euill bee,
By these are neither taught, nor vnderstood,
Who, in the wombe of God's true church their mother [other.
Learne they that know him well, must know no

Which God this people worship in their king
And through obedience trauaile to perfection;
Studying their wills vnder his will to bring,
Yeeld trust, and honour both, to his direction:
" And when they doe from his example swarue,
Beare witnesse to themselues they ill deserue."

Since goodnesse, wisedome, truth, then ioyn'd in one,
Shew kings, and people, what the glories be
Of mutuall duties, to make up a throne,
And weaue protection in humility:
Where else to rockes when men doe fasten chaines,
Their labors onely draw themselves to paines.

Now, if this wisedome onely can be found,
By seeking God, euen in the faith he giues;
If earth, heauen, sea, starres, creatures be the bound,
Wherein reueal'd his power, and wisedome liues,
If true obedience be the way to this,
And onely who growes better, wiser is:

Then let not curious, silly flesh conceive
It selfe more rich, or happy when it knowes
These words of art, which men (as shells) must cleave,
Before the lifes true wisedome they disclose;
Nor when they know, to teach, they know not what,
But when their doings men may wonder at.

For onely that man vnderstands indeed,
And well remembers, which he well can doe,
The laws liue, onely where the law doth breed
Obedience to the workes it bindes vs to:
And as the life of wisedome hath exprest,
If this you know, then doe it, and be blest.

Againe, the vse of knowledge is not strife,
To contradict, and criticall become,
As well in bookes, as practise of our life;
Which yeelds dissoluing, not a building doome,
A cobwebs worke, the thinnest fruit of wit,
Like atomi, things reall seeme to it.

But as to warre the error, is one end,
So is her worthiest to maintaine the right;
Not to make question, cavill or contend,
Dazell the earth with visions infinite;
  But nurse the world with charitable food,
  Which none can doe that are not wise, and good.

The chiefe vse then in man of that he knowes,
Is his paines taking for the good of all,
Not fleshly weeping for our owne made woes,
Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
Not hating from a soule that ouerflowes
With bitternesse, breath'd out from inward thrall:
  " But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or binde,
  As need requires, this fraile fall'n humane kinde."

Yet some seeke knowledge, meerely to be knowne,
And idle curiositie that is;
Some but to sell, not freely to bestow,
These gaine and spend both time, and wealth amisse;
Embasing arts, by basely deeming so,
  Some to build others, which is charity,
  But these to build themselues, who wise men be.

And to conclude, whether we would erect
Our selves, or others by this choice of arts;
Our chiefe endeauour must be to effect
A sound foundation, not on sandy parts
  Of light opinion, selfenesse, words of men,
  But that sure rocke of truth, God's word, or penne.

Next that we doe not ouerbuild our states,
In searching secrets of the Deity,
Obscurities of nature, casualtie of fates;
But measure first our own humanity,
Then on our gifts impose an equall rate,
And so seeke wisedome with sobriety:
  " Not curious what our fellowes ought to doe,
  But what our owne creation bindes vs to."

Lastly, we must not to the world erect
Theaters, nor plant our paradise in dust,
Nor build vp Babels for the diuels elect;
Make temples of our hearts to God we must;
  And then, as godlesse wisedomes follies be,
  So are his heights our true philosophie.

With which faire cautions, man may well professe
To studie God, whom he is borne to serve,
Nature, t' admire the greater in the lesse;
Time, but to learne; our selues we may obserue,
  To humble vs: others, to exercise
  Our loue and patience, wherein duty lies.

Lastly, the truth and good to loue, and doe them,
The error, onely to destroy, and shunne it,
Our hearts in generall will lead vs to them,
When gifts of grace, and faith haue once begun it.
  " For without these, the minde of man growes
      numbe,
  The body darkenesse, to the soule a tombe."

Thus are true learnings in the humble neart
A spirituall worke, raising Gods image, rased
By our transgression; a well-framed art,
At which the world, and error stand amazed;
A light diuine, where man sees ioy, and smart
Immortall, in this mortall body blazed;
  A wisdome, which the wisedome vs assureth
  With hers euen to the sight of God endureth.

Hard characters (I grant) to flesh and blood,
Which in the first perfection of creation
Freely resign'd the state of being good,
To know the euill, where it found priuation;
And lost her being, ere she vnderstood
Depth of this fall, paine of regeneration:
  " By which she yet must raise herselfe againe,
  Ere she can iudge all other knowledge vaine."

AN

INQUISITION

UPON FAME AND HONOUR.

What are mens liues, but labyrinths of error,
Shops of deceit, and seas of misery?
Yet death yeelds so small comfort, so much terror;
Gaine, honour, pleasure, such illusions be;
  As though against life, each man whet his wit,
  Yet all mens hearts, and sense, take part with it.

Of which three baytes, yet honour seemes the chiefe,
" And is vnto the world, like goodly weather,
Which giues the spirits life, the thoughts reliefe,
Delight, and trauell, reconciles together:"
  So as the learn'd, and great, no more admire it,
  Than euen the silly artisans aspire it.

This made the foure rare masters, which begun
Faire Artemysia's husbands dainty tombe,
When death tooke her, before their worke was done,
And so bereft them of all hopes to come;
  That they would yet their own work perfect make,
  Euen for their workes, and their selfe-glories sake.

Among the worthies, Hercules is noted,
For fame, to haue neglected gaine, and pleasure;
Cleombrotus to haue beene so deuoted,
To pease his deeds, by her nice weights and measure,
  As he that to his state, made his life thrall,
  Yet to saue both, would not let honour fall.

Which great desire, hatch'd vp in these vast spirits,
Liues as a relicke of mans discreation;
When he affected to be iudge of merits;
Or eccho, which giues all sounds moderation:
  " An image too sublime for thrones to beare,
  Who all what they command not, euer feare."

What was it then, made Aristotle raise
These imbound spirits to so high a rate?
Call them ingenious, ciuill, worthy praise?
The answer's plaine, that neuer any state
  Could rise, or stand, without this thirst of glory,
  Of noble workes, as well the mould as story.

For else, what gouernour would spend his dayes,
In enuious trauell, for the publike good?
Who would in bookes, search after dead mens wayes?
Or in the warre, what souldier lose his blood?
  " Liu'd not this fame in clouds, kept as a crowne;
  Both for the sword, the scepter, and the gowne."

It therefore much concernes each publike state,
To hoyse these costlesse sayles vp to the skye,
" For it is held a symptome of ill fate,
When crownes doe let this thirst of glory dye;
  Which doth enlarge states, by enlarging hearts,
  And out of deedes teach schooles to fashion arts.

Thus see we, both the force, and vse of fame;
How states and men haue honour by her stile,
As ecchoes that enuiron orders frame,
Which disproportion waiteth to beguile.
Fame walls in truth, and cherisheth her end,
" Knowes neither why, nor how, yet is her friend."

For in the worlds corrupted trafficke here,
Goodnesse puts onely tincture on our gall,
The light of truth, doth but in clouds appeare,
Hardly discern'd, and not obey'd at all:
No man yeelds glory vnto him that makes him,
For if he doe, he sees the world forsakes him.

Now in this twilight of deliberation,
Where man is darke because he will not see:
Must he not trust to his selfe-constellation?
Or else grow confident, he cannot be?
Assuming this, hee makes himselfe his end,
And what he vnderstands, that takes to friend.

In which strange oddes, betweene the earth and skie,
Examine but the state of euery heart;
Flesh feeles and feares strong inequality;
" Horrors of sinne, cannot be free'd by art: "
Humours are mans religion, power his lawes,
His wit confusion, and his will the cause.

Nor is it thus, with man himselfe alone,
His theaters and trophies, are not free,
I mean all states, all gouernments, all thrones
That haue no basis, but his policy;
" They all alike feele dissolution ready,
Their owne subsistence failing, and vnsteady."

Rebellion in the members to the head,
Aduantage in the head, to keepe them vnder,
The sweet consent of sympathie quite dead,
Selfenesse euen apt to teare it selfe asunder:
" All gouernments, like man himselfe within,
Being restlesse compositions of the sinne."

So as in this estate of mans defection,
Confus'd amongst the good and ill, he goes;
Both gathers and distributeth infection,
Chuseth and changeth, builds and ouerthrows;
For truth and goodnesse, hauing left his heart,
He and his idols, are but words of art.

Among which number, men must reckon fame,
Wit, superstition, learning, lawes that binde,
Without our Maker, this worlds crased frame,
All which constraine, but not instruct the minde;
Gouerne the euils part, with her confusion,
Which haue no throne or being, but delusion.

Then to cast faith on fame, or these foundations,
Or not to thinke, as all these nothing were,
So backe to nothing, they shall haue gradation,
Since time must ruine all what she did beare,
Were not to know these drams of mortall seed,
" In curing one, still more diseases breed."

And yet to part this worlds declining frame,
And let some pillars stand while others fall,
I meane make vertues bodies vnto fame,
That be indeed hypocrisies of hell;
And smother fame againe with vertues name,
Must needs exile all hope of doing well:
God being vnbeleeued, or vnknowne,
And humane wisdome, with it selfe o'rethrown.

For to be good the world finds it too hard,
And to be nothing to subsistence is
A fatall, and unnaturing award,
So as betweene perfection, and vnblisse,
Man, out of man, will make himselfe a frame,
Seekes outward helpe, and borrowes that of fame.

Yet doth there rise from abstract contemplation,
A gilt or painted image, in the braine,
Of humane vertues, fames disestimation,
Which, like an art, our nature so restraines;
" As while the pride of action wee suppresse,
Man growes no better, and yet states grow lesse."

Hence they that by their words would gods become,
With pride of thought, depraue the pride of deeds,
Vpon the actiue cast a heauy doome,
And marre weake strengths, to multiply strong weeds:
" While they conclude fames trumpets, voice, and pen,
More fit for crafty states, than worthy men."

For fame they still oppose euen from those grounds,
That proue as truly all things else as vaine,
They giue their vertues onely humane bounds,
And without God subuert to build againe
Refin'd ideas, more than flesh can beare,
All foule within, yet speake as God were there.

Mans power to make himselfe good, they maintaine,
Conclude that fate is gouern'd by the wise;
Affections they supplant, and not restraine,
Within our selues, they seat felicities;
" With things as vaine, they vanity beat downe,
And by selfe-ruine, seeke a Sampsons crowne."

Glory's dispraise, being thus with glory tainted,
Doth not as goodnesse, but as euils doe
Shine, by informing others beauties painted,
Where bashfull truth vayles neighbours errors too;
All humane pride, is built on this foundation,
And art on art, by this seekes estimation.

Without his God, man thus must wander euer,
See moates in others, in himselfe no beames,
" Ill ruines good, and ill erecteth neuer,
Like drowning torrents, not transporting streames:"
The vanity from nothing hath her being,
And makes that essence good, by disagreeing.

Yet from these grounds, if fame wee ouerthrow,
We lose mans eccho, both of wrong and right,
Leaue good and ill, indifferent here below,
For humane darkenesse, lacking humane light,
Will easily cancell natures feare of shame,
Which workes but by intelligence with fame.

And cancell this, before Gods truth be knowne,
Or knowne, but not beleeued, and obeyed;
What seeming good rests in us of our owne?
How is corruption from corrupting staid?
The chaine of vertues, which the flesh doth boast,
Being since our fall, but names of natures lost.

In humane commerce, then let fame remaine,
An outward mirrour of the inward minde,
That what man yeelds, he may receiue againe,
And his ill doing, by ill hearing finde:
For then, though power erre, though lawes be lame
And conscience dead, yet ill auoyds not shame.

But let vs leaue these stormy orbs of passion,
Where humours onely ballance one another,
Making our trophies of a mortall fashion,
And vanity, of euery act the mother;
For inward peace, being neuer wrought by fame,
Proues mans worth is no nature, but a name.

Therefore let this cleare streame, beare downe to-
Fame, and philosophie her slie opposer; [gether
As hauing nothing of their owne in either,
Worthy to make each by the other loser:
Since if by Christian rules, their depths be taken,
The body and the shadow both are shaken.

For where the father of philosophie,
Vpon the common vertues, but aboue,
Doth raise and build his magnanimity,
A greatnesse not with little fame in loue,
Hard to finde out, as goodnesse is with vs,
And without goodnesse, meere ridiculous.

Let truth examine where this virtue liues,
And hold it vaine, if not produc'd in act;
" Man is corrupt, and no perfection giues,
Whateuer in him others praise enact:
So as if fame be vnto goodnesse due;
It onely can in God, be great and true:"

For mans chiefe vertue, is humilitie,
True knowledge of his wants, his height of merit;
This pride of minde, this magnanimity;
His greatest vice, his first seducing spirit;
With venimous infection of his fall,
To serpent-like appearance euer thrall.

Further we vrge against this masters grounds,
That our first Adam, imag'd is to vs,
In that mixt pride that worth-exceeding bounds,
Whereon schooles build their true imaginations:
" Since to be like his Maker he affected,
And being lesse still thought himselfe neglected."

Which spirituall pride (no doubt) possesseth still,
All fleshly hearts, where thirst of honour raues,
For sit vpon the seat of God they will,
As did those princes, who instead of graues
Made idols, altars, temples to be rais'd,
Wherein, like gods, they were ador'd and prais'd.

And such againe, hath God's seene church brought
forth,
As doe in Peter's chaire, God's power assume,
Such was Menecrates of little worth,
Who Ioue, the sauiour, to be call'd presum'd,
To whom of incense Phillip made a feast,
And gaue pride scorne, and hunger to digest.

Againe, to take the true anatomy
Of these, and search in life what sure foundation
For humane good, or greatnesses there be,
In all the swelling stiles of ostentation; [build,
What hopes they promise, on what grounds they
What pain they ask, and then what fruit they yeeld.

Wee shall discerne the roote of this ambition
To be conceipt, that glory doth containe
Some supernaturall sparke, or apparition,
More than the common humour can attaine:
Since to be reuerenc'd, lou'd, obey'd, and knowne,
Man must effect, with powers aboue his owne.

Ah silly creature, curst mortality!
What canst thou know, that knowest not mans estate
To be but vice, gilt with hypocrisie;
" Which doth the life it most resembles, hate?"
And yet affects that cleare vnshadow'd light,
Wherein her darke deformities show bright.

So that for thee to passe the piercing eyes
Light tongues, and listening eares of curious fame,
Were to vse trafficke to thy preiudice,
As with a trumpet publishing thy shame;
" Which all but fooles, who know their own hearts
least,
Rather seeke to conceale, than manifest."

Besides, to be well knowne finds out oppressors,
By which the world still honours thee the lesse;
For who be throughly knowne, are euer loosers,
If fame belye not mans vnworthinesse,
Where to the iust, in thought, as well as deede;
What other trumpet, doth the conscience neede?

Yet in mans youth, perchance, fame multiplies
Courage, and actiue vnderstandingnesse,
Which cooles in age, and in experience dyes,
Like fancies smoke opinions wantonnesse:
Yet who knowes, whether old age qualifies
This thirst of fame, with vnderstandingnesse,
With selfe-despaire, or disabilities?
Whether experience, which makes fame seeme lesse:
Be wit, or feare, from narrownesse arising,
True noblenesse as none of these despising?

Neuerthelesse fraile man doth still aspire
Vnto this welbeleeuing reuerence,
As helpes, to raise his masked errors higher,
And so by great improuements in the sense,
Extend mankind unto the bounds of praise,
Farre aboue order, law, and duties wayes.

Or if this reuerence be not the fire,
Wherein mankind affects to mould his state;
Then is it loue, which they by fame aspire,
An imposition of the highest rate
Set upon people, by their owne desire,
Not making powers, but natures magistrate:
Whether in people, worth, or chance worke this,
Is knowne to them, that know what mankind is.

" For true to whom are they, that are vntrue
To God and nothing seriously intend,
But tumult, fury, fancy, hope of new?
Neuer all pleas'd with Ioue, if he descend;
Vnconstant, like confusion in a minde,
Not knowing why it hates, nor why 'tis kinde."

To proue this by example, take Camillaus,
Scipio, Solon, Metellus, Aristides,
Themistocles, Lycurgus, or Rutillius,
And by their change of humors toward these,
Let vs conclude, all people are vniust,
And ill affections end in malice must.

Besides, the essence of this glorious name,
" Is not in him that hath, but him that giues it:"
If people onely then distribute fame,
In them that vnderstand it not, yet liues it;
" And what can their applause within vs raise,
Who are not conscious of that worth they praise."

Nor is it by the vulgar altogether,
That fame thus growes a wonder of nine dayes;
The wise and learned, plucke away her feathers,
With enuious humours, and opposing wayes:
For they depraue each other, and descrie,
Those staues, and beards, these augurs traffick by.

Plato (tis true) great Homer doth commend,
Yet from his common-weale did him exile;
Nor is it words, that doe with words contend,
Of deeds they vary, and demurre of stile:
" How to please all, as no words yet could tell;
So what one act did all yet censure well?"

For proofe, what worke more for the publike good,
Than that rare librarie of dead mens treasure;
Collected by the Ægyptian royall blood?
Which Seneca yet censures at his pleasure,
No elegance, nor princely industry,
But rather pompe, and studious luxury.

Nay, his owne epithete studious, he corrected,
Inferring that for pride, not studies vse,
The luxurie of kings, had them collected:
So what in scorne of criticall abuse,
Was said of bookes, of fame will proue the state,
That readers censures are the writers fate.

Thus show our liues, what fame and honour be,
Considered in themselves, or them that gaue them;
Now there remaines a curiosity,
To know euen what they are, to those that haue them:
" Namely vnordinate to get or vse,
Difficult to keepe, and desperate to lose."

And for the first, if fame a monster be,
As Virgil doth describe her, then she must
Come from a monstrous birth and progenie:
And if she be the child of peoples lust,
Then must she (without doubt) be basely borne,
" And, like her parents, neuer vniforme."

For what indeed more monstrous, or more base,
Than these chimeras of distempered mindes,
Borne of opinion, not of vertues race,
From whence it growes, that these fame-hunting kindes,
" Proue like those woers, which the mistris sought,
Yet basely fell, and with the maids grew naught."

They walke not simply good, or euill waies,
But feete of numbers, none of which returne;
As Polypus with stones, so they with praise,
Change colours, and like Proteus their forme,
" Following the peoples lust, who like their cloths
Still shift conceit of truth and goodnesse both."

These honour none, but such as boast their pride,
And ready heads for all times humours be,
So as not eminent vertue is the tide
Which carries fame, but swolne iniquity,
What shall we iudge of Sylla and Marius then?
But satyrs, centaures, demi-beasts and men.

Such as false glory sought by being head,
Of the patrician, or plebeian faction;
By which that mistresse state was ruined,
Diuision euer bringing in contraction;
Among the learn'd, so Epicurus wan
His fame, by making pleasure, god of man.

Diogenes by mockes, Heraclitus by teares,
Democritus by smiles, and by such ladders climes
Each sect and heresie, to honours spheares,
With new opinions, in misguided times,
Subuerting nature, grace, ciuility,
By scandalous, satyricall scurrility.

Thus Aretine of late got reputation,
By scourging kings, as Lucian did of old,
By scorning gods, with their due adoration;
And therefore to conclude, we may be bold,
That peoples loue, with euill acts is wonne,
And either lost, or kept, as it begunne.

What winde then blowes poore man into this sea,
But pride of heart, and singularity?
Which weary of true vertues humble way,
And not enduring mans equality,
Seeketh by wit, or sophistry to rise;
" And with good words, put off ill merchandise."

Of which ambitions, time obserues three kindes:
Whereof the first, and least vnnaturall
Is, when fraile man some good in himselfe findes;
But ouer-priz'd; defects, not peas'd at all:
" Like bankrupts, who in auditing their states,
Of debts, and of expence forget the rates."

And of these Solons fooles, who their owne wants
Cannot discerne, if there were not too many,
Our inward frailties easily would supplant
Outward ambitions, and not suffer any
To vsurpe these swelling stiles of domination,
Which are the Godheads true denomination.

The second wee may terme politicall,
Which value men by place, and not by worth,
" Not wisely, thinking we be counters all,
Which but the summes of gouernment set forth:
Wherein, euen those that are the highest placed
Not to their owne, but others ends are graced."

So that from Pharoahs court to Iethros cell,
If men with Moyses could their hearts retire,
In honour they should enuilesse excell,
And by an equall ballance of desire,
Liue free from clouds of humane hope, and feare,
" Whose troubled circles oft strange meteors beare."

The last sort is, that popular vaine pride;
Which neither standeth vpon worth nor place,
But to applause, and selfe-opinion ty'd,
Like Esops iay, whom others feathers grace,
Himselfe as good, and glorious esteemeth,
As in the glasse of flattery he seemeth.

This makes him fond of praise, that knows it lyes;
The cruell tyrant thinkes his grace renown'd,
Euen while the earth with guiltlesse bloud he dyes;
And his magnificence, euen then resound
When he doth rauine all before his eyes:
Of which vaine minds, it may be truly said,
Who loue false praise, of false scornes are affraid.

Besides, as this ambition hath no bound;
So grows it proud, and instantly vniust,
Enforcing short-breath'd fame aloud to sound,
By pardoning debts, and by defrauding trust;

Whence the Agrarian mandates had their grounds,
As all veiles else, that couer soueraigne lust:
For fire and people doe in this agree,
They both good seruants, both ill masters be.

Thus we discerne what courses they must hold,
That make this humour of applause their end:
They haue no true, and so no constant mould;
Light change, is both their enemy and friend,
Herostratus shall proue, vice gouernes fame,
Who built that church, he burnt, hath lost his name.

Yet when this brittle glory thus is gotten,
The keeping is as painefull, more confuse,
Fame liues by doing, is with rest forgotten,
" Shee those that would enioy her doth refuse,
Wooed (like a lais) will be and obseru'd;
Euer ill kept, since neuer well deseru'd."

And if true fame with such great paine be wonne,
Wonne, and preseru'd, of false what can we hope?
Since ill with greater cost than good is done:
Againe, what hath lesse latitude or scope,
To keep, than that which euery change bereaues,
That times, mans own heart, or the world receiu's?

Lastly, this fame hard gotten, worse to keepe,
Is neuer lost, but with despaire, and shame,
Which make man's nature, once fallen from this steepe,
Disdaine their being should out-last their name:
Some in selfe-pitty, some in exile languish,
Others rebell, some kill themselues in anguish.

Like relatiues, thus stand the world and fame,
Twinnes of one wombe, that lose, or win together,
With Vulcan's nets, they catch each others shame,
Diuide with God, and so are losers euer;
" Alone they are but nothings, well disguis'd,
And if compar'd, more worthily despis'd."

But now I heare the voice of power, and art,
A fatall dissolution straight proclaime,
Closely to be inweau'd in euery heart,
By vndermining thus the world, and fame;
" For wound fame in the world, the world in it,
They aske whats left to stirre vp humane wit."

Are God, religion, vertue, then but name;
Or need these heauenly beings earthly aid,
To gouerne vnder, as aboue this frame?
" Must good mens deeds, with ill mens words be payd?
When we are dead, is merit dead with vs?
Shall breath determine God, and vertue thus?"

Some schooles made fame a shadow, some a debt,
To vertue some a handmaid, none her end:
For like a God, she others striues to get,
Affects no honour, needs nor fame, nor friend:
" Moued, shee moues man to adore her mouer,
And onely giues herselfe to those that loue her.

Hence did the Romanes, mountebankes of fame,
Build fame, and vertue temples, so in one,
As thorough vertue all men to it came,
Yet vnto vertue, men might passe alone;
Expressing fame, a consequence, no cause,
A power that speakes, not knowing by what lawes.

But let true wisedome carry vp our eyes,
To see how all true vertues figured bee,
Angel-like, passing to and from the skies,
" By Israels ladder, whose two ends are free
Of heauen, and earth; to carry vp, and downe,
Those pure souls, which the Godhead means to crowne."

And if you aske them whether their pure wings,
Be charrets, to beare vp those fleshly prides
Of crowne-rooft miters, church-unroofing kings,
Conquest and fame, whose ebbe and flowing tides,
Bring forth diuiding titles, captiu'd lawes,
Of mans distresse, and ignorance the cause?

These vertues answer, they be powers diuine;
Their heauen, faith; obiect, eternity:
Deuised in earth, those ruines to refine,
Vnder whose weight, our natures buried lye;
" Faith making reason perfect as before,
It fell, for lacke of faith, beleeuing more."

Abcees they are, which doe vnteach againe
That knowledge, which first taught vs not to know
The happy state, wherein we did remaine,
When we for lacke of euill, thought not so;
New making Paradise, where we began,
Not in a garden, but the heart of man.

And as to serpents, which put off their skinne,
Nature renewes, a naturall complexion,
So when the goodnesse doth vncase the sinne,
Health so renewed, can neuer take infection:
The world inchants not, hel hath lost her might,
For what mist can eclipse the Infinite?

Which pure reflexions, what dimme eye can see?
And after either world, or fame admire?
Comparisons expels the vanitie,
Immortall here, is obiect of desire,
" Nature abhorres this supernaturall,
And scorn'd of flesh, as God is, they be all."

Yet hath the goodnesse, this of infinite,
That they who hate it, praise, who hurt it, feare,
Who striue to shadow, help to show her light,
Her rootes, not fame, but loue, and wonder beare,
" God, that to passe, will haue his iustice come,
Makes sin the thiefe, the hangman, and the doom.

These wooe not, but command the voice of fame,
For liue they, dye they, labour they, or rest,
Such glorious lights, are imag'd in their frame;
As nature feeles not, art hath not exprest:
All what the world admires comes from within;
A doome, whereby the sinne, condemnes the sinne.

Then make the summe of our ideas this,
Who loue the world, giue latitude to fame,
And this man-pleasing, Gods displeasing is,
Who loue their God, haue glory by his name:
But fixe on truth, who can, that know it not?
Who fixe on error, doe but write to blot.

" Who worship fame, commit idolatry,
Make men their God, fortune and time their worth,
Forme, but reforme not, meer hypocrisie,
By shadowes, onely shadowes bringing forth,
Which must, as blossomes, fade ere true fruit springs,
(Like voice, and eccho) ioyn'd; yet diuers things.

A TREATIE OF WARRES.

Peace is the haruest of mans rich creation,
Where wit and paine haue scope to sow, and reape
The minde, by arts, to worke her eleuation;
Care is sold deare, and sloth is neuer cheape,
Beyond the intent of nature it proues
The earth, and fruitfull industry it loues.

Vnder the ground concealements it discouers;
It doth giue forme, and matter multiply;
Her acts beget on nature like a louer,
But for increase, no seeds within her dye:
Exchange, the language is she speakes to all;
Yet least confusion feeles of Babels fall.

Seas yeeld their fish, and wildernesse their woods,
Foules for her food, and feathers for her pleasure,
Beasts yeeld their labour, fleeces, flesh, and blouds,
The elements become her seruants, and her treasure;
To her alone, God made no creature vaine,
No power, but need, is idle in her raigne.

When she hath wrought on earth, she man improues,
" A shop of arts, a rich and endlesse mine,"
Workes by his labour, wit, his feare, and loue,
And in refining him, all else refines;
" Nature yeelds but the matter, man the forme,
Which makes the world a manifold returne."

His good, and ill, his need, and vanity,
Both, sets himselfe a-worke, and others too;
Trades, and exchangeth our humanity;
Her marts are more than lawes, to make men doe;
Nature brings nothing forth, that is not wrought,
And art workes nothing on her, but is bought.

If peace be such, what must we thinke of warre,
" But horrour from aboue, below confusion,"
Where the vnhappy onely happy are,
As making mischiefe euer her conclusion?
" Scourges of God, figures of hell to come,
Of vanity, a vaine, infamous tombe.

Where neither throne, nor crowne haue reuerence,
Sentence, nor writ, nor sergeant be in fashion;
All terror scorn'd, of guiltinesse no sense;
A discipline whereof the rule is passion:
" And as mens vices, beasts chiefe vertues are,
So be the shames of peace, the pride of warre."

Here northerne bodies vanquish southerne wit,
Greeke sciences obey the Romane pride,
Order serues both to saue, and kill with it,
Wisdome to raine onely is apply'd:
Fame, worth, religion, all doe but assure,
Vain man, which way to giue wounds, and endure.

And when the reines of humane hope and feare,
Are thus laid on our neckes, and order chang'd,
Pride will no more, the yoke of heauen beare,
Nor our desires, in any bounds be rang'd; [right,
The world must take new forms of wrong and
For warre did neuer loue things definite.

Here bookes are burnt, faire monuments of minde,
Here ignorance doth on all arts tyrannise,
Vertue no other mould but courage findes,
All other beings, in her being dyes;
Wisdome of times grows infancy againe,
Beasts rule in man, and men doe beastly raigne.

Audit the end: how can humanity
Preserved be in ruine of mankinde?
Both feare, and courage feele her cruelty,
" The good, and bad, like fatall ruine finde:
Her enemies doe still prouide her food,
From those she ruines, she receiues her good."

Was not this Mars, then Maiors rightly nam'd,
That in one instant, all thus ouerthrowes?
Or can the poets heauy doome be blam'd,
Who censures, these forge-masters of our woes,
" To haue no kinsman, right, or habition,
But multiply themselues by desolation?"

Yet since the earths first age, brought giants forth,
Greatnesse for good, hath so past euery where,
As euen this cloud, of giant-making worth,
Proudly the stile of fame, and honour beares;
" Kings are her creatures, so is vertue too,
And beings take, from what the valiant doe."

Thus did vaine Nimrod, (that man-hunting beast)
Raise vp the first God-scorning monarchy:
And from the warre, ev'n so sprang vp the rest,
That by aduantage, change equality;
So as those princes, still most famous are,
Which staine most earth, with humane blood in warre.

The ground which makes most states thus fond of warre,
Is, that with armes all empires doe increase:
But marke what's next, with armes they ruin'd are:
For when men feele the health, and blisse of peace,
They cannot rest, nor know they other art,
But that wherein themselues, and others smart.

Now when the policies of great estates,
Doe Mars professe, religion then to warre
It selfe must fashion, and endure such rates,
As to the ends of conquest proper are;
" This made the Greeks, paint al their gods in armes,
As friends, of mans selfe-hazard, to doe harmes."

Such the religion is of Mahomet,
His doctrine, onely warre, and hazard teaching,
His discipline, not how to vse, but get,
His court, a campe, the law of sword his preaching:
Vertues of peace, he holds effeminate,
And doth, as vices, banish them his state.

And though the Christians Gospell, with them be,
Esteem'd the ioyfull embassie of peace,
Yet he that doth pretend supremacy,
Vpon their church; lets not contention cease;
But with opinions stirres vp kings to warre,
And names them martyrs, that his furies are.

And vnto armes, to multiply deuotion,
Calls that land holy, which by God is curst:
Disturbes the churches peace, stirres vp commotion,
And as (with drinking Christian blood) a-thirst,
From desolation, striues to set that free,
Whose seruitude stands fixt in Gods decree.

Thus see we, how these vgly furious spirits,
Of warre, are cloth'd, colour'd, and disguis'd,
With stiles of vertue, honour, zeale, and merits,
Whose owne complexion, well anatomis'd,
A mixture is of pride, rage, auarice,
Ambition, lust, and euery tragicke vice.

" Some loue no equals, some superiours scorne,
One seekes more worlds, and he will Helene haue,
This couets gold, with diuers faces borne,
These humours reigne, and lead men to their graue : "
" Whereby for bayes, and little wages, we
Ruine our selues, to raise vp tyranny."

" And as when winds among themselues doe iarre,
Seas there are tost, and waue with waue must fight : "
So when pow'rs restlesse humours bring forth warre,
There people beare the faults, and wounds of might :
" The error, and diseases of the head
Descending still, vntill the limmes be dead. "

Yet are not peoples errors, euer free
From guilt of wounds they suffer by the warre ;
" Neuer did any publike misery
Rise of it selfe ; Gods plagues still grounded are
On common staines of our humanity :
And to the flame, which ruineth mankind,
Man giues the matter, or at least giues wind."

Nor are these people carried into blood
Onely, and still with violent giddy passion,
But in our nature, rightly vnderstood,
Rebellion liues, still striuing to disfashion
Order, authority, lawes, any good,
That should restraine our liberty of pleasure,
Bound our designes, or giue desire a measure.

So that in man the humour radicall
Of violence, is a swelling of desire ;
To get that freedome, captiu'd by his fall ;
Which yet falls more by striuing to clime higher :
" Men would be tyrants, tyrants would be gods,
Thus they become our scourges, we their rods."

Now this conclusion, from these grounds we take,
That by our fall, wee did Gods image leaue,
Whose power and nature is to saue and make ;
And from the deuils image, we receiue
" This spirit, which stirres mankind with man to warre
Which deuils doe not ; wherein worse we are."

For proofe ; this very spirit of the deuill,
Makes men more prompt, ingenious, earnest, free,
In all the workes of ruine, with the euill ;
Then they in sauing with the goodnesse be ;
" Criticks vpon all writers, there are many ;
Planters of truth, or knowledges not any."

How much more precious is the satyr pen,
Momus or Mimus, than the Lyricke vaine,
Or Epicke image to the hearts of men ?
And as in learning, so in life againe,
" Of crafty tyrants store, wise kings scarce one,
Law-breakers many, and law-makers none."

Yea euen in warre, the perfect type of hell ;
See we not much more politicke celerity,
Diligence, courage, constancy excell,
Than in good arts of peace or piety ?
So worke we with the deuill, he with vs ;
And makes his haruest by our ruine thus.

Hence grew that catapult in Sicil found,
This counterfeit of thunders firy breath,
Still multiplying forces to confound ;
Allaying courage, yet refining death :
Engines of ruine, found out by the deuill,
Who moues warre, fire, and blood, all, like him, euill.

Yet let us not forget that hell, and hee,
Vnder the power of heauen, both incline ;
And if physitians, in their art did see,
" In each disease there was some sparke diuine : "
Much more let vs the hand of God confesse,
In all these sufferings of our guiltinesse.

Hence great diseases in great bodies bred,
Of states, and kingdomes, often are foretold,
By earthquakes, comets, births disfigured,
By visions, signes, and prophecies of old :
" Who the foure monarchs change more clearly spake,
Than Daniel, long before they roote did take ? "

The Scripture then assuredly saith true,
That warre begins, from some offence diuine :
That God makes nation nation to subdue,
Who led his flocke, to that rich promised mine ;
Not for their goodnesse, but euen for the sinne,
The Canaanites and Amorites liu'd in.

Nor by the warres doth God reuenge alone,
He sometimes tries, and trauelleth the good,
Sometimes againe, to haue his honor knowne,
He makes corne grow, where Troy it selfe once stood :
Lets fate passe from him, on the wheeles of time,
And change to make the falling ballance clime.

For if one kingdome should for euer flourish,
And there one family for euer raigne ;
If peace for euer should one people nourish ;
Nobility, authority, prosperity, and gaine,
As vnder nature, keepe one fixed state,
And not endure vicissitudes of fate ;

God would in time seeme partiall vnto some,
To others cruell, and to all vniust ;
His power despis'd, and mans owne wit his doome,
Chance in his hands, change vnderneath his lust ;
Superiours, still inferiours tyrannising ;
Aduantage, more aduantages deuising.

Till at the length, enormities of vice,
Lawes multiplicity, prides luxuriousnesse,
Increase of people, leprous auarice,
Arts sophistication, traffique in excesse,
Opinions freedome, full of prejudice,
Curious noueltie ; all faire weeds of peace,
" Would ruine nature, and men monsters make,
Weary the earth, and make her wombe not take."

Needfull it therefore is, and cleerely true,
That all great empires, cities, seats of power

Must rise and fall, waxe old, and not renew,
Some by disease, that from without deuour,
Others euen by disorders in them bred,
Seene onely, and discouer'd in the dead.

Among which are included secret hates,
Reuolts, displeasure, discord, ciuill warre;
All haue their growing, and declining states,
Which with time, place, occasion bounded are:
" So as all crownes now hope for that in vaine,
Which Rome (the queen of crowns) could not attaine."

This change by warre, enioyes her changing doome;
Irus grows rich, and Crœsus must wax poore,
One from a king shall schoolemaster become,
And he made king, that wrought in potters oare;
They who commanded erst must now obey,
And fame, euen grow infamous in a day.

That by vicissitude of these translations,
And change of place, corruption, and excesse;
Craft ouerbuilding all degenerations;
Might be reduced to the first addresse
Of natures lawes, and truths simplicity;
These planting worth, and worth authority.

All which best root, and spring in new foundations,
Of states, or kingdomes; and againe in age,
Or height of pride, and power feele declination,
Mortality is changes proper stage:
States haue degrees, as humane bodies haue,
Springs, summer, autumne, winter and the graue.

God then sends war, commotion, tumult, strife,
" Like windes, and stormes, to purge the ayre and earth;"
Disperse corruption; giue the world new life,
In the vicissitude of creatures birth,
Which could not flourish, nor yeeld fruit againe,
Without returnes of heate, cold, drought and raine.

But further now the eternall Wisedome showes,
That though God doe preserue thus for a time,
This equilibrium, wherein Nature goes,
By peasing humours, not to ouerclime,
Yet he both by the cure, and the disease,
Proues dissolution; all at length must cease.

For surely, if it had beene God's intent
To giue man here eternally possession,
Earth had beene free from all misgouernment,
Warre, malice, could then haue had progression,
" Man (as at first) had bin mans nursing brother,
And not, as since, one wolfe unto another."

For onely this antipathy of minde
Hath euer bin the bellowes of sedition;
Where each man kindling one, inflames mankind,
Till on the publike, they inflict perdition,
" And as man vnto man, so state to state:
Inspired is, with venime of this hate."

And what doe all these mutinies include,
But dissolution first of gouernment?
Then a dispeopling of the earth by feud,
As if our Maker to destroy vs meant?
For states are made of men, and men of dust,
The moulds are fraile, disease consume them must.

Now as the warres proue mans mortality,
So doe the oppositions here below,
Of elements, the contrariety;
Of constellations, which aboue doe show,
Of qualities in flesh, will in the spirits;
Principles of discord, not of concord made,
All proue God meant not man should here inherit,
A time-made world, which with time should not fade; [and plain,
" But as Noes flood once drown'd woods, hils,
So should the fire of Christ waste all againe."

Thus see we both the causes and effects
Of warre, and how these attributes to hap,
Councels of men, power, fame, which all affect,
Lye close reseru'd within th' Almighties lap:
Where fashion'd, order'd, and dispos'd they be,
To accomplish his infallible decree.

And from these grounds concluding as we doe,
Warres causes diuerse; so by consequence,
Diuerse we must conclude their natures too:
For warre proceeding from the Omnipotence,
No doubt is holy, wise, and without error,
The sword of iustice, and of sinne the terror.

But warres of men, if we examine these
By piercing rules, of that steepe narrow way, [raise
Which Christian soules must walke, that hope to
Their bodies from the earth another day:
" Their life is death, their warre obedience,
Of crowns, fame, wrongs, they haue no other sense."

Then till to these God plainely hath exprest,
By prophets, sawes, wonder, and angels sound,
That his church-rebels hee will haue suppprest;
Or giue his people other peoples ground;
" They must preserue his temples, not shed blood,
But where the mouer makes the motion good."

Nay, euen these warres though built on piety,
They lawlesse hold, vnlesse by lawfull might
They vndertaken, and performed be;
" For natures order, euery creatures right,
Hath vnto peace ordain'd, that princes should,
Of warre the grounds, and execution mould."

Besides, the manner must haue charity,
First offering peace, which if disease distaste,
Yet wisdome guides the cure, not cruelty;
Art prunes the earth, confusion leaues it waste:
God would not haue men spoil what they may eat,
It feeds the warre, and leaues a ground to treat.

What warrant then for all our warres of glory,
Where power and wit, do multiply their right,
By acts recorded, both in fame and story,
Are there not due prerogatiues of might?
Or shall we by their dreames examine these,
That lose the world, they know not what to please?

Is not euen age due oddes to euery father,
From whence, we children owe them reuerence?
If he that hath, haue latitude to gather,
" Must he not yeeld, that cannot make defence?
Haue subiects lawes, to rectifie oppression?
And princes wrongs no law but intercession?"

" Are there by nature lords, and seruants too?
Was this world made indifferent to man?

Doe power and honour follow them that doe?
And yet are kings restrain'd from what they can?
Gaue nature other bounds of habitation,
Than strength, or weakenesse vnto euery nation?"

Haue we not both of policy, and might
Pregnant examples, euen in Israels seed?
First, how the younger got the elders right,
At easie rates, by well-obseruing need;
Then of his heauenly blessing him bereau'd,
Wherein the man, not God, that Eue deceiu'd.

Let vs then thus conclude, that onely they
Whose end in this world, is the world to come,
Whose hearts desire is, that their desires may
Measure themselues, by truths eternall doome,
Can in the war find nothing that they prise,
Who in the world, would not be great, or wise.

With these I say, warre, conquest, honour, fame,
Stand (as the world) neglected, or forsaken;
" Like errors cobwebs, in whose curious frame,"
She onely ioyes and mournes: takes, and is taken:
" In which these dying, that to God liue thus,
Endure our conquests, would not conquer vs."

Where all states else that stand on power, not grace,
And gage desire by no such spirituall measure,
Make it their end to raigne in euery place:
To warre for honour, for reuenge, and pleasure;
" Thinking the strong should keepe the weake in awe,
And euery inequalitie giue law."

These serue the world to rule her by her arts,
Raise mortall trophies vpon mortall passion;
Their wealth, strength, glory, growing from those hearts,
Which to their ends, they ruine and disfashion;
" The more remote from God, the lesse remorse;
Which stil giues honor power, occasion force."

These make the sword their iudge of wrong, and right,
Their story fame, their laws but power and wit;
Their endlesse mine, all vanities of might,
Rewards and paines the mystery of it,
And in this spheare, this wildernesse of euils,
None prosper highly, but the perfect diuels.

The Turkish empire, thus grew vnto height,
Which, first in vnity, past others farre,
Their church was meere collusion, and deceit,
Their court a campe, their discipline a warre;
With martiall hopes, and feares, and shows diuine,
To hazard onely they did man refine.

Vpon the Christians hereby they preuail'd,
For they diuided stood, in schisme and sect,
Among themselues (assailing or assail'd)
Their vndertakings mixed with neglect:
" Their doctrine peace, yet their ambition war,
For to their own true church they strangers are."

God and the world they worship still together,
Draw not their lawes to him, but his to theirs,
Vntrue to both, so prosperous in neither,
Amid their owne desires still raising feares:
" Vnwise, as all distracted powers be;
Strangers to God, fooles in humanitie."

Too good for great things, and too great for good,
Their princes serue their priest, yet that priest is
Growne king, euen by the arts of flesh and bloud;
Blind superstition hauing built vp this,
" As knowing no more than it selfe can doe,
Which shop (for words) sels God and empire too."

Thus waue we Christians still betwixt two aires;
Nor leaue the world for God, nor God for it;
While these Turkes climing vp vnited staires,
Aboue the superstitions double wit;
Leaue vs as to the Iewish bondage heires,
A saboth rest for selfe-confusion fit:
Since states will then leaue warre, when men begin
For Gods sake to abhorre this world of sinne.

A

TREATISE OF MONARCHIE.

Sect. I.

OF THE BEGINNING OF MONARCHIE.

There was a time before the times of story,
When Nature raign'd instead of laws or arts,
And mortal gods, with men made up the glory
Of one republick by united hearts.
Earth was the common seat, their conversation
In saving love, and ours in adoration.

For in those golden days, with Nature's chains
Both king and people seem'd conjoyn'd in one,
Both nurst alike, with mutual feeding veins
Transcendency of either side unknown,
Princes with men using no other arts
But by good dealing to obtain good hearts.

Power then maintaind it self even by those arts
By which it grew, as justice, labor, love;
Reserved sweetness did it self impart
Even unto slaves, yet kept it self above,
And by a meek descending to the least,
Enviless swayd, and govern'd all the rest.

Order there equal was, time courts ordain'd
To hear, to judge, to execute, and make
Few and good rules, for all griefs that complain'd,
Such care did princes of their people take
Before this art of power allay'd the truth:
So glorious of mans greatness is the youth.

What wonder was it then if those thrones found
Thanks as exorbitant, as was their merit,
Wit to give highest tributes being bound,
And wound up by a princely ruling spirit
To worship them for their gods after death
Who in their life exceeded humane faith?

And shall it error, nay impiety
In heathen souls be thought to recompence
The absent with immortal memory,
Goodness with praise, and benefit with sence?
Or rather such a golden natur'd vein
As in the world might golden days maintain,

For where should thankful ingenuity
Think the fear-thundring scepter fit to rest,
With knowledge, vertue, and felicity,
But in mild Jupiter's well-doing brest?
Or where but in Olympus, heaven to be?
Which was his dwelling place in Thessaly.

And if departed souls must rise again
Severely to become examined,
And bide the judgement of reward or pain,
What chancelors seem fitter for the dead,
Then Rhadamanthus and stern Minos were,
True types of justice while they lived here?

Thus kings may see, while greatness did descend,
And care as far spread as authority,
Grace did restrain and disgrace did amend,
The vice was hateful and the majesty
Of justice held up for a common good,
A work by kings and men well understood.

Kings creatures then were no vain favorites
But guardians of the poor, eyes of the crown;
Lest height of place should oversee the right
And help the proud to pull the humble down;
All laws like cobwebs, catching little flies,
But never great ones without princes eyes.

Under Euristus that brave prince of Greece
No Pallas, no Narcissus delicate
Were minions, whose lusts did the people fleece,
Nor could sufficed be with Midas state,
And whose effeminate unactiveness
To make themselves great, still made scepters less.

But Hercules, a brave laborious spirit,
Who having freed Greece from home-tyranny
As born of more then his own soyl to merit,
Was sent to purge the earths iniquity,
Egypt of Busyre, Diomedes of Thrace,
Italy of Cacus, Spain of Gerions race.

Nor could a goddess spite (which Juno veils
Under emploiments specious pretences)
Change nature, or make true worth strike her sails,
One god appeasing other gods offences,
When she that by his labour sought his doom
There made him trophies, where she meant his tomb.

Yet did he raise no Pyramis for pain
But his republick's good, his masters fame;
As thinking selfness but a trivial gain
To him that builds a universal frame;
No trophies fit for worth, but love and praise
Which shadow-like still follow active rays.

Jason, again (who serv'd Thessalia's king)
What else did he affect from dangers past,
When he the fleece of Colchos home did bring,
Then in the rolls of large time to be plac't,
For undertaking passages unknown, [grown?
Through which the wealth of many states have

Now whilst pow'r did thus really proceed
Not on advantage, humor, slight, or will,
Her zeal with honour mixt peaz'd every deed;
Time did not yet incline to mask her ill; [free,
Words grew in hearts, mens hearts were large and
Bondage had then not brought in flattery.

But by decree of fate this corporation
Is alter'd since, and earths fair globe miscarried,
Mans craft, above these gods in estimation,
And by it wisdomes constant standard varied;
Whereby the sway of many years are gone
Since any godhead rul'd an earthly throne.

Whether it were mans false Pygmean wit,
Captiving envy, or the giant's pride,
Which forc't these worthies to abandon it,
I know not; but some disproportion'd tyde
Of times self-humours hath that commerce drownd,
To which this image shews those times were bound.

And when those golden days were once expired
Time straight claim'd her succession in the brass,
And to her ends new instruments inspired,
With narrow selfness staining all that was:
Power still affects more inequality
Which made mankind more curious to be free.

Divided thus, kings quit their fathers hand
In government, which men did earst adore,
People again by number sought to stand,
And scorn'd that power which earst they did implore.
Goodness goes from the earth, and greatness too,
In will, fear, craft, men forming all they do.

Hence these gods tir'd with neighborless deceit
Have rais'd their thrones above mortality
And chang'd their sweet aspects with sour retreat.
Whence all things blest before now blasted be
With tempests, earthquakes, fire, and thunders terrors
Shewing and threatning mans corrupting errors.

By which strange plagues these gods do testify
Mankind to be of such a metal cast,
As neither fire can melt, air qualify,
Water dissolve, or stroke of hammer waste:
No native notion, law, or violence,
Fashion his hard heart to an humble sence.

But that he should still grudge at government,
Scorn mercy, yet rebel at tyranny,
Repine at discipline, rest discontent
Both with his equals, and authority;
As in whom pow'r might without goodness be,
And base subjection without loyalty.

In which confused state of declination
Left by these gods, mankind was forc't to trust
Those light thoughts which were molds of his pri-
And scorning equals, raise a soveraign must; [vation,
For frailty with it self grown discontent,
Wardlike must live in others government.

Man then repine not at the boundless kings,
Since you endure the fate of your fore-fathers,
To whom God did foretell, on humane wings
How inequality once rais'd still gathers,
Their choice offended him, please you it must,
Whose dregs still in you, on you, make it just.

Princes again, o'r-rack not your creation,
Lest pow'r return to that whence it began,
But keep up scepters by that reputation
Which raised one to rule this world of man;
Order makes us the body, you the head,
And by disorder anarchy is bred.

Let each then know by equal estimation,
That in this frail freehold of flesh and blood,
Nature her self declines unto privation,
As mixt of real ill and seeming good;
And where mans best estate is such a strife,
Can order there be permanent in life?

Now, if consider'd simply, man be such,
Cast him into a throne or subjects mould,
The function cannot take away this touch;
Since neither what he ought, or can, or would,
Both king and man perplexed are in state,
Improve their ends, and set no other rate.

In which imperfect temper, expectation
Proves unto us a perverse enemy;
Whil'st pow'r with soveraign partial contemplation
Aims at ideas of authority
More absolute then God himself requires,
Who of us, onely what he gives, desires.

Again, while people do expect from kings
Such a protecting popularity
As gives, forgives, intends no other things
But in a crown a common slave to be,
Thus over-valuing each estate too farre
Makes both full of misprision as they are.

In judging other then let either know,
As they are men, they are a mean creation
Betwixt the heaven above and hell below,
Not more deserving hate, then adoration:
Equal in some things are the great'st and least;
One disproportion must not drown the rest.

The odds to be examined then is place,
What that doth challenge, what again it owes,
Not peazing these in dainty scales of grace,
Where pure simplicity for wisdom goes;
Or vain ideas formed in the air,
To self-imagination onely fair.

But in the world as thrones now moulded are
By chance, choice, practice, birth, or martial awe,
Where laws and custome doe prescribe how far
Either the king or subject ought to draw
These mutual ties of duty, love, or fear
To such a strain, as every man may bear.

Which place, what is it but of reverence
A throne rais'd on man's reason and affection,
Where that well happy mixt and confluence
Of earthly and celestial reflection
Should wear the publick, in the private good,
And to protect both, govern flesh and blood.

Yet, since election doth resign to birth,
True worth to chance, brave industry to blood,
Nature to art; and force command the earth,
That native commerce which wrought mutual good
'Twixt crowns and men, was soon exil'd from hence,
And we like beasts left no right but in sence.

To fortify which confident rais'd throne
And keep mankind with it in unity,
The wit of pow'r cannot suffice alone,
Man is not strong to bind humanity;
Therefore above man, they that would man bound
Still sought some shews of everlasting ground.

Hence was pow'rs zenith raised up, and fixt
Upon the base of superstitious rights,
Whose visions with the truth and error mixt
Make humane wisdomes yet seem infinite,
By giving vain opinion (born of sence)
Falsly the sacred stile of conscience.

For as by optick repercussions here
The light with shadows mixt, makes sence mistake
Whereby the less oft greater doth appear,
Creating Castor god for Pollux sake;
And as the rainbow but a shadow being,
By shadows forms another to our seeing,

So from the mirror of these visions more
Second reflexions which doe represent
Forms of the ill below, and good above
As humane laws, fame, honour, government;
All shewing man (though in unperfect light)
That thrones may seem, but are not infinite.

Now if from these dumb shadows there break out
Light to shew thrones are not indefinite;
In true religions cleer beams who can doubt
But that pow'r bounded is with wrong and right,
The Infinite in wisdom drawing down
The will of tyrants to the laws of crown.

Wherein that other superstitious sphere
Chance, and opinions nimble idols raign,
Racking up tributes out of hope and fear,
By which weak mankind lose; strong scepters gain;
As where no limits be to pow'r or will,
Nor true distinction between good and ill.

So then when man beholds this boundless sea
Of will, and no shoar left to shew her streams,
He straight beleeves thoughts may sail every way
Till pow'rs contrary winds disperse these dreams;
And make men see their freedom bound so fast,
As it of no forbidden fruit dare taste.

Yet happily had man not thus been bounded
With humane wrests, aswell as moulds divine,
He in his passions must have been confounded,
Desire in him is such an endless mine.
Eve would have Adam been, man kings, kings more,
Till such destruction fall as fell before.

Therefore if pow'r within these scepter lines
Could keep, and give as it would be repaid,
These mutual fed, and mutual feeding mines
Would still enrich, could hardly be decayd;
For chance gives mutual confidence a bliss;
And God helps those frames, which shew likest his.

Besides this activeness it self maintains,
And rather then live idle, can do ill;
Those images it raiseth in our brains
Having alliance not with truth but will,
And to confirm this, strives to pull all down
That limit the excesses of a crown.

Sect. II.

DECLINATION OF MONARCHIE TO VIOLENCE.

Now though the world on the excentricks be
Fashion'd to move, and ballance her own weight,
Not much enclining to obliquity,
Yet is her ruler man, through self-conceit,
  Violence of pride, fate of corruption,
  Apt to give all her best works interruption.

For since religions name, not nature, came
To rule, those ancient forming pow'rs gave place,
The stile of conscience over-weighing fame,
And reason yielding up her soveraign mace
  Unto those lively pictures which produce
  Unactive apparitions of no use.

Which charge straight wrought, but was not straight-
  ways found,
Pow'r was so veil'd with formal laws and baits
Under which still the infinite lay bound
And man bewitcht with wits confused sleights,
  To make pow'rs throne the idol of his heart
  Transforming zeal and nature into art.

So that without the guide of cloud or fire,
Man since sails fatal straights of hope and fear,
In ebbs and flouds of travelling desires,
Where what we have to us is never dear,
  Pow'r making men vainly, by off'ring more,
  Hope to redeem that state they had before.

Hence falls it out that silly people loose
Still by these thin webs of authority;
Which they that spin, yet therefore cannot use,
Because these threds no more inherent be
  Within themselves, but so transcrib'd to crowns
  As they raise pow'r by pulling freedom down.

Thus by a credulous obedience,
Mankind gave might a ground to build up more,
Cooling and kindling his desire with sence,
Even of such things as were his own before,
  Disease and error meeting both in this,
  That many follow where one rooted is.

For thus imbas'd, we since want pow'r to tie
Other to us, or us unto our own;
Our many passions serve to bind us by,
And our distractions keep our strengths unknown,
  One holding that which others give away;
  The base, whereon all tyranny doth stay.

Hence came these false monarchal councils in,
And instruments of tyrants states apart,
Which to their private from the publick win,
While man becomes the matter, pow'r the art;
  Making obedience too indefinite
  As taxt with all the vanities of might.

The tenure chang'd, Nature straight chang'd the use
For all the active spirits follow might;
Ignorance baseness; negligence abuse;
Inconstancy, disunion, oversight,
  By crowns to people so intail'd are they
  As no subjection can put these away.

Whence neither makers now, nor members held
Men are, but blanks, where pow'r doth write her lust
A spriteless mass, which, for it cannot weld
It self, at others pleasure languish must;
  Resolve to suffer, and let pow'r do all
  Weakness in men, in children natural.

From which cras'd womb of frailty was brought
  forth,
A giant creature in excess of might,
To work in all with every pow'r but worth,
Who to be sure, that never shall have right,
  Takes not God as he is, but makes him new
  Like to his ends, large, narrow, false, or true.

Religion, honour, Natures laws and nations,
All moulds derived from that gift transcendent,
These monsters stampt, or gave disestimation,
As they did find them theirs or undependent;
  Left nothing certain here on earth but will,
  And that yet never constant, for tis ill.

Instance proud Mahomet when he propos'd
The empire of this world to his ambition,
Under Gods name were not his acts dispos'd
To change mans faith and freedom of condition?
  The sacred dove whisp'ring into his ear
  That what his will impos'd, the world must fear.

Unto Cambyses all his sages vow'd
That in their reading they of no law wist
Which marriage with his sister had allow'd,
But that their monarch might do what he list;
  Licet si libet, and what be these other
  Then hellish words of Caracalla's mother?

And doth not our great Capitolian lord
Use the same compass in each course he steers?
Are not those acts, which all estates discord,
As kings assasinate, mutiny of peers
  Stirr'd up by him under pretence divine,
  To force those scepters he cannot encline?

Nay, hath he not a higher pitch attain'd,
A more compendious power of perswasion?
Having, since Phœbus and Cybele raign'd,
Made himself such a Trypode by occasion,
  As may not be examin'd, or withstood,
  But with a Godhead equally made good.

Which errors (like the hectick feavers) be
Easie to cure, while they are hard to know;
But when they once obtain supremacy,
Then easily seen, but hard to overthrow:
  So that where pow'r prevents not this excess,
  Miters grow great, by making scepters less.

Therefore did these proud tyrants live awake,
Careful to cancel all inferior rights,
And in creations still keep pow'r to make,
To fit each instrument and fashion spirits;
  That as the head ideas rule the heart,
  So pow'r might print her will in every part,

For active rulers seldom fail of means,
Occasion, colour, and advantage too,
To bind by force, by wit, by customes chains,
And make th'oppressed souls content to woe:
  Fear suffering much, for fear to suffer more,
  As still by smart made greater then before.

Knowing that men alike touch't never were,
That divers sence works diversly in woe,
The nimblest wits being still kept down by fear;
Dull wits not feeling neighbors overthrow;
The wise mistrust the weak, and strive to bear,
Thrones being strong, because men think them so:
Yet mark at length, how error runs in rounds,
And ever what it raiseth up confounds.

For when this pow'r transcendent grows secure
Flattering it self that all is made for one,
Then will, which nothing but it self endures,
And pow'r that thinks it stands and works alone,
With an unsatiate pride and wanton ease,
Surfets it self with other mens disease.

Hence laws grow tedious, and the very names
Of God and truth, whose natures died before,
A heavy burthen to these racking frames,
That with a word would wrest up all and more;
Assemblies of estates disparagements be,
Taxe, custome, fear, and labor onely free.

Hence thrones grew idols, man their sacrifice,
And from the earth as to the sun above
Tributes of dew and exhalations rise;
So humane nature yields up all but love,
Having this strange transcendency of might,
As child of no mean vice, but infinite.

Whereby these strengths which did before concurre
To build, invent, examine, and conclude,
Now turn disease, bring question and demur,
Oppose, dissolve, prevaricate, delude,
And with opinions give the state unwrest,
To make the new still undermine the best.

Cæsar was slain by those that objects were
Of grace, and engines of his tyranny:
Brutus and Cassius work shall witness bear,
Even to the comfort of posterity,
That proud aspirers never had good end;
Nor yet excess of might a constant friend.

So that although this tyrant usurpation
Stood peaz'd by humours from a present fall;
Thoughts being all forc't up to adoration
Of wit and pow'r (which such thrones work withal),
Yet both the head and members finite are,
And must still by their miscreating marre.

The nature of all over-acting might,
Being to stirre offence in each estate,
And from the deep impressions of despight
Enflame those restless instruments of fate,
Which as no friends of duty or devotion
Easily stirre up incursion, or commotion.

Occasion for a forreign enemy,
Or such competitors as do pretend
By any stile, or popularity,
Faction or sect, all whose endeavors tend
To shake the realm, or by assasinate,
Into the people to let fall the state.

In which excess of tyrants violence,
If Nero lack a foreign enemy
Nero from Vindex shall receive offence,
Safe from his guard Caligula shall not be;
Or if these tyrants find none worse then they,
Otho shall help to make himself away.

But grant the world slept in her misery,
Yet greedy Time, that good and ill devours,
To cross this head-long course of tyranny,
Takes from the throne these ancient daring pow'rs;
And by succession of mans discontent,
Carries mischance upon misgovernment.

Wherein observe the wit of former days,
Which feign'd their gods themselves (oft to prevent
Powr's inclination to oppressing ways)
Came down and gave offences punishment;
Lest man should think, above mortality
Against injustice there were no decree.

For proof, when with Lycaon's tyranny
Men durst not deal, then did Jove to reform
Descend, and savage natur'd cruelty
Fitly into the greedy wolf transform;
So was that tyrant Tereus nasty lust
Chang'd into Vpupa's foul feeding dust.

Hence was Megæra, and her sisters tied
By God to attend the crys of mens oppressions;
Whether Orestes were for parricide
To be distracted with his own impressions;
Or Pentheus for his proud blaspheming scorn
In many pieces by his mother torn.

Thus as we see these guides of humane kind
Changed from gods, and fathers to oppressors;
So we see tyrannie's excess of mind
Against her own estate become transgressor;
And either by her subjects craft betraid
Slain by themselves, or by God's judgement swayd.

Sect. III.

of weak-minded tyrants.

Olympus kept her scepter without stain,
Till she let fall pow'rs tender reputation,
By gracing Venus and her son to raign,
Who with the first gods had no estimation,
For when these faint thoughts came to rule above
Pow'r lost at once both majesty and love.

A work of Saturn, who with narrow spite
Mow'd down the fat, and let the lean ears spring,
That after his sithe nothing prosper might;
Time that begets and blasteth every thing,
To barley making wheat degenerate,
As eagles did into the kites estate.

But let us grant excess of tyranny
Could scape the heavy hand of God and man;
Yet by the natural variety
Of frailties, raigning since the world began;
Faint relaxations doubtless will ensue,
And change force into craft, old times to new.

Worth must decay, and height of pow'r decline,
Vices shall still, but not the same vice, raign;
Error in mankind is an endless mine,
And to the worst, things ever did constrain;
Unbound it would live, and delight by change
To make those forms still welcome that be strange.

Hence like a ball, how hath this world been tost
From hand to hand, betwixt the Persians, Medes,
Romans and Greeks, each name in other lost?
And while Romes pride her government misleads
To scorn the Asian Grecian arms and worth,
Made slave she was to those lords she brought forth.

What marvel is it then to see the earth
Thus chang'd from order into anarchy?
When these ideas of refined birth
Were thus tranform'd from reasons monarchy
Into that false oligarchy of passion,
Where princes must bear every bodies fashion?

And whereby man may really conclude,
That in it self time onely doth not change,
Nature affecting like vicissitude;
Whence to see vice succeed worth is not strange,
Weakness and strength, aswell as youth and age
Having in each estate a various stage.

So that out of this phœnix fire there bred
Birds that do wear no feathers of their own,
But borrow'd plumes, which imping ever need,
And such as are by divers colours known,
Not of or for themselves to move or be
But under them that guide their infancy.

Which changling weakness made to serve, not raign,
Possessing all without a doing lust;
To add more scorn to her fore-runners stain
Dare neither cherish ill, nor goodness trust;
But slacks those engines which are wound before,
And so gives people back their own again and more.

Then, man, mark by this change, what thou hast won
That leav'st a torrid, for a frozen zone;
And art by vice-vicissitudes undone,
Whose state is ever fatal to her own,
The active tyrant scarce allowing breath,
While this unactive threatens lingring death.

For where to power absolute, such spirits
Are raised up, as unacquainted be
How to create, to censure faults or merits,
Where to be bound, to bind or to be free,
Amidst the ocean of mans discontent,
They want both map and scale of government.

Since where the poyze, betwixt heart, wit, and right
Unequal is, and wit predominant,
Opinions shadows must seem infinite
To *passive* circles large, the *active* scant,
All cleer zones dimly overcast with fear,
And to those false mists mankind forc't to swear.

Whence from inferiors, visions fitted be,
Deceiving frailty with her own desire;
Ease is made greatness, trust a liberty,
A point of craft for power to retire,
To work by others held a soveraign state,
Resting as God, who yet distributes fate.

Under which clouds, while pow'r would shadow sloth,
And make the crown a specious hive for drones,
Unactiveness finds scorn, and ruine both,
Vice and misfortune seldom go alone,
Pow'r loosing it self by distast of pain,
Since they that labor will be sure to raign.

For though like Æolus from the hills of night,
Thrones can let winds out to move earth and sea,
Yet neither can they calm or guide them right
From blasting of that mountain where they lay,
Because these spirits joyn, part, war, agree
To rob weak minds of strong authority.

Thus did old Galba raign in pupillage
Under the tutorship of two or three
Who rob'd, built, spoil'd upon the publick stage,
Cloth'd with the vail of his authority;
Thus Claudius in his empire liv'd a thrall,
Scorn'd by those slaves rais'd by him to do all.

Besides what feavers then must raign, when these
Base idle fantosmes, creatures of grace,
Impossible to temper, hard to please,
Shall have the pow'r to raise up or deface?
Since mean born natures, artless fortune great,
Hate them that merit, scorn them that intreat.

Which blasting humours wound both men and things,
Down go the schools, the pulpit and the barr,
States fall where power flies with feeble wings,
To make a man, such kings of't kingdoms marr,
Nothing and all alike are currant there,
Order springs up and dies, change no shape bears.

Hence come contempt of laws, and bullions fall,
Riddles of state which get by doing harm;
Statutes for words, bondage unnatural,
Offices, customes, cittadels in farme,
Engaging crowns, making pow'rs name a stile
To ruine worth, which it cannot beguile.

Yet mark how vice (that it self only friends)
In her own web, still wears her own disease,
By disproportion compassing her ends,
And disproportion ruining her ways;
For those that rose by providence, care, pain,
And over pow'r which wanted these, did raign,

Grow fondly scornful, idle, imperious,
Despising form, and turning law to will,
Abridge our freedom to lord over us,
Loosing the fruit of humors with the skill;
Till by degrees insensibly they fall
By leaving those arts which they rose withal.

When instantly those undertaking pow'rs
Care, hazard, wit, misplaced industry
(Which helpt to build their oligarchal tow'rs)
Fly from these downfals of prosperity;
As spirits that to govern were created,
And cannot lower properly be rated.

The pride of such inferiors did constrain
The Swiss against the Austrians cantonise;
So were the Belgians likewise forc't again
A new republick finely to devise.
In which that monarch * was compell'd to treat
As with states equal free, not equal great.

For vices soon to heights and periods rise,
Have both their childhood, state and declination,
Are sometimes currant, but at no time wise;
Like blazing stars that burn their own foundation,
Or shadows which the shew of bodies have,
And in self-darkness both a life and grave.

* Duke of Alva.

Whence it proceeds that all the works of error
Live not in state of health, but sick and cured,
Change carrying out excess, to bring in terror,
Never securing, nor to be secured;
But physick-like in new diseases bred,
Either substracts or adds till all be dead.

Thus rose all states, thus grew they, thus they fall
From good to ill, and so from ill to worse;
Time for her due vicissitudes doth call,
Error still carrying in it self her curse;
Yet let this light out of these clouds break forth,
That pow'r hath no long being but in worth.

Sect. IV.

CAUTIONS AGAINST THESE WEAK EXTREMITIES.

Now to prevent or stay these declinations
And desperate diseases of estate,
As hard is as to change the inclinations
Of humane nature in her love or hate;
Which whosoever can make straight or true
As wel is able to create her new.

Hence falls it out that as the wise physitian,
When he discovers death in the disease,
Reveals his patients dangerous condition;
And straight abandons what he cannot ease
Unto the ghostly physick of a might
Above all second causes infinite.

So many grave and great men of estate
In such despaired times retire away,
And yield the stern of government to fate,
Foreseeing her remediless decay;
Loath in confused torrents of oppression
To perish as if guilty of transgression.

Who then can wary Seneca reprove?
After he had observ'd his pupils rage,
The brother poison'd (strange bewitching love)
The mother slain, of vice his patronage;
If he from bloody Nero did remove,
And as the pilots do in tempests groan,
To fate give over art, and all their own.

But grant such spirits were to be excus'd,
As by oppression or necessity
Disgraced live, restrained, or not us'd,
As part themselves of publick misery,
Yet who are free must labor and desire
To carry water to this common fire.

Have not some by equality of mind,
Even in the crossest course of evil times,
With passive goodness won against the wind?
So Priscus pass'd Domitian's torrid climes,
And scapt't from danger to the full of days,
Helping frail Rome with un-offending ways.

Was it true valour or timidity
That made stern Cato so impatient
Of his own life, and Cæsar's victory?
Vanity it was, like smoak not permanent
That wrought this weak work of strong destiny,
Where while he lost his life and Rome a friend,
He lost that glory which he made his end.

For since the most estates at first were founded
Upon the waving basis of confusion;
On what but fear can his discourse be grounded
That in distress despairs of good conclusion?
With mysteries of which vicissitude
Fate oftentimes doth humane wit delude.

Again, who mark times revolutions, find
The constant health of crowns doth not remain
In pow'r of man, but of the pow'rs divine,
Who fixe, change, ruine, or build up again
According to the period, wain or state,
Of good or evils seldom changing fate.

First then let tyrants (as they do incline
By nature, either way unto excess)
Conceive, though true perfection be divine
And no where ever brought to pass with less:
Yet in the world, which they would govern well,
Cures and diseases both together dwell.

And though to live by rule proud man be loath;
Yet rules to kings and subjects are such stays
As crutches be to feeble ages sloth,
Or as the main turmoiled mother seas
Do find those banks which then confine her course,
When rage blown up, would els make all things worse.

Let no man then expect a constant air
Between the sence of men and senceless might,
Where one man makes skies foul, another fair,
In passive orbs who look for other right,
Child like must break all toys for loss of one,
And by their fall add honour to a throne.

Rather let people, as in airs infected,
Not seek to master but avoid disease,
By absence now, by homage now protected,
Not looking high for stumbling in their ways;
Lest, as of old, curst with confused speech
They now find no word currant but, Beseech.

Again, let weak kings keep their humour chaste,
Not daring violence, lest over-built
They help to lay their own foundation waste,
And failing themselves, multiply their guilt,
Since hearts as strong as their estates must be,
That can enlarge themselves by tyranny.

For as in weak estates, so in weak minds,
To injure or oppress humanity
Stirs up right, wit, and heart in divers kinds,
To shew how easily hazard makes men free;
Where prospect must appear to these weak kings
A sign that ruine flies with nimble wings.

This weakness which I mean hath divers kinds,
Some water-like, easie to take impression,
And like it leave not any print behind,
Which I omit as fit for no profession:
The other wax-like, take, and keep a mind,
And may in strengths they have, not of their own,
Be helpt by common duties to a throne.

For as, when birds and beasts would have a king,
To furnish this fair creature for a guide;
Out of their own they gave him every thing,
And by their gifts themselves more surely tyed;
Eyes, voices, wings, and of their natures skill,
To govern, raise, and ruine them at will.

So may these frail unactive kind of spirits
Be with the milk of many nurses fed,
All striving to hold up the scepters rights
With subjects strengths by crowns authorised,
Whereby the feeble may again be wombed,
And there get life even where it was intombed.

Which outward help of others providence
Watcheth occasion, poizeth each intent,
Nor is crown-wisdom any quintescence
Of abstract truth or art of government,
More then sweet sympathy or counterpeaze
Of humours temper'd happily to please.

But their best help indeed is happy choice
Of under ministers of every kind,
By whom discreetly thrones may judge the voice
Of images projected to their mind:
And so by weak but wakeful jealousie,
The true or false scope of propounders see.

Whence mark, how that young unexperienc'd spirit
Alexander (who was after nam'd Severe)
During his youth did of his people merit,
By help of council uncorrupt, to bear
The practice of his publick government
Under good laws, which gave good men content.

Now though pow'r hardly can fit spirits to place,
Which must want judgement wanting industry,
And so as rarely well dispose of grace,
Having but chance, no true nobility;
Yet kinless fame helps weakness what to judge,
Till from an eccho, she becomes a drudge.

For as the painter (curious in his art)
Extream ill features easily represents,
And by deformity in every part,
Express the life and likeness to content;
As he in Natures good proportions shews,
That in her pride Art equal with her goes.

So Fame, this quintescence of humane spirit,
Brings into light the divers states of men,
And seldome to unworthiness gives merit,
Or lets perfection languish in a den;
But on her wings alike brings either forth;
The one as good, the other nothing worth.

Thus may Fames many eyes, heads, wings, and heart,
Instruct weak pow'r to keep her state upright;
And as to rule these is a masters art;
So to rule by these is one way of might,
Wherein the crown can feel no great distress,
And for the people, they must sure find less.

Besides the help of fame weak thrones shall find
The wit of time, and selfness in mens hearts,
Will teach how one man, many men may bind,
And raise the head by counterpoize of parts,
All having change and subaltern degree,
To ease the audits of authority.

Where else weak hands in mighty works must fail,
And all transform'd be to usurpers passion;
Thrones then reserve your selves, choice and appeal;
Greatness her way must with some labor fashion,
With many eyes he must see wrong and right,
That finite being, would rule infinite,

Or if pow'rs tender thoughts will needs make pleasure
That end of crowns, which God made publick good,
Yet give your seconds scope in such a measure,
As may for chiefs still make you understood;
Which one poor priviledge you may reserve,
By thinking more, then one, can well deserve.

For, as in bodies living (though decay'd)
If all parts equally chance to be stain'd,
The whole is by an æquilibrium sway'd,
As where no odds can easily be gain'd;
And so mortality adjourn'd as far
Oft as in those: all whose parts sounder are.

So these weak pow'rs (in whom states are diseas'd
By equal disproportion in each part)
May scape great fits and happily be eas'd,
Keeping her tottering ballance up by art:
In making faction which destroys the strong,
By peazing weak pow'rs to preserve them long.

What had become of Romes vast monarchy,
When Galienus buried was in lust,
Sloth, riot, and excess of vanity,
Even while the Barbars swarm'd like barren dust;
Had not the thirty rivals to each other
From one mans tyranny preserv'd their mother.

Let place then rule, let favor raign, not merit;
And each in his predicament be king;
Do of a wise head use neither pow'r nor spirit
To audit, question, or judge any thing;
Onely let faction multiply her seed,
Two bodies headless seldom danger breed.

For equals soon each other will oppose,
And both in thrones as suddenly unite,
To it they pray, they travel, they disclose;
Creation only ballanceth their might;
Reserve, distribute that in jealous measure,
Then crowns may stand, and kings may take their pleasure.

These partial wits (which faction works withal)
Though fatal judges, yet good sisters be,
Which while they strive each other to enthral,
Cleer up the dimme lights of authority;
And shew weak crowns what weight of hope or fear
The state or mind of every man can bear.

Besides thrones have all moulds of their forefathers,
Safe under-buildings of the wisdoms dead,
Exchequers that revenues judge and gather,
Courts that examine treason to the head;
Parliaments, councel-seats, tripods of law,
Engines of pow'r to keep desire in awe.

For forain practice they have spies of time
And place, to which intelligence is due;
For church inferior functions, and sublime
To teach men God, and take a spiritual view
Of schisme in doctrine, and in life of sin,
That neither sect, nor scandal enter in.

Onely let not weak pow'rs lay new foundations,
Who cannot judge how time works on the old;
But keep the ancient forms in reputation
To which mans freedom is already sold;
Since order over-worn is yet a frame,
Wherein confusion rarely weavs her name.

Thus much for weakness in that royal part
Which doth concern justice that is supreme;
Whose golden links (though forg'd by powers art)
Safe circles are to compass every realm;
And keep out all thoughts of irreverence,
As bearing in it every mans defence.

Where frailty else, ever unfortunate
Wanting true scales between place, wit, and heart,
Scatters the strength, and honour of a state,
By suffering more to play one tyrants part;
And blows the people like clouds here and there,
As (till exhausted) objects of their fear.

Lastly, if these mild cautions fail to stay
These frailties, which disease-like turn and toss,
And so for that change every where make way,
Which change unguided still begetteth loss;
Then he who cannot take, must taken be,
Such sharp points hath frail mans supremacy.

Sect. V.

OF STRONG TYRANTS.

Now from the setting of this evening star
Ascends that morning planets influence,
Which both in light and glory passeth far;
These comets of strong pow'r in feeble sence,
And who from inequality of state
Strive to make all, for one, unfortunate,

I mean such confident imperious spirits,
As over act with restless scepter-wit,
Thinking the world inferior to their merits;
And brook no other bounds or laws in it,
Then to make all their own thoughts, words, and deeds
Receiv'd of people not as rules, but creeds.

Which souls thus over-swoln with windy vice,
Must wisely be allay'd, and moulded be;
Lest torrent-like, they with the prejudice
Of people, wast their own transcendency;
And thus by cutting real grounds too thin,
Have their ambitions ever to begin.

For though throne-vice be publick, like her state
(And therefore must (of force) wound many ways)
Yet some move scorn, some faults men wonder at,
Others harm not so many as they please,
Ill chosen vices vanish in despair,
Well chosen still leave something after fair.

Vitellius vertueless in life and raign,
Yet by a gluttons familiarity
The German armies did so finely gain,
As against Otho, he had victory;
Brake the Prætorian forces; and in vain
Vespatian had aspir'd his monarchy,
But that each vice fits not all times and states,
For what one age affects another hates.

Pertinax again, in whom predominant
Few vices were, yet narrowness of heart
Made him the fortune of great armies want,
Where Cæsar mixt with vices, worth, and art,
Had with the people for his death such moan,
As if in him Rome had been overthrown.

In him that first did spoil her treasury,
Ravage her provinces and tyrannise,
While as bewitcht with prodigality,
They sell themselves for what in their pow'r lies:
Thus pleasing vices sometimes raise a crown,
As austere vertues often pull it down.

Pow'r therefore must those womanish slight errors,
Which publish to the world self-love or fear,
Carefully shun, as crafty peoples mirroirs,
To shew both what the king and crown can bear;
And teach mankind on humors to take hold,
That otherwise with thrones durst not be bold.

From hence the Macedonians did get heart
To dally with that tenderness they found
In their great king, and finely frame an art
To keep the monarch with his own thoughts bound;
For when Hephestion died he did aspire,
Through him to make a god of his desire.

Unto which god some straight did altars build,
Some sacrific'd, others sware by his name,
Some told their dreams, others were vision-fill'd;
All which inspirings from Hephestion's came:
As grace or disgrace did in Nero's days,
To those that did his singing scorn or praise.

Aspirers therefore on corruption founded,
Should use their vice as merchants do their ware;
Not choak the market, lest their vents be bounded,
But martial these things which excesses are,
So as by vice made slaves they may not be,
But rather vice made arts of tyranny.

For majesty then sinks, when private vice
Is not kept servant to the publick state,
But rather crowns with common prejudice
Subjected basely to their vices fate;
Because of consequence then power must
Serve them in all things that observe their lust.

Wise Salomon was taken in this net,
When those strange women which bewitcht his mind,
By it a pow'rful government did get,
To wave his own faith, and seduce mankind;
For which vice if his heirs did loose the throne,
It proves, disorder never goes alone.

Again, as tyrants are eclips'd by this,
So falls the scepter when it bankrupt grows
In common fame, which Natures trumpet is;
Defect, for ever finding scorn below;
For reputation airy though it be,
Yet is the beauty of authority.

Which to improve, strong princes must despise
All arts that blemish birth, place, courage, worth;
For tyrants unto men then sacrifice
Their thrones, when inward errors they shew forth,
Which curiously the wise have ever us'd
To keep conceal'd, well ballanc'd, or excus'd.

Such are extortions, cruelty, oppression,
Covetousness, endless anger, or displeasure,
Neglect, or scorn of person, or profession,
Pride, baseness, rudeness, vain expence of treasure;
All which like number multiplied by place,
Do in the man the monarchy disgrace.

Dissolving due respect and reverence,
Which gentle raines in active princes hands
Give such restraint or latitude to sence,
As with the end of government best stands,
And who lets fall these pleasing inward ties
Must either fall in state or tyrannise.

Let Rehoboam then in all his ways
Avoid young council which inflame the hearts,
And so on ruine pow'rs foundation lays
In which light youth hath still the chiefest parts:
Their wit is force, the old mans force is wit,
And then for thrones, let no man judge what's fit.

But above all, such actions as may bring
His faith in doubt, a strong prince must eschew,
Because it doth concern a boundless king
To keep his words, and contracts steddy, true,
His grants entire, graces not undermin'd;
As if both truth and pow'r had but one mind.

What did it profit that great Charles the Fift
To traffick with the proud simplicity
Of German princes, by unprincely shift,
Misletterd writs, a conclave subtilty?
Since ill fate then, and ever did befall
That broken faith aspirers work withal.

The precepts of Lysander to beguile
Children with toys, and men with perfidie,
Records himself by this infamous wile,
To be their tutor in malignity,
Who since conclude that perjury no sin,
Which by equivocation enters in.

A vice so hateful never as when it
Borrows the veil of justice for deceit;
Hollow Tiberius plays not with his wit,
But to give his false practice better weight;
Hence sacred virgins are to be defil'd
By hangmen first, to have the law beguil'd.

The poets shew what credit with these gods
Truth had, by sacred oath of Stygian lake,
The heavy dooms, and still tormenting rods,
Which they reserv'd for them that sware and brake;
And freed from pain if these pow'rs could not be,
What shall we think of tyrants blasphemie?

Did Tantalus, belov'd of Jupiter,
With his own nectar, and ambrosia nurst;
Or Battus painless in perjuring erre?
When Tantalus in hell sees store and starves,
Which sencelesse Battus for a touchstone serves.

Thus see we how all times, all sorts of faith,
Some by the cloud of fained transformation,
Others by humane censure unto death,
And some by heavy doom of discreation,
To keep truth sacred carefully have sought,
Without which no society is ought.

Therefore let pow'r in her deliberations,
Take time and care before she undertake,
That she an equal princely calculation
Of wealth, strength, titles, fears, and hope may make,
Because if tyrants there poize all things right,
To do, or to forbear, it gives them light.

The pain's no more, or rather not so much
To shun the sickness as to seek the cure,
And yet in gain, and honour far more rich,
It is within her strength to rest secure;
Then peece, veil, yield, when she hath done amiss,
Since great descent in scepters fatal is.

Pow'r, make your leagues, gifts, contracts therefore just,
Since wrong prescribes not crowns by time or deed;
Thrones never wanting means, occasion, lust,
To try by hazard how their right shall speed,
In whose uncertain orb yet princes shall
Oft find mischance, upon misdoing fall.

For howsoever to the partial throne
Of mighty pow'r, the acts of truthless wit
May currant go, like brass, amongst their own;
Yet when the world shall come to judge of it,
Nature that in her wisdom never lies,
Will shew deceit and wrong are never wise.

But grant this honor unto faithlessness,
That sometimes it may prosper with occasion,
And make true wisdome in appearance less,
Yet what gains pow'r by loss of reputation?
Since every blossome which ill-doing bears
Blasteth the fruit of good success with fears?

Again, as tyrants ought to soar above
This reach of humours, so ought they to bear
A rulers hand, and every spirit move,
That under them shall govern hope or fear,
Since by whose wisdomes states are governed,
They of the same states are reputed head.

Yet must not this supremacy descend
Of sect or faction to become a part,
Since all is theirs, all must on them depend,
And to make use of each side is their art;
Else like kings forc't for refuge to one town,
They in that one cast dice for all their crown.

Rather must they by providence unite
All parties so, as none may gage their state,
Or in their private ends withdraw from might,
But give their greatest, such a yielding rate,
As like the earth plow'd up, they must not groan,
Though greedy pow'r exhaust more then their own.

For faction else lurking in hopes and fears,
When it awakes by opportunity,
Straight hydra-like, in many foreheads bears
Horror, division, multiplicity,
Nor safe unto it self, nor to those kings
That unto mean birds will lend eagles wings.

Therefore should this well masked cockatrice
Be carefully even in the egg suppresst,
Before the venome of her poisoning vice
Against the prince and kingdom be addrest;
It being not safe for strong-witted might
To give subjection any regal right.

For as we see in deep corrupted airs,
Each petty sickness turns to pestilence,
And by infection common ruine bears,
So in the orb of kings omnipotence,
Faction oft makes each private discontent
Swell above law to plague the government.

For to make bodies strong, proves heads are weak,
And so two sects prepared in one realm,
Which doth the beauty of obedience break,
By tempting discontented minds to glean;
And so force thrones to one side for protection
Whose being is to keep both in subjection.

Nor holds our rule alike with weak and strong,
Since weak kings raigns do very seldom raise
Such spirits, as dare shuffle right and wrong,
At least what breeds them, breeds their counter-peaze;
Corruptions weak birth therefore yielding many,
Lest liberty should be ingrost by any.

Whereas this other princely stirring stuff,
Oft by example gives new laws to kings,
With danger to soveraignty enough
By those new fashions which they give to things:
Therefore are factions here to be suppresst,
Which in mild times support weak princes best.

Now how pow'r so should ballance things and minds,
As all dissentions may in her unite,
Or from what place pow'r arguments should find,
To make the crooked undergo the right;
How it should pierce the skin of passion,
And yet in these wounds instantly give fashion,

Strong hearts learn out of practick wisdom must,
Which knowing how to pay each with his own,
By mixing good and ill, with fear and lust,
Reap among thorns, seeds by them never sown;
And make the people yield up their estate,
To add more still to government they hate.

Which artificial steerage of affection
Having but small affinity with good,
No essence, but an essence like reflection
Will best by opposites be understood,
The foul excess of ill being only that
Which to avoid in pow'r I level at.

Therefore as little bridles to restrain
Mans climing mind in princes boundless might,
Let tyrants that think all their acts remain
Spread, like Apollo's beams, in each mans sight,
Which by the divers fate of good or ill
Either produce scorn, malice, or good will.

Lastly, this tyrant-pow'r (veil of the man)
In peoples eyes must not assiduous be;
What hate respect appears but now and then;
Reservedness, that art of Tyranny,
Equally graceth both pain and reward;
Demission works remission, not regard.

Thus much in brief, to temper head-strong vice
Which thorow princes often wounds the crown;
To shun which dangerous racking precipice,
Tyrants should all signs of their selfness drown;
And yet by odds of place work every man
To serve them with the best, and worst they can.

But if pow'r will exceed, then let mankind
Receive oppression, as fruits of their error,
Let them, again, live in their duties shrin'd,
As their safe haven from the winds of terror.
Till he that rais'd pow'r to mow mans sins down,
Please for pow'rs own sins, to pluck off her crown.

Sect. VI.

of church.

Thus having in few images exprest
The effect which each extremity brings forth,
Within mans nature, to disturb mans rest;
What enemies again they be to worth,
As either gyves, which freedom doe restrain,
Or jubiles which let confusion raign.

There rests to shew, what these degrees of vice
Work, when they fixt be to the moulds of might;
As what relation to the prejudice,
Or help they yeeld of universal right;
Vice getting forces far above her own,
When it spreads from a person to a throne.

For as in princes natures, if there be
An audit taken, what each kind of passion
Works and by what usurp't authority,
Order and reason's peace they do disfashion;
Within mans little world, it proves the same
Which of pow'rs great world doth confound the frame.

Whence spread kings self-love into church or law,
Pulpit and bar streight feel corrupted might,
Which bounded will not be, much less in awe,
Of heavenly censure, or of earthly right:
Besides creation and each other part
Withers, when pow'r turns nature into art.

For as between the object and our sence,
Look where the mediums do prove dim or cleer,
Mens minds receive forms of intelligence,
Which makes things either fair or foul appear;
So between powers lust, and peoples right,
The mediums help to cleer or dazel light.

Therefore to let down these high pillar'd thrones
To lower orbs where prince and people mixe,
As church, laws, commerce, rights, well temper'd zones,
Where neither part extremity can fixe,
Either to bind transcendence by constraint,
Or spoil mankind of all rights but complaint.

And where by this well-ballancing of might,
Regalities of crowns stand undeclin'd,
Whose beings are not to be infinite,
And so of greater price then all mankind;
But in desire and function temper'd so
As they may current with their people go.

When Theopompus, Lacedemons king
Had rais'd up a plebean magistrate,
(Like Roman tribunes) which the soaring wing
Of soveraign excesses might abate;
He therein saw, although he bound his child,
Yet in a less room he did surer build.

For infinite ambition to extend
The bounds of pow'r (which finite pow'rs must weld)
As vain is, as desire to comprehend,
And plant eternity in nature's field;
Whereby the idle, and the over-doing
Alike run on, their own destruction woing.

Active then yet without excess of spirit,
Strong princes must be in their government,
Their influence in every thing of merit,
Not with an idle, glorious name content,
But quick in nimble use, and change of wombs,
Which else prove peoples snares and princes tombs.

Placing the first foundation of their raigns
Upon that frame, which all frames else exceeds;
Religion, by whose name the scepter gains
More of the world, and greater reverence breeds
In forrainer, and home-bred subjects too,
Then much expence of blood and wealth can do.

For with what force Gods true religion spreads,
Is by her shadow superstition known;
When Midas having over Phrygia shed
Seeds of this ceremony, till then unknown,
Made Asia safer by that empty word,
Then his forefathers had done by the sword.

And is not Mahomets forg'd Alcoran
Both with the heathen in authority:
And to the Christians misled miter-throne
Become a very rack of tiranny?
Their spirits united, eating men like food,
And making ill ends with strong armies good.

Religions fair name by insinuation
Secretly seiseth all pow'rs of the mind,
In understanding raiseth admiration,
Worship in will, which native sweet links bind
The soul of man, and having got possession
Give pow'rfull will an ordinate progression.

Forming in conscience lines of equity,
To temper laws, and without force infuse
A home-born practice of civility,
Current with that which all the world doth use,
Whereby divided kingdoms may unite
If not in truth, at least in outward rite.

Therefore I say pow'r should be provident
In judging this chief strength of tyranny
With caution, that the clergy government
Give not the miter crown-supremacy;
Making the sultan and the caliph one
To tyrannize both Cair and Babylon.*

The churches proper arms be tears and prayers,
Peters true keys to open earth, and sky,
Which if the priest out of his prides despair
Will into Tybris cast, and Pauls sword try;
Gods sacred word he therein doth abandon,
And runs with fleshly confidence at random.

Mild people therefore honour you your king,
Reverence your priests, but never under one
Frail creature both your soul and body bring,
But keep the better part to God alone,
The soul his image is, and onely he
Knows what it is, and what it ought to be.

Lest else by some idolatrous conceit,
You give them, that at sin can cast no stone,
Means to pluck down the Godhead by deceit,
And upon mans inventions raise a throne:
Besides, where sword, and canons do unite,
The peoples bondage there proves infinite.

* These were the places of residence of the caliphs.

Princes again wake, and be well advis'd,
How suddenly in man kings pow'r is drown'd,
The miter rais'd, the scepter prejudic'd,
If you leave all rights superstition bound;
For then as souls more dear, then bodies are:
So these church-visions may strain nature far.

Kings therefore that fear superstitious might,
Must cross their courses in their infancy,
By which the Druids, with their shadow'd light,
Got goods from them that took their words, to be
Treble rewarded in the life to come;
And works not paradice the same for Rome?

For with such mystical dexterity,
Racking the living souls through rage of sin,
And dying souls with horrors mystery,
Did not the miter from the scepter win
The third part of the world, till Luther came,
Who shak't the doctrine of that double frame?

Lie not France, Poland, Italy and Spain
Still as the snow doth, when it threatens more,
Like engines, fitted to draw back again
Those that the true light severed before?
And was not Venice excommunicate,
For curbing such false purchases of late?

Which endless thirst of sacred avarice,
If in the infancy it be not bounded,
Will hardly by prosperity grow wise;
For as this church is on apparance founded
So besides schools, and cells which vail her shame,
Hath she not armies to extend her name?

Pow'r for a pensil, conscience for a table,
To write opinion in of any fashion,
With wits distinctions, ever merchantable,
Between a princes throne and peoples passion?
Upon which texts she raiseth or puls down
All, but those objects, which advance her crown.

Pow'r therefore, be she needy, or ambitious,
Dispos'd to peace, or unto war enclin'd,
Whether religious in her life, or vicious,
Must not to miters so enthral mankind;
As above truth, and force, monks may prevail,
On their false visions crown-rights to entail.

Again, let not her clerks by Simons ways,
Lay wast endowments of devoted spirits;
And so pull down, what their forefathers raisd
With honour in their actions, if not merit;
Least as by pride they once got up too high,
Their baseness feel the next extremity.

For first besides the scandal, and contempt
Which those base courses on their doctrine cast;
The stately monuments are not exempt,
Because without means, no time-works can last;
And from high pomp a desperate descent
Shews both in state and church misgovernment.

Whereof let her take heed, since when estates
From such a greatness do begin to fall,
Descent is unto them precipitate:
For as one gangren'd member ruines all,
So what the modesty of one time leaves,
The time succeeding certainly bereaves.

Therefore must thrones (as gods of forms exterior)
Cast up this earthly mettal in good mould;
And when men to professions prove superior,
Restrain proud thoughts, from doing what they would,
Guiding the weak, and strong, to such extension,
As may to order sacrifice invention.

And hereby work that formal unity,
Which brooks no new, or irreligious sects,
To nurse up faction or impiety,
Change ever teaching people to neglect:
But raise the painful, learned, and devout
To plant obeying conscience thorowout.

Veyling her doctrine with antiquity,
Whence, and where although contradicting sects
Strive to derive, and prove their pedigree,
As safest humane levels to direct
Into what mould opinion should be cast,
To make her true, at least like truth to last.

Or if their times will not permit a truce,
In wrangling questions, which break natures peace,
And therein offer God and man abuse;
Let pow'r yet wisely make their practice cease,
In church or courts, and bind them to the schools,
As business for idle, witty fools.

Ordering that people from the pulpit hear
Nothing, but that which seems mans life to mend;
As shadows of eternal hope and fear,
Which do contract the ill, and good extend,
Not idle theorick, to tickle wit,
Empty of goodness, much more nice then fit.

To which refining end, it may seem just,
That in the church the supream magistrates
Should ancient be, ere they be put in trust,
Since aged wit best tempers, and abates
These heady and exorbitant affections,
Which are of blind proud youth the imperfections.

The Roman laws for magistrates admit
None that had not pass'd the meridian line
Of youth, and humours incident to it;
And shall it not in functions divine
Be more absurd, to let that youth appear,
And teach what wise men think scarce fit to hear?

Besides, chaste life years easilier may observe,
Which temper in cathedral dignity,
Though wives be lawful, yet doth well deserve,
As to their functions leaving them more free:
Instance their learned works that liv'd alone,
Where married bishops left us few, or none.

And if men shall object, that this restraint
Of lawful marriage will increase the sin,
And so the beauty of the church attaint,
By bringing scandal through mans frailty in,
I say mans fall is sins, not churches shame,
Ordain'd by censure to enlarge her fame.

Censure, the life of discipline, which bears
Pow'rs spiritual standard, fit to govern all
Opinions, actions, humours, hopes, and fears,
Spread knowledge, make obedience general;
Whence man instructed well, and kept in awe,
If not the inward, yet keeps outward law.

Which form is all that tyranny expects,
I mean, to win, to change and yet unite;
Where a true king in his estate affects
So from within man, to work out the right,
As his will need not limit or allay
The liberties of God's immortal way.

Where tyrants discipline is never free,
But ballanced, proportioned, and bounded
So with the temporal ends of tyranny,
And ways whereon pow'rs greatnesses are founded;
As in creation, fame, life, death, or war,
Or any other heads that soveraign are.

Pow'r may not be opposed, or confounded;
But each inferior orb command or serve,
With proper latitudes distinctly bounded,
To censure all states that presume to swerve,
Whereby the common people and the throne
May mutually protected be in one.

Not rent asunder by sophistication
Of one frail sinner, whose supremacy
Stands by prophane or under-valuation
Of Gods anointed soveraignity:
And by dividing subjects from their kings
Soars above those thrones, which first gave them wings.

Affecting such irrevocable might
With us, as to their mufty, Turks liv'd under,
Or rather sacriledge more infinite,
From Jove to wrest away the fearful thunder:
Salmoneus pride, as if the truth then fell,
When he alone rul'd not earth, heav'n and hell.

Salmoneus who while he his carroach drave
Over the brazen bridge of Elis stream,
And did with artificial thunder brave
Jove, till he pierc't him with a lightning beam;
From which example who will an idol be,
Must rest assur'd to feel a deity.

Thus much to shew the outward churches use,
In framing up the superstitious sphear,
Subject alike to order, or abuse,
Chain'd with immortal seeming hopes and fear;
Which shadow-like their beings yet bereave,
By trusting to be, when their bodies leave.

Where if that outward work which pow'r pretends,
Were life indeed, not frail hypocrisie,
Monarchs should need no other laws to friend,
Conscience being base of their authority;
By whose want, frailty flashing out mans error
Makes thrones enwall themselves with laws of terror.

Sect. VII.

of laws.

Hence when these ancient friending gods foresaw,
Schism and division would creep into nations,
By this subjecting subtilty of law,
Which yet did yield their makers reputation;
They out of grace, sent down their progeny,
To keep men as they were created free.

Were not to this end Ceres well fram'd laws
As proper for mankind, as was her corn?
Unto which cleer-ey'd nature gives applause,
By mutual duties to which man is born,
And from which no soul can deliver'd be
By time, discretion, or authority.

Which laws were not engrav'd in stones, or brass,
Because these mettals must corrupt with time,
Mans understanding that impression was,
Which did contain these images divine;
Where conscience seal'd with horror plagueth those
That against these born-duties doe oppose.

But after mankinds hard and thankless heart
Had banish't mild Astræa from the earth,
Then came this sophistry of humane arts,
Pictures, not life of that celestial birth;
Falling from laws of heav'n-like harmony,
To mans laws which but corrupt reason be.

Of this kind Solon was in Athens one;
Lycurgus cobwebs over Sparta spread;
The Locrians by Seleucus nets were known,
By Zoroasters Bactria was misled;
Numa was he that first enthralled Rome,
And natures freedom under legal doom.

After which change, men have liv'd more divided
By laws, then they at first by language were;
For who before by reasons light were guided,
Since fondly worship to such idols bear;
As those new masters stir up in mans heart,
Who seldom find truth in the weaker part.

A master-piece of pow'r which hath extinct,
That former light of nature men liv'd in,
Holding the world to crown opinions linkt
Who simply prize not good, nor punish sin:
But whatsoever doth withstand their will,
That bar, as if by nature it were ill.

Yet in mans darkness since church rites alone
Cannot guard all the parts of government,
Lest by disorder states be overthrown,
Pow'r must use laws as her best instrument;
Laws being maps, and councellors that do
Shew forth diseases, and redress them too.

For though perhaps at first sight laws appear
Like prisons, unto tyrants soveraign might,
Yet are they secrets, which pow'r should hold dear,
Since envyless they make her infinite;
And set so fair a gloss upon her will,
As under this veil pow'r cannot do ill.

After Augustus had by civil sword
Made that large empire thrall to his ambition,
Men yet retain'd their priviledge in words,
And freely censur'd every mans condition,
Till by the laws of wounded majesty,
Nor words, nor looks, nor thoughts, were left them free.

For then was this reproof of publick vice
And censure of their emperours misdeeds
Made treason, and maintain'd with prejudice,
Of men inforc't to nurse destroying weeds;
I mean that vice which tyranny protected,
And by example all the earth infected.

Hence was it not a trespass capital
For men to say, vain Nero sang not well?
In nature then what latitude at all,
If o're mans freedom tyranny thus swell?
Whether by law men root or ruine take,
Sure am I, scepters it doth sacred make.

Besides, laws fixe the bents of peoples minds
From prying up, while selfness doth intend
Other mens faults, and therein heedless binds
That common freedom, which they would extend,
Laying an impost upon every vice,
To spread the crown by peoples prejudice.

This was that apple fatally cast down
By Momus, to set goddesses at war,
Which erst too busie were with Joves high crown
And cabinet, where all dooms fixed are,
Judg'd by shepheard, for it was thought due
That to inferiors they submit, that sue.

Old Rome again was never out of strife
Between the people and the magistrates,
Till Appius brought from Athens rules of life,
Which are call'd laws in every other state
Whetting their edges so against their own,
As none found leisure to restrain a throne.

Since then, by laws, the best and worst affections
Of pride-born tyrants form'd and disform'd be,
To give for them some general directions,
As stays against confounding liberty,
I think were fit, as wel to shew the abuse
In making as their good effect in use.

Therefore if sometimes pow'r do laws apply
To humors, or occasions, time, or place,
Yet those are found of most equality
Which bear a careful universal face;
Whereas particular and present laws
Diseases oft in time succeeding cause.

Again those laws which universal be,
And thereby freely currant every where,
Doe with the grounds of nature best agree,
And so with man most reputation bear;
As reason cast in frames to mould his passion,
Which kept in bounds, keeps all his acts in fashion.

But the true ground of all our humane laws,
Ought to be that law which is ever true,
His light that is of every being cause;
Beyond whose providence what can be new?
Therefore as means betwixt these two extreams,
Laws should take light at least from those sweet beams.

Yet by the violence of superiors passion,
And wandring visions of inferior spirits,
Pow'r to make up it self strives to disfashion,
Creating error new aswel as merits,
In hope to form mans outward vice by laws,
Whose pow'r can never reach the inward cause.

Yet do these laws make spirits of their profession,
Or such as unto them subject their state,
Publickly wiser, warier of transgression,
Fitter to traffick, or negotiate,
Both in all other countreys and their own,
Far more respected, and much better known.

For as the man that means to write or draw,
If he unperfect be in hand or head,
Makes his straight lines unto himself a law,
By which his after-works are governed,
So be these lines of life in every realm
To weigh mens acts, a well-contenting beam.

Hence must their aphorismes which do comprise
The summe of law be published and stil'd,
In such a common language as is priz'd
And us'd abroad not from the world exil'd,
Lest being both in text and language thrall,
They prove not coyns for traffick general.

For is it meet that laws which ought to be
Rules unto all men, should rest known to few?
Since then how can powr's soveraignity
Of universal justice bear a shew,
Reform the judge, correct the advocate,
Who knowing law alone command the state?

After the infancy of glorious Rome,
Laws were with church rites secretly enshrin'd;
Poor people knowing nothing of their doom,
But that all rights were in the judges mind:
Flavius reveal'd this snaring mistery
Great men repin'd, but Rome it self grew free.

So with the crafty priesthood was the year
Made short or large by their intercalation,
Selling the time to publicans more dear,
Till Cæsar did reform this computation,
And brake these threads of avarice they spun,
Measuring swift time by due course of the sun.

Hard is it therefore for men to decree,
Whether it better were to have no law,
Or law kept onely as a mystery,
In their breasts that revenue from it draw;
Whether to bar all mandates be not one
With spreading them in dialects unknown.

For as when liturgies are published
In forrain tongues, and poor souls forc't to pray,
The tongue is trusted without heart or head
To tell the Lord they know not what they say;
But only that this priest-obedience,
Twixt grace and reason, damns th' intelligence.

So when our law, the beams of life and light,
Under a cloud or bushel shall burn out,
The forrain accents which are infinite,
Obscuring sence, and multiplying doubt;
We blinded in our ways by this eclipse
Must needs apologize for many slips.

Again, laws order'd must be, and set down
So cleerly as each man may understand,
Wherein for him, and wherein for the crown,
Their rigor or equality doth stand;
For rocks, not seamarks else they prove to be,
Fearful to men, no friends to tyranny.

As making judges, and not princes great,
Because that doubtful sence which they expound
Raiseth them up above the princes seat,
By offring strength, form, matter, and a ground
To fashion all degrees unto their end,
Through mens desires which covet law to friend.

For as the papists do, by exposition
Of double sences in Gods testament,
Claim to their chair a soveraign condition;
So will these legists in their element
Get above truth and thrones, raising the barr
As high as those unerring proud chairs are.

All which just ballancing of judge and law,
Be marks of wise and understanding might,
As it is under orders lines to draw [right,
These courts supream which manage wrong and
Well auditing ill councels of estate,
And giving each degree his proper rate.

Prohibiting those lawless marts of place,
Which, by permission of a careless crown,
Corrupt and give the magistrate disgrace
With servile purchase of a selling gown;
And so rate Justice at as vile a price,
As if her state were peoples prejudice.

Again, the length and strange variety
Of processes and trials, princes must
Reform; for whether their excesses be
Founded upon judges or pleaders lust,
The effect of either ever proveth one,
Unto the humble subjects overthrown.

In course of law beside pow'r must advise
Whether for tryal of mens private right,
It will be found just, equal, fit, or wise
To give the judges any other light,
Then in mens titles by cleer evidence;
In case of crime by testimony of sence.

Again, if common justice of the king
Delay'd, disbonour'd or corrupted be,
And so the subject rackt in every thing,
By these word-mongers, and their liberty,
Whether Gods government among his own,
Was not more wise, which advocates had none.

The warlike Lacedemon suffered not
In her republick any advocate;
The learned Athens neither used lot
Nor plea, but party, and their magistrate;
As if these courts, would never stainless be,
Which did allow that gaining mistery.

Because their end being meerly avarice,
Winds up their wits to such a nimble strain,
As helps to blind the judge not give him eyes,
And when successively these come to raign
Their old acquinted traffick makes them see,
Wrong hath more clyents then sincerity.

Hence these new judges made, sometimes adhere
Unto the plain words, sometimes sence of law,
Then bind it to the makers of their chair,
And now the whole text into one part draw;
So that from home who shall but four years be
Will think laws travell'd have aswell as he.

Moreover, to give Justice ready eyes
Kings here and there in provinces remote
Should to establish proper courts devise
That their poor subjects might not live by vote,
Nor yet by charge of cares far fetched right,
Give more advantage to oppressing might.

Such be those seven sinews mystical,
In the French monarchy, sent from the brain,
To spread both sence and motion thorough all,
And over sence, opinion, custome raign;
Paris, Grenoble, Tolous, Bourdeaux, Rone,
Dijon, and Aix, seven pillars of a throne.

Which, were they not oft subject to infection
From noisome mists beyond the Alpes arising,
Would keep the health of that state in perfection
As well from falling as from tyrannizing,
But fate leaves no man longer quiet here,
Then blessed peace is to his neighbor dear.

Pow'r then, stretch no grounds for grace, spleen or gain,
But leave the subject to the subjects law;
Since equals over equals glad to raign,
Will by advantage more advantage draw,
For throne-examples are but seldom lost,
And follow'd ever at the publick cost.

People by nature love not to obey,
By force and use yet grow their humours mixt,
Now soft like wax, now hardned like the clay,
And so to make or marre, soon mov'd or fixt,
As these two moderators wit and might
To their ends wave or let them stand upright.

Craft though unpunished in majesty,
Yet never governs, but works by deceit,
Base instrument of humane frailty,
Which audits not by standard, number, weight,
But with false lights makes tyranny descend
To do, and hide, by which stairs none ascend.

Crowns therefore keep your oaths of coronation,
Succession frees no tyranny from those,
Faith is the ballance of pow'rs reputation,
That circle broken, where can man repose?
Since scepter pledges, which should be sincere,
By one false act grow bankrupt every where.

Make not mens conscience, wealth, and liberty,
Servile without book to unbounded will,
Procrustus like he racks humanity,
That in pow'rs own mould casts their good will,
And staves men must be by the sway of time,
When tyranny continues thus sublime.

Observe in greatness this one abstract notion,
That odds of place possest by spirits inferior,
Must find strange hills and dales in every motion,
Nature and chance growing by turns superior;
Whence inward weakness never shall be able
To keep the outward borrow'd glories stable.

Yet above all these, tyrants must have care,
To cherrish these assemblies of estate
Which in great monarchies true glasses are,
To shew mens grief, excesses to abate,
Brave moulds for laws, a medium that in one
Joyns with content a people to the throne.

Besides a safe wrest of these boundless kings
To get supply, or envyless reform,
Those over-stretched, or relaxed strings,
Of many members which might else deform;
Sill friends to thrones, who (as lords of the choice)
Give life or death to all acts by their voice.

For as in man this little world of ours,
All objects which affect him diversly
With pain or pleasure under feeling pow'rs
Of common sence, are summon'd presently,
And there diminisht, judged, or approved,
A crisis made, some changed, some removed.

So in the kingdoms general conventions
By confluence of all states doth appear,
Who nurseth peace, who multiplies contentions,
What to the people, what to great men dear,
Whereby soveraignity still keeps above
And from her center makes these circles move.

Again, since parliaments assembled be,
Not for the end of one state but of all,
Practice of no side can be counted free,
Anger of greatness there is short-breath'd fall,
Altring, displacing, raising, pulling down
Offends the burroughs, adds not to the crown.

People like sheep and streams go all one way,
Bounded with conscience, names and liberty;
All other arts enhance, do not allay
The headlong passions they are governed by:
Craft teacheth craft, practice goes not alone,
But ecchoes self-wit back upon a throne.

Small punishments fail not to multiply
These hydra heads, and gives them glory cheap,
Blood were too much, great bodies cannot die;
Pow'r that sows truth, may wealth and honor r .p,
Men joy in war for conscience, and can die
Giving their wealth to save their liberty.

Conscience (I say) is to the people dear,
And liberty they (like all creatures) love;
What then needs any force or practice here,
Where men upon such fair wheels easily move?
It may stir jealousie, but cannot friend,
That which both king and men should make their end.

Pow'r, therefore bring all ways degenerate
Back to their old foundations whence they grew,
And suffer not these pillars of estate
By private selfness to become still new;
Of private orbs th' orizons are not great,
Must they not then diminish where they treat?

The large times, strength like, kept elections free,
Sheriff's us'd no self-art in their county-days;
Great men forbore those shapes of Majesty
Which gave the people freedom in their ways,
And what can scepters loose by this free choice,
Where they reserve the royalty of voice?

At their will, either to dispense with law,
When they are made as prisons of creation,
Or legal yokes which still more bondage draw
By bringing penalties in reputation,
Mild people of the throne desiring leave
More specious nets on all estates to weave.

Freedom of speech ecchoes the peoples trust,
That credit never doth the soveraign harm
Kings win the people by the people must,
Wherein the scepter is the chiefest charme;
People, like infants, joy in little things,
Which ever draws their councels under kings.

Hence power often in her largest days
Hath chosen free and active instruments,
From subjects faith, that in the subjects ways
Humbly to suffer have been well content;
And since man is no more then what he knows;
Ought he not pay that duty which he ows?

And what expect men for their lives and goods,
But some poor feathers out of their own wings?
Pardons (I mean) from those law-catching moods,
Which they before had begged of their kings:
Let them speak freely, then they freely pay;
Each creature hath some kind of sabbath-day.

Lastly, when princes most do need their own,
People do spy false lights of liberty;
Taxes there vanisht, impositions gone,
Yet doth the parlamental subsidy
Relieve kings wants at home with peoples wealth,
And shews the world that both states are in health.

From these sweet mountains therefore let us view
The former great estates which govern'd all,
And by the use of many people knew,
Which way to frame things for the general;
Yet kept their soveraignity above,
By using councels not of fear, but love.

The Roman state, for all free states a glass
In her deliberations of weight,
When she did strive to shun or bring to pass
Her real councels, or well mask't deceit;
Had to her five and thirty tribes recourse,
Assembling many, to keep all from worse:

By them determining in Mars his field
The denizing of realms, magistrates creation,
When Rome was barren, what did over yield,
When peace or war, and why, had reputation,
Peazing the senates pride, the peoples rage,
Lest the excess of one should all engage.

And by this equal ballance kept upright
Her far extended government and law;
Till war, by over-adding unto might
The scale uneven, did on her side draw,
And by a martial mutinous election
Of emperors, brought empire to defection.

Far different is the course of tyranny,
Where mans felicity is not the end,
But self-contracting soveraignity,
Neither to scepter nor to people friend,
The mystery of iniquity being there,
Not to assemble parlament for fear.

Instance the present brutish rapsody
Of mankind under Ottoman's base line,
Where if in one man should assembled be,
Of their well beings freely to define,
What were it but a liberal commission,
For them, to cast off bondage by sedition.

The true uniting Grecian policy,
Of course frequented twice in every year,
Their ancient Amphiction synodie,
A parliament for many causes dear,
Aswel at home to curb mens divers minds,
As all encroaching forrainers to bind.

For active pow'r must not her bounds enlarge
By streching crown rights (which by law descend)
To taxe, impose, monopolize, or charge,
As if both God and man's law had no end;
But enhance prerogatives as far,
By arts of peace, as they by conquests are.

Else when this crown-assumed liberty
Hath shuffled all distinct imperial rests,
To give confused will soveraignity,
Order thus shak't in thrones, in subjects breasts
Makes duty nothing else but servile fears,
Where fruits alike for both, occasion bears.

And as these laws which bind mans birth to thrones,
Have therefore, under wise kings government,
Never been creatures of their wills alone;
But like man-yokes made by mankinds consent,
So taxe again to one from many paid,
Is not from one voice well, but many laid.

Much less ought pulpit doctrine, still'd above
Thorough cathedral chairs or scepter might,
Short, or beyond th' Almighties tenure move,
Varying her shape, as humors vary light,
Lest, when men see God shrin'd in humane law,
Thrones find the immortal chang'd to mortal awe.

And to descend from visions of the best,
Both place and person from her shadows must
Be so upheld, as all may subject rest
To pow'r supream, not absolute in trust:
So to raise fees beyond reward or merit:
As if they might both taxe and disinherit.

Which to avoid, as pow'rs chief mystery,
Birth, education may give princes light,
Yea in each art the master-peeces be
Help to select among the infinite;
No work of chance as from Pandora's tunne,
By happy choice, by Fames cleer eye-sight wonne.

Again, though use of taking from mans youth
Be but a doubtful way of discipline
To work a habit in the love of truth,
Though instrumental practice do refine
The serving, not the judging pow'rs of wit,
And for uprightness, so the more unfit,

Yet in the liberty of advocates,
Which are of judges now the nursery,
Fame is a glass, where governours of states,
May see what good or ill proportions be
In every heart fram'd to do wrong or right
Against temptations both of gain and might.

Nor ends this work when men are chosen well,
Some place corrupts them, as it shews them forth,
Some humours rais'd, some humbled do excel,
Security is no true nurse of worth: [choice,
Therefore that spirit of fame, which made the
Must still in ears of princes keep a voice.

And whence hath pow'r more safe intelligence?
Since Fame doth serve them at her proper cost,
And is not thrall to grace, or to offence,
Though sometime clouded, very seldom lost,
And where she lies by evil information,
She thinks retreat no loss of reputation.

Lastly where many states become united
Under one throne, though not one government,
Civil dissentions easily are invited,
And in mans nature (ever discontent)
Under the colour of a private feud,
More mischief stirr'd up is, then understood.

Thus absolute pow'rs that will respected live,
Must govern greatness, with a greater mind,
And care their actions may no scandal give,
As unto change or littleness inclin'd;
But with a constant universal care,
Make them good subjects that ill people are.

Sect. IX.

of commerce.

When these gods saw mankinds simplicity
Wander with beasts, as fellows in creation
To both their thirsts alike the water free,
Acorns their food, earth bed and habitation,
They take compassion, and from heaven sent
Their spirits, who did handicrafts invent.

Which mysteries the slownes of mans wit,
In many years could else not have attain'd,
That as men grew, so they might learn to fit
Nature with art, to be by them maintain'd;
And on the earth find hearbs for food and health,
As well as underneath it, mines for wealth.

To which Ceres down to Sicil came
And spread her fruitful art of sowing grain,
As Bacchus taught the Naxians how to frame
The grape for wine; and Pallas shew'd the vein
Of planting olives, which do bear her name,
A goddess motherless, born of his brain,
That over all the other gods did raign.

Which wisdome likwise first taught men to hide
Their naked skin, that bears no native wooll;
And by chaste Pallas did reveal beside,
How from the worm of silken riches full, [kings,
The peoples hands might work choice robes for
Which since the pride of man in common brings.

Again, when mankind was thus finely taught
To use the earth, with all that on it grew,
Instantly Vulcan, through her bowels sought
For precious mettals, then to people new;
Helping this common dame of ours the earth,
By many midwives, unto many births.

Lastly, lest one clime should abound, and burst
Starving the rest, which of their store had need;
This active Pallas likewise was the first
That found, and gave these moving bridges speed
As well to import, as to carry forth,
From zone to zone, all richesses of worth.

And of her loving father did obtain
Castor and Pollux, as two saving lights,
To calme the storms, which hidden do remain
In furrows of the Oceans face, who spites
To have his deep complexion without leave
Plough'd up by those, that venture to deceive.

Thus did these gods, ore great to doubt the might
Of all the world, though pride and wealth they knew
Apt to conspire against the ways of right,
In hope to make soveraignity still new;
Yet suffer men to grow in wealth and pride,
As helps not to unite them, but divide.

Whence in the world they publisht, that each zone
Created needful was of neighbor climes;
And (for they must corrupt that needed none)
God made them subject, both to want, and times,
That Art and Nature changing each with other,
Might nurse all nations like a common mother.

For long ere Jove slye Mercury enjoyn'd
By the advantage of his golden tongue, [coyn'd,
To fashion grounds, from whence arts might be
To leave the weak, and qualifie the strong,
With an attentive sweet obedience,
Helping his reason, to command his sence.

Long, as I said, ere this felicity
Did these ingenious goddesses descend;
And in that golden times simplicity,
As unto need, and not excesses friend,
So finely art, and nature mixe in one,
As made pow'r rich with more then was her own.

Thus see we in this native image-light
No lack where art and nature joyned be;
Who therefore will in idleness delight,
And make not doing his felicity,
As earth by him turns wilderness again
So nature in him rusts for lack of pain.

Labor and care then must familiar be,
Thorough the vigour of mens education
To give mankind against necessity
Protection, in some honest occupation,
And all grow undertakers, not a drone,
Both ignorance and idleness unknown.

To which end pow'r must nurseries erect,
And those trades cherish which use many hands,
Yet such as more by pains then skill'd effect,
And so by spirits, more then vigor stand;
Whereby each creature may it self sustain,
And who excel add honor to their gain.

For traffick is a quintescence confected
Of mixt complexions, in all living creatures:
The miracles of which may be collected
Out of those fine webs which on Natures features
Art works to make men rich that are not good;
A base, whereon all governments have stood.

Venice that famous merchant common-wealth
Raised her rich magnificence by trade,
Of coasts, towns, creeks, erst refuges for stealth,
Along the midland sea she suburbs made;
Spices of Ægypt, Barbaries fine gold;
All works of Syria her marts bought and sold.

A city, till the Indian trade was known,
That did like Europes exchequer fill and spread,
Adding more provinces unto her own,
By mines of money with her traffick fed,
Then martial Philip had subdu'd in Greece,
Or he whose art brought home the golden fleece.

Wherefore with curious prospect these proud kings
Ought to survey the commerce of their land,
New trades and staples still establishing,
So to improve the work of every hand,
As each may thrive, and by exchange, the throne
Grow rich indeed, because not rich alone.

Whose misteries, though tearm'd mechanical,
Yet feed pow'rs triumphs, nurse necessity
By venting, changing, raising, letting fall,
Framing works both for use and vanity
In mutual traffick, which, while marts stand fair,
Make natures wealth, as free as is her air.

To ballance these by equal weights or measure,
The audit of our own must be the guide
As what for use, for honour, gain or pleasure,
At home now is, or else might be supply'd:
The rest so by exchange to rise or fall,
As while none loose, we yet may gain by all.

For as in leagues of states, when either might
Advantages of times, words, humours, wit
Unequally have lost, or gotten right,
This surfet ever brings disease with it;
Which (like a torrent) fails not to break out,
Leaving with loss of faith both states in doubt.

So when these little limbs of great estates
By craft become on either side opprest,
Can wit bind pow'r with her deceiving rates,
Or hatch her cuckoes in the eagles nest?
No; marts and trades, which natures standards be
Straight find, and break this inequality.

Thus did the Hanse's sometimes tyrannise
The northern princes in their infancy
Of trade and commerce, till with time grown wise,
Kings saw how crowns deceiv'd with homage be;
Which once discern'd, these contracts won by stealth,
Can never stand to harm a common-wealth.

Now under merchant, miner, clothier, plough,
Are all these arts and mysteries contain'd,
Which out of each do teach our princes how
Their pomp in war and peace may be maintain'd;
As in whose choice, use, government, and measure,
Though bullion wants, yet states recover treasure.

All which rich mines, made for the good of all,
Are yet abus'd by short breath'd wits that will
The price and true encouragements let fall
Of industry; and excellence in skill;
Hoping through ignorance, deceit, and stealth,
While they loose art and credit, to get wealth.

The cure of which contagious disease
Rests only in the pow'r of government,
That must with real arts her people raise;
Not marre her markets to give fraud a vent,
And can almost as well make flesh and blood,
As artisans, that shall be true, and good.

For though each vice brings for her occupation,
Wherein earth yields the matter, art the forme,
To make gain infinite by transmutation,
Since forms redoubled, triple gains return;
It being fatal to refined sin,
By staining manners to bring profit in.

Yet must there be a kind of faith preserv'd
Even in the commerce of the vanity,
That with true arts their markets may be serv'd,
And credit kept to keep them great and free;
Weight, number, measure truly joyn'd in one,
By trade with all states to enrich our own.

Among which mass of arts, if one too much
Draw up, then traffick stands, and realms grow poor,
Whereas in states well temper'd to be rich,
Arts be the men's, and men the princes are;
Form, matter, trade, so working every where,
As goverment may find her riches there.

Then must the supream pow'r, this wakeful spirit
Observe proportion in her industry,
Never her own from traffick disinherit,
But keep exchange in due equality,
Not bringing home more than she carries forth,
Nor buying toys, with things of staple worth,

But work her matter with her home-born hands,
And to that use fetch forraign matters too,
Buying for toys the wealth of other lands,
To gain by all the good or ill they do;
Keep up the bullion, for it doth entice,
Yet not transport it, for 'tis prejudice.

Wherein wise princes ought to imitate
The Saracens enriching-industry,
Who Ægypts wealth brought to their barren state,
Enticing vice by far-fetcht vanity;
And for their ostridge feathers, toys of pride,
Get staple wealth from all the world beside.

Which as a watch word, shews pow'r may impose,
With less hurt on the commerce of delight,
For there by dearness, what can credit lose
Where fancies value is so infinite,
As wealth and reason judge not, but devise
To serve her both with objects and with eyes?

Thus the Sabeans heapt up mass of treasure,
By venting incense unto every nation,
Aswel for superstition as for pleasure;
Thus Syria got by balsam estimation,
And milions brought by custom to the Jew,
Wealth kept for him that their state overthrew.

Hence trains the Hollander his little child,
To work toys for the vanity of us,
And in exchange our cloth to them we yield;
Wise men and fools, even serve each other thus,
The standard of the whole world being seen
To furnish hers, by carriage out and in.

Now though wise kings do by advantage play
With other states, by setting tax on toyes,
Which, if leagues do permit, they justly may,
As punishment for that vice which destroys;
Of real things yet must they careful be,
Here and abroad to keep them custome free.

Providing cloth and food no burthen bear,
Then equally distributing of trade,
So as no one rule, what we eat or wear,
Or any town the gulf of all be made;
For though from few wealth soon be had and known,
And still the rich kept servile by their own,

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Spices of Ægypt, Barbaries fine gold;
All works of Syria her marts bought and sold.

A city, till the Indian trade was known,
That did like Europes exchequer fill and spread,
Adding more provinces unto her own,
By mines of money with her traffick fed,
Then martial Philip had subdu'd in Greece,
Or he whose art brought home the golden fleece.

Wherefore with curious prospect these proud kings
Ought to survey the commerce of their land,
New trades and staples still establishing,
So to improve the work of every hand,
As each may thrive, and by exchange, the throne
Grow rich indeed, because not rich alone.

Whose misteries, though tearm'd mechanical,
Yet feed pow'rs triumphs, nurse necessity
By venting, changing, raising, letting fall,
Framing works both for use and vanity
In mutual traffick, which, while marts stand fair,
Make natures wealth, as free as is her air.

To ballance these by equal weights or measure,
The audit of our own must be the guide
As what for use, for honour, gain or pleasure,
At home now is, or else might be supply'd:
The rest so by exchange to rise or fall,
As while none loose, we yet may gain by all.

For as in leagues of states, when either might
Advantages of times, words, humours, wit
Unequally have lost, or gotten right,
This surfet ever brings disease with it;
Which (like a torrent) fails not to break out,
Leaving with loss of faith both states in doubt.

So when these little limbs of great estates
By craft become on either side opprest,
Can wit bind pow'r with her deceiving rates,
Or hatch her cuckoes in the eagles nest?
No; marts and trades, which natures standards be
Straight find, and break this inequality.

Thus did the Hanse's sometimes tyrannise
The northern princes in their infancy
Of trade and commerce, till with time grown wise,
Kings saw how crowns deceiv'd with homage be;
Which once discern'd, these contracts won by stealth,
Can never stand to harm a common-wealth.

Now under merchant, miner, clothier, plough,
Are all these arts and mysteries contain'd,
Which out of each do teach our princes how
Their pomp in war and peace may be maintain'd;
As in whose choice, use, government, and measure,
Though bullion wants, yet states recover treasure.

All which rich mines, made for the good of all,
Are yet abus'd by short breath'd wits that will
The price and true encouragements let fall
Of industry; and excellence in skill;
Hoping through ignorance, deceit, and stealth,
While they loose art and credit, to get wealth.

The cure of which contagious disease
Rests only in the pow'r of government,
That must with real arts her people raise;
Not marre her markets to give fraud a vent,
And can almost as well make flesh and blood,
As artisans, that shall be true, and good.

For though each vice brings for her occupation,
Wherein earth yields the matter, art the forme,
To make gain infinite by transmutation,
Since forms redoubled, triple gains return;
It being fatal to refined sin,
By staining manners to bring profit in.

Yet must there be a kind of faith preserv'd
Even in the commerce of the vanity,
That with true arts their markets may be serv'd,
And credit kept to keep them great and free;
Weight, number, measure truly joyn'd in one,
By trade with all states to enrich our own.

Among which mass of arts, if one too much
Draw up, then traffick stands, and realms grow poor,
Whereas in states well temper'd to be rich,
Arts be the men's, and men the princes are;
Form, matter, trade, so working every where,
As goverment may find her riches there.

Then must the supream pow'r, this wakeful spirit
Observe proportion in her industry,
Never her own from traffick disinherit,
But keep exchange in due equality,
Not bringing home more than she carries forth,
Nor buying toys, with things of staple worth,

But work her matter with her home-born hands,
And to that use fetch forraign matters too,
Buying for toys the wealth of other lands,
To gain by all the good or ill they do;
Keep up the bullion, for it doth entice,
Yet not transport it, for 'tis prejudice.

Wherein wise princes ought to imitate
The Saracens enriching-industry,
Who Ægypts wealth brought to their barren state,
Enticing vice by far-fetcht vanity;
And for their ostridge feathers, toys of pride,
Get staple wealth from all the world beside.

Which as a watch word, shews pow'r may impose,
With less hurt on the commerce of delight,
For there by dearness, what can credit lose
Where fancies value is so infinite,
As wealth and reason judge not, but devise
To serve her both with objects and with eyes?

Thus the Sabeans heapt up mass of treasure,
By venting incense unto every nation,
Aswel for superstition as for pleasure;
Thus Syria got by balsam estimation,
And milions brought by custom to the Jew,
Wealth kept for him that their state overthrew.

Hence trains the Hollander his little child,
To work toys for the vanity of us,
And in exchange our cloth to them we yield;
Wise men and fools, even serve each other thus,
The standard of the whole world being seen
To furnish hers, by carriage out and in.

Now though wise kings do by advantage play
With other states, by setting tax on toyes,
Which, if leagues do permit, they justly may,
As punishment for that vice which destroys;
Of real things yet must they careful be,
Here and abroad to keep them custome free.

Providing cloth and food no burthen bear,
Then equally distributing of trade,
So as no one rule, what we eat or wear,
Or any town the gulf of all be made;
For though from few wealth soon be had and know
And still the rich kept servile by their own,

Yet no one city rich, or exchequer full
Gives states such credit, strength or reputation,
As that foreseeing long breath'd wisdom will,
Which, by a well-disposing of creation,
Breeds universal wealth, gives all content,
Is both the mine and scale of government.

Admit again the Holland industry
Lay tax on victual, spare their merchandise;
Yet is it not ground for a monarchy,
To view his own frame with democrate eyes;
Since soveraign pow'r in one, and many plac't
From divers lights, must divers shadows cast.

Do we not see the fertile soyls decay'd
And eastern cities by the tiranny
Of that great lord, who his vast wealth allay'd
By bringing all those cities into three? *
Which three prove greedy ill digesting wombs,
Not treasuries of wealth, but rather tombs.

And while the forraign gulfs I thus describe,
My wish is that I may not seem to stain
Some ore-swoln city of the Albian tribe,
Which starving many, smother'd doth remain,
And yet will not be cured of this grief,
By yielding to the neighbor towns relief.

Moreover, fix and marshal in such wise
Pow'r commerce must, of strangers with her own,
As neither may the other tyrannize,
But live like twins out of one body grown;
The strangers ships not banisht, nor their ware,
Which double custome brings, and gages are.

No monopolies suffered in the land,
All interpoling practices withstood,
In merchant laws, a constant gentle hand
Imposing, parallel'd with letting blood;
The bullion not enhanced nor embased,
The forrainers not dandled nor disgraced.

Lastly, she labor must to draw her marts
Within her ports, and so the strangers wealth,
Framing such laws and rates for forrain parts,
As public commerce may be kept in health;
Their goods as pawns, their industry as vents
To multiply our traffick, shipping, rents.

Which may be done in any great estate,
Whose native riches others do exceed
In real worth, and thereby may give rate
And draw home forrain states by gain or need;
But where this wants, there treaty must supply,
Farming our neighbors wares to work this by.

So had that worthy, great, and maiden queen †,
If she had liv'd, brought home that staple wealth
Of the Muscovian empire to have been
Conjoyn'd with hers, for either countrys health;
He selling his here dearer then elsewhere,
She fixing by them both a staple here,

And when these had been stapled here together,
The silks and riches of all other parts, [hither,
Must needs have follow'd these great standards
With such as live by commerce or by arts;
A work already by experience known,
Trade having staid or chang'd with ours alone.

And though the stranger rarely will commit
His ship and ware to island princes states,
Yet if he wealth or freedom find with it,
Fear of imbargo it easily abates;
Since by the present gain, if evil come,
He hath to buy, or bear out heavy doom.

Therefore let thrones, whose states have seas to friend,
Study by trade to make her navies great;
As glorious engines, when they will offend,
Magnificent theaters when they treat,
Bridges that will transport, and moving tow'rs,
To carry in and out triumphing pow'rs.

Under which safe, yet moving policy,
Did finite Athens make the infinite
Forces of Xerxes out of Greece to fly;
Lepanto likewise proves the Christians might
Able by sea to shake the Turkish pow'r,
Where his land-armies all the world devour.

England, this little, yet much envy'd isle,
By spreading fame and power many ways,
Admit the world at her land-conquests smile,
Yet is her greatness reverenc'd by seas;
The ocean being to her both a wall,
And engine to avenge her wrongs withall.

To which end kings must strive to add a spirit
Unto the mariner, in war and peace,
A minister of use and double merit,
Fram'd without charge, to travel without cease;
Pow'r hath no nobler, nor yet surer way
Then that by which both save and get they may.

Now though this course of traffick may appear
To multiply strange shipping, not our own,
Yet in the practice all states find it cleer,
That still by traffick mariners have grown;
As ships by manufactures multiply,
And where good ships be us'd, vents cannot dye.

Instance of both the Netherlanders be,
Who have encreast their shipping with their marts,
Adding to each by that fair industry
Of manufactures, many forming arts,
By wealth and concourse of all other nations,
Even in war, grown rich with reputation.

And though of staple riches they have none,
By nature in their native countrey bred,
To sway or to induce more then their own,
Yet are they by these arts established;
Merchant and Mars his well mixt policy
Of all exchanges grown the nursery.

Whereby they want no bullion, cloth, or food,
But with the surplus, when need is, supply'd,
Enrich themselves, raise custome, yet do good
To all their limbs, amongst whom they divide
Here law, there court, here one trade, there another,
Lest any should engross to hurt their mother.

Again, thrones must, by regal providence,
Govern that much us'd unknown mystery,
And costless model of intelligence;
Exchange the type of merchants policy,
Whereby he raiseth or lets fall all things;
And, though inferiour, binds and looseth kings.

* Constantinople, Cairo, Aleppo.
† Queen Elizabeth.

By which large providence of government,
Both over native, and the forrain wealth,
None shall be over-strain'd or discontent,
But from the heart each limb receive his health;
The crown reliev'd without restraint or craving,
By tributes for our safety, of our saving.

In all which fair particulars recited,
Pow'r shall concurrence and assistance find
From every subject, with self-ends invited,
To improve arts, earth, men in every kind,
Making the harvest great, the labor small,
By doing all things with the help of all.

Now, if against these noble mines of wealth,
Any from forrain strains of tyranny,
With colour to keep all degrees in health,
Would bind or limit this prosperity,
As nursing pride and luxury in one,
Vices that easily climb up to a throne;

And out of these false grounds make pow'r conceive
Poverty to be the best end of subjection,
Let him, to judge how much these mists deceive,
First put himself in poverties protection,
And he shall find all wisdoms that suppress,
Still by misforming, make their own forms less.

For every open heart knows riches be
The safest gages to keep men in peace,
Whose natures cannot rest in misery,
No more then flesh can, till her anguish cease;
So that who over slaves do tyrannize
By choice, are neither truly great nor wise.

Therefore proud princes ever must propound
That royal and ingenious design
Of making all men rich, not minute bound,
And to the same end, study to refine
Nurseries for traffick, mysteries and art,
To furnish equal wealth in every part,

For poor then, tell me, how can scepters be
When all their subjects shall in wealth abound?
Or how, not great in fame and majesty
When strangers help to frame our traffick sound?
And so make people strengths unto their king,
Who, without these moulds, charge and danger bring.

Besides, severely here may laws proceed
Against the drone, the vagrant, or the thief,
Where occupations doe supply mens need,
And labor give each family relief;
Lastly, how can mens spirits mutiny here,
Where each mans private, to himself is deer?

Sect. X.

of crown revenue.

The ancient sages took our earth to be
A simple element of one complexion,
Differing onely in variety
Of heats and cold from heavenly reflexion;
But nature which can never be confin'd
To narrow contemplations of one mind,

This abstract dream of former time confutes;
For in the circuit of one clime her womb
Compos'd as various is, as are her fruits;
Here gold for life's use, marble for her tomb,
Here veins of silver, there quick mercury,
Here Pales, there Pomona fruitful be.

Which sweet variety doth not proceed,
From influence, or temper by the sun;
But from the first diversity of seed
Which did through her created vessels run,
And to the heat (as tributes) pay their springs
Which unto ripeness Phœbus after brings.

Cold Germany thus yields from her deep mines
Under the earth, a lasting spring of treasure,
Thus Hungary, where Phœbus neerer shines,
Above the earth, yields native wealth and pleasure;
As in her center she besides contains
Of gold and silver many hidden veins.

Hence again France, though ever martial bent,
Was by her late fourth Henry's policy,
Known for a paradice-like continent,
Who out of that discern'd fertility
Both multiplied the crown, and peoples part,
By natures emulation with his art.

From both which mines in and above the earth,
Nature excludes the sloth of each degree,
Offring the riches of her many births,
Onely where she her self gives industry;
As if both man and things, must there consent
Where wealth is multipled to ornament.

For as rich nature is the mould of plenty;
So art again is natures consummation:
Again, as Phœbus throne in stuff was dainty,
And yet the work of far more estimation;
So under kings, not earth, or creatures dumb,
But art of man it is that yields the sum.

Pow'r therefore, that these pillars of estate
Church, laws, trade, honor have established,
Must then take care as equally to rate
Rents and expence, that by those to the head,
Wealth sinew-like may give a strength to move
And breed respect by mixing fear with love.

First, because forrain states bear reverence
Where they find wealth in soveraignity,
As they which need keep no intelligence;
Besides the example of frugality,
By cutting of excess, that else consumes;
Tempers proud vice, which otherwise presumes.

Again, for wealth though these fair grounds be laid,
And treasure gotten by these harmless mines;
If order yet be not as well obey'd
In the expence, wealth suddenly declines; [crown,
And want pressing through mans faults, on the
More fatally pulls king and people down.

Therefore ought monarchs to be provident,
In weighing things, which though they trivial seem,
Yet are of consequence in government;
As difference of diet, custome, clime,
Since high rais'd Athens, and Piræum port
Had manners, and ackt laws of different sort;

Whence I conclude that northern princes must
Cherish the staple rent of their demesnes,
And to their own inheritances trust,
Which to the crown of old did appertain,
At least by parliaments supply their lust;
Else shall these kings be easily overthrown,
That taxe, and give the peoples with their own.

And though the finer heats scorn these safe stays
Of crown revenues, as if pow'r and wit
From peoples wealth might endless profit raise,
Yet in the practice, who observeth it,
Shall find those taxes, which the south brooks well,
Do often make the colder climes rebel.

Besides, who well observes a monarchy,
Shall find disorder there a fatal thing;
The head being both of unprosperity,
Good fortune, fame, or infamy the spring:
So that oppression, which makes both sides poor,
Ought to have entrance at a narrow door.

Again, in taxes, differences be
Some from the crowns prerogative alone,
Pleading an over-racking pedigree,
Others by parliaments so mixe the throne
With common peoples good, as but excess
Nothing can thence rise, to make scepters less.

France then, thou large extended monarchy,
Keep to thy self the charge of crown-demesne,
For bleeding taxes which breed misery
In men, and so reflect on crowns again,
By forcing them to sell tribunal seats,
Which make thy justice vile, thy judges great.

Lewis th' Eleventh of craft, not majesty,
The perfect type, being asked what the crown
Revenues might of France amount to be,
Said, France a medow was, which mow it down
As oft as need, or pleasure did require,
Would yet grow up again to feed desire.

When majesty indeed is kept above
By true magnificence, rais'd of her own;
Riot a steep is where states headlong move;
The rage of pow'r is by low stooping known,
For as, but miters, few by stews do get,
So who but Negars tax on breathing set?

Kings then that would have their magnificence
To be maintain'd by springs which should not fail,
Must with that council keep intelligence,
Wherewith the dying farmer did prevail,
To make his children dig his vine for gold,
Who found it not in mettal, but in mould.

This vineyard in a king is his demesne,
Joyn'd with that art of arts, which man improves
And envyless makes active monarchs reign,
Rich both in peoples treasures and their loves:
What Midas wish, what dreams of alchimy
Can with these true crown-mines compared be?

Again, prerogatives in government,
Which priviledg'd pow'r at first to take, then prise
What might her true necessity content,
Kings should not multiply, to prejudice
That infancy, where men, by what they gave,
The rest intended for their use to have.

But where excess of times makes pow'r exceed
This safe equality of old foundations;
Rather with temperance qualifie that need,
Then strain old words to modern intimation,
And thereby wrack men to provide for more
Excess, then all those ages knew before.

Of which excess, whether the root proceed
From humours naturally unsatiate,
Or casually made violent by need;
Odious those cures are which equivocate,
As did Caligula when by quirks of law
Sibi et suis he to sons did draw.

And though it for a wisdom of estate
Enrolled be in the senate house of Rome,
When they with Carthage did capitulate,
That she must from her old sea-nurses come;
Inferring (City) signified no wall,
But laws, which men obey and rule withal.

Whereby although more got was, then was meant,
And by advantage evil acts made good;
Yet what this adds to any government,
Is in dishonour ever understood:
Since crafty webs, which oft serve present turn
To warn times coming, do like beacons burn.

Besides, if pomp of princes must exceed,
In those kinds rather let their riot be,
Whose natures though they leave the crown in need,
And so embase the state of majesty;
Yet keep the bullion still within the land;
And go and grow, like fame, from hand to hand.

Yet as a spring for ever feed the crown,
By making people able to relieve,
Where riots that transport, pull scepters down,
Give kings and people mutual cause to grieve,
At that extreme and fatal consequence
Of coin transported by misgovernment.

Amongst whose many heads, though of the chief,
Is that most idle and unmeasured charge
Of leager agents, sent to take a brief,
How forrain princes alter, or enlarge
Alliance, councels, undertakings, trade;
Provisions to defend, or to invade.

Which indigested pomp was never known
Nor us'd of old, but in the factorage
Of merchants states to pass away their own,
By making princes marts, their proper stage,
Whereby exchange, want, folly, or desire
To self ends they let fall, or raise things higher.

Else springs it from improper imitation
Of that long-breath'd incroaching court of Rome,
Which to give her stain'd wares deer valuation,
And govern all by superstitious doom;
From her false ark these cormorants sends forth,
To prey on every thing they find of worth:

And to that end retaineth every where
A spy, promoter, treasurer, and mint;
Whose charge those humble provinces must bear,
That are besides, exhausted without stint,
By priests who cherish for their pride and gain
Those sins the very heathen did restrain.

The narrow center of which cloister wit,
As it seeks to contract the deity,
In finite frames of arts contriv'd by it;
So are the large acts of humanity
Shut up in dungeons, by their muddy sence,
That, except error, nothing comes from thence.

Now what affinity can other kings
Assume with this, that only spend to know
Which feathers soar in forraign eagles wings?
From whence there can no other profit grow,
But vainly by expence of wealth to buy,
The vicious forms of forrain tyranny.

And so, by these mistrained instruments
Bring faction home among the liberal arts,
With her unequal moulds of government,
To traffick or distract the peoples hearts;
Free denizing that practical deceit,
By which not small, but great states gather weight.

Out of the insight of which error, many
Wise kings this modern course have altered,
And rarely either sent, or taken any,
Unless for present good occasioned
To treat of marriage, commerce, peace or war,
In which returns the expences answered are.

Again, since as of duties, so expence,
There is a divers nature, and degree,
Kings in the choice of their magnificence,
Though absolute they seem, yet cannot be;
But bound amongst the many heads of charge
Chiefly their fame or empire to enlarge.

Nay, even in these expences which be founded
Upon the laws of nature, honor, state;
Wise princes with their fortunes must be bounded,
Since all excesses be unfortunate,
And do not onely prejudice a throne,
But leave no creature master of his own.

Of this kind charge of children, buildings be,
House-keeping, furnitures, gifts and rewards,
All lively shadows of authority,
To multiply obedience, and regard;
Wherein yet kings should therefore keep a measure,
As in things fram'd to live, and die with treasure.

Whence I conclude it for a monarchy
Wisdome, in her expences and creations,
To use a spare discreet frugality
Which gives the work and workmen reputation;
And so again by all ingenious ways
Descending rents not impositions raise.

And when with these fair cautions princes have
Forrain revenues, and their native rents,
Disposed thus both to beget, and save,
They may with costless grace or disgrace vent
Mens thoughts, and frame their due obedience
More then can be wrought in them by expence.

For kings are types of heavenly excellence,
How be it drawn in finite colours mixt,
With pow'r and wit, both earthly influence;
Yet were but these arts in our princes fixt,
How to be strong by others love and might,
Their states would soon clime far above their right.

Sect. XI.

of peace.

Peace is the next in order, first in end;
As the most perfect state of government,
Where art and nature each to other friend,
Enlarge the crown by giving men content;
And what by laws within and leagues without,
Leave nothing but prosperity to doubt.

So that in her orbe there is left for kings
Great undertakings, far beyond the flight
Or pitch, of any lower feather'd wings,
The charge, care, council being infinite,
As undertaking rage of time, and seas,
Which tyrant-like, to ruine else finds ways.

Ordering of boats, and bridges to be placed
Upon advantage, for the trade of men,
Rebuilding monuments, or towns defaced,
Cleansing of havens, draining dry of fenns,
Fitting out brooks, and mears for navigation,
All works of princely art, charge, reputation.

Such was the cleansing of the Ægyptian sluces,
Which got Augustus ornament and food,
For his Prætorian bands, and peoples uses,
In this kind prov'd the Appian high-way good;
Those publick works which active states bring forth,
Shewing the stranger maps of wealth and worth.

Therefore kings providence should still adorn
Natures producements, by the pow'r of art;
But to subvert her frames proves scepters scorn;
Through Athos, who yet sails in any part?
Is Corinths Istmus from the main land torn?
Cæsars vain dreams, as if fall'n flattering Rome
Over the free made elements, had doome.

The base of great works, and the majesty,
Is when they the workers pow'r, and wisdom shew,
Both in the use and possibility;
So over Ister, Trajan's bridge did goe;
Amasis and Cheops how can time forgive,
Who in their useless pyramids would live?

Next, and of more refined policy,
The founding is of these sweet nurseries,
Where knowledge, and obedience multiply
The fame, and sinews of great monarchies;
As schools, which finely do between the sence
And natures large forms, frame intelligence.

Unto which end in Achai, Athens, Creet,
Rhodes, Lacedemon, and more, were erect
Illustrious states, and pædagogies meet,
By reason and example to protect
The coming ages from that barbarisme
Which first breeds ignorance, and after schisme.

Whence again Rome in all her colonies,
Even while her eagles march't, had yet a care,
To plant the muses in the soldiers eyes;
Such means to move or qualify they are;
Where, in the Turks excess of tiranny,
These dainty nymphs excel'd for ever be.

And to give more faith to this sympathy,
Which between Mars and muses ought to rest,
The poets in idea's far more free,
Then any other arts of mortal breast,
  Have in their fables ever shew'd them mixt,
  As, if divided, neither could be fixt.

Hence feign they, when Jove sent his daughters nine,
To polish Greece, he would not have them pass
Alone, expos'd to every savage myne,
Or rage, wherein the earth abundant was;
  But gave them Hercules for such defence,
  As active vertue is to innocence.

Have not again these muses, when they sing
The *Io Pæan* of their thundering father
Apollo, with his shafts nock't in the string
For consort of their quire, or master rather;
  To shew where truth chains not men by the ear,
  There savage nature must be rul'd by fear.

Whence amongst all the famous victories,
Which old Rome from the East did triumph on,
Even that of Fulvius did deserve the prize,
Who for a trophy of pow'r overthrown
  Brought home the statues of these sisters nine
  And that of Hercules, alike divine.

For which the city did a temple build,
As spoils that their god Mars did better fit,
Then all those dainties which fine Asia yield,
Or curious cobwebs of Ægyptian wit,
  Plenties of Nylus, wealth of Macedone,
  Which helpt not to raise up, but wain a throne.

Hard by which temple, Rome built up two more,
The one to Worth, the other unto Fame,
From Worth to Fame, there was an open door,
From Fame to Worth she did no passage frame;
  The mind of which brave nation was in this
  To shew that Fame but Vertue's shadow is.

Now, though it rarely be to be expected,
That all kings perfect should, like Cæsar, be,
Who in himself both muse and Mars erected,
At least with Trajans ingenuity,
  Let them that do in either branch excel,
  Still, in the other, cherish doing well.

And as the elephant, who not created
To swim, yet loves and haunts the waters shoar;
So let wise pow'r in mighty empires stated,
Though boast they cannot in the Muses store,
  Yet honor spirits of Parnassus free,
  As knowing best what fits humanity.

Nor is the building of the Muses cell
Pow'rs chief work, but to manage every spirit,
And frame each science so to doing well,
As states and men may multiply by merit;
  All arts prefer'd by odds of practick use,
  The meer contemplative scorn'd as abuse.

Chiefly this cell-art of the wrangling monks
Captiving both mans reason and his sence,
In dreams of yesterday, wherewith these trunks
Strive to corrupt divine intelligence;
  Their nominal and real pedigrees
  Being but descents of curious vanities.

And hence it is, the acts of peace and war
Never recorded here so bravely were,
As when these abstract wits liv'd not to mar,
By making their fond visions charects bear,
  Of these mens deeds, who, what by sword they wan,
  By pen as lively registred to man.

For as that active worth was then admir'd,
The effects it wrought being of large extent;
So in those times less actively inspir'd,
The stiles of that time seem magnificent:
  As if God made them trumpets fit for Fame,
  Who by their deeds deserv'd to bear her name.

Meaning that when times iron days should blast
That manly discipline of doing well,
The art of writing should no longer last;
Like natures twinns that must together dwell;
  Doing and writing being each to other,
  As bodies be of their own shadows mother.

This was the form, the birth, the education,
And art of that age, which did train her own,
To keep up great estates in reputation,
Making them stand, by worth, as they had grown;
  And drawing men from visions of abuse
  To arts, whereof both war and peace find use.

In which account of objects still are, life, [sea,
Speech, manners, scepter, sphear, earth, shield, and
All Reasons children, by the Sence his wife,
Fram'd to guide Nature in an active way;
  Whether she would be rich, or serve her need;
  Raising no trophies for her, but by deed.

Now when of monarchies the mother seat
On these chief pillars thus shall setled be;
Then active princes may grow rich, and great,
By striving under one self-policy,
  Their provinces divided to unite,
  As worth addition unto native right.

Which union must all divers things attone
As councils, laws, church, commerce, language, coin,
Degrees, and forces, so that in the throne,
As in one head, they may like members joyn,
  Intirely, without any reservation;
  Which union is, all else but combination.

A state, like unto coats with many seams,
Subject to all the rents of time and chance,
As floating high upon occasions streams,
Which one by harming others, doth advance,
  The witty selfness of each humour hiding
  That which in common traffick proves dividing.

Whereas that first and well united frame
With head and members joyned to one end,
Can bring forth nothing to divide the same
Each in the whole to it self being friend,
  Whereby no inward storm can easily rise,
  Nor outward forces do it prejudice.

And though of these the rights divided be,
Some into hands of people, some of kings;
Yet must not scepters by transcendencie
Draw home their own right with imperial strings,
  But by applause, to make up this new chain,
  Rather persuade the people then constrain.

More tenderly of force ought thrones to deal
With those, where men prescribe by right or use,
For common liking must to common weal
Be wonne, or man his profit will refuse,
And turn his waxen mettal into steel,
Which, harming others, self-harm cannot feel.

And when unto a true equality
All inequalities pow'r hath reduced,
Leaving her subjects no regality,
Lest divers minds should easily be seduced;
They that enjoy them, to restrain a throne,
And they again to mutiny, that have none.

Then yet all wandring titles of succession
Wise princes must with providence unite;
Else will these crown-rights leave a deep impression,
That no set course can long continue right;
Since when the one line shall become extinct,
All union built on that base lies unlinkt.

Moreover, realms of natural descent,
When they with those which chance or conquest win,
Shall be united in one government,
Then scepters may more famous works begin;
Planting new colonies in savage parts,
There to spread wisdom, pow'r, laws, worth, and arts.

Following, for guide of this establishment,
Either the common standard of mans reason,
Or else the second light of government,
Which stories yield, and no time can disseason,
Drawn from those monarchies which overran
In little time all this known world of man.

Whose bent ambition still to conquer more,
Compell'd them wisely to dispose their own,
And by that discipline they us'd before,
Work nations conquer'd neer as soon as known,
To live in order, and by trade get wealth;
With equal justice, keeping both in health.

By which mild wisdome, they grew lords of fame,
As well as crowns; and rather wanted men
Then sages, means, or models how to frame
Ruines, mishaps to better form again;
Building upon the barbarous conquered,
The uttermost of ill, well governed.

See we not even among the brutish nations,
If men to them transport civility,
Those colonies are dear in reputation,
And soon link't with them in affinity?
Their comings construed not to spoil, or take;
But as come from their dwellings for their sake.

So Athens with Ionian colonies
Did people Asia; Lacedemon spread
Her Dorian tribes thorough fertile Italy
* * * * * * *
And so by her that Euxine barbarous sea
Made hospitable is unto this day.

This the chief pillar is of policy,
That ever by the Romans was invented,
Envyless to uphold their monarchy,
And make the stranger with their yoke contented;
Prodigal of Rome they to their neighbors were
Whereby her own womb did the empire bear.

For by the long breath'd course it came to pass,
That all states did not onely stand in awe,
Of Rome as mistriss; but all the whole world was
Link't unto her in traffick, league, and law;
And did so much adore the Romans fame,
As they forsook their own to bear her name.

Where, in this crafty worlds declining age,
Those large spread roots, are withered, or dead;
All spirits of worth to present pow'r engage,
And there so master'd, dull'd or measured,
As while men fear their little toys to loose,
Worth they choose rather to suppress, then use.

From whence it is, that we find of erecting
Decay'd estates, or colonies deriving,
Or proper laws, the present time directing
Examples few; but many princes striving
Through fear of change, and fatal hate of pains;
With publick loss to bring in private gains.

Which privateness forgets times glory past,
And useth time to come but to despise;
Her narrow ends being on the present plac'd,
And so in narrow selfness onely wise;
No undertaking empire to extend,
To purchase fame, or any noble end.

But selfly to root out our enemies,
Deface fair monuments, spoil civil places,
Dispeople realms of men, and earth, of trees,
Spoiling, to varnish tyrannies disgraces,
And bring the world to those days back again,
Where pow'r did over beasts, not people raign.

Again, this art of tyrant cittadel,
Not suffering free citizens but slaves,
What is it, but a council out of hell,
Making the princes triumphs, peoples graves?
And sorts it not well with the sultans word,
Who vaunts, grass grows not, where his horse hath stood?

This is the cause the holy prophet spake
And wrote, but of four monarchies alone,
As if the rest, these lights did rather take,
To be on slaves a strict dominion;
Not empire but a crafty violence,
Whose ruines never raise magnificence.

For that indeed is no true monarchy,
Which makes kings more then men, men less then beasts,
But that which works a perfect unity,
Where kings as heads, and men as members rest,
With mutual ends like twinns, each helping other,
In service of the common wealth, their mother.

Thus unto kings their provinces remote
(Which oft else grudge at subaltern subjection,)
May with good government be kept devote,
Men do ascribe so much unto protection,
And oft adore most what they least do know,
Like specious things which far off fairest shew.

And as mans heart, though in one place confin'd,
Yet to remote limbs sends forth vital pow'rs,
With ease or disease to affect the mind,
According to her good or evil hours;
Whence sometimes arms have of her pulse more sence,
Then other members less far off from thence,

Even so, that providence of heavenly love,
Which holds the opposing elements in awe,
Though in her throne advanced far above
The finite reach of any mortal law,
Yet never rests confin'd to any seat
But by far spreading, proves her own pow'r great.

Therefore, since wisdom works both far and nigh,
As boundless, not restrain'd to time or place,
Ador'd when absent, honour'd in our eye,
The more assiduous, still the more in grace;
Repressing mans ambition with his fear,
A ballance kings must use, and people bear.

On these states, what true judgement can we lay
Which by the arts of crafty tyranny,
So to their ends do peoples humours sway,
As thrones rights grow a kind of mistery?
Whence Mahomet himself an idol makes,
And draws mankind to Mecha for his sake.

Thus did the caliph of great Babilon,
In former times, bewitch the barbarous nations,
With sight of rich robes, shadows of his throne;
Reserv'd magnificence gives such reputation,
Adding to arts of pow'r, which still seem more,
By making those souls less that must adore.

But to conclude, as modern tyranny
Hath not in any kind established
A state by peace unto prosperity
Of people, or of honor to the head;
But rather to the prejudice, or shame
Of both, like torrents, spread abroad ill fame.

So against this, pow'r absolute should strain
In their estates to settle such a peace,
As, people pleas'd; kings might with pleasure raign,
By making mens wealth to their use increase;
Which so will link all members to the head:
As change shall there find all her movers dead.

Sect. XII.

of war.

Mans error having fram'd his mind and sence
So divers, as no real works long please,
Is justly scourged by that Omnipotence
Which never in it self lets vice find ease;
Whence the vicissitudes of peace and war,
Pow'rs punishments, as well as glories, are.

Yet since excess in some bounds must subsist,
And war have bounds from other heads then might,
Because her torrents else run where they list,
And in desire raise titles infinite;
Right and defence must therefore be her base,
Which yet may varied be in many a case,

Among which, let protection be a chief,
When weak crowns threatened are to be opprest,
An image of the Deities relief,
Shewing that thrones at once can move and rest
And so grow greater by that aid they give,
As in whose pow'r more then their own states live.

Crown-right again which natively descends,
Claiming estates in other crowns possession,
Must not neglected be in princes ends,
And yet have curious audits in progression,
Wealth, right, occasion from the barr of words,
In princes states appealing to their swords.

In petty rights therefore proportion'd care
Doth well become the royal states of pow'r;
But that indeed by which crowns honour'd are,
Is care, no one throne may the rest devour;
So that to wain a growing empires might,
Infallibly is every princes right.

Lastly, it much more danger will be found,
Where princes shall be thought adverse to war,
Out of the hearts effeminatish ground,
Then to be held as wit and courage are,
Ambitious undertakers, and no friends
To any right that interrupts their ends.

For since most crowns were first established
By war, can times or states vicissitudes
So constantly by man be governed,
As they shall not his idle times delude;
And on those monarchs desolation lay,
That will neglect that base whereon they stay?

Hence sprang that wisdom, whereby martial Rome
Did Janus temple, in eight hundred years,
Not three times shut, but open to the doom
Kept them of Mars, whose force each question cleers
And to his banners did one consul fit,
As she in justice made the other sit.

Then let not kings by their neglect invite
Aspiring states or princes to do wrong;
Security exposeth wealth and right,
And prays to their ambitions that are strong;
Nor is the spoilers hand so soon made free,
By any thing as inhabilitie.

But so provide for unprosperities,
As fate at least may qualified succeed,
Framing for change of time such policies,
As no distempers or diseases breed;
By home broils to tempt forrain enemies;
Lest we for them, not for our selves prove wise.

To which end princes must raise ordinance,
Provide munition, armor, fortify
Such places as may best secure mischance,
Siege, or surprize, which conquest trafficks by;
And such again, as if a tumult grow,
Wise princes to them may for refuge go.

Euphrat, Danuby, Rhene were those old bounds
Of Rome, which Barbars ventur'd not to pass,
While many legions kept their winter grounds,
But chang'd by Constantine when that force was,
Goths, Hunnes, and Scythians over-spread her face,
Like horses running in a champian race.

Such bulwarks modernly have held out Spain,
From her mixt stiles of right and usurpation;
Such have withstood the sultan's force again,
And sav'd the Germans from depopulation;
Whereas for want of these, fair Albion
Hath five times been assail'd, four times o'ercome.

Besides, strong kings must arm and exercise
Troops of their people in securest times;
And to the same end ever patronise
Some active spirits in wars of forrain climes,
To train up leaders, who, before need come,
May discipline their men for Mars his doom.

Luctatius, who the good luck had to end
Romes first great Punick war, did on the land
By practice teach his seamen how to mend
That discipline in peace by which wars stand;
As Philopœmen made Achaia spread
By lazy peace, yet lively governed.

If Roderigo, that unlucky king,
Over those Goths which did inhabit Spain,
Had well observ'd these rules, that savage spring
Of Saracens could not have shak't his raign,
But still confin'd unto the Africk shore,
Must have remain'd and not have fought for more.

Where he at home, afraid of civil war,
Disarm'd his men; which to bold Tarrif was
A sign that active force might venture far,
And by Spains weakness bring his ends to pass:
Which shews again, when friends or foes draw swords,
They ever loose that rest or trust in words.

Who knows not that the Roman conquering nation,
Lest their brave people should degenerate
By peace, to keep up spirit and reputation,
Trained their soldiers in each neighbor state,
And under colour of protecting friends,
Laid new foundation for her own new ends,

Sounding the wit and force of every nation,
That when time serv'd, they might their masters grow;
Thus held they up the Ætolians reputation,
To conquer Greece, and Asia overthrow:
By friending Eumenes, Africk's made theirs,
Colour'd by help to Masanissa's heirs.

Pow'r must again so plant intelligence,
And ballance neighbor princes by their good,
As in our dangers they may feel offence,
And hold it fit even with their subjects blood,
In our protection so to work out theirs,
That public pow'r may warrant publick fears.

Not highly changing party, ends, or way,
But constant keep their course on beaten grounds;
Urging, that equally all princes may
Abjure incroaching, rest within their bounds,
Not strive by adding others to their own,
To make the worlds divided empire one.

And as the times now stand, unto this end
They must keep open still that chief division,
Not peiecing it for enemy or friend,
Fear, want, or any false gloss of misprision;
For it takes hold upon the soveraign part,
Which still by conscience multiplies the heart.

I mean that many headed separation,
Such irreligious being, yet doth bear
While this name, affects her reputation,
Like which, (as it is now us'd every where)
Becomes the ground for each ambitious thought,
And shadow of all actions that be naught.

Her name being dearer far, then peace, and wealth,
Hazard for her, of freedom, life and goods,
Welcome, as means to everlasting health,
Hope with no mortal pow'r to be withstood;
So much of greater force is conscience;
Than any lower vision of the sence.

This rupture therefore never must unite,
Nor yet the heat of opposition slack,
Chiefly, because her pope is infinite,
And to his own ambition lives awake;
Affecting greatness by that temporal pow'r,
Which in all else he studies to devour,

Deposing kings as hereticks that leave her,
And poizing of her own kings in such manner,
As of supremacy none shall bereave her,
But march as soldiers underneath her banner,
And all her armies, both of war and faction,
Wage at their charge, to serve the church in action.

So that to let her seminaries spread
Within the bowels of a soveraign state,
Or leave her enemies abandoned,
By force, or secret practice unto fate;
Were to let friends decrease, and factions grow,
As still they do by neuters overthrow.

Nor let this falacy of her declination
Perswade, that with her strength, her ends are chang'd;
Since pride had never such an elevation,
As when aspiring superstition rang'd;
Which sin was at the first the angels fall,
And in the outward church, since natural.

Whereby she still unform'd lives, till a head
Supreame she finds, or to her self makes many;
A body such as must be governed,
Within it self, not subject unto any
And in each minute of her nature swels,
Even with that pride, wherewith the whole excels.

So as this flesh-born church supremacy,
Whether form'd in monarchal government,
Or state aristocratical it be,
With less then all can never be content;
But by the sophistries of wit and will,
Strive ever to be head of good and ill.

Therefore I say, let not this gathering mass
Of superstition (whose true base is fear)
Lurk, and by false faith, bring her ends to pass,
Or to the world such threatening ensignes bear,
As time will shew are form'd to serve the turn,
Of other kings, that in her lust do burn.

But let kings rather watch this governess,
That by her wisdom they may form theirs;
When to be merciful, when merciless,
Time having taught her, to use hopes, and fears,
Power and wit, that each may help her ends,
Which are to have all slaves, no foes, no friends,

Therefore when she lets inquisitions raign,
Pow'rs, laws, as freely should their process use;
When by confession she seeks to maintain,
That mapp of secrets which she doth abuse;
Then must kings by all tryals gage her nest,
So as her birds may neither hatch nor rest.

Nor must we give her ear when she propounds
Freedom of conscience, that yields others none;
But work against her on the same strict ground,
Whereby she would bind strangers to her own,
Suffering no freedom in dispute, or book,
But such as her false discipline doth brook:

For if she conscience plead, the like do we,
And so in faith the same religious bands;
If she doth therein claim supremacy;
Soveraignity (which under no pow'r stands)
Pleads, that we may deal so with forraign pow'rs,
Here, or abroad, as they shall deal with ours.

Lastly, when she, and her sword-bearers strive
In peace, war, league, or any combination,
By fall of other princes states to thrive,
We must of force break that association;
And if they arm in clouds, then arme so too,
And countermine by doing as they do.

Or else she by her contracts without charge
As well as war, will still divide in gain;
Where kings their crowns, she there her cells enlarge,
And bring her harvest home with others pain;
Making poor princes by her dreams of spirit,
Like slaves, that onely for their lord can merit.

Trust not their church with her scope infinite,
As king-ships in this world, more in the other;
Here to seem greater then refined right,
There both of grace and innocence a mother;
For God, a pope; for angels, cardinals;
A church more over-built then Babels walls.

An outward church, that must stand as it grew,
By force, craft, rapine, and hypocrisie,
An earthly faith, even every day made new,
Built on the base of one's supremacy;
A pride born of that angels pride that fell,
Prising for Peters pence, heav'n, purgatory, hell.

Trust not this miter which forgiveth none,
But damns all souls that be not of her creeds,
Makes all saints idols, to adorn her throne,
And reaps vast wealth from superstitious seeds:
For must not she with wet or burnt wings fall,
Which soars above him that created all?

Suffer not men of this divine profession,
Which should be great within, religious, true,
As heralds sent by God to work progression
From sin, to grace, and make the old man new;
Let them not with the worlds moralities,
Think to hold up their doctrine with the wise.

Let them not fall into these common moulds,
Of frail humanity, which scandal give;
From God they must take notice what they should;
Men watch not what they speak, but how they live:
Malice soon pierceth pomps mortality,
The sin derides her own hypocrisie.

The clergies praise, when they from pulpit come,
Is to keep that decorum in their lives,
Which wall them in, from each unreverend doom
Of libertines, who to deface them strive:
For messengers of heav'n must still appear,
As if that heav'n, not earth, were to them deer.

From abbies let them not hope to uphold
Excess and riot by the peoples voice;
Where good and ill alike are cheaply sold,
And frail mankind confounded in his choice.
Good life, and doctrine, are both light and food
To starve the ill, yet doe the chosen good.

Now though this council seems to fit a king,
And not the steep excess of tyranny:
Yet beams and bodies being divers things,
Finely in shadows may resembled be;
Whence in the outward varying forme of things,
Tyrants may well use rules set down for kings.

Let not kings therefore on this old foundation
Fear to continue taxe, to hazard paid,
Since war and crowns consist by reputation,
Which must not eas'ly from their course be sway'd
Either by want of ship, or sail, or shroud,
Unless kings will loose tides, for every cloud.

But rather follow Mars in forrain parts,
Who ever friends the undertaking spirit,
With honor, hope of spoil, and all those arts,
Which still as treasure are reserv'd for merit;
Nor be these helps in minutes understood,
Which in the mass, make undertakings good.

Since here admit the worst that threatens come,
And causeless Fortune like her self should raign,
How can the assistance yet find heavy doom,
Whose chance at home is to be cast again?
And by their neighbors stumbling, not their fall,
Each monarch taught to have an eye to all.

Nay, grant these mutual succors should at length
Engage our own estates into a war;
Yet can they never take us in their strength,
Who in their growings interrupted are,
And to assail those pow'rs which wounded come,
Doth certainly pronounce them fatal doom.

Besides, it often falls out in distress,
Where states by want exhausted are, and spent;
That change of vices give their wounds redress,
And qualify the common discontent
In people, who when peace is turn'd to war,
Find subsidies no taxes, but revenues are.

Whereby disease grows cure unto diseases,
A wisdom proper to humanity;
For while in something, she her self ore-peazes,
Yet stands by equal ballanc't vanity,
And unto chance things present sacrificing,
Finds from those ashes better times arising.

And so we see in muddy northern air,
Winds, thunders, storms, (earths present misery)
Yet instantly makes foul horizons fair;
So doth the war and her impiety
Purge the imposhum'd humors of a peace,
Which oft else makes good government decrease.

Only let princes that will martial be,
Reform that common stained discipline,
Which is the base of unprosperity,
Sin against nature, chance, and pow'r divine,
Wherein I fear the Turk doth us excell,
They keeping deeds, we words of doing well.

n, for those which unto war are bent,
right their wrongs, revenge themselves, or gain,
ow brave advantageous an instrument
a well-fram'd navy is to entertain,
Let them be judge who understand how sea
For hers, like air, doth every where make way.

For whatsoever odds in man or beast
Between the Christian, and the Turk there be,
By delicacy, hardness, industry or rest,
Our fatal discord, or their unity;
Yet we that thus on disadvantage stand,
Stand fast, because he makes his wars by land.

Whereas each man of understanding spirit
Knows well, that if this mighty tyrant would
Have chang'd his war, and so his ways of merit,
From land, and made the waving ocean mould
Of all his expeditions undertaken,
The Christian churches had long since been shaken.

Nay, in the Indians East and West again,
What great things men may with sea forces do,
Not only in suppressing of the main,
But in possessing land and cities too,
By undertakings of a maiden queen [1]
May as in models to the world be seen.

So as since seas be mothers unto Fame,
Whose bravest feathers martial actions be;
And mother-like, since their breasts nurse that name
Which they beget by strange prosperity;
Let those kings seek the secret of that womb,
That will of rights, right and wrong give doom.

Sect. XIII.

The excellency of Monarchy compared with Aristocracy.

Now, if the tediousness of mortal days
(Which suffers no man in his state content)
Will seek a change in all things that displease,
Then can no real form be permanent;
Vain lust and novelty will never rest,
Pleasing diseased natures ever best.

Yet first let these light spirits which love change,
Consider whence and whether they would go;
Lest while they grow bewitcht with what is strange,
They think that, happiness, which is not so;
And by affecting mortal heavens here,
Hold only things which they have not, dear.

Doleful Alcyon had, perchance, good cause
Both to suspect the frauds of men and beasts;
Yet over-acting passion makes ill laws,
For to avoid which fear, she built her nest
Upon the oceans shoar, where storm and wind
Once tyrannise both her and all her kind.

From like grounds, do not thoughts impatient,
Which work new fangledness in peoples minds,
And have their proper lord in discontent,
Or such dislike of every air they find,
While they would run from shadows that offend,
Like rowling stones change place, but never mend.

[1] Queen Elizabeth.

For if men will according to the name,
Conceive th' aristocratical estates
Of government, to be the perfect frame,
And number able to give proper rates
To lavish humours, then a monarch can;
What is this but new fangledness in man?

And let not man examine this by book,
As states stand painted, or enamel'd there;
But rather upon life then pictures look,
Where practice sees what every state can bear;
And where the peoples good, the wealth of realms,
Shew cleerly what forms spread forth sweetest beams.

Which view will prove, how speciously soever
These many heads enter with glorious stile
Of conquering worthies, yet they have never
Long borne those titles, but within a while
Been forc't to change their many heads to one;
As blest by inequalities alone.

For instance of which strange inconstancy,
Take Rome, that sublime senators estate;
Did she not first the sons iniquity
Plague in the aged guiltless fathers fate?
And then her monarch into consuls throw,
Under which yet Rome did an empress grow?

Soon after she erects the state of Ten,
And even before th' ungrateful memory
Of Appius Claudius buried was with men,
She still affecting change of policy,
Carelesly left her government in trust,
For some years, to her martial tribunes lust.

Lastly, as if in that unconstant wit
They had concluded to dissolve the frame
Of their republick, by oft changing it;
To such descent of anarchy they came;
As in five years they governours had none,
But stood upright by hap of time alone. [1]

For had there any undertaking state
Assail'd them then, this France wherein they stood
'Twixt life and death, must needs have given fate
To wandring humours stain'd with native blood,
And by the factious government of Three,
Have freed her slaves, to bring in tyranny.

Thus sick, and fully ripe for cure, or death,
Rome did enforce a Cæsar of her own,
To loose his honour, or to break his faith;
Her state alike being each way overthrown;
Wherein yet he that brought back monarchy
Err'd less then he that set the people free. [2]

For after Tarquin, though Rome stood entire,
Yet fell she into many-headed pow'r,
By which, like straws, light people set on fire,
Did by confusion, which waits to devour,
Yet raise again that brave monarchal state,
As souls well organ'd to be fortunate.

Besides, in Athens, what were Codrus merits
That after him they should endure no king?
Was it not that he sacrific'd his spirits,
To qualifie Apollo's threatening?
In which work this captiv'd unthankfulness,
Which stained her, soon made her fortune less.

[1] Livius, lib. 2.
[2] Velleius Paterculus, lib. 2.

Again, what comfort, or true estimation
Can active vertue either take or give,
Where many heads have power of creation?
Or wherein can these brave enticements live
Which raise exorbitant aspiring merit,
Since many judges never have one spirit?

Must not laws there, and ordinances be
Like oracles, meer abstract and ambiguous,
Fit for discourse, or books, not policy,
All practice dull, delaying, or litigious?
Mans justice seldom cleer, and never wise,
As seeing right or wrong with chances eyes?

What symptome is besides so dangerous
To mortal orders, apt to be diseas'd,
As faction, on whose crisis ominous
Those states depend where many must be pleas'd,
And where unequals are, by government,
With equal measure forc't to be content.

For as to make all rulers of estate
Alike wise, honest, rich, and honourable,
A work is hardly possible to fate;
So (without disproportion) who is able
True worth and inequalities ambition,
To please with equal ballanced condition?

Out of which swallowed discontentment grows
That monster which then most the publick spoils,
When to the world it best pretences shews,
And as with faction, emulation, broils,
These many heads oft civil war invite,
So against forraign force they worse unite.

Under three leaders[1] did not Athens wain
Her right to Samos, and her reputation?
As she before at Syracuse did stain
Her glory, and let fall her estimation
Under the guide of Alcibiades
Joyn'd with stern Nicias, faint Demosthenes.

Whence the Athenian orator[2] aver'd,
That their state never prospered in war,
But when all pow'r was upon one confer'd;
And when again was Rome engag'd so far,
As under Canna's many-headed flight;
Where chance and mischance had pow'r infinite.[3]

Besides, as mild streams in an ocean sea
Loose both their current, sweetness, and their name;
So here the best men must be sent away
By ostracisme, to qualifie their fame,
As for this state too great, which feareth worth,
Knowing that it still monarchy brings forth.

For is it not to them of banishment
Sufficient ground, to be reputed just?
What other cause was there of discontent
'Gainst Aristides, but his worth's mistrust?
How us'd they him that conquer'd Marathon?
Or him, who Xerxes host had overthrown?

Rome shew'd her greatness, when she did subdue
Africk and Carthage, yet who will observe
How little she thought to the Scipios due,
Or from Camillus how soon she did swerve,
Shall see, in aristocracies, the fate
Of noble actions is the peoples hate.

[1] Charo, Timotheus, Iphicrates. Emil. Prob. 9. in vita Timothei. Justin. lib. 4. [2] Isocrates in Nicocles.
[3] Terentius Varro, Paulus Emilius. Livius.

Besides, where this name publick shall have p
To bind reward, with wreath'd frugality;
Where sad stil'd justice shall mankind devour,
Thorough a bloody stern severity;
Must not these glorious stiles of common-weal
Wound ever that worth wherewith it should deal?

Faction again is ever soonest made,
Where many heads have part, and councils known
There soonest are, where men with many trade;
Besides alliance here binds not her own;
Nor adds unto the publick any might;
Which makes their league, their love, their malice

Lastly, our finite natures do not lov
That infinite of multiplicity:
Our hopes, affections, fears, which ever move,
Can neither fixt, nor yet well govern'd be
Where idle, busie rulers, with a breath,
Give doom of honor, grace, shame, life, or death.

Thus is mankind, in numerous estates
Wantonly discontent with liberty,
Where equals give and take unequal rates,
Moulding for good and bad one destiny:
Whence Athens swaying to democracy,
For ever changing her archontes be.

And as ill luck makes man of man despair,
And thence appeal a supreme soveraign,
So grows adversity the peoples stair,
Whereby they clime to monarchy again:
What wants dictator but the name of king,
Being as soveraign else in every thing?

So as if aristocracies will claim
To be the best of humane government,
Why do they from their magistrates disclaim,
As in extremities still impotent?
Since who in storms the fittest pilots be,
Are ablest sure to guide prosperity.

Sect. XIV.

THE EXCELLENCY OF MONARCHY COMPARED WITH DEMOCRACY.

Now, if the best, and choicest government,
Of many heads, be in her nature this;
How can the democratical content,
Where that blind multitude chief master is?
And where besides all these forespoken fates,
The most, and worst sort govern all estates?

Since as those persons usually do haunt
The market places, which at home have least;
So here those spirits most intrude and vaunt
To do the business of this common beast,
That have no other means to vent their ill,
Then by transforming real things to will.

Besides, this equal stil'd democracy
Lets fall mens minds, and makes their manners bas
Learning and all arts of civility;
Which add both unto nature, and to place,
It doth eclipse, as death to that estate;
Wherein not worth, but idle wealth gives fate.

Nay, where religion, God, and humane laws,
No other use, or honor, can expect
Then to serve idle liberties applause,
As painted toys, which multitudes affect;
Who judging all things, while they nothing know,
Lawless, and godless are, and would live so.

Therefore if any to protect this state,
Alledge, imperial Rome grew great by it;
And Athens likewise far more fortunate,
As raising types up both of worth and wit;
Such as no monarchy can parallel,
In the rare ways of greatnes doing well;

Or if again, to make good this position,
Any averr that Romes first monarchy,
For lack of courage, soon chang'd her condition
Of union, into multiplicity;
Whence Germans over France, and Goths in Spain,
In Africk Saracens, and Turks in Asia raign.

I answer, first, that those subduing prides
(Whereof the people boast) were to the hand
Form'd by the three preceding monarch tides,
And what succeeded (if exactly scan'd)
But imitation was of their brave deeds,
Who, but their own worth no example needs.

For did not their Tarquinius, ere he fell,
Conquer the Latine and the Sabine nation,
Making their martial discipline excel,
And so increase their strength by reputation?
Out of which active legionary worth,
That city brought her after conquests forth.

But be this as it may be, I deny
Either the empires growth or consummation
To be the work of Romes democracy;
Since between her first Cæsars domination,
And Tarquin, her soveraignity was mixt,
Of one, few, many, waving, never fixt.

As consuls, senate, or the peoples might;
The first a pow'r which Rome did conquer by,
The second set her publick councils right,
The last approve, increase or qualifie
Pain, and rewards of good or evil deeds;
Two beams of justice, weighing out good speed.

Whence you may easily pregnant reasons draw,
To attribute the glory of old Rome
Unto the monarch part which held in awe
The conquer'd world; and not the peoples doome,
Proportion from the great world to the small,
Shewing, with many limbs, one head rules all.

What but the peoples mutinous conventions
Under the factious tribunes, scattered
Romes publick patrimonie? and with dissentions
Her wise opposing senate threatned,
By their Agrarian laws, engines of wrong,
Dispersing laws which to the state belong. [1]

Besides, as who at home ill husbands be,
Seldome make dainty to stretch out their hand
Into their neighbors harmless treasury,
So did it with these bankrupt people stand;
Who sent their armies out by force, and stealth,
To bring them home the king of Cyprus wealth. [2]

[1] Cic. de lege Agraria, contra Rutilium.
[2] Ptolomæum Florus, lib. 3.

Allur'd by no pretence of wrong, or right,
But only that he must not be their friend,
Whose wealth was reckoned so indefinite;
Not caring how they get or what that spend;
But making good their ill by confidence,
A worth of more use there, then innocence.

Lastly, when they had many times proclaim'd
Against the Mamertines their just offence;
Yet came they to their succor, and disclaim'd
With Carthage their long liv'd intelligence;
Whence the first Punick quarrel did proceed [1],
And had the fates been just, with far worse speed.

Wherein the senate nobly did oppose
This heady peoples incivility,
As besides faith, in wisdom loath to loose
The rich returns of that affinity;
Publick respect, and shame wrought in the one,
Who saw that ill deeds seldom pass alone.

Whereas the people, which no notice take
Of these small minutes of humanity,
But ways above these thin-lin'd duties make,
Thinking they rule not, that restrained be;
With ravening and irregular excess,
Stain good and ill to serve their wantonness.

Now for the empires final overthrow,
Falsly imputed to the monarchy;
Who doth not by the course of nature know,
That periods in the growth of all states be
Ordain'd? which no republick can exceed;
For making each form self-diseases breed.

Or if too abstract this reply appears;
Forget not how the monarchy preserv'd
Rome for a thousand and seaven hundred years,
Part of her glory her first kings deserv'd [2],
The rest by Cæsars in successive raign,
Till Mahomet the second made her wain. [3]

Where on the other side democracy
Did in few ages rise and fall again;
There being but four hundred sixty three
Years, between Cæsars and Tarquinius raign;
In which time Rome corrupted her self so,
As change she must, or suffer overthrow.

But that indeed which brake the empires frame
Was floating swarms, and mighty inundations
Of rude barbarians, which from Scythia came,
To traffick vices with all civil nations;
Nor can that be peculiar stain to Rome,
Which of all other empires was the doom.

Attyla, Alarick, Omar, Tamerlane
Being in martial worth rais'd up as high,
As he that most unto the empire wan,
And against whom old Romes democracy
Even in her pride must have made such retreat,
As would have shew'd at home she was not great.

Such as she did at Allia of old,
When naked Gauls both took and burnt the town
Or Italy from Spartacus the bold [4];
When by a slave their eagles were thrown down,
So that the monarch fell by outward fate,
Whereas the peoples own faults shak't their state.

[1] Polybius, lib. 1. [2] 245 years.
[3] He took Constantinople, A. D. 1453.
[4] Liv. lib. 5. Plutarch. in Vita Camilli.

Nor do I doubt but that the Roman frame
Of monarchy might have outlasted all
The governments of whatsoever name,
But that excess did make her old age fall
Into a gulf, whose two streams soon devour
The rights and majesty of real pow'r.

The first was, their tumultuous election
Of Cæsars, which did many times make way
To civil broils, disorder, and defection,
Whence she became to forreiners a prey:
The pow'r of choice making the soldiers know,
Their head above had yet a head below.

The second was their lack of crown demesne,
By which the emperours still forced were
In publick and self-indigence to strain
Laws, by mens voices; men by hope, and fear;
Who saw their wealths and freedom both in one
By this course of exactions overthrown.

And yet, in this disease of monarchs state,
I dare avow their breed of home-born spirits
To have been active, worthy, fortunate
Above democracies in every merit;
For instance, whom can that state parallel
With Trajan in the pow'r of doing well?

Who with Augustus in felicity? [1]
With Constantine in true magnificence?
With Marcus can in wisdom ballanc't be?
Or with good Anthony in innocence?
Julian in learning? Julius in worth?
That ever yet democracy brought forth.

For tribunes be the champions they can boast,
An Hetoroclite magistrate, devis'd
Without rule, to have all rules by him lost,
Religion scorn'd, laws duty tyrannis'd,
A fiery spark which lacking forrain stuff,
At home finds fuel to make blaze enough.

So as if Chilo truly call'd those states
The best, which most unto their laws do give,
And kept their demagogues at humblest rates,
Then this conclusion ratified must live,
Democracies are most unnatural,
Where real things with humours rise and fall,

Whence I conclude, that since democracy
In her craz'd moulds great empires cannot cast,
Of force, these frail confused policies,
Which cannot breed states, can make no state last;
But as the viper doth, must tear the womb
Of monarchy, whence her foundations come.

Sect. XV.

THE EXCELLENCY OF MONARCHY COMPARED WITH ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY JOYNTLY.

Now, though I know our books are fill'd with praise
Of good mens vertues, freedoms popular;
Yet he that will not audit words at ways,
And over-look the dreams of [illegible] care,
In smart succession, he shall clearly find
No long liv'd state hath been of either kind.

For whatsoever stile these men affect
Of optimates, or of democracy,
Their courses basely practice, and effect
A servile oligarchal tyranny;
As well in laws as in establishment,
Like ill mixt humours, never well content.

So that such onely have escap'd mischance,
As luckily, by publick opposition,
To ballance consuls, tribunes did advance,
Or by a more refined composition,
Have rais'd (like Venice) some well bounded duke
Their self-grown senators to overlook:

So managing the whole in every part,
As these vast bodies valetudinary,
May, in the native feavers of the heart,
Yet some degrees of good complexion carry;
And while they keep their forrain foes at rest,
Win time their own confusion to digest.

Besides, if either of these states do choose
Their magistrates, or officers by lot,
And chance instead of worth, and knowledge use;
What strange confusions then beget they not?
So that no wise man will himself commit,
Much less wise state to be dispos'd by it.

Again, if they by suffrages elect,
Then, what scope that doth unto practice give;
The old comitia, and the new erect
Conclave of Rome pregnant examples live;
To shew worth there must be abandoned,
Where real grounds are passion-governed.

Nay more, let us consider if it be
Easie at once of good men to find many;
Since we with odds of birth and breeding see
Even among kings, how rarely time yields any
That out of conscience, or for countreys sake
Will hazard, care, restrain or undertake?

But grant such may be found, yet states thus peaz'd
Must of necessity (as fortune-bound)
Either by princes have the ballance rais'd,
Or loose to undertaking princes ground:
In which the thanks they offer to a crown
Is often thankless mines, to pull it down,

And foolishly; since union contains
All native strengths of soveraignity;
As bearing over nature meekest rains;
Whereby all other forms of policy
Must either freely yield to her subjection,
Or else at least [illegible] under it protection.

Whence to conclude, since in this abstract view
Of these estates, the multiplicity
Proves apt to over-wrest, or loose their due
As onely true friends to extremity;
Can mankind under any soveraign
Hope to find rest, but in a monarchs raign?

Out of which ground, the poet, making fates,
Hath registred three thousand deities,
The least of whose powers govern'd many states,
And yet acknowledg'd Joves supremacy,
A work of supernatural succession,
Deriv'd from God heads of the first impression.

[1] It was a proverb amongst them—"Felicior Augusto, melior Trajano."

Again, who looks down from these chrystal spheres,
To view the ocean where Joves brother raigns,
Shall he not find the water Nereid's there
In office subaltern, not soveraign?
Yet us'd to stirre, or calm the ocean's race,
As royalties of his three-forked mace.

Whence, if these lively images prove true,
It must be' alike true, that the best times priz'd
That old monarchal form, before the new
Confused moulds, by error since devis'd:
For else their types of ruling providence,
Absurdly, will seem far excell'd by sence.

Let man then weigh, whether this strange excess
Follow the nature of each mortal frame
As time-born, with her to grow more or less;
And like, her never to remain the same?
Or whether this relaxe or over-bent,
Spring from the subject or the government?

And he shall find the ground of change to be
A wandering, and unmeasured affection
Of pow'r to bind, and people to be free,
Not in the laws, church rites, or their connexion;
But practice meerly to raise, or keep down
Crowns by the people, people by the crown.

In which misprision, while each doth suppress,
That true relation, by which states subsist,
They first loose names, then make their natures less,
Growing deform'd, by forming what they list:
For they that still cast old foundations new,
Make many shapes, but never any new.

And as we do in humane bodies see,
Where reason raigns in chief, not the affection,
der is great, not wanton liberty;
to himself, and others a direction;
here if too much abstracted or let fall,
tares of passion there run over all.

[illegible]

[illegible] there remains such natural corruption
In all our pow'rs, even from our parents seed,
As to the good gives native interruption;
Sence stains affection; that will, and will deed,
So that what's good in us, and others too
We praise; but what is evil, that we do.

Our knowledge thus corrupted in our lives,
Serves to convince our consciences within,
Which sentence of record with self-love strives,
Leads us for rest, and remedy of sin,
To seek God and religion from without,
And free this condemnation which we doubt.

Yet in this strife, this natural remorse,
If we could bend the force of pow'r and wit
To work upon the heart, and make divorce
There from the evil which perverteth it;
In [illegible] of the truth we should not doubt
[illegible] find a good religion out.

[illegible]

And though the ways of wit be infinite,
Not to be cast in any mould or art,
Like shadows, changing shape with every light,
Ever and, never, still the same in part;
Yet by this model, wiser men may see
That there is choice even in the vanity

And forms establisht, which must be obey'd,
As levels for the world to guide her own
Foundations against anarchy well laid,
Whose being is but beings overthrown;
Where thrones (as mortal shrines) with mortal fear
Must be ador'd and worshipt every where.

Therefore I thus conclude this fruitless dream,
That if the body have imperfect features,
Or swim (like Æsops wife) against the stream,
Each age must adde to all the works of creatures,
And perfect things unperfectly begun,
Or else in vain, sure, I have roul'd this tun.

A

TREATISE OF RELIGION.

What make these many laws, these rains of pow'r
Wherewith mankind thus fetter'd is and bound;
These divers worships, which men's souls deflow'r
Nature, and God, with novelty confound?
'Tis ignorance, sin, infidelity
By which we fall'n from our creation be.

What is the chain which draws us back again,
And lifts man up unto his first creation?
Nothing in him his own heart can restrain,
His reason lives a captive to temptation.
Example is corrupt, precepts are mixt,
All fleshly knowled[illegible] fixt.

[illegible] and unquencht, the

For fear, whose motion still it self improves,
Hopes not for grace, but prays to shun the
Not to do ill more then do well it loves;
Fashons God unto man, not man to God:
And to that Deity, gives all without,
Of which within it lives and dies in doubt.

The other branch is meer hypocrisie,
The world's religion, born of wit and lust;
All which like hunters follow things that flee,
And still beyond things found, find something mi
As God is boundless, endless, infinite,
So seem these idols to the hypocrite.

Witt there is priest, who sacrifice doth make
Of all in heaven and earth to his desire;
For from this witt, God and religion take
As many shapes, as many strange attires
As there be in the world degrees of chan[illegible]e,
Which upon humours, time, occasion range.

This teacheth all ambitious magistrates,
On sins unquiet, humors how to build
[illegible]now'r, to alter natures rates,
[illegible]ears and hopes make people yield
[illegible]r temples unto tyrants laws,
[illegible] to humane homage draws.

Then by affecting pow'r, we cannot know him.
By knowing all things else, we know him less,
Nature contains him not, art cannot shew him,
Opinions idols and not God express.
Without, in pow'r, we see him every where,
Within, we rest not, till we find him there.

Then seek we must, that course is natural
For owned souls to find their owner out,
Our free remorses, when our natures fall;
When we do well, our hearts made free from doubt,
Prove service due, to one Omnipotence;
And nature of religion to have sence.

Questions again, which in our hearts arise
(Since loving knowledge, not humility)
Though they be curious, godless, and unwise,
Yet prove our nature feels a Deity;
For if these strifes rose out of other grounds,
Man were to God, as deafness is to sounds.

Religion thus we naturally profess,
Knowledge of God is likewise universal;
Which divers nations diversly express,
For truth, pow'r, goodness, men do worship all;
Duties to parent, child, time, men, and place,
All known by nature, but observed by grace.

And that these are no positive made laws
Appears in this, since no consent of nations,
No custome, time, or any other cause
Can unto vice gives vertues estimation,
Or root out those impressions from our hearts
Which God by nature unto man imparts,

Yea, these impressions are so finely fixt
In understanding, and the conscience too,
That if our nature were not strangely mixt,
But what we knew it could as easily do,
Men should (even by this spirit) in flesh and blood
Grow happily adorers of the good.

[redacted]

[redacted] there remains such natural corruption
In all our pow'rs, even from our parents seed,
As to the good gives native interruption;
Sence stains affection; that will, and will deed,
So that what's good in us, and others too
We praise; but what is evil, that we do.

Our knowledge thus corrupted in our lives,
Serves to convince our consciences within,
Which sentence of record with self-love strives,
Leads us for rest, and remedy of sin,
To seek God and religion from without,
And free this condemnation which we doubt.

Yet in this strife, this natural remorse,
If we could bend the force of pow'r and wit
To work upon the heart, and make divorce
There from the evil which perverteth it;
In [redacted] of the truth we should not doubt
[redacted] find a good religion out.

For when the conscience this religion fashions
In blind affections, there it straight begets
Gross superstition; when in witty passions
It moulded is, a luster there it sets
On hearts prophane, by politick pretence,
Both buying shadows with the soul's expence.

For they, Gods true religion (which a state
And being is, not taken on, but in)
To bottomless hypocrisie translate,
The superstitious doth with fear begin;
And so deceiv'd, deceives and under-rates
His God, and makes an idol of his sin:
The politick with craft inthralls mankind,
And makes his body sacrifice his mind.

Both, in our selves, make us seek out a God,
Both, take self-love and fear, for scale and measure,
They both, become their own and others rod;
The one takes care, the other wrong for pleasure;
As many minds, as many gods they make,
Men easily change all they easily take.

This superstitious ignorance and fear
Is false religion, offring sacred things
Either to whom it should not, or elsewhere,
The manner to the Godhead scandal brings;
It fears sea, earth, skie, silence, darkness, light,
And in the weak soul still hath greatest might,

Which natural disease of mortal wit,
Begets our magick, and our star-divines,
Wizards, impostors, visions stand by it,
For what fear comprehends not, it enclines
To make a god whose nature it believes,
Much more enclin'd to punish, then relieve.

The reason is, when fears dim eyes look in,
They guilt discern, when upwards justice there
Reflects self-horror back upon the sin,
Where outward dangers threaten every where;
Flesh the foundation is, fancy the work,
[redacted] evils

[redacted] and unquench, the [redacted]

For fear, whose motion still it self improves,
Hopes not for grace, but prays to shun the
Not to do ill more then do well it loves;
Fashons God unto man, not man to God:
And to that Deity, gives all without,
Of which within it lives and dies in doubt.

The other branch is meer hypocrisie,
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Of all in heaven and earth to his desire;
For from this witt, God and religion take
As many shapes, as many strange attires
As there be in the world degrees of change,
Which upon humours, time, occasion range.

This teacheth all ambitious magistrates,
On sins unquiet, humors how to build
[redacted] how to alter natures rates,
[redacted] fears and hopes make people yield
[redacted] temples unto tyrants laws,
[redacted] to humane homage draws.

And when spiritual lights, which truth expound,
Once to the traffick of mans will descend;
With chains of truth, mankind no more is bound,
Whereby their hearts should up to heaven ascend;
But vainly link't unto their tongues, which draw
Religion to a fleshly outward awe.

And though this fear a holiness, in show
Such as no eye of man can pierce the veil,
But least God's houshold, to contempt should grow,
Or this hypocrisie not still prevail,
To raise them reverence above their worth;
Blood, inquisition, question, they bring forth.

They draw the sword of pow'r, against her own,
Or else stir people up, to war their kings;
Both must be theirs, or both be overthrown;
They bind man unto words, God binds to things;
For these false heads of holy mother see
Scepters to miters, there inferior be.

Among our selves likewise there many be
That make religion nothing else but art,
To master others of their own degree,
Enthral the simple well believing heart;
These have opposers, scorn obedient fools,
Affecting raign by educations tools.

And though they serve ambitious princes use,
While they protect them like a nursing father,
And while this common traffick of abuse
Mutually helpeth either side to gather;
Yet mark the end of false combined trust,
It will divide, and smart the people must.

For sure in all kinds of hypocrisie
No bodies yet are found of constant being;
No uniforme, no stable mistery,
No inward nature, but an outward seeming,
No solid truth, no vertue, holiness,
But types of these, which time makes more or less.

And from these springs, strange inundations flow,
To drown the sea-marks of humanity,
With massacres, conspiracy, treason, woe,
By sects and schisms, prophaning Deity:
Besides, with furies, fiends, earth, air and hell,
They fit, and teach confusion to rebell.

But as there lives a true God in the heaven,
So is there true religion here on earth:
By nature? No, by grace, not got, but given;
Inspir'd, not taught; from God a second birth:
God dwelleth neer about us, even within,
Working the goodness, censuring the sin.

Such as we are to him, to us is he,
Without God there was no man ever good;
Divine the author and the matter be,
Where goodness must be wrought in flesh and blood:
Religion stands not in corrupted things,
But vertues that descend have heavenly wings.

Not heathen vertue, which they do define
To be a state of mind by custome wrought,
Where sublime religion seems to refine
Affection, perturbation, every thought
Unto a *mens adepta*, which wor
Half of the days to humane

For in his work, man still rests slave to fame,
To inward caution, outward form and pride,
With curious watch to guard a rotten frame
Safe undiscover'd from the piercing ey'd,
Assiduous caution tyrannizing there,
To make frail thoughts seem other then they are.

Under this mask, besides, no vice is dead,
But passion with her counter-passion peaz'd;
The evil with it self both starv'd and fed,
And in her woes with her vain glories eas'd;
The work and tools alike, vain flesh and blood,
The labour great, the harvest never good.

For in this painted tomb, let mans own spirit
Really judge, what that estate can be
Which he begetting in himself inherits,
Other then DESERTS of hypocrisie,
Within the darkning shadows of his wit,
Hiding his stains from all the world but it.

And if the habits of hypocrisie
With such attention must be kept and wrought;
If to mask vice be such a mistery,
As must with her captivity be sought;
If to be nothing, and yet seem to be,
So nicely be contriv'd and dearly bought,
As vanity must in a phœnix fire
Smother her self to hatch her false desire.

Then judge, poor man, Gods image once, 'tis tr
Though now the devils, be thine own defection;
Judge man (I say) to make this image new,
And cleanse thy flesh from this deep dy'd infection,
What miracles must needs be wrought in you,
That thus stand lost in all things but election?
What living death, what strange illumination
Must be inspir'd to this regeneration?

Must not the grace be supernatural,
Which in forgiving gives sanctification;
And from this second chaos of his fall
Forms in mans little world a new creation?
And must not then this twice born child of heaven
Bring forth in life this new perfection giv'n?

Then man; pray and obtain; believe and have;
Omnipotence and goodness ready be
To raise us with our Saviour from the grave,
Whence Enoch and Elias lived free;
He made all good, yet suffred sin and death
To raign, and be exil'd again by faith.

Then, till thou find this heavenly change in thee
Of pride to meekness; atheisme to zeal;
Lust to continence; anger to charity;
Thou feel'st of thy election no true seal;
But knowledge only, that poor infancy
Of this new creature, which must thence appeal
Unto the Father for obedience,
Judging his hopes or condem

For what else is
But r

With our Creator, by sincere devotion;
With creatures, by observance and affection;
Superiors, by respect of their promotion,
Inferiors, with the nature of protection:
With all, by using all things of our own
For others good, not to our selves alone.

And ev'n this sacred band, this heavenly breath
In man his understanding, knowledge is;
Obedience, in his will; in conscience, faith;
Affections, love; in death it self a bliss;
In body, temp'rance; life, humility,
Pledge to the mortal of eternity.

Pure onely, where God makes the spirits pure;
It perfect grows, as imperfection dies;
Built on the rock of truth, that shall endure;
A spirit of God, that needs must multiply;
He shews his glory, cleerly to the best,
Appears in clouds and horror to the rest.

Such was the soul in our first sires creation,
When man knew God and goodness, not the evil:
Far greater in the Godheads incarnation,
Where truth subdu'd the sin that made the devil;
She still is Gods, and God for ever one,
Both unbeliev'd in flesh, and both unknown.

[illegible] man, learn by thy fall, to judge of neither;
[illegible]sh cannot this spirit comprehend;
[illegible] and new birth in us must joyn together,
[illegible]re our nature where it was ascend:
Where man presumes on more then he obeys,
There, straight religion to opinion strays.

Then since 'tis true, we onely here possess
These treasures, but in vessels made of slime;
Religion we by consequence confess
Here to be mixt of base things and sublime,
Of native evil, supernatural good,
Truth, born of God, and error of our blood.

Yet gold we have, though much allay'd with dross,
Refining, never perfect in this life;
Still in our journey, meeting gain and loss;
Rest in our deaths, and until then a strife:
And as our days are want, temptation, error;
So is our zeal, war, prayers, remorse, and terror.

Such is the state of infants in new birth,
Fed first with milk, too weak for stronger food,
Who learn at once to know and doe in earth
(Both enemy and impotent in good)
Must feel, that our Christ can of his loose none,
Which unto us makes grace and merit one.

These be true antidotes against despair;
Cradles for weakness; stories for corruption
To read, how faith begins to make her fair
By cleansing sensual sinks of interruption
Whereby the throws of many thoughts bring forth
[illegible]ing, man is nothing worth.

[illegible]mind;

Then let not man too rashly judge this light,
Nor censure God, by his own imperfections;
What can give limit to the infinite,
When he by works will witness our election?
Degrees I grant there be of will and might,
Some to beget, some onely to inherit,
Yet still the conscience must obey the spirit.

Yea, though God call his labourers every hour
And pay the last and first with heavenly gain,
Though he give faith, beyond the law, and pow'r,
Yet is Gods nature where he is to raign;
His word is life, the letter all mens fall,
That it without the spirit measure shall.

This sacred word is that eternal glass,
Where all mens souls behold the face they bring;
Each sees as much as life hath brought to pass;
The letter can shew life no other thing:
The hearts grace works to know what they obey,
All else prophane God, and the world betray.

This work is Gods, even his that works all wonder,
His arm not shorned, and his goodness one,
Whose presence breaks sins middle wall in sunder,
And doth in flesh deface the evils throne;
He is all, gives all, hath all where he is,
And in his absence never soul finds bliss.

His Ægypt wonders here he doth exceed,
For there he mixt with winds, rain, natures line:
Now by his Spirit, he doth blast our weeds,
Immediate grace, true miracles divine;
Guides not by fires and meteors, night and day,
His wandring people how to move or stay,

But into sinners hearts, shadows of death,
The saving light of truth he doth inspire;
Fitteth our humane lungs with heavenly breath,
Our mortal natures with immortal fire;
He draws the camel through the needles eye,
And makes the chosen flesh die, ere they die.

Yet keeps one course with Israel and with us,
The flesh still knew his pow'r, but not his grace;
All outward churches ever know him thus,
They bear his name, but never run his race;
They know enough for their self-condemnation,
His, doing, know him, to their own salvation.

His church invisible are few and good,
The visible, erroneous, evil, many;
Of his, the life and letter understood;
Of these, nor life, nor letter dwell in any,
These make his word sect, scisme, philosophy,
And those from fishers call'd, apostles be.

They do in praying, and still pray in doing,
Faith and obedience are their contemplation,
Like lovers still admiring, ever woing
Their God, that gives this heavenly constellation;
They war that finite, infinite of sin;
All arts and pomps, the error wanders in.

God is their strength, in him, his are not weak,
That Spirit divine, which life, pow'r, wisdome is,
[illegible]ese new born babes a life to speak,
[illegible]the world still understands amiss:
[illegible]ny tongues, truth only one;
[illegible]ess, till the sin be gone?

Fools to the world these seem, and yet obey
Princes oppressions, whereat fools repine;
They know these crowns, these theaters of clay
Derive their earthly pow'r from pow'r divine:
Their sufferings are like all things else they do,
Conscience to God, with men a wisdom too.

Book-learning, arts, yea school divinity,
New types of old law-munging Pharisies
(Which curst in bondage of the letter be),
They know, they pitty, and would fain advise;
The goodness moves them, yet the wisdom stays
From sowing heavenly seed in stony ways.

To you they cry, O you, that hold the shrine
As sent by God, ye priests of chance and gain!
Your charge is to distribute things divine;
O do not lie for God, and sin in vain!
Reveal his word, his misteries expound,
Else what he works you travel to confound.

You should be keys to let his will pass out,
Blind sin, and free repentance by his word;
Fear those that scorn, and comfort them that doubt;
What drowned Pharaoh, still is Israels forde:
Wisdome above the truth was Adams sin;
That veyle which Christ rent off, will you walk in?

Observe faiths nature, in these hallow'd shrines,
Both of the old and perfect Testament;
Works be her fruits, her nature is divine,
Infus'd by him that is omnipotent;
Doe we believe on him, on whom we stay not?
Can we believe on him, whom we obey not?

His pen left two examples, it is true;
First of his chosen, how he grosly fell;
Then, of the thief born instantly anew;
Vice rais'd to heaven, perfection fall'n to hell;
And of each nature therefore left not many,
Lest hope, or fear should over-work in any.

Is it not then by warrant from above,
That who gives faith, gives true obedience?
What other medium hath our flesh to prove
That sin with God keeps no intelligence?
Takes this from man the fruits of Christ his death?
No, it translates him into it by faith.

For though God gave such measure of his grace
As might in flesh fulfill the second table,
Yet sin against the first, did quite deface
Gods image, and to raise that who is able?
Between the flesh and grace that spiritual fight
Needs Father, Son, and their proceeding might.

Nay, let us grant, God would enable man,
After his calling, to accomplish all;
From Adams sin, who yet redeem him can,
Or Pauls transgression cleer before his call,
But Christ that comes to none of Gods in vain?
The justest need him, for the worst he is slain.

His life he makes example where he please
To give his spirit, which is, to forgive:
What can the flesh assume it self in these
Since reason dies, before his faith can
Who knows Gods pow'r, but whe
What should restrain the Alm

Besides, who marks Gods course, from our creation
Down unto Christ, shall by succession see
Bliss of the goodness, evils condemnation
Establisht by unchanging destiny:
The word is cleer, and needs no explanation,
Onely the council is a mystery;
Why God commanded more than man could do,
Being all that he will, and wisdom too.

Why came our Saviour, if flesh could fulfill
The law enjoyn'd? or if it must transgress,
Whence took that justice this unequal will
To bind them more, to whom he giveth less?
Here pow'r indeed to wisdom must direct,
Else light saves few, and many doth detect.

Strive not then, wit corrupt and disobeying, [thrones,
To fetch from popes stools, pow'rs commanding
Doctrines of might, that suffer no denying,
Yet divers, as earths tempers in her zones; [dye,
Since Christs own heard him, saw him live and
Yet till he rose, knew not the mistery.

Pray then, and think, faith hath her mediation,
Ask for thy self that spirit which may judge,
Wait the degrees of thy regeneration,
Count not without thy God, nor do thou grudge
Limits and bounds of thine illumination;
But give account of that which God hath given,
Since grace, not merit, with the law makes even.

And if thou seek'st more light to cleer thy mind,
Search not Gods councils in himself contracted,
But search his written word where thou shalt find,
That Adams fall was breach of law enacted,
By which in stained womb the chosen seed
Together with the reprobate did breed.

The one shew'd forth the light which he receiv'd
Fashon'd within him by the infinite;
The other serv'd the evil, was deceiv'd,
And in that which condemn'd him took delight:
Both states partakers of eternity,
In life, or death, as good, or ill they be.

Both had one school, one form and education,
Each knew one God; but onely one obey'd,
Where in the odds was spiritual adoration,
And outward rites, which ever have betray'd;
Abel sought God alone, Cain would have more,
Which pride was in the angels judged before.

Thus when creation was a fresh tradition,
And miracle the proper ground of faith,
Guiding the sin unto her true physitian,
Yet then (we see) sin multiplyed death:
For him that made them men would not obey;
Idols and sects ne'r had any other way.

Men would be gods, or earthly giants rather,
Number their strength, and strength their number is,
Their doctrine sin, which as it spreads doth gather
This present world, flesh seeks no other bliss.
As God, by goodness, saves those so
So hell condemns those wic

Now while both
Parted

Thus though by life the Spirit spirits trieth,
So as Gods goodness is by his exprest;
Which goodness in the devils ever dieth,
Yet God hath here more latitude imprest:
For unto those who only bear his name,
He gave such Gentiles as deny'd the same.

But when with idols they prophan'd the land
Which he gave them, for seeming to adore him,
When they that held by form, even brake that band,
And Israel in the outward fail'd before him;
Then came captivity, that earthly hell,
Planting the Gentiles where his did dwell.

In this times womb, this uttermost defection
Of fleshly Israel, came the Virgins seed,
That rightfulness which wrought Gods own election,
And in the flesh fulfill'd the law indeed:
When doctrine, miracles, benefits prov'd vain,
Then was this Lamb ordained to be slain.

Thus by defection from obedience,
Successively both sin and sects have grown;
Religion is a miracle to sence,
The new man of the old is never known;
And to those hearts where gross sins do not die,
Gods Testaments are meer philosophy.

What latitude this to the world allows,
Those souls in whom Gods image was decay'd
Then know when they perform such spiritual vows
As underneath our Saviours cross are laid,
They that receive his wages, bear his arms,
Know onely what avails us, and what harms.

Wherein to take thrones first, as chief in might,
Davids we wish, of Salomons find some,
Not in those wisdoms of the infinite,
But in the rest, which bide more doubtful doom:
Thrones are the worlds, how they stand wel with heaven,
Those pow'rs can iudge to whom such grace is given.

Next that, high priesthood, which the spirit-fall'n Jew
So prized, and erroneously maintain'd,
Ceased in him, whose sacrifice was due
To all the world by her defections stain'd:
Small hopes this gives to our cathedral chairs,
The spirit onely choosing spiritual heirs.

Again, for such as strive to undermine
The vanity of Romes ore-built foundation,
With sins ambition, under words divine,
Hoping to raise sects from her declination;
O let them know, God is to both alike,
The one he hath, the other he will strike.

And in the world where pow'r confirms opinion,
Advantage, disadvantage as they stand;
Rome hath the odds in age and in dominion,
By which the devils all things understand,
Th[illegible]tion is too worn a womb
[illegible]h now to equal Rome.

[illegible]ch would be

Our three crown'd miters, are but works of spirit,
Faith, key and scepter; our ambition, love;
Built upon grace we are, and thence inherit
Temptation, which in us doth purge and prove,
Mortifie, regenerate, sanctify and raise
Our old fall'n Adam to new Adams ways.

This word of life, then, let not fleshly man
Corrupt and unregenerate expound;
As well the mortal judge the immortal can,
Or deafness find the discords out of sound,
Or creatures their Creator comprehend,
Which they presume that judge before they mend.

Mix not in functions God and earth together;
The wisdom of the world and his are two;
One latitude can well agree to neither,
In each men have their beings as they do:
The world doth build without, our God within;
He trafficks goodness, and she trafficks sin.

Schools have their limits, wherein man prescribes;
What credit hopes truth there, which contradicts?
States have their laws, all churches have their tribes,
Where sin is ever strongest, and inflicts;
For man is judge, and force still wisdom there,
How can God thence expect a spiritual heir?

But Gods elect still humbly pass by these,
Make love their school, and scale of righteousness;
Which infinite those hearts desire to please,
While to the world they leave her wickedness;
Sect and division cannot here arise,
Where every man in God is only wise.

Can it then be a doctrine of despair
To use the words or councils of our God;
As they stand in him? though they seem severe,
Health of the chosen is the lost childs rod.
Though flesh cannot believe, yet God is true,
And onely known, where he creates anew.

Things possible with man are yet in question,
Gods pow'r, gifts, will, here faith's true bases be,
All mediums else are but the sins suggestion,
The mover onely makes our nature free,
Faith and obedience he that asketh gives;
And without these Gods spirit never lives.

Again, in this strange war, this wilderness,
These Ægypt brick-kills, from our straw depriv'd,
God ever liveliest doth himself express,
Help being here from heavenly pow'r deriv'd:
Affliction of the spirit made mans true glass,
To shew him, God brings what he will to pass.

Now in this fight, wherein the man despairs,
Between the sin, and his regeneration,
Faith upon credit never takes her heirs,
Gods wonder in us works her adoration:
Who from the heaven sends his graces down,
To work the same obedience he will crown.

This leads us to our Saviour; who no more
Doth ask then he enables us to do;
[illegible] frees, and takes upon his score
[illegible]ience onely binds us to:
[illegible]les are flesh and devil;
[illegible]ledge and enlarge our evil.

Offer these truths to pow'r, will she obey?
It prunes her pomp, perchance ploughs up the root;
It pride of tyrants humors doth allay,
Makes God their lord, and casts them at his foot,
  This truth they cannot wave, yet will not do,
  And fear to know because that binds them too.

Shew these to arts; those riddles of the sin
Which error first creates, and then inherits;
This light consumes those mists they flourish in,
At once deprives their glory and their merit;
  Those mortal forms, moulded of humane error,
  Dissolve themselves by looking in this mirror.

Shew it to laws; Gods law, the true foundation,
Proves how they build up earth, and loose the heaven;
Gives things eternal, mortal limitation,
Ore-ruling him from whom their laws were given:
  Gods laws are right, just, wise, and so would make us;
  Mans, captious, divers, false, and so they take us.

Shew it the outward church, strange speculation
For that hypocrisie to see the life;
They that sell God for earthly estimation,
Are here divorc't from that adulterous wife:
  For this truth teacheth mankind to despise them,
  While God more justly for his own denies them.

Offer these truths to flesh; in general,
God in his pow'r, and truth they do confess;
But want of faith, that venome of their fall,
Despairs to undergo his righteousness,
  They think God good, and so his mercy trust,
  Yet hold good life imposible to dust.

Onely that little flock, Gods own elect,
Who living in the world, yet of it are not,
God, is the wealth, will, empire they affect,
His law, their wisdom, for the rest they care not;
  Among all floods this ark is still preserv'd,
  Storms of the world are for her own reserv'd.

For their sake, God doth give restraining grace
To his seen church, and to the heathen too;
Sets sin her latitude of time and place,
That onely she her own may still undoe;
  And where the sin is free to all, as one,
  He binds temptation to preserve his own.

So as though still in wilderness they live,
As gone from Ægypt, suffer Israels care,
Yet food and clothes that wear not out he gives,
Of them that hate them they preserved are,
  This grace restraining bounds the hypocrites,
  Whose ravine else might spoil the world of lights.

Then, man! rest on this feeling from above,
Plant thou thy faith on this celestial way,
The world is made for use, God is for love,
Sorrow for sin, knowledge but to obey;
Fear and temptation to refine and prove,
The heaven for joy; desire thou that it may
  Find peace in endless, boundless, heavenly things;
  Place it else where, it desolation brings.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

1562—1619.

DANIEL was the son of a music-master near Taunton, and having the good fortune to be patronized by the Pembroke family, was placed as a commoner at Magdalen Hall, Oxford; afterwards he pursued those studies to which inclination led him, at Wilton, a house, which, he says, had been his best school. He was then made tutor to the Lady Anne Clifford, a noble-minded woman, worthy of her rank and ancestry, though, by some strange infelicity of choice, she married, for her second husband, that Earl of Pembroke, who was, perhaps, the most despicable person of his age. She always remembered her tutor with affectionate respect.

It has been said that Daniel succeeded Spenser as poet laureate, because he composed some of those masques and pageants which were then the refined amusements of the court. Queen Anne of Denmark was fond of his writings, and liked his conversation; and he was appointed one of the grooms of her chamber, with a fair salary. At this time his place of abode was in a "garden house" in Old Street; where he enjoyed the society and friendship of such men as Chapman, Marlowe, Camden, Sir Fulke Grevile, and Shakspeare. He lived, however, to feel that his reputation was on the wane; and retiring to a farm at Beckington, between Marlborough and Devizes, he there ended his days in 1619. He was a married man, but left no issue. His History of the Civil Wars, which is the longest of his poems, was published, after his death, by his brother, who was a musician, and who appears in that capacity to have been employed by the court.

Daniel frequently writes below his subject and his strength; but always in a strain of tender feeling, and in language as easy and natural as it is pure. For his diction alone he would deserve to be studied by all students or lovers of poetry, even if his works did not abound with passages of singular beauty. Thoughtful, grateful, right-minded, and gentle-hearted, there is no poet, in any language, of whom it may be inferred with more certainty, from his writings, that he was an amiable, and wise and good man.

A FUNERAL POEM,

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LATE NOBLE EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.

Now that the hand of Death hath laid thee there,
Where neither greatness, pomp, nor grace we see,
Nor any diff'rences of earth; and where
No veil is drawn betwixt thy self and thee.
Now, Devonshire, that thou art but a name,
And all the rest of thee besides is gone;
When men conceive thee not but by the fame
Of what thy virtue and thy worth have done:
Now shall my verse, which thou in life did'st grace,
(And which was no disgrace for thee to do,)
Not leave thee in the grave, that ugly place,
[illegible] or have respect unto:
[illegible] observance ends;
[illegible]our sets;
[illegible]nds,

Men never soothe the dead, but where they do
Find living ties to hold them thereunto.
And I stand clear from any other chain
Than of my love; which, free-born, draws free breath:
The benefit thou gav'st me, to sustain
My humble life, I lose it by thy death.
Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
Any exaction of respect so strong,
As t' enforce m' observance beyond thee,
Or make my conscience differ from my tongue:
"For I have learnt, it is the property
For free men to speak truth, for slaves to lie."
And therefore I sincerely will report,
First how thy parts were fair convey'd within;
How that brave mind was built, and in what sort
All thy contexture of thy heart hath been:
Which was so nobly fram'd, so well compos'd,
As Virtue never had a fairer seat,
Nor could be better lodg'd, nor more repos'd,
Than in that goodly frame; where all things sweet,
And all things quiet, held a peaceful rest;
Wh[illegible]assion did no sudden tumults raise,
[illegible]isturb her — Nor was ever breast
[illegible]h, and made so little noise;
[illegible]odesty is found,
[illegible]e the greatest sound.

For thou so well discern'd'st thyself, had'st read
Man and his breath so well, as made thee force
The less to speak: as b'ing ordain'd to spread
Thy self in action, rather than discourse.
Though thou had'st made a general survey
Of all the best of men's best knowledges,
And knew as much as ever learning knew;
Yet did it make thee trust thyself the less,
And less presume — And yet when being mov'd
In private talk to speak; thou did'st bewray
How fully fraught thou wert within; and prov'd,
That thou did'st know whatever wit could say.
Which show'd, thou had'st not books as many have,
For ostentation, but for use: and that
Thy bount'ous memory was such, as gave
A large revenue of the good it gat.
Witness so many volumes, whereto thou
Hast set thy notes under thy learned hand,
And mark'd them with that print, as will show how
The point of thy conceiving thoughts did stand:
That none would think, if all thy life had been
Turn'd into leisure, thou could'st have attain'd
So much of time, to have perus'd and seen
So many volumes that so much contain'd.
Which furniture may not be deem'd least rare,
Amongst those ornaments that sweetly dight
Thy solitary Wansted [1]; where thy care
Had gather'd all what heart or eyes delight.
And whereas many others have, we see,
All things within their houses worth the sight;
Except themselves, that furniture of thee,
And of thy presence, gave the best delight.
With such a season, such a temp'rature,
Wert thou composed, as made sweetness one;
And held the tenour of thy life still sure,
In consort with thyself, in perfect tone.
And never man had heart more truly serv'd
Under the regiment of his own care,
And was more at command, and more observ'd
The colours of that modesty he bare,
Than that of thine; in whom men never found
That any show, or speech obscene, could tell
Of any vein thou had'st that was unsound,
Or motion of thy pow'rs that turn'd not well.
And this was thy provision laid within:
Thus wert thou to thyself, and now remains;
What to the world thou outwardly hast been,
What the dimension of that side contains;
Which likewise was so goodly and so large,
As shows that thou wert born t' adorn the days
Wherein thou liv'dst; and also to discharge [raise.
Those parts which England's and thy fame should
Although in peace thou seem'd'st to be all peace,
Yet b'ing in war, thou wert all war: and there,
As in thy sphere, thy spir'ts did never cease
To move with indefatigable care;
And nothing seem'd more to arride thy heart,
Nor more enlarge thee into jollity,
Than when thou saw'st thyself in armour girt,
Or any act of arms like to be nigh.
The Belgic war first try'd thy martial spir't,
And what thou wert, and what thou would'st be found;
And mark'd thee there according to thy mer't,
With honour's stamp, a deep and noble wound.
And that same place that rent from mortal men
Immortal Sidney, glory of the field!
And glory of the Muses! and their pet
(Who equal bear the *caduce* and the

[1] The library at

Had likewise been my last; had not the fate
Of England then reserv'd thy worthy blood,
Unto the preservation of a state
That much concern'd her honour and her good;
And thence return'd thee to enjoy the bliss
Of grace and favour in Eliza's sight,
(That miracle of women!) who by this
Made thee beheld according to thy right:
Which fair and happy blessing thou might'st well
Have far more rais'd, had not thine enemy
(Retired privacy) made thee to sell
Thy greatness for thy quiet, and deny
To meet fair Fortune when she came to thee.
For never man did his preferment fly,
And had it in that eminent degree,
As thou; as if it sought thy modesty.
For that which many (whom ambition toils
And tortures with their hopes) hardly attain
With all their thrusts, and should'ring plots, and wiles,
Was easily made thine without thy pain.
And without any private malicing,
Or public grievance, every good man joy'd
That virtue could come clear to any thing,
And fair deserts to be so fairly paid.
Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee,
Were not like Fortune's favours: they could see
Eliza's clear-ey'd judgment is renown'd
For making choice of thy ability.
But it will everlastingly rebound
Unto the glory and benignity
Of Britain's mighty monarch, that thou wert
By him advanced for thy great desert:
It b'ing the fairer work of majesty,
With favour to reward, than to employ.
Although thy services were such, as they
Might ask their grace themselves; yet do we see,
That to success desert hath not a way,
But under princes that most gracious be:
For without thy great valour we had lost
The dearest purchase ever England made;
And made with such profuse, exceeding cost
Of blood and charge, to keep and to invade;
As commutation paid a dearer price
For such a piece of earth: and yet well paid,
And well adventur'd for with great advice,
And happily to our dominions laid:
Without which, out-let England, thou had'st been
From all the rest of th' Earth shut out, and pent
Unto thy self, and forc'd to keep within;
Environ'd round with others' government.
Where now by this, thy large imperial crown
Stands boundless in the west, and hath a way
For noble times, left to make all thine own
That lies beyond it, and force all t' obey.
And this important piece like t' have been rent
From off thy state, did then so tickle stand,
As that no jointure of the government
But shook: no ligament, no band
Of order and obedience, but were then
Loose and in tott'ring, when the charge
Thereof was laid on Montjoy, and that other men,
Chok'd by example, sought to put
And he, out of his native
(As b'ing no under
To have a

Whose ill success (consid'ring his great worth
Was such, as could that mischief be withstood,
It had been wrought,) did in itself bring forth
Discouragement, that he should do less good.
The state reply'd, it was not look'd he should
Restore it wholly to itself again;
But only now (if possible) he could
In any fash'on but the same retain,
So that it did not fall asunder quite,
B'ing thus dishiver'd in a desp'rate plight.
With courage on he goes; doth execute
With counsel; and returns with victory.
But in what noble fash'on he did suit
This action! with what wit and industry!
Is not to be disgrac'd in this small card:
It asks a spacious map of more regard.
Here is no room to tell, with what strange speed
And secresy he used, to prevent
The enemies designs; nor with what heed
He march'd before report: where what he meant,
Fame never knew herself, till it was done;
His drifts and rumour seldom b'ing all one.
Nor will this place conveniency afford,
To show how he (when dismal Winter storms)
Keeps peace, and makes Mars sheath his sword,
Toils him abroad, and noble acts performs.
Nor how by mast'ring difficulties so,
In times unusual, and by passage hard,
He bravely came to disappoint his foe;
And many times surpris'd him unprepar'd.
Yet let me touch one point of this great act,
That famous siege, the master-work of all;
Where no distress nor difficulties lack'd
T' afflict his weary, tired camp withal:
That when enclos'd by pow'rful enemies
On either side, with feeble troops he lay
Intrench'd in mire, in cold, in miseries;
Kept waking with alarums night and day.
There were who did advise him to withdraw
His army, to some place of safe defence,
From the apparent peril; which they saw
Was to confound them, or to force them thence.
"For now the Spaniard hath possess'd three ports,
The most important of this isle," say they;
"And sooner fresh suppliments Spain transports
To them, than England can to us convey:
The rebel is in heart; and now is join'd
With some of them already, and doth stand
Here over us, with chiefest strength combin'd
Of all the desp'rate forces of the land:
And how upon these disadvantages,
Your doubtful troops will fight, your *honour* guess."
Th' undaunted Montjoy hereto answers this:
"My worthy friends, the charge of this great state
And kingdom to my faith committed is,
And I must all I can ingeniate
To answer for the same, and render it
Upon as fair a reck'ning as I may:
But if from hence I shall once stir my feet,
The kingdom is undone, and lost this day.
All will fly thither, where they find is Heart;
[illegible] have none stand to take his part,
[illegible]nswer our country then,
[illegible] own fame?
We cannot spend our blood more worthily,
Than in so fair a cause — And if we fall,
We fall with glory: and our worth thereby
Shall be renowned, and held dear of all.
And for my part, I count the field to be
The honourablest bed to die upon;
And here your eyes this day shall either see
My body laid, or else this action done.
The Lord, the chief and sov'reign general
Of hosts, makes weak to stand, the strong to fall."
With which brave resolution he so warm'd
Their shaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that noble work; which they perform'd
As gallantly as ever men have done:
Of which 't is better nothing now to say,
Than say too little. For there rests behind
A trophy t' be erected, that will stay
To all posterities, and keep in mind
That glorious act, which did a kingdom save,
Kept the crown whole, and made the peace we have.
And now I will omit to show, therefore,
His management of public bus'nesses;
Which oft are under Fortune's conduct, more
Than ours: and tell his private carri'ges,
Which on his own discretion did rely,
Wherewith his spir't was furnish'd happily.
Mild, affable, and easy of access
He was; but with a due reservedness:
So that the passage to his favours lay
Not common to all comers; nor yet was
So narrow, but it gave a gentle way
To such as fitly might, or ought to pass.
Nor sold he smoke; nor took he up to day
Commodities of men's attendances,
And of their hopes; to pay them with delay,
And entertain them with fair promises.
But as a man that lov'd no great commerce
With bus'ness and with noise, he ever flies
That maze of many ways, which might disperse
Him into other men's uncertainties:
And with a quiet calm sincerity,
H' effects his undertakings really.
His tongue and heart did not turn backs; but went
One way, and kept one course with what he meant.
He us'd no mark at all, but ever ware
His honest inclination open-fac'd:
The friendships that he vow'd most constant were,
And with great judgment and discretion plac'd.
And Devonshire, thy faith hath her reward;
Thy noblest friends do not forsake thee now,
After thy death; but bear a kind regard
Unto thine honour in the grave; and show
That worthiness which merits to remain
Among th' examples of integrity;
Whereby themselves no doubt shall also gain
A like regard unto their memory.
Now, mutt'ring Envy, what canst thou produce,
To darken the bright lustre of such parts?
Cast thy pure stone exempt from all abuse.
Say, what defects could weigh down these deserts.
Summon detraction, to object the worst
That may be told, and utter all it can:
It cannot find a blemish to b' enforc'd
Against him, other than he was a man;
And built of flesh and blood, and did live here
[illegible] region of infirmity;
[illegible]erfections never did appear
[illegible] one so really,
[illegible] ever did bewray
[illegible] was set in clay.

And Gratitude and Charity, I know,
Will keep no note, nor memory will have
Of ought, but of his worthy virtues now,
Which still will live; the rest lies in his grave.
Seeing only such stand ever base and low,
That strike the dead, or mutter under-hand:
And as dogs bark at those they do not know,
So they at such they do not understand.
The worthier sort, who know we do not live
With perfect men, will never be s' unkind;
They will the right to the deceased give,
Knowing themselves must likewise leave behind
Those that will censure them. And they know how
The lion being dead, ev'n hares insult:
And will not urge an imperfection now,
When as he hath no party to consult,
Nor tongue nor advocate to show his mind:
They rather will lament the loss they find,
By such a noble member of that worth,
And know how rare the world such men brings forth.
But let it now sufficient be, that I
The last scene of his act of life bewray,
Which gives th' applause to all, doth glorify
The work; for 'tis the ev'ning crowns the day.
This action of our death especially
Shows all a man. Here only is he found.
With what munition he did fortify
His heart; how good his furniture hath been.
And this did he perform in gallant wise:
In this did he confirm his worthiness.
For on the morrow after the surprise
That sickness made on him with fierce access,
He told his faithful friend, whom he held dear,
(And whose great worth was worthy so to be,)
"How that he knew those hot diseases were
Of that contagious force, as he did see
That men were over-tumbl'd suddenly;
And therefore did desire to set a course
And order t' his affairs as speedily,
As might be, ere his sickness should grow worse.
And as for death," said he, "I do not wey;
I am resolv'd and ready in this case.
It cannot come t' affright me any way,
Let it look never with so grim a face:
And I will meet it smiling; for I know
How vain a thing all this world's glory is."
And herein did he keep his word — Did show
Indeed, as he had promised in this.
For sickness never heard him groan at all,
Nor with a sigh consent to show his pain;
Which howsoever b'ing tyrannical,
He sweetly made it look; and did retain
A lovely count'nance of his being well,
And so would ever make his tongue to tell.
Although the fervour of extremity,
Which often doth throw those defences down,
Which in our health wall in infirmity,
Might open lay more than we would have known;
Yet did no idle word in him bewray
Any one piece of Nature ill set in;
Those lightnesses that any thing will say,
Could say no ill of what they knew within.
Such a sure lock of silent modesty
Was set in life upon that noble heart,
As if no anguish nor extremity
Could open it, t' impair that worthy part.
For having dedicated still the same
Unto devotion, and to sacred skill;
That furnish perfect held; that blessed flame
Continu'd to the last in fervour still.
And when his spir't and tongue no longer could
Do any certain services beside,
Ev'n at the point of parting they unfold,
With fervent zeal, how only he rely'd
Upon the merits of the precious death
Of his Redeemer; and with rapt desires
Th' appeals to grace, his soul delivereth
Unto the hand of mercy, and expires.
Thus did that worthy, who most virtuously
And mildly liv'd, most sweet and mildly die.
And thus, great patron of my Muse, have I
Paid thee my vows, and fairly clear'd th' accounts,
Which in my love I owe thy memory.
And let me say, that herein there amounts
Something unto thy fortune, that thou hast
This monument of thee perhaps may last.
Which doth not t' ev'ry mighty man befall:
For lo! how many when they die, die all.
And this doth argue too thy great deserts:
For honour never brought unworthiness
Further than to the grave: and there it parts,
And leaves men's greatness to forgetfulness.
And we do see that nettles, thistles, brakes,
(The poorest works of Nature) tread upon
The proudest frames that man's invention makes,
To hold his memory when he is gone.
But Devonshire, thou hast another tomb,
Made by thy virtues in a safer room.

A PANEGYRIC CONGRATULATORY,

DELIVERED TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY, AT BURLEIGH-HARRINGTON, IN RUTLANDSHIRE.

Lo here the glory of a greater day,
Than England ever heretofore could see
In all her days! when she did most display
The ensigns of her pow'r; or when as she
Did spread herself the most, and most did sway
Her state abroad; yet could she never be
Thus bless'd at home, nor ever come to grow
To be entire in her full orb till now.

And now she is, and now in peace; therefore
Shake hands with union, O thou mighty state!
Now thou art all Great Britain, and no more;
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate:
No borders, but the ocean and the shore;
No wall of Adrian serves to separate
Our mutual love, nor our obedience;
B'ing subjects all to one imperial prince.

What heretofore could never yet be wrought
By all the swords of pow'r, by blood, by fire,
By ruin and destruction: here's brought to pass
With peace, with love, with joy, desire:
Our former blessed union hath begot
A greater union that is more entire,
And makes us more ourselves; sets us at one
With Nature, that ordain'd us to be one.

Glory of men! this hast thou brought to us,
And yet hast brought us more than this by far:
Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousness,
Judgment, and justice; which more glorious are
Than all thy kingdoms: and art more by this
Than lord and sov'reign; more than emperor
Over the hearts of men, that let thee in
To more than all the pow'rs on earth can win.

God makes thee king of our estates; but we
Do make thee king of our affection,
King of our love: a passion born more free,
And most unsubject to dominion.
And know, that England, which in that degree
Can love with such a true devotion
Those that are less than kings; to thee must bring
More love, who art so much more than a king.

And king of this great nation, populous,
Stout, valiant, pow'rful both by sea and land;
Attemptive, able, worthy, generous,
Which joyfully embraces thy command:
A people tractable, obsequious,
Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand
To any form of honour, t' any way
Of high attempts, thy virtues shall assay.

A people so inur'd to peace; so wrought
To a successive course of quietness,
As they 've forgot (and O b' it still forgot!)
The nature of their ancient stubbornness:
Time alter'd hath the form, the means, and brought
The state to that proportion'd evenness,
As 't is not like again 't will ever come
(Being us'd abroad) to draw the sword at home.

This people, this great state, these hearts adore
Thy sceptre now; and now turn all to thee,
Touch'd with a pow'rful zeal, and if not more:
(And yet O more how could there ever be,
Than unto her, whom yet we do deplore
Amidst our joy!) and give us leave, if we
Rejoice and mourn; that cannot, without wrong,
So soon forget her we enjoy'd so long.

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we hold
True after death; and bring not this respect
To a new prince, for hating of the old;
Or from desire of change, or from neglect:
Whereby, O mighty sov'reign, thou art told,
What thou and thine are likely to expect
From such a faith, that doth not haste to run
Before their time to an arising sun.

And let my humble Muse, whom she did grace,
Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead;
That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
Nor that her fame become disfigured:
O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace!
Let not her honour be disquieted
Now after death; but let the grave enclose
All but her good, and that it cannot close.

It adds much to thy glory and our grace,
That this continued current of our love
Runs thus to thee all with so swift a pace;
And that from peace to peace we do remove,
Yet as in motion but from out our place,
But in one course; and do not seem to move,
But in more joy than ever heretofore;
And well we may, since thou wilt make us more.

Our love, we see, concurs with God's great love,
Who only made thy way, thy passage plain;
Levell'd the world for thee; did all remove
That might the show but of a let retain:
Unbarr'd the North; humbl'd the South; did move
The hearts of all, the right to entertain;
Held other states embroil'd, whose envy might
Have foster'd factions to impugn thy right:

And all for thee, that we the more might praise
The glory of his pow'r, and rev'rence thine;
Whom he hath rais'd to glorify our days,
And make this empire of the North to shine,
Against all th' impious workings, all th' assays
Of vile dis-natur'd vipers; whose design
Was to embroil the state, t' obscure the light,
And that clear brightness of thy sacred right.

To whose reproach, since th' issue and success
Doth a sufficient mark of shame return,
Let no pen else blazon their ugliness:
Be it enough, that God and men do scorn
Their projects, censures, vain pretendences.
Let not our children, that are yet unborn,
Find there were any offer'd to contest,
Or make a doubt to have our kingdom bless'd.

Bury that question in th' eternal grave
Of darkness, never to be seen again.
Suffice we have thee whom we ought to have,
And t' whom all good men knew did appertain
Th' inheritance thy sacred birth-right gave;
That needed n' other suffrages t' ordain
What only was thy due, nor no decree
To be made known, since none was known but thee.

Witness the joy, the universal cheer,
The speed, the ease, the will, the forwardness,
Of all this great and spacious state; how dear
It held thy title and thy worthiness.
Haste could not post so speedy any where,
But Fame seem'd there before in readiness,
To tell our hopes, and to proclaim thy name;
O greater than our hopes! more than thy fame!

What a return of comfort dost thou bring,
Now at this fresh returning of our blood;
Thus meeting with the op'ning of the spring,
To make our spirits likewise to imbud!
What a new season of encouraging
Begins t' enlength the days dispos'd to good!
What apprehension of recovery
Of greater strength, of more ability!

The pulse of England never more did beat
So strong as now: nor ever were our hearts
Let out to hopes so spacious and so great,
As now they are: nor ever in all parts
Did we thus feel so comfortable heat,
As now the glory of thy worth imparts:
The whole complexion of the commonwealth,
So weak before, hop'd never for more health.

Could'st thou but see from Dover to the Mount,
From Totnes to the Orcades; what joy,
What cheer, what triumphs, and what dear account
Is held of thy renown this blessed day!
A day, which we and ours must ever count
Our solemn festival, as well we may.
And though men thus court kings still which are new;
Yet do they more, when they find more is due.

They fear the humours of a future prince,
Who either lost a good, or felt a bad:
But thou hast cheer'd us of this fear long since;
We know thee more than by report we had.
We have an everlasting evidence
Under thy hand; that now we need not dread
Thou wilt be otherwise in thy designs,
Than there thou art in those judicial lines.

It is the greatest glory upon earth
To be a king; but yet much more to give
The institution with the happy birth
Unto a king, and teach him how to live.
We have by thee far more than thine own worth,
That doth encourage, strengthen, and relieve
Our hopes in the succession of thy blood,
That like to thee, they likewise will be good.

We have an earnest, that doth even tie
Thy sceptre to thy word, and binds thy crown
(That else no band can bind) to ratify
What thy religious hand hath there set down;
Wherein thy all-commanding sov'reignty
Stands subject to thy pen and thy renown.
There we behold thee king of thine own heart;
And see what we must be, and what thou art.

There, great exemplar! prototype of kings!
We find the good shall dwell within thy court:
Plain Zeal and Truth, free from base flatterings,
Shall there be entertain'd, and have resort:
Honest Discretion, that no cunning brings;
But counsels that lie right, and that import,
Is there receiv'd with those whose care attends
Thee and the state more than their private ends.

There grace and favour shall not be dispos'd,
But by proportion, even and upright.
There are no mighty mountains interpos'd
Between thy beams and us, t' imbar thy light.
There majesty lives not as if enclos'd,
Or made a prey t' a private benefit.
The hand of pow'r deals there her own reward,
And thereby reaps the whole of men's regard.

There is no way to get up to respect,
But only by the way of worthiness;
All passages that may seem indirect,
Are stopt up now; and there is no access
By gross corruption: bribes cannot effect
For th' undeserving any offices.
Th' ascent is clean; and he that doth ascend,
Must have his means as clean as is his end.

The deeds of worth, and laudable deserts,
Shall not now pass thorough the straight report
Of an embasing tongue, that but imparts
What with his ends and humours shall comport.
The prince himself now hears, sees, knows what parts
Honour and virtue acts, and in what sort;
And thereto gives his grace accordingly,
And cheers up other to the like thereby.

Nor shall we now have use for flattery;
For he knows falsehood far more subtle is
Than truth, baseness than liberty,
Fear than love, t' invent these flourishes:
And adulation now is spent so nigh,
As that it hath no colours to express
That which it would, that now we must be fain
T' unlearn that art, and labour to be plain.

For where there is no ear to be abus'd,
None will be found that dare t' inform a wrong:
The insolent depraver stands confus'd;
The impious atheist seems to want a tongue.
Transform'd into the fashion that is us'd,
All strive t' appear like those they live among:
And all will seem compos'd by that same square,
By which they see the best and greatest are.

Such pow'r hath thy example and respect,
As that without a sword, without debate,
Without a noise, or feeling, in effect,
Thou wilt dispose, change, form, accommodate,
Thy kingdom, people, rule, and all effect,
Without the least convulsion of the state;
That this great passage and mutation will
Not seem a change, but only of our ill.

We shall continue and remain all one,
In law, in justice, and in magistrate:
Thou wilt not alter the foundation
Thy ancesters have laid of this estate,
Nor grieve thy land with innovation,
Nor take from us more than thou wilt collate;
Knowing that course is best to be observ'd,
Whereby a state hath longest been preserv'd.

A king of England now most graciously
Remits the injuries that have been done
T' a king of Scots, and makes his clemency
To check them more than his correction:
Th' anointed blood that stain'd most shamefully
This ill-seduced state, he looks thereon
With eye of grief, not wrath, t' avenge the same,
Since th' authors are extinct that caus'd that shame.

Thus mighty rivers quietly do glide,
And do not by their rage their pow'rs profess,
But by their mighty workings; when in pride
Small torrents roar more loud, and work much less.
Peace greatness best becomes. Calm pow'r doth
With a far more imperious stateliness, [guide.
Than all the swords of violence can do,
And easier gains those ends she tends unto.

Then, England, thou hast reason thus to cheer;
Reason to joy and triumph in this wise;
When thou shalt gain so much, and have no fear,
To lose ought else but thy deformities;
When thus thou shalt have health, and be set clear
From all thy great infectious maladies,
By such a hand that best knows how to cure,
And where most lie those griefs thou dost endure.

When thou shalt see there is another grace,
Than to be rich; another dignity,
Than money; other means for place,
Than gold—wealth shall not now make honesty.
When thou shalt see the estimation base,
Of that which most afflicts our misery;
Without the which else could'st thou never see
Our ways laid right, nor men themselves to be.

By which improvement we shall gain much more
Than by Peru; or all discoveries:
For this way to embase, is to enstore
The treasure of the land, and make it rise.
This is the only key t' unlock the door,
To let out plenty, that it may suffice:
For more than all this isle, for more increase
Of subjects than by thee, there can increase.

This shall make room and place enough for all,
Which otherwise would not suffice a few:
And by proportion geometrical,
Shall so dispose to all what shall be due,
As that without corruption, wrangling, brawl,
Intrusion, wrestling, and by means undue;
Desert shall have her charge, and but one charge,
As having but one body to discharge.

Whereby the all-incheering majesty
Shall come to shine at full in all her parts,
And spread her beams of comfort equally,
As being all alike to like deserts.
For thus to check, embase, and vilify
Th' esteem of wealth, will fashion so our hearts
To worthy ends, as that we shall by much
More labour to be good than to be rich.

This will make peace with Law; restore the Bar
T' her ancient silence; where contention now
Makes so confus'd a noise — This will debar
The fost'ring of debate; and overthrow
That ugly monster, that foul ravener,
Extortion, which so hideously did grow,
By making prey upon our misery,
And wasting it again as wickedly.

The strange examples of impov'rishments,
Of sacrilege, exaction, and of waste,
Shall not be made, nor held as presidents
For times to come; but end with th' ages past.
When as the state shall yield more supplements
(B'ing well employ'd) than kings can well exhaust;
This golden meadow lying ready still
Then to be mow'd, when their occasions will.

Favour, like pity, in the hearts of men
Have the first touches ever violent;
But soon again it comes to languish, when
The motive of that humour shall be spent:
But b'ing still fed with that which first hath been
The cause thereof, it holds still permanent,
And is kept in by course, by form, by kind;
And time begets more ties, that still more bind.

The broken frame of this disjointed state
B'ing by the bliss of thy great grandfather,
(Henry the Seventh) restor'd to an estate
More sound than ever, and more stedfaster,
Owes all it hath to him; and in that rate
Stands bound to thee, that art his successor:
For without him it had not been begun;
And without thee we had been now undone.

He of a private man became a king;
Having endur'd the weight of tyranny, [thing
Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, and knew the
That good men wish for in their misery
Under ill kings; saw what it was to bring
Order and form, to the recovery
Of an unruly state: conceiv'd what cure
Would kill the cause of this distemp'rature.

Thou, born a king, hast in thy state endur'd
The sowre affronts of private discontent,
With subjects' broils; and ever been inur'd
To this great mystery of government:
Whereby thy princely wisdom hath allur'd
A state to peace, left to thee turbulent,
And brought us an addition to the frame
Of this great work, squar'd fitly to the same.

And both you (by th' all-working providence,
That fashions out of dangers, toils, debates,
Those whom it hath ordained to commence
The first and great establishments of states,)
Came when your aid, your pow'r's experience
(Which out of judgment best accommodates
These joints of rule) was more than most desir'd,
And when the times of need the most requir'd.

And as he laid the model of this frame,
By which was built so strong a work of state,
As all the pow'rs of changes in the same,
All that excess of a disordinate
And lustful prince, nor all that after came;
Nor child, nor stranger, nor yet women's fate,
Could once disjoint the compliments, whereby
It held together in just symmetry.

So thou likewise art come, as fore-ordain'd
To reinforce the same more really,
Which oftentimes hath but been entertain'd
By th' only style and name of majesty;
And by no other counsels oft attain'd
Those ends of her enjoy'd tranquillity,
Than by this form, and by th' encumbrances
Of neighbour-states, that gave it a success.

That had'st thou had no title, (as thou hast
The only right; and none hath else a right)
We yet must now have been enforc'd t' have cast
Ourselves into thy arms, to set all right;
And to avert confusion, bloodshed, waste,
That otherwise upon us needs must light.
None but a king, and no king else beside,
Could now have sav'd this state from b'ing destroy'd.

Thus hath the hundredth year brought back again
The sacred blood lent to adorn the north,
And here return'd it with a greater gain,
And greater glory than we sent it forth.
Thus doth th' all-working Providence retain,
And keep for great effects the seed of worth,
And so doth point the stops of time thereby,
In periods of uncertain certainty.

Marg'ret of Richmond, (glorious grandmother
Unto that other precious Margaret,
From whence th' Almighty worker did transfer
This branch of peace, as from a root well set,)
Thou mother, author, plotter, counsellor
Of union! that did'st both conceive, beget,
And bring forth happiness to this great state,
To make it thus entirely fortunate:

O could'st thou now but view this fair success,
This great effect of thy religious work,
And see therein how God hath pleas'd to bless
Thy charitable counsels; and to work
Still greater good out of the blessedness
Of this conjoined Lancaster and York:
Which all conjoin'd within; and those shut out,
Whom nature and their birth had set without!

How much hast thou bound all posterities
In this great work to reverence thy name!
And with thee that religious, faithful, wise,
And learned Morton! who contriv'd the same,
And first advis'd, and did so well advise,
As that the good success that thereof came,
Show'd well, that holy hands, clean thoughts, clear
Are only fit to act such glorious parts. [hearts,

But, Muse, these dear remembrances must be
In their convenient places registred,
When thou shalt bring stern Discord to agree,
And bloody War unto a quiet bed.
Which work must now be finished by thee,
That long hath lain undone; as destined
Unto the glory of these days: for which
Thy vows and verse have laboured so much.

Thou ever hast opposed all thy might
Against contention, fury, pride and wrong;
Persuading still to hold the course of right;
And peace hath been the burden of thy song.
And now thyself shalt have the benefit
Of quietness, which thou hast wanted long;
And now shalt have calm peace, and union
With thine own wars; and now thou must go on.

Only the joy of this so dear a thing
Made me look back unto the cause, whence came
This so great good, the blessing of a king;
When our estate so much requir'd the same:
When we had need of pow'r for th' well ord'ring
Of our affairs: need of a spir't to frame
The world to good, to grace and worthiness,
Out of this humour of luxuriousness:

And bring us back unto ourselves again,
Unto our ancient native modesty,
From out these foreign sins we entertain,
These loathsome surfeits, ugly gluttony;
From this unmanly, and this idle vein
Of wanton and superfluous bravery;
The wreck of gentry, spoil of nobleness;
And square us by thy temp'rate soberness.

When abstinence is fashion'd by the time,
It is no rare thing to be abstinent:
But then it is, when th' age (full fraught with crime)
Lies prostrate unto all misgovernment.
And who is not licentious in the prime
And heat of youth, nor then incontinent
When out of might he may, he never will;
No pow'r can tempt him to that taste of ill.

Then what are we t' expect from such a hand,
That doth this stern of fair example guide?
Who will not now shame to have no command
Over his lusts? who would be seen t' abide
Unfaithful to his vows; t' infringe the band
Of a most sacred knot which God hath ty'd?
Who would now seem to be dishonoured
With th' unclean touch of an unlawful bed?

What a great check will this chaste court be now
To wanton courts debauch'd with luxury;
Where we no other mistresses shall know,
But her to whom we owe our loyalty?
Chaste mother of our princes, whence do grow
Those righteous issues, which shall glorify
And comfort many nations with their worth,
To her perpetual grace that brought them forth.

We shall not fear to have our wives distain'd,
Nor yet our daughters violated here
By an imperial lust, that b'ing unrein'd,
Will hardly be resisted any where.
He will not be betray'd with ease, nor train'd
With idle rest, in soft delights to wear
His time of life; but knows whereto he tends;
How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

And that this mighty work of Union, now
Begun with glory, must with grace run on,
And be so clos'd, as all the joints may grow
Together firm in due proportion:
A work of pow'r and judgment, that must show
All parts of wisdom and discretion,
That man can show; that no cloud may impair
This day of hope, whose morning shows so fair.

He hath a mighty burden to sustain
Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious prince;
Or where men's expectations entertain
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence:
But yet he undergoes a greater pain,
A more laborious work; who must commence
The great foundation of a government,
And lay the frame of order and content.

Especially where men's desires do run
A greedy course of eminency, gain,
And private hopes; weighing not what is done
For the republic, so themselves may gain
Their ends; and where few care who be undone,
So they be made: whilst all do entertain
The present motions that this passage brings,
With th' infancy of change, under new kings.

So that the weight of all seems to rely
Wholly upon thine own discretion;
Thy judgment now must only rectify
This frame of pow'r thy glory stands upon:
From thee must come, that thy posterity
May joy this peace, and hold this union:
For whilst all work for their own benefit,
Thy only work must keep us all upright.

For did not now thy full maturity
Of years and wisdom, that discern what shows,
What art and colours may deceive the eye,
Secure our trust that that clear judgment knows,
Upon what grounds depend thy majesty,
And whence the glory of thy greatness grows;
We might distrust, lest that a side might part
Thee from thyself, and so surprise thy heart.

Since thou 'rt but one, and that against thy breast
Are laid all th' engines both of skill and wit;
And all th' assaults of cunning are address'd,
With stratagems of art, to enter it;
To make a prey of grace, and to invest
Their pow'rs within thy love; that they might sit,
And stir that way which their affection tends,
Respecting but themselves and their own ends.

And see'ng how difficult a thing it is
To rule; and what strength is requir'd to stand
Against all th' interplac'd respondences
Of combinations, set to keep the hand
And eye of Pow'r from out the provinces,
That Avarice may draw to her command;
Which, to keep hers, she others vows to spare,
That they again to her might use like care.

But God that rais'd thee up to act this part,
Hath giv'n thee all those pow'rs of worthiness,
Fit for so great a work; and fram'd thy heart
Discernible of all apparencies;
Taught thee to know the world, and this great art
Of ord'ring man: *knowledge of knowledges!*
That from thee men might reckon how this state
Became restor'd, and was made fortunate.

That thou the first with us in name, might'st be
The first in course, to fashion us a-new;
Wherein the times hath offer'd that to thee,
Which seldom t' other princes could accrue.
Thou hast th' advantage only to be free,
T' employ thy favours where they shall be due;
And to dispose they grace in general,
And like to Jove, to be alike to all.

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,
But t' all thy people universally;
And not to them, but for their love alone,
Which they account is placed worthily.
Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, whereon
They rest; nor they fail in their loyalty:
Since no prince comes deceived in his trust,
But he that first deceives, and proves unjust.

Then since we are in this so fair a way
Of restoration, greatness, and command;
Cursed be he that causes the least stay
In this fair work, or interrupts thy hand;
And cursed he that offers to betray
Thy graces, or thy goodness to withstand;
Let him be held abhorr'd, and all his race
Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

And he that shall by wicked offices
Be th' author of the least disturbancy,
Or seek t' avert thy godly purposes,
Be ever held the scorn of infamy.
And let men but consider their success,
Who princes' loves abus'd presumptuously;
They shall perceive their ends do still relate,
That sure God loves them not, whom men do hate.

And it is just, that they who make a prey
Of princes' favours, in the end again
Be made a prey to princes; and repay
The spoils of misery with greater gain:
Whose sacrifices ever do allay
The wrath of men conceiv'd in their disdain:
For that their hatred prosecuteth still
More than ill princes, those that make them ill.

But both thy judgment and estate doth free
Thee from these pow'rs of fear and flattery,
The conquerors of kings; by whom, we see,
Are wrought the acts of all impiety.
Thou art so set, as thou'st no cause to be
Jealous, or dreadful of disloyalty:
The pedestal whereon thy greatness stands,
Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

TO

SIR THOMAS EGERTON, KNIGHT:

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

Well hath the powerful hand of majesty,
Thy worthiness, and England's hap beside,
Set thee in th' aidfull'st room of dignity;
As th' isthmus these two oceans to divide,
Of rigour and confus'd uncertainty,
To keep out th' intercourse of wrong and pride,
That they ingulf not up unsuccour'd right,
By th' extreme current of licentious might.

Now when we see the most combining band,
The strongest fast'ning of society,
Law, whereon all this frame of men doth stand,
Remain concussed with uncertainty;
And seem to foster, rather than withstand
Contention; and embrace obscurity,
Only t' afflict, and not to fashion us,
Making her cure far worse than the disease:
As if she had made covenant with wrong,
To part the prey made on our weaknesses;
And suffer'd falsehood to be arm'd as strong
Unto the combat, as is righteousness;
Or suited her, as if she did belong
Unto our passions; and did ev'n profess
Contention, as her only mystery,
Which she restrains not, but doth multiply.

Was she the same sh' is now, in ages past?
Or was she less, when she was used less;
And grows as malice grows; and so comes cast
Just to the form of our unquietness?
Or made more slow, the more that strife runs fast;
Staying t' undo us, ere she will redress?
That th' ill she checks, seems suffer'd to be ill,
When it yields greater gain than goodness will.

Must there be still some discord mix'd among
The harmony of men; whose mood accords
Best with contention, tun'd t' a note of wrong?
That when war fails, peace must make war with words,
And b' arm'd unto destruction ev'n as strong
As were in ages past our civil swords:
Making as deep, although unbleeding wounds;
That when as fury fails, wisdom confounds.

If it be wisdom, and not cunning, this
Which so embroils the state of truth with brawls,
And wraps it up in strange confusedness;
As if it liv'd immur'd within the walls
Of hideous terms, fram'd out of barb'rousness
And foreign customs, the memorials
Of our subjection; and could never be
Deliver'd but by wrangling subtilty.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plain,
Uncurious, gentle, easy of access:
Certain unto itself; of equal vein;
One face, one colour, one assuredness.
It 's falsehood that is intricate and vain,
And needs these labyrinths of subtleness:
For where the cunning'st cov'rings most appear,
It argues still that all is not sincere.

Which thy clear-ey'd experience well descries,
Great keeper of the state of equity!
Refuge of mercy! upon whom relies
The succour of oppressed misery:
Altar of safeguard! Whereto affliction flies,
From th' eager pursuit of severity.
Haven of peace! That labour'st to withdraw
Justice from out the tempests of the law;

And set her in a calm and even way,
Plain, and directly leading to redress;
Barring these counter-courses of delay,
These wasting, dilatory processes.
Ranging into their right and proper ray,
Errours, demurs, essoigns, and traverses;
The heads of hydra, springing out of death,
That gives this monster Malice still new breath.

That what was made for the utility
And good of man, might not be turned t' his hurt,
To make him worser by his remedy,
And cast him down with what should him support.
Nor that the state of law might lose thereby
The due respect and rev'rence of her port;
And seem a trap to catch our ignorance,
And to entangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations, and our deeds,
Unto a like infinity arise;
As being a science that by nature breeds
Contention, strife, and ambiguities.
For altercation controversy feeds,
And in her agitation multiplies:
The field of cavil lying all like wide,
Yields like advantage unto either side.

Which made the grave Castilian king devise
A prohibition, that no advocate
Should be convey'd to th' Indian colonies;
Lest their new setting, shaken with debate,
Might take but slender root, and so not rise
To any perfect growth of firm estate.
" For having not this skill *how to contend*,
Th' unnourish'd strife would quickly make an end."

So likewise did th' Hungarian, when he saw
These great Italian Bartolists, who were
Call'd in of purpose to explain the law,
T' embroil it more, and make it much less clear;
Caus'd them from out his kingdom to withdraw,
With this infestious skill, some other-where;
Whose learning rather let men further out,
And open'd wider passages of doubt.

Seeing ev'n injustice may be regular;
And no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions, which in endless motion are,
And th' ordinances, which are always fix'd:
Ten thousand laws more cannot reach so far
But malice goes beyond, or lives immix'd
So close with goodness, as it ever will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.

And therefore did those glorious monarchs (who
Divide with God the style of majesty,
For being good; and had a care to do
The world right, and succour honesty,)
Ordain this sanctuary, whereunto
Th' oppress'd might fly; this seat of equity,
Whereon thy virtues sit with fair renown,
The greatest grace and glory of the gown.

Which equity, being the soul of law,
The life of justice, and the spir't of right;
Dwells not in written lines; or lives in awe
Of books' deaf pow'rs, that have nor ears nor sight:
But out of well weigh'd circumstance doth draw
The essence of a judgment requisite;
And is that Lesbian square, that building fit,
Plies to the work, nor forc'th the work to it.

Maintaining still an equal parallel
Just with th' occasions of humanity,
Making her judgment ever liable
To the respect of peace and amity;
When surely law, stern and unaffable,
Cares only but itself to satisfy;
And often innocencies scarce defends,
As that which on no circumstance depends.

But equity, that bears an even rein
Upon the present courses, holds in awe
By giving hand a little; and doth gain,
By a gentle relaxation of the law:
And yet inviolable doth maintain
The end whereto all constitutions draw,
Which is the welfare of society,
Consisting of an upright policy:

Which first b'ing by necessity compos'd,
Is by necessity maintain'd in best estate;
Where when as justice shall be ill dispos'd,
It sickens the whole body of the state:
For if there be a passage once disclos'd,
That wrong may enter at the self-same gate
Which serves for right, clad in a coat of law;
What violent distempers may it draw?

And therefore dost thou stand to keep the way,
And stop the course that malice seeks to run,
And by thy provident injunctions stay
This never-ending altercation;
Sending contention home, to th' end men may
There make their peace, whereas their strife begun;
And free these pester'd streets they vainly wear,
Whom both the state and theirs do need elsewhere.

Lest th' humour which doth thus predominate,
Convert unto itself all that it takes;
And that the law grow larger than debate,
And come t' exceed th' affairs it undertakes:
As if the only science of the state,
That took up all our wits, for gain it makes;
Not for the good that hereby may be wrought,
Which is not good if it be dearly bought.

What shall we think, when as ill causes shall
Enrich men more, and shall be more desir'd
Than good; as far more beneficial?
Who then defends the good? Who will be hir'd
To entertain a right, whose gain is small?
Unless the advocate that hath conspir'd
To plead a wrong, be likewise made to run
His client's chance, and with him be undone.

So did the wisest nations ever strive
To bind the hands of Justice up so hard;
That lest she falling to prove lucritive,
Might basely reach them out to take reward:
Ordaining her provisions fit to live,
Out of the public; as a public guard,
That all preserves, and all doth entertain;
Whose end is only glory, and not gain.

That ev'n the sceptre, which might all command,
Seeing her s' unpartial, equal, regular;
Was pleas'd to put itself into her hand,
Whereby they both grew more admired far.
And this is that great blessing of this land,
That both the prince and people use one bar;
The prince, whose cause (as not to be withstood)
Is never bad, but where himself is good.

This is that balance which committed is
To thy most even and religious hand,
Great minister of Justice! who by this
Shalt have thy name still gracious in this land.
This is that seal of pow'r which doth impress
Thy acts of right, which shall for ever stand!
This is that train of state, that pompously
Attends upon thy rev'rent dignity!

All glory else besides ends with our breath;
And men's respects scarce bring us to our grave:
But this of doing good, must out-live Death,
And have a right out of the right it gave.
Though th' act but few, th' example profiteth
Thousands, that shall thereby a blessing have.
The world's respect grows not but on deserts;
Pow'r may have knees, but Justice hath our hearts.

TO THE

LORD HENRY HOWARD,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

Praise, if it be not choice, and laid aright,
Can yield no lustre where it is bestow'd;
Not any way can grace the giver's art,
(Though 't be a pleasing colour to delight,)
For that no ground whereon it can be show'd,
Will bear it well, but virtue and desert.

And though I might commend your learning, wit,
And happy utt'rance; and commend them right,
As that which decks you much, and gives you grace,
Yet your clear judgment best deserveth it,
Which in your course hath carried you upright,
And made you to discern the truest face,

And best complexion of the things that breed
The reputation and the love of men;
And held you in the tract of honesty,
Which ever in the end we see succeed;
Though oft it may have interrupted been,
Both by the times, and men's iniquity.

For sure those actions which do fairly run
In the right line of honour, still are those
That get most clean and safest to their end;
And pass the best without confusion,
Either in those that act, or else dispose;
Having the scope made clear, whereto they tend.

When this by-path of cunning doth s' embroil,
And intricate the passage of affairs,
As that they seldom fairly can get out;
But cost, with less success, more care and toil;
Whilst doubt and the distrusted cause impairs
Their courage, who would else appear more stout.

For though some hearts are blinded so, that they
Have divers doors whereby they may let out
Their wills abroad without disturbancy,
Int' any course, and into ev'ry way
Of humour, that affection turns about;
Yet have the best but one t' have passage by;

And that so surely warded with the guard
Of conscience and respect, as nothing must
Have course that way, but with the certain pass
Of a persuasive right; which being compar'd
With their conceit, must thereto answer just,
And so with due examination pass.

Which kind of men, rais'd of a better frame,
Are more religious, constant, and upright;
And bring the ablest hands for any 'ffect;
And best bear up the reputation, fame,
And good opinion that the action 's right,
When th' undertakers are without suspect.

But when the body of an enterprise
Shall go one way, the face another way;
As if it did but mock a weaker trust;
The motion being monstrous, cannot rise
To any good; but falls down to bewray,
That all pretences serve for things unjust:
Especially where th' action will allow
Apparency; or that it hath a course
Concentric, with the universal frame
Of men combin'd: whom it concerneth how
These motions run, and entertain their force;
Having their being resting on the same.

And be it that the vulgar are but gross;
Yet are they capable of truth, and see,
And sometimes guess the right; and do conceive
The nature of that text that needs a gloss,
And wholly never can deluded be:
All may a few; few cannot all deceive.

And these strange disproportions in the train
And course of things, do evermore proceed
From th' ill-set disposition of their minds;
Who in their actions cannot but retain
Th' encumber'd forms which do within them breed,
And which they cannot show but in their kinds.

Whereas the ways and counsels of the light
So sort with valour and with manliness,
As that they carry things assuredly,
Undazzling of their own or others' sight:
There being a blessing that doth give success
To worthiness, and unto constancy.

And though sometimes th' event may fall amiss,
Yet shall it still have honour for th' attempt;
When craft begins with fear, and ends with shame,
And in the whole design perplexed is:
Virtue, though luckless, yet shall 'scape contempt;
And though it hath not hap, it shall have fame.

TO

THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and weilds of man survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil?
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best fac'd enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Pow'r, that proudly sits on others' crimes:
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near ally'd to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your pow'rs can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that hath carry'd you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain:
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what Malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by being contemn'd,
Than being pursu'd; leaving to him t' avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate: whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, being pow'rless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still — So much delight they have,
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reck'nings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumed are,
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tun'd mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind;
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forc'd
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
Yon that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

TO

THE LADY LUCY,

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Though Virtue be the same when low she stands
In th' humble shadows of obscurity,
As when she either sweats in martial bands,
Or sits in court clad with authority:
Yet, madam, doth the strictness of her room
Greatly detract from her ability;
For as in-wall'd within a living tomb,
Her hands and arms of action labour not;
Her thoughts, as if abortive from the womb,
Come never born, though happily begot.
But where she hath mounted in open sight
An eminent and spacious dwelling got;
Where she may stir at will, and use her might,
There is she more herself, and more her own;
There in the fair attire of honour dight,
She sits at ease, and makes her glory known.
Applause attends her hands; her deeds have grace;
Her worth, new-born, is straight as if full grown.

With such a goodly and respected face
Doth Virtue look, that's set to look from high;
And such a fair advantage by her place
Hath state and greatness to do worthily.
And therefore well did your high fortunes meet
With her, that gracing you comes grac'd thereby:
And well was let into a house so sweet,
So good, so fair: so fair, so good a guest!
Who now remains as blessed in her seat,
As you are with her residency bless'd.
And this fair course of knowledge, whereunto
Your studies (learned lady) are address'd,
Is th' only certain way that you can go
Unto true glory, to true happiness:
All passages on earth besides, are so
Encumber'd with such vain disturbances,
As still we lose our rest in seeking it,
Being but deluded with appearances.
And no key had you else that was so fit
T' unlock that prison of your sex as this,
To let you out of weakness, and admit
Your pow'rs into the freedom of that bliss,
That sets you there where you may over-see
This rolling world, and view it as it is;
And apprehend how th' outsides do agree
With th' inward being of the things; we deem,
And hold in our ill-cast accounts, to be
Of highest value, and of best esteem:
Since all the good we have rests in the mind,
By whose proportions only we redeem
Our thoughts from out confusion, and do find
The measure of ourselves, and of our pow'rs:
And that all happiness remains confin'd
Within the kingdom of this breast of ours;
Without whose bounds, all that we look on lies
In others' jurisdictions, others' pow'rs,
Out of the circuit of our liberties.
All glory, honour, fame, applause, renown,
Are not belonging to our royalties,
But t' others' wills, wherein they 're only grown:
And that unless we find us all within,
We never can without us be our own;
Nor call it right our life that we live in;
But a possession held for others' use,
That seem to have most interest therein;
Which we do so dissever, part, traduce,
Let out to custom, fashion, and to show,
As we enjoy but only the abuse,
And have no other deed at all to show.
How oft are we constrained to appear
With other countenance than that we owe;
And be ourselves far off, when we are near!
How oft are we forc'd on a cloudy heart
To set a shining face, and make it clear;
Seeming content to put ourselves apart,
To bear a part of others' weaknesses?
As if we only were compos'd by art,
Not Nature; and did all our deeds address
T' opinion, not t' a conscience, what is right;
As fram'd by example, not advisedness,
Into those forms that entertain our sight.
And though books, madam, cannot make this mind,
Which we must bring apt to be set aright;
Yet do they rectify it in that kind,
And touch it so, as that it turns that way
Where judgment lies. And though we cannot find
The certain place of truth; yet do they stay,
And entertain us near about the same;
And give the soul the best delight, that may
Encheer it most, and most our spirits inflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.
And therefore, in a course that best became
The clearness of your heart, and best commends
Your worthy pow'rs; you run the rightest way
That is on Earth, that can true glory give;
By which, when all consumes, your fame shall live.

TO

THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.

Unto the tender youth of those fair eyes
The light of judgment can arise but new,
And young; the world appears t' a young conceit,
Whilst thorough the unacquainted faculties
The late invested soul doth rawly view
Those objects which on that discretion wait.
Yet you that such a fair advantage have,
Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t' outgo,
And be before your years, can fairly guess
What hue of life holds surest without stain;
Having your well-wrought heart full furnish'd so
With all the images of worthiness,
As there is left no room at all t' invest
Figures of other form, but sanctity.
Whilst yet those clean-created thoughts within
The garden of your innocencies rest,
Where are no motions of deformity,
Nor any door at all to let them in.
With so great care doth she that hath brought forth
That comely body, labour to adorn
That better part, the mansion of your mind,
With all the richest furniture of worth,
To make y' as highly good as highly born,
And set your virtues equal to your kind.
She tells you, how that honour only is
A goodly garment put on fair deserts;
Wherein the smallest stain is greatest seen,
And that it cannot grace unworthiness;
But more apparent shows defective parts,
How gay soever they are deck'd therein.
She tells you too, how that it bounded is,
And kept enclosed with so many eyes,
As that it cannot stray and break abroad
Into the private ways of carelessness;
Nor ever may descend to vulgarise,
Or be below the sphere of her abode.
But like to those supernal bodies set
Within their orbs, must keep the certain course
Of order; destin'd to their proper place,
Which only doth their note of glory get.
Th' irregular appearances enforce
A short respect, and perish without grace:
Being meteors seeming high, but yet low plac'd,
Blazing but while their dying matters last.
Nor can we take the just height of the mind,
But by that order which her course doth show,
And which such splendour to her actions gives;
And thereby men her eminency find,
And thereby only do attain to know
The region, and the orb wherein she lives.
For low in th' air of gross uncertainty,
Confusion only rolls, order sits high.
And therefore since the dearest things on earth,
This honour, madam, hath his stately frame
From th' heavenly order, which begets respect;
And that your nature, virtue, happy birth,

Have therein highly interplac'd your name,
You may not run the least course of neglect.
For where not to observe, is to profane
Your dignity; how careful must you be,
To be yourself? and though you may to all
Shine fair aspects; yet must the virtuous gain
The best effects of your benignity.
Nor must your common graces cause to fall
The price of your esteem t' a lower rate,
Than doth befit the pitch of your estate.
Nor may you build on your sufficiency,
For in our strongest parts we are but weak;
Nor yet may over-much distrust the same,
Lest that you come to check it so thereby,
As silence may become worse than to speak:
Though silence women never ill became.
And none we see were ever overthrown
By others' flatt'ry; more than by their own.
For though we live amongst the tongues of praise,
And troops of smoothing people, that collaud
All that we do; yet 't is within our hearts
Th' ambushment lies, that evermore betrays
Our judgments, when ourselves be come t' applaud
Our own ability, and our own parts.
So that we must not only fence this fort
Of ours against all others' fraud, but most
Against our own; whose danger is the most,
Because we lie the nearest to do hurt,
And soon'st deceive ourselves; and soon'st are lost
By our best pow'rs, that do us most transport.
Such are your holy bounds, who must convey
(If God so please) the honourable blood
Of Clifford, and of Russel; led aright
To many worthy stems, whose offspring may
Look back with comfort, to have had that good
To spring from such a branch that grew s' upright;
Since nothing cheers the heart of greatness more
Than th' ancestors' fair glory gone before.

TO

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Non fert ullum ictum illæsa felicitas.

He who hath never war'd with misery,
Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and distress,
Hath had n' occasion, nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness.
Those parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express;
And only men show their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had never taken so full note
Of what thou art, had'st thou not been undone;
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame, than thy best fortunes could have done:
For ever by adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration;
And all the fair examples of renown,
Out of distress and misery are grown.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeal;
Exile renown'd and grac'd Rutilius:
Imprisonment and poison did reveal
The worth of Socrates. Fabritius'
Poverty did grace that commonweal,
More than all Sylla's riches got with strife;
And Cato's death did vie with Cæsar's life.

Not to b' unhappy is unhappiness,
And mis'ry not to have known misery:
For the best way unto discretion is
The way that leads us by adversity.
And men are better show'd what is amiss,
By th' expert finger of calamity,
Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
Who never shows them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st have endur'd,
With a repos'd cheer, wrong, and disgrace;
And with a heart and countenance assur'd,
Have look'd stern Death and horrour in the face!
How should we know thy soul had been secur'd,
In honest counsels, and in way unbase;
Had'st thou not stood to show us what thou wer't,
By thy affliction that descry'd thy heart!

It is not but the tempest that doth show
The seaman's cunning; but the field that tries
The captain's courage: and we come to know
Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies.
For lo! how many have we seen to grow
To high renown from lowest miseries,
Out of the hands of Death? And many a one
T' have been undone, had they not been undone?

He that endures for what his conscience knows
Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
Look only on the cause whereto he owes
Those sufferings, not on his misery:
The more h' endures, the more his glory grows,
Which never grows from imbecility:
Only the best compos'd and worthiest hearts,
God sets to act the hard'st and constant'st parts.

MUSOPHILUS:

CONTAINING

A GENERAL DEFENCE OF LEARNING.

TO THE

RIGHT WORTHY AND JUDICIOUS FAVOURER OF VIRTUE,

MASTER FULKE GREVILL.

I do not here upon this hum'rous stage
Bring my transformed verse, apparelled
With others' passions, or with others' rage;
With loves, with wounds, with factions furnished:
But here present thee, only modelled
In this poor frame, the form of mine own heart:
Where, to revive myself, my Muse is led
With motions of her own, t' act her own part,
Striving to make her now contemned art
As fair t' herself as possibly she can;
Les, seeming of no force, of no desert,
She might repent the course that she began;
And, with these times of dissolution, fall
From goodness, virtue, glory, fame and all.

MUSOPHILUS.

PHILOCOSMUS.

Fond man, Musophilus, that thus dost spend
In an ungainful art thy dearest days,
Tiring thy wits, and toiling to no end,
But to attain that idle smoke of praise!
Now when this busy world cannot attend
Th' untimely music of neglected lays;
Other delights than these, other desires,
This wiser profit-seeking age requires.

MUSOPHILUS.

Friend Philocosmus, I confess indeed
I love this sacred art thou sett'st so light;
And though it never stand my life in stead,
It is enough it gives myself delight,
The whilst my unafflicted mind doth feed
On no unholy thoughts for benefit.

Be it, that my unseasonable song
Come out of time, that fault is in the time;
And I must not do virtue so much wrong,
As love her aught the worse for others' crime;
And yet I find some blessed spir'ts among,
That cherish me, and like and grace my rhime.

Again, that I do more in soul esteem,
Than all the gain of dust the world doth crave:
And if I may attain but to redeem
My name from dissolution and the grave,
I shall have done enough; and better deem
T' have liv'd to be, than to have dy'd to have.

Short-breath'd mortality would yet extend
That span of life so far forth as it may,
And rob her fate; seek to beguile her end
Of some few ling'ring days of after-stay;
That all this little all might not descend
Into the dark a universal prey:
And give our labours yet this poor delight,
That when our days do end, they are not done;
And though we die, we shall not perish quite,
But live two lives where other have but one.

PHILOCOSMUS.

Silly desires of self-abusing man,
Striving to gain th' inheritance of air,
That having done the uttermost he can,
Leaves yet perhaps but beggary to his heir:
All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
Feeds not his race, or makes his house more fair.

And what art thou the better, thus to leave
A multitude of words to small effect;
Which other times may scorn, and so deceive
Thy promis'd name of what thou dost expect?
Besides, some vip'rous critic may bereave
Th' opinion of thy worth for some defect;

And get more reputation of his wit,
By but controlling of some word or sense,
Than thou shalt honour for contriving it
With all thy travail, care, and diligence,
Being learning nowenough to contradict,
And censure others with bold insolence.

Besides, so many so confus'dly sing,
Whose diverse discords have the music marr'd,
And in contempt that mystery doth bring,
That he must sing aloud that will be heard.
And the receiv'd opinion of the thing,
For some unhallow'd string that vilely jarr'd,

Hath so unseason'd now the ears of men,
That who doth touch the tenour of that vein,
Is held but vain; and his unreckon'd pen
The title but of levity doth gain.
A poor light gain, to recompense their toil,
That thought to get eternity the while!

And therefore leave the left and out-worn course
Of unregarded ways, and labour how
To fit the times with what is most in force;
Be new with men's affections that are new:
Strive not to run an idle counter-course,
Out from the scent of humours, men allow.

For, not discreetly to compose our parts
Unto the frame of men (which we must be)
Is to put off ourselves, and make our arts
Rebels to nature and society,
Whereby we come to bury our-deserts
In th' obscure grave of singularity.

MUSOPHILUS.

Do not profane the work of doing well,
Seduced man, that can'st not look so high
From out that mist of earth, as thou can'st tell,
The ways of right which virtue doth descry;
That overlooks the base, contemptibly,
And low-laid follies of mortality.

Nor mete out truth and right-deserving praise
By that wrong measure of confusion,
The vulgar foot; that never takes his ways
By reason, but by imitation;
Rolling on with the rest, and never weighs
The course which he should go, but what is gone.

Well were it with mankind, if what the most
Did like were best: but ignorance will live
By others' square, as by example lost.
And man to man must th' hand of errour give,
That none can fall alone at their own cost;
And all because men judge not, but believe.

For what poor bounds have they, whom but th' earth bounds?
What is their end whereto their care attains;
When the thing got relieves not, but confounds;
Having but travail to succeed their pains?
What joy hath he of living, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and grief his gains?

Gath'ring, encroaching, wrestling, joining to,
Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
Repairing, alt'ring, and so much ado,
To his soul's toil, and body's travailing:
And all this doth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordains to have th' inheriting.

And his fair house rais'd high in Envy's eye,
Whose pillars rear'd (perhaps) on blood and wrong,
The spoils and pillage of iniquity,
Who can assure it to continue long?
If rage spar'd not the walls of piety,
Shall the profanest piles of sin keep strong?

How many proud aspiring palaces
Have we known made the prey of wrath and pride;
Levell'd with th' earth, left to forgetfulness;
Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or civil tumults, or an orderless
Order; pretending change of some strong side?

Then where is that proud title of thy name,
Written in ice of melting vanity?
Where is thine heir left to possess the same?
Perhaps not so well as in beggary.
Something may rise, to be beyond the shame
Of vile and unregarded poverty.

Which I confess; although I often strive
To clothe in the best habit of my skill,
In all the fairest colours I can give.
Yet for all that, methinks she looks but ill;
I cannot brook that face, which (dead-alive)
Shows a quick body, but a bury'd will.

Yet oft we see the bars of this restraint
Holds goodness in, which loose wealth would let fly;
And fruitless riches, barrener than want,
Brings forth small worth from idle liberty:
Which when disorders shall again make scant,
It must refetch her state from poverty.

But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue, we see, with her fair grace stands fast:
For what high races hath there come to fall
With low disgrace, quite vanished and past,
Since Chaucer liv'd; who yet lives, and yet shall,
Though (which I grieve to say) but in his last?

Yet what a time hath he wrested from time,
And won upon the mighty waste of days,
Unto th' immortal honour of our clime,
That by his means came first adorn'd with bays?
Unto the sacred relics of whose rhyme,
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise?

And could our lines, begotten in this age,
Obtain but such a blessed hand of years,
And 'scape the fury of that threatning rage,
Which in confused clouds ghastly appears;
Who would not stain his travels to engage,
When such true glory should succeed his cares?

But whereas he came planted in the spring,
And had the sun before him of respect;
We, set in th' autumn, in the withering
And sullen season of a cold defect,
Must taste those sowre distastes the times do bring
Upon the fulness of a cloy'd neglect;

Although the stronger constitutions shall
Wear out th' infection of distemper'd days,
And come with glory to out-live this fall,
Recov'ring of another spring of praise;
Clear'd from th' oppressing humours wherewithal
The idle multitude surcharge their lays.

Whenas (perhaps) the words thou scornest now
May live, the speaking picture of the mind;
The extract of the soul, that labour'd how
To leave the image of her self behind;
Wherein posterity, that love to know,
The just proportion of our spir'ts may find.

For these lines are the veins, the arteries,
And undecaying life-strings of those hearts,
That still shall pant, and still shall exercise
The motion, spir't, and nature both imparts,
And shall with those alive so sympathize,
As nourish'd with their pow'rs, enjoy their parts.

O blessed letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all:
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto council call:
By you th' unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what doth us befall.

Soul of the world, Knowledge, without thee,
What hath the earth that truly glorious is?
Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?

And let th' unnatural and wayward race,
Born of one womb with us, but to our shame;
That never read t' observe, but to disgrace,
Raise all the tempest of their pow'r, to blame;
That puff of folly never can deface
The work a happy genius took to frame.

Yet why should civil learning seek to wound,
And mangle her own members with despite?
Prodigious wits! that study to confound
The life of wit, to seem to know aright;
As if themselves had fortunately found
Some stand from off the earth beyond our sight;
Whence overlooking all as from above,
Their grace is not to work, but to reprove.

But how came they plac'd in so high degree,
Above the reach and compass of the rest?
Who hath admitted them only to be
Free denizens of skill, to judge the best?
From whom the world as yet could never see
The warrant of their wit soundly express'd.

T' acquaint our times with that perfection
Of high conceit, which only they possess;
That we might have things exquisitely done,
Measur'd with all their strict observances:
Such would (I know) scorn a translation,
Or bring but others' labours to the press;
Yet oft these monster-breeding mountains will
Bring forth small mice of great-expected skill.

Presumption, ever fullest of defects,
Fails in the doing to perform her part;
And I have known proud words, and poor effects,
Of such indeed as do condemn this art:
But let them rest; it ever hath been known,
They others' virtues scorn, that doubt their own.

And for the divers disagreeing cords
Of inter-jangling ignorance, that fill
The dainty ears, and leave no room for words,
The worthier minds neglect, or pardon will:
Knowing the best he hath, he frankly 'fords,
And scorns to be a niggard of his skill.

And that the rather since this short-liv'd race
Being fatally the sons but of one day,
That now with all their pow'r ply it apace,
To hold out with the greatest might they may,
Against confusion that hath all in chase,
To make of all an universal prey.

For now great Nature hath laid down at last
That mighty birth wherewith so long she went,
And over-went the times of ages past,
Here to lie in upon our soft content;
Where fruitful she hath multiply'd so fast,
That all she hath on these times seem'd t' have spent.

All that which might have many ages grac'd,
Is born in one, to make one cloy'd with all;
Where plenty hath impress'd a deep distaste
Of best and worst, and all in general;
That goodness seems goodness to have defac'd,
And virtue hath to virtue giv'n the fall.

For emulation, that proud nurse of wit,
Scorning to stay below, or come behind,
Labours upon that narrow top to sit
Of sole perfection in the highest kind.
Envy and wonder looking after it,
Thrust likewise on the self-same bliss to find:

And so long striving till they can no more,
Do stuff the place, or others' hopes shut out;
Who doubting to o'ertake those gone before,
Give up their care, and cast no more about;
And so in scorn leave all as fore-possess'd,
And will be none, where they may not be best.

Ev'n like some empty creek, that long hath lain
Left or neglected of the river by,
Whose searching sides pleas'd with a wand'ring vein,
Finding some little way that close did lie,
Steal in at first; then other streams again
Second the first, then more than all supply;

Till all the mighty main hath borne at last
The glory of his chiefest pow'r that way,
Plying this new-found pleasant room so fast,
Till all be full, and all be at a stay;
And then about, and back again doth cast,
Leaving that full to fall another way:

So fares this hum'rous world, that evermore
Rapt with the current of a present course,
Runs into that which lay contemn'd before;
Then glutted, leaves the same, and falls t' a worse.
Now zeal holds all, no life but to adore;
Then cold in spir't, and faith is of no force.

Straight all that holy was unhallow'd lies,
The scatter'd carcasses of ruin'd vows;
Then truth is false, and now hath blindness eyes;
Then zeal trusts all, now scarcely what it knows:
That evermore to foolish or to wise,
It fatal is to be seduc'd with shows.

Sacred Religion! mother of form and fear!
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd!
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear,
What stately piles we prodigal erect!
How sweet perfum'd thou art; how shining clear!
How solemnly observ'd; with what respect!

Another time all plain, all quite thread-bare;
Thou must have all within, and nought without;
Sit poorly without light, disrob'd: no care
Of outward grace, t' amuse the poor devout;
Pow'rless, unfollow'd: scarcely men can spare
The necessary rites to set thee out.

Either truth, goodness, virtue are not still
The self-same which they are, and always one,
But alter to the project of our will;
Or we our actions make them wait upon,
Putting them in the liv'ry of our skill,
And cast them off again when we have done.

You, mighty lords, that with respected grace
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand;
Keep a right course; bear up from all disgrace;
Observe the point of glory to our land:

Hold up disgraced Knowledge from the ground;
Keep Virtue in request; give Worth her due:
Let not Neglect with barb'rous means confound
So fair a good, to bring in night a-new:
Be not, O be not accessary found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.

Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid?
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betray'd
Your fathers' bones, and could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid,
And think they will be to your honour truer?

No, no; unsparing Time will proudly send
A warrant unto Wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mock'ries of vain-glory rend,
And make them (as before) ungrac'd, unknown;
Poor idle honours, that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own.

And whereto serve that wondrous trophy now
That on the goodly plain near Wilton stands?
That huge dumb heap, that cannot tell us how,
Nor what, nor whence it is; nor with whose hands,
Nor for whose glory, it was set to show
How much our pride mocks that of other lands.

Whereon when as the gazing passenger
Hath greedy look'd with admiration;
And fain would know his birth, and what he were;
How there erected; and how long agon:
Inquires and asks his fellow-traveller
What he hath heard, and his opinion:

And he knows nothing. Then he turns again,
And looks and sighs; and then admires afresh,
And in himself with sorrow doth complain
The misery of dark forgetfulness:
Angry with time that nothing should remain,
Our greatest wonders' wonder to express.

Then Ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
Robbing fair Art and Cunning of their right,
Tells how those stones were by the Devil's force
From Afric brought to Ireland in a night;
And thence to Britannie, by magic course,
From giants' hands redeem'd by Merlin's slight:

And then near Ambri plac'd, in memory
Of all those noble Britons murther'd there,
By Hengist and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parley in peace at unaware.
With this old legend then Credulity
Holds her content, and closes up her care.

But is Antiquity so great a liar?
Or do her younger sons her age abuse;
Seeing after-comers still so apt t' admire
The grave authority that she doth use,
That rev'rence and respect dares not require
Proof of her deeds, or once her words refuse?

Yet wrong they did us, to presume so far
Upon our easy credit and delight;
For once found false, they straight became to mar
Our faith, and their own reputation quite;
That now her truths hardly believed are;
And though sh' avouch the right, she scarce hath right.

And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That stands corrupted so with Time's despite,
And giv'st false evidence against their fame
That set thee there to testify their right;
And art become a traitor to their name,
That trusted thee with all the best they might;

Thou shalt stand still bely'd and slandered,
The only gazing-stock of ignorance,
And by thy guile the wise admonished,
Shall never more desire such heapes t' advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak, but leave their fame to chance.

Consid'ring in how small a room do lie,
And yet lie safe, (as fresh as if alive)
All those great worthies of antiquity,
Which long fore-liv'd thee, and shall long survive;
Who stronger tombs found for eternity,
Than could the pow'rs of all the earth contrive.

Where they remain these trifles to obraid,
Out of the reach of spoil, and way of rage;
Though Time with all his pow'r of years hath laid
Long batt'ry, back'd with undermining age;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conqu'ring forces wage;
Pleading the heav'ns' prescription to be free,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as he.

PHILOCOSMUS.

Behold how every man, drawn with delight
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way;
Striving to make his course seem only right,
Doth his own rest and his own thoughts betray:
Imagination bringing bravely dight
Her pleasing images in best array,

With flatt'ring glasses that must show him fair,
And others foul: his skill and wit the best,
Others seduc'd, deceiv'd and wrong'd in their:
His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest;
Not seeing how these minions in the air
Present a face of things falsely express'd,
And that the glimm'ring of these errours shown,
Are but a light to let him see his own.

Alas, poor Fame! in what a narrow room,
As an encaged parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst us; where ev'n as good be dumb
As speak, and to be heard with no attent?
How can you promise of the time to come,
Whenas the present are so negligent?

Is this the walk of all your wide renown?
This little point, this scarce discerned isle?
Thrust from the world, with whom our speech unknown,
Made never any traffic of our style.
And in this all, where all this care is shown,
T' enchant your fame to last so long a while:
And for that happier tongues have won so much,
Think you to make your barbarous language such?

Poor narrow limits for so mighty pains,
That cannot promise any foreign vent!
And yet if here too all your wondrous veins
Were generally known, it might content.
But lo! how many reads not, or disdains
The labour of the chief and excellent?

How many thousands never heard the name
Of Sidney, or of Spenser; or their books?
And yet brave fellows, and presume of fame;
And seem to bear down all the world with looks:
What then shall they expect of meaner frame,
On whose endeavours few or none scarce looks?

Do you not see these pamphlets, libels, rhymes,
These strange confused tumults of the mind,
Are grown to be the sickness of these times,
The great disease inflicted on mankind?
Your virtues, by your follies made your crimes,
Have issue with your indiscretion join'd.

Schools, arts, professions, all in so great store,
Pass the proportion of the present state;
Where being as great a number as before,
And fewer rooms them to accommodate;
It cannot be, but they must throng the more,
And kick and thrust, and shoulder with debate.

For when the greater wits cannot attain
Th' expected good which they account their right,
And yet perceive others to reap that gain
Of far inferior virtues in their sight;
They present, with the sharp of envy, strain
To wound them with reproaches and despite;
And for these cannot have as well as they,
They scorn their faith should deign to look that way

Hence discontented sects and schisms arise;
Hence interwounding controversies spring,
That feed the simple, and offend the wise,
Who know the consequence of cavilling
Disgrace, that these to others do devise:
Contempt and scorn on all in th' end doth bring,
Like scolding wives, reck'ning each other's fault,
Make standers-by imagine both are naught.

For when to these rare dainties Time admits
All comers, all complexions, all that will;
Where none should be let in but choicest wits,
Whose mild discretion could comport with skill:
For when the place their humour neither fits,
Nor they the place; who can expect but ill?

For b'ing unapt for what they took in hand,
And for ought else whereto they shall b' address'd,
They ev'n become th' encumbrance of the land,
As out of rank, disord'ring all the rest:
This grace of theirs to seem to understand,
Mars all their grace, to do without their rest.

Men find that action is another thing,
Than what they in discoursing papers read:
The world's affairs require in managing
More arts than those wherein you clerks proceed;
Whilst tim'rous Knowledge stands considering,
Audacious Ignorance hath done the deed:
For who knows most, the more he knows to doubt;
The least discourse is commonly most stout.

This sweet enchanting knowledge turns you clean
Out from the fields of natural delight,
And makes you hide, unwilling to be seen
In th' open concourse of a public sight:
This skill, wherewith you have so cunning been,
Unsinews all your pow'rs, unmans you quite.

Public soci'ty, and commerce of men,
Require another grace, another port:
This eloquence, these rhymes, these phrases then,
Begot in shades, do serve us in no sort:
The unmaterial swelling of your pen
Touch not the spir't that action doth import.

A manly style fitted to manly ears,
Best 'grees with wit; not that which goes so gay,
And commonly the gaudy liv'ry wears
Of nice corruptions, which the times do sway;
And waits on th' humour of his pulse, that bears
His passions set to such a pleasing key.
Such dainties serve only for stomachs weak;
For men do foulest, when they finest speak.

Yet do I not dislike, that in some wise
Be sung the great heroical deserts
Of brave renowned spir'ts; whose exercise
Of worthy deeds may call up others' hearts,
And serve a model for posterities,
To fashion them fit for like glorious parts;
But so that all our spir'ts may tend hereto,
To make it not our grace to say, but do.

MUSOPHILUS.

Much thou hast said, and willingly I hear,
As one that am not so possess'd with love
Of what I do; but that I rather bear
An ear to learn, than a tongue to disprove:
I know men must, as carry'd in their sphere,
According to their proper motions move.
And that course likes them best, which they are on;
Yet truth hath certain bounds, but falsehood none.

I do confess our limits are but small,
Compar'd with all the whole vast earth beside;
All which again rated to that great all,
Is likewise as a point, scarcely descry'd:
So that in these respects we may this call
A point but of a point, where we abide.

But if we shall descend from that high stand
Of overlooking contemplation,
And cast our thoughts but to, and not beyond,
This spacious circuit which we tread upon,
We then may estimate our mighty land
A world within a world, standing alone.

Where, if our fame confin'd cannot get out,
What shall we imagine it is pen'd,
That hath so great a world to walk about;
Whose bounds with her reports have both one end?
Why shall we not rather esteem her stout,
That further than her own scorn to extend?

Where b'ing so large a room both to do well,
And eke to hear th' applause of things well done;
That farther if men shall our virtues tell,
We have more mouths, but not more merit won;
It doth not greater make that which is laudable,
The flame is bigger blown, the fire all one.

And for the few that only lend their ear,
That few is all the world; which with a few
Do ever live, and move, and work, and stir.
This is the heart doth feel, and only know
The rest of all that only bodies bear,
Roll up and down, and fill up but the row;

And serves as others' members, not their own,
The instruments of those that do direct.
Then what disgrace is this, not to be known
To those know not to give themselves respect?
And though they swell with pomp of folly blown,
They live ungrac'd, and die but in neglect.

And for my part, if only one allow
The care my labouring spirits take in this;
He is to me a theatre large enow,
And his applause only sufficient is:
All my respect is bent but to his brow;
That is my all, and all I am is his.

And if some worthy spir'ts be pleased too,
It shall more comfort breed, but not more will.
But what if none? It cannot yet undo
The love I bear unto this holy skill:
This is the thing that I was born to do,
This is my scene, this part must I fulfil.

Let those that know not breath esteem of wind,
And set t' a vulgar air their servile song;
Rating their goodness by the praise they find,
Making their worth on others' fits belong;
As Virtue were the hireling of the mind,
And could not live if Fame had ne'er a tongue:

Hath that all-knowing pow'r, that holds within
The goodly prospective of all this frame,
(Where whatsoever is, or what hath been,
Reflects a certain image of the same,)
No inward pleasures to delight her in,
But she must gad to seek an alms of Fame?

Must she, like to a wanton courtezan,
Open her breasts for show, to win her praise;
And blaze her fair bright beauty unto man,
As if she were enamour'd of his ways;
And knew not weakness, nor could rightly scan
To what defects his hum'rous breath obeys?

She that can tell how proud Ambition
Is but a beggar, and hath nought at all,
But what is giv'n of mere devotion; [thrall!
For which, how much it sweats! how much it 's
What toil it takes! and yet when all is done,
Th' ends in expectation never fall.

Shall she join hands with such a servile mate,
And prostrate her fair body, to commit
Folly with earth; and to defile that state
Of clearness, for so gross a benefit?
Having reward dwelling within her gate,
And glory of her own to furnish it.

Herself a recompense sufficient
Unto herself, to give her own content.
Is 't not enough that she hath rais'd so high
Those that be her's; that they may sit and see
The earth below them, and this all to lie
Under their view? taking the true degree
Of the just height of swol'n mortality
Right as it is, not as it seems to be.

And undeceived with the parallax
Of a mistaking eye of passion, know
By these mask'd outsides what the inward lacks;
Meas'ring man by himself, not by his show:
Wond'ring not at their rich and golden backs,
That have poor minds, and little else to show.

Nor taking that for them, which well they see
Is not of them, but rather is their load:
The lies of fortune, wherewithal men be
Deemed within, when they be all abroad;
Whose ground, whose grass, whose earth have cap and knee,
Which they suppose is on themselves bestow'd;

And think (like Isis' ass) all honours are
Giv'n unto them alone; the which are done
Unto the painted idol which they bear,
That only makes them to be gazed on:
For take away their pack, and show them bare,
And see what beast this honour rides upon.

Hath knowledge lent to her's the privy key,
To let them in unto the highest stage
Of causes, secrets, counsels; to survey
The wits of men, their heats, their colds, their rage;
That build, destroy, praise, hate, say and gainsay,
Believe and unbelieve, all in one age?

And shall we trust goodness, as it proceeds
From that unconstant mouth, which with one breath
Will make it bad again, unless it feeds
The present humour that it favoureth?
Shall we esteem, and reckon how it heeds
Our works, that his own vows unhalloweth?

Then whereto serves it to have been enlarg'd
With this free manumission of the mind,
If for all that we still continue charg'd
With those discover'd errours which we find?
As if our knowledge only were discharg'd,
Yet we ourselves stay'd in a servile kind.

That Virtue must be out of countenance,
If this gross spir't, or that weak shallow brain,
Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
Neglect, distaste, uncomprehend, disdain:
When such sick eyes can never cast a glance,
But through the colours of their proper stain.

Though I must needs confess, the small respect
That these great seeming-best of men do give,
(Whose brow begets th' inferior sort's neglect)
Might move the weak irresolute to grieve;
But stronger see how justly this defect
Hath overtook the times wherein we live.

That learning needs must run the common fate
Of all things else, thrust on by her own weight;
Comporting not herself in her estate,
Under this burthen of a self-conceit:
Our own dissentious hands op'ning the gate
Unto contempt, that on our quarrels wait,

Discover'd have our inward government;
And let in hard opinion to disgrace
The general, for some weak impotent
That bear out their disease with a stol'n face;
Who (silly souls!) the more wit they have spent,
The less they show'd, not bett'ring their bad case.

And see how soon this rolling world can take
Advantage for her dissolution!
Fain to get loose from this withholding stake
Of civil science and discretion;
How glad it would run wild, that it might make
One formless form of one confusion!

Like tyrant Ottomans blindfolded state,
Which must know nothing more, but to obey:
For this seeks greedy ignorance t' abate
Our number, order, living, form and sway:
For this it practises to dissipate
Th' unshelter'd troops, till all be made away.

For since our fathers' sins pull'd first to ground
The pale of this dissever'd dignity,
And overthrew that holy rev'rend bound,
That parted learning and the laity,
And laid all flat in common, to confound
The honour and respect of piety:

It did so much invile the estimate
Of th' open'd and and invulgar'd mysteries,
Which now reduc'd unto the basest rate,
Must wait upon the Norman subtleties;
Who being mounted up into their state,
Do best with wrangling rudeness sympathize.

And yet, though now set quite behind the train
Of vulgar sway (and light of pow'r weigh'd light),
Yet would this giddy innovation fain
Down with it lower, to abase it quite:
And those poor remnants that do yet remain
The spoiled marks of their divided right,

They wholly would deface, to leave no face
Of reverend distinction and degree;
As if they weigh'd no diff'rence in this case,
Betwixt Religion's age and infancy:
Where th' one must creep, th' other stand with grace,
Lest turn'd to a child, it overturned be.

Though to pull back th' on-running state of things,
(Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers days,)
Unto the form of their first orderings,
Is the best means that dissolution stays;
And to go forward, backward right, men brings,
T' observe the line from whence they took their ways.

Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
Not level to the time's condition;
To alter course may bring men more astray:
And leaving what was known, to light on none:
Since ev'ry change, the rev'rence doth decay
Of that which alway should continue one.

For this is that close-kept palladium,
Which once remov'd, brings ruin evermore:
This stirr'd, makes men fore-settled, to become
Curious to know what was believ'd before:
Whilst Faith disputes, that used to be dumb;
And more men strive to talk, than to adore.

For never head-strong Reformation will
Rest, till to th' extreme opposite it run,
And overrun the mean distrusted still;
As b'ing too near of kin to that men shun:
For good and bad, and all must be one ill,
When once there is another truth begun.

So hard it is an even hand to bear,
In temp'ring with such maladies as these;
Lest that our forward passions lanch too near,
And make the cure prove worse than the disease:
For with the worst we will not spare the best,
Because it grows with that which doth displease:

And faults are easier look'd in, than redress'd:
Men running with such eager violence,
At the first view of errours fresh in quest;
As they, to rid an inconvenience,
Stick not to raise a mischief in the stead,
Which after mocks their weak improvidence.

And therefore do make not your own sides bleed,
To prick at others: you that would amend,
By pulling down; and think you can proceed,
By going back unto the farther end:
Let stand that little covert left behind,
Whereon your succours and respects depend;

And bring not down the prizes of the mind,
With under-rating of yourselves so base:
You that the mightie's doors do crouching find,
To sell yourselves to buy a little grace;
Or wait whole months to out-bid simony,
For that which being got is not your place:

For if it were, what needed you to buy
What was your due? Your thirsting shows your shift,
And little worth, that seeks injuriously
A worthier from his lawful room to lift.
We cannot say, that you were then preferr'd;
But that your money was, or some worse gift.

O scatt'ring gath'rers! that, without regard
Of times to come, will (to be made) undo;
As if you were the last of men, prepar'd
To bury in your graves all other too.
Dare you profane that holy portion,
Which never sacrilegious hand durst do?

Did form-establishing Devotion,
To maintain a respective reverence,
Extend her bountiful provision
With such a charitable providence,
For your deforming hands to dissipate,
And make God's due your impious expense?

No marvel then, though th' over-pester'd state
Want room for goodness; if our little hold
Be lessen'd unto such a narrow rate;
That rev'rence cannot sit; fit as it should,
And yet what need we thus for room complain;
That shall not want void rooms, if this course hold?

And more than will be fill'd: for who will strain,
To get an empty title, to betray
His hopes; and travel for an honour vain,
And gain a port, without support or stay?
What need hath envy to malign their state,
That will themselves (so kind!) give it away?

This makes indeed our number pass the rate
Of our provisions; which, if dealt aright,
Would yield sufficient room t' accommodate,
More than we have in places requisite.
The ill-disposing only doth us set
In disarray, and out of order quite.

Whilst others gifts then of the mind shall get,
Under our colours, that which is our dues;
And to our travels, neither benefit,
Nor grace, nor honour, nor respect accrues:
The sickness of the state's soul (learning) then
The body's great distemp'rature ensues.

For if that learning's rooms to learned men
Were as their heritage distributed,
All this disorder'd thrust would cease: for when
The fit were call'd; th' unworthy frustrated:
These would be 'sham'd to seek; those to b'unsought;
And, stay'ng their turn, were sure they should be sped.

Then would our drooping academies, brought
Again in heart, regain that rev'rend hand
Of lost opinion; and no more be thought
Th' unnecessary furnish of the land,
Nor discouraged with their small esteem,
Confus'd, irresolute and wav'ring stand:

Caring not to become profound; but seem
Contented with a superficial skill,
Which for a slight reward enough they deem,
When th' one succeeds as well as th' other will:
See'ng shorter ways lead sooner to their end,
And others' longer travels thrive so ill.

Then would they only labour to extend
Their now unsearching spir't beyond these bounds
Of others' pow'rs, wherein they must be pen'd;
As if there were besides no other grounds:
And set their bold plus ultra far without
The pillars of those axioms age propounds.

Discov'ring daily more and more about,
In that immense and boundless ocean
Of Nature's riches, never yet found out,
Nor fore-clos'd with the wit of any man.
So far beyond the ordinary course,
That other unindustrious ages ran,

That these more curious times they might divorce
From the opinion they are link'd unto,
Of our disable and unactive force;
To show true knowledge can both speak and do:
Arm'd for the sharp which in these days they find,
With all provisions that belong thereto:

That their experience may not come behind
The time's conceit; but leading in their place,
May make men see the weapons of the mind
Are states' best strengths, and kingdoms' chiefest grace; [praise,
And rooms of charge, charg'd full with worth and
Makes Majesty appear with her full face;

Shining with all her beams, with all her rays;
Unscanted of her parts, unshadowed
In any darken'd point: which still bewrays
The wane of pow'r, when pow'r 's unfurnished,
And hath not all those entire compliments,
Wherewith the state should for her state be sped.

And though the fortune of some age consents
Unto a thousand errours grossly wrought,
Which flourish'd over with their fair events,
Have pass'd for current, and good courses thought;
The least whereof, in other times, again
Most dang'rous inconveniences have brought;

Whilst to the times, not to men's wits, pertain
The good successes of ill-manag'd deeds:
Though th' ignorant deceiv'd with colours vain,
Miss of the causes whence this luck proceeds.
Foreign defects giving home-faults the way,
Make ev'n that weakness sometimes well succeeds.

I grant, that some unletter'd practic may
(Leaving beyond the Alps faith and respect
To God and man) with impious cunning sway
The courses fore-begun with like effect,
And without stop maintain the turning on,
And have his errours deem'd without defect:

But when some pow'rful opposition
Shall, with a sound encount'ring shock, disjoint
The fore-contrived frame; and thereupon
Th' experience of the present disappoint;
And other stirring spir'ts, and other hearts
Built huge for action, meeting in a point;

Shall drive the world to summon all their arts,
And all too little for so real might,
When no advantages of weaker parts
Shall bear out shallow counsels from the light;
And this sense-op'ning action (which doth hate
Unmanly craft) shall look to have her right.

Who then holds up the glory of the state;
(Which letter'd arms, and armed letters won)
Who shall be fittest to negotiate,
Contemn'd Justinian, or else Littleton?
When it shall not be held wisdom to be
Privately made, and publicly undone:
But sound designs, that judgment shall decree
Out of a true discern of the clear ways
That lie direct, with safe-going equity;
Embroiling not their own, and others' days.

Extending forth their providence beyond
The circuit of their own particular;
That ev'n th' ignorant may understand,
How that Deceit is but a caviller,
And true unto itself can never stand,
But still must with her own conclusions war.

Can Truth and Honesty, wherein consists
The right repose on Earth, the surest ground
Of trust, come weaker arm'd into the lists,
Than Fraud or Vice, that doth itself confound?
Or shall Presumption, that doth what it lists,
(Not what it ought) carry her courses sound?

Then what safe place out of confusion,
Hath plain proceeding Honesty to dwell?
What suit of grace hath Virtue to put on,
If Vice shall wear as good, and do as well?
If Wrong, if Craft, if Indiscretion,
Act as fair parts, with ends as laudable?

Which all this mighty volume of events,
The world, th' universal map of deeds,
Strongly controls; and proves from all descents,
That the directest courses best succeeds,
When Craft (wrapt still in many comberments)
With all her cunning thrives not, though it speeds.

For should not grave and learn'd Experience,
That looks with th' eyes of all the world beside,
And with all ages holds intelligence,
Go safer than Deceit without a guide?
Which in the by-paths of her diffidence,
Crossing the ways of right, still runs more wide.

Who will not grant, and therefore this observe,
No state stands sure, but on the grounds of right,
Of virtue, knowledge, judgment to preserve,
And all the pow'rs of learning requisite?
Though other shifts a present turn may serve,
Yet in the trial they will weigh too light.

And do not thou contemn this swelling tide,
And stream of words, that now doth rise so high
Above the usual banks, and spreads so wide
Over the borders of antiquity:
Which, I confess, comes ever amplify'd
With th' abounding humours that do multiply;

And is with that same hand of happiness
Enlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands:
Yet so as if let out but to redress,
And calm and sway th' affections it commands;
Which, as it stirs, it doth again repress,
And brings in th' out-gone malice that withstands.

Pow'r above pow'rs! O heav'nly Eloquence!
That with the strong rein of commanding words
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their swords!
Shall we not offer to thy excellence,
The richest treasure that our wit affords?

Thou that canst do much more with one poor pen,
Than all the pow'rs of princes can effect;
And draw, divert, dispose and fashion men,
Better than force or rigour can direct!
Should we this ornament of glory then,
As th' unmaterial fruits of shades, neglect?

Or should we careless come behind the rest
In pow'r of words, that go before in worth;
When as our accent's equal to the best,
Is able greater wonders to bring forth?
When all that ever hotter spir'ts express'd,
Comes better'd by the patience of the north.

And who (in time) knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in th' yet unformed Occident,
May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours?

Or who can tell for what great work in hand
The greatness of our style is now ordain'd?
What pow'rs it shall bring in, what spir'ts command?
What thoughts let out; what humours keep restrain'd?
What mischief it may pow'rfully withstand;
And what fair ends may thereby be attain'd?

And as for Po'sy, (mother of this force!)
That breeds, brings forth, and nourishes this might;
Teaching it in a loose, yet measur'd course,
With comely motions how to go upright;
And fost'ring it with bountiful discourse,
Adorns it thus in fashions of delight.

What should I say?—Since it is well approv'd
The speech of Heav'n, with whom they have commerce;
That only seem out of themselves remov'd,
And do with more than human skills converse:
Those numbers wherewith Heav'n and Earth are mov'd,
Show weakness speaks in prose, but pow'r in verse.

Herein thou likewise seemest to allow,
That th' acts of worthy men should be preserv'd,
As in the holiest tombs we can bestow
Upon their glory that have well deserv'd;
Wherein thou dost no other virtue show,
Than what most barb'rous countries have observ'd:
When all the happiest nations hitherto,
Did with no lesser glory speak, than do.

Now to what else thy malice shall object,
For schools, and arts, and their necessity;
When from my lord, whose judgment must direct
And form and fashion my ability,
I shall have got more strength; thou shalt expect,
Out of my better leisure, my reply.

TO THE ANGEL SPIRIT OF THE

MOST EXCELLENT SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

To thee, pure spir't, to thee alone address'd
Is this joint-work, by double int'rest thine:
Thine by thine own, and what is done of mine
Inspir'd by thee, thy secret pow'r impress'd.
My Muse with thine itself dar'd to combine,
As mortal staff with that which is divine:
Let thy fair beams give lustre to the rest.

That Israel's king may deign his own transform'd
In substance no, but superficial tire;
And English guis'd in some sort may aspire,
To better grace thee what the vulgar form'd.
His sacred tones age after age admire;
Nations grow great in pride and pure desire,
So to excel in holy rites perform'd.

O had that soul, which honour brought to rest
Too soon, not left, and reft the world of all
What man could show which we perfection call!
This precious piece had sorted with the best.
But, ah! wide-fester'd wounds (that never shall,
Nor must be clos'd) unto fresh bleeding fall.
Ah, Memory! what needs this new arrest?

Yet blessed grief that sweetness can impart,
Since thou art bless'd — wrongly do I complain;
Whatever weights my heavy thoughts sustain,
Dear feels my soul for thee — I know my part.
Nor be my weakness to thy rites a stain;
Rites to aright, life, blood, would not refrain.
Assist me then, that life what thine did part.

Time may bring forth what time hath yet suppress'd,
In whom thy loss hath laid to utter waste
The wreck of time, untimely all defac'd,
Remaining as the tomb of life deceas'd:
Where in my heart the highest room thou hast:
There, truly there, thy earthly being is plac'd:
Triumph of death! — In life how more than bless'd!

Behold (O that thou were now to behold!)
This finish'd long perfection's part begun;
The test but piec'd, as left by thee undone.
Pardon, bless'd soul, presumption over bold:
If love and zeal hath to this errour run,
'T is zealous love; love that hath never done,
Nor can enough, though justly here controll'd.

But since it hath no other scope to go,
Nor other purpose but to honour thee;
That thine may shine, where all the graces be:
And that my thoughts (like smallest streams that flow,
Pay to their sea their tributary fee)
Do strive, yet have no means to quit nor free
That mighty debt of infinites I owe.

To thy great worth, which time to times enroll,
Wonder of men! sole born! soul of thy kind!
Complete in all — but heav'nly was thy mind,
For wisdom, goodness, sweetness, fairest soul!
Too good to wish; too fair for earth; refin'd
For Heav'n, where all true glory rests confin'd:
And where but there no life without control?

O, when from this account, this cast-up sum,
This reck'ning made the audit of my woe!
Some time of race my swelling passions know;
How work my thoughts! my sense is stricken dumb,
That would thee more than words could ever show;
Which all fall short. Who knew thee best to know,
There lives no wit that may thy prayer become:

And rest fair monuments of thy fair fame,
Though not complete. Nor can we reach in thought,
What on that goodly piece Time would have wrought:
Had divers so spar'd that life (but life) to frame
The rest: alas, such loss! The world hath nought
Can equal it — nor (O) more grievance brought!
Yet what remains must ever crown thy name.

Receive these hymns; these obsequies receive;
(If any mark of thy secret spirit thou bear)
Made only thine, and no name else must wear.
I can no more, dear soul; I take my leave:
My sorrow strives to mount the highest sphere.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

JAMES MONTAGUE,

LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER; DEAN OF THE CHAPEL, AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.

Although you have, out of your proper store,
The best munition that may fortify
A noble heart; as no man may have more,
Against the batteries of mortality:
Yet, rev'rend lord, vouchsafe me leave to bring
One weapon more unto your furnishment,
That you th' assaults of this close vanquishing,
And secret wasting sickness may prevent:
For that myself have struggled with it too,
And know the worst of all that it can do.
And let me tell you this, you never could
Have found a gentler warring enemy,
And one that with more fair proceeding would
Encounter you without extremity;
Nor give more time to make resistances,
And to repair your breaches, than will this.
For whereas other sicknesses surprise
Our spir'ts at unawares, disweap'ning suddenly
All sense of understanding in such wise,
As that they lay us dead before we die,
Or fire us out of our inflamed fort,
With raving phrensies in a fearful sort:
This comes and steals us by degrees away;
And yet not that without our privity.
They rap us hence, as vultures do their prey,
Confounding us with tortures instantly.
This fairly kills, they foully murther us,
Trip up our heels before we can discern.
This gives us time of treaty, to discuss
Our suff'ring, and the cause thereof to learn.
Besides, therewith we oftentimes have truce
For many months; sometimes for many years;
And are permitted to enjoy the use
Of study: and although our body wears,
Our wit remains; our speech, our memory
Fail not, or come before ourselves to die.
We part together, and we take our leave
Of friends, of kindred: we dispose our state,
And yield up fairly what we did receive,
And all our bus'nesses accommodate.
So that we cannot say we were thrust out,
But we depart from hence in quiet sort;
The foe with whom we have the battle fought,
Hath not subdued us, but got our fort.
And this disease is held most incident
To the best natures, and most innocent.
And therefore, rev'rend lord, there cannot be
A gentler passage than there is hereby
Unto that port, wherein we shall be free
From all the storms of worldly misery.
And though it show us daily in our glass,
Our fading leaf turn'd to a yellow hue;
And how it withers as the sap doth pass,
And what we may expect is to ensue.
Yet that I know disquiets not your mind,
Who knows the brittle metal of mankind;
And have all comforts virtue can beget,
And most the conscience of well-acted days:
Which all those monuments which you have set
On holy ground, to your perpetual praise,
(As things best set) must ever testify
And show the worth of noble Montague:
And so long as the walls of piety
Stand, so long shall stand the memory of you.
And Bath, and Wells, and Winchester shall show
Their fair repairs to all posterity;
And how much bless'd and fortunate they were,
That ever-gracious hand did plant you there.
Besides, you have not only built up walls,
But also (worthier edifices) men;
By whom you shall have the memorials,
And everlasting honour of the pen.
That whensoever you shall come to make
Your exit from this scene, wherein you have
Perform'd so noble parts; you then shall take
Your leave with honour, have a glorious grave!
"For when can men go better to their rest,
Than when they are esteem'd and loved best?"

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Died December 23. 1631.

The family from which this poet sprung derived their name from a town in Leicestershire; but his parents having removed into Warwickshire, he was born at Harshul in that county, and in the parish of Atherston, about the year 1563. Very little is known of his life, scarcely, indeed, any thing more than that in boyhood he was placed as page with some honourable person; that he studied at Oxford; that early in life, Sir Henry Goodere, of Polesworth in Warwickshire, was his patron; and that in his latter days, Sir Walter Aston, of Tixall in Staffordshire, loved his company, and liberally befriended him. He is one of the poets to whom the title of laureate was given in that age, not as holding the office, but as a mark of honour to which they were entitled. His contemporaries bear witness to the virtuous and honourable tenour of his life, and his works contain abundant proofs of erudition and genius.

He died in 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The Countess of Dorset is said to have erected his monument, as she did those of Spenser and Daniel; and his epitaph has been variously ascribed to Ben Jonson and to Quarles; it is more in Jonson's manner.

> Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
> What they and what their children owe
> To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
> We recommend unto thy trust.
> Protect his memory, and preserve his story;
> Remain a lasting monument of his glory.
> And when thy ruins shall disclaim
> To be the treasurer of his name,
> His name, that cannot fade, shall be
> An everlasting monument to thee.

Drayton took for himself a most fantastic coat of arms; Pegasus rampant in a shield azure gutty d'eau from Helicon, with the cap of Mercury for crest, amid sunbeams proper.

NYMPHIDIA:

THE COURT OF FAIRY.

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rablais of Pantagruel,
A later third of Dowsabel,
With such poor trifles playing:
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the FAIRIES still,
Nor never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them:
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others reading;
My active Muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud fairy king,
And tell there of the revelling:
Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou Nymphidia, gentle fay,
Which meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling:
My pretty light fantastic maid,
I here invoke to thee my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it:
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders legs are made,
Well morticed and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade,
It curiously that builded:
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only fairies wake)
Descendeth for his pleasure;

And Mab, his merry queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them:
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hayes by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping:
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the Fairy-ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother:
Some silly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Say, that the fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting:
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this fairy knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed:
Which made king Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often checkt,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing:
At length this lover doth devise,
A bracelet made of emmets eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

"At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the queen a fitting bow'r,"
Quoth he, "is that fair cowslip flow'r,
On Hipcut-hill that groweth:
In all your train there's not a fay,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thum a fairy page
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry:
Which done, the queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready strait is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For naught must her be letting:
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell;
The fair queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterflee,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming,

The wheels compos'd of crickets bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it:
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grashopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had sought each place with care,
And found his queen was missing.

By griesly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An acron-cup he getteth;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature baulk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladine of France,
And those more ancient do inhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon:
But to this time there hath been none
So bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As tho' his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking:
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" (quoth he)
"Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou dy'st by me."
Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great fairy king,
Content thee, I am no such thing;
I am a wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the fairy started.
When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frighted so,
He thought his wings were much too slow,
O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil;
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fier in her tail;
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail,
The mad king fear'd no evil.

"Oh!" (quoth the glow-worm) "hold thy hand,
Thou puissant king of Fairy-land,
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
Hold, or of life despair I."
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiled:
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard;
It would have made a man affear'd,
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides.
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all beslurried head and face,
On runs he in this wildgoose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling:
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth somewhat slake,
He calleth for a ferry;
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quishot, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancha Pancha's travel:
But should a man tell every thing
Done by this frantic fairy king,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall
With words from phrenzy spoken:
"Hoh, hoh," quoth Hob, "God save thy grace,
Who drest thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoil'd my sov'reign's face,
I would his neck were broken."

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is gone;
As ere thou lov'st king Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her;
Bring her to me, alive or dead;
Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head;
That villain hath defil'd my bed,
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, " My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in,
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this bus'ness broaching:
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love's pow'rful'st charm,
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping:
A humble-bee their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
" My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh,
I posted to forewarn you:
The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you."

When like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling:
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind;
For haste some left their masks behind,
Some could not stay their gloves to find;
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them:
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolv'd by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scatter'd by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had:
When quoth this fay, " Dear queen, be glad,
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril."

" Come all into this nut," quoth she,
" Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
Each one may here a chuser be,
For room ye need not wrestle,
Nor need ye be together heapt."
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down, they soundly slept,
As safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the queen should catch,
That he would be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some pow'rful charm,
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had sought her.

And list'ning if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding still the coast was clear,
Nor creature had descry'd her:
Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her charms she hy'd her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the misletow;
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She night-shade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithall,
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
The fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leapt,
Her magic much availing:
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

" By the croaking of the frog;
By the howling of the dog;
By the crying of the hog
Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfeu-bell;
By the doleful dying knell;
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising.

" By the mandrakes dreadful groans;
By the Lubricans sad moans;
By the noise of dead mens bones
In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee this place forsake,
Nor of queen Mab be prattling.

" By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
I charge thee not to fear us:
By the scritch-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us."

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she markt his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin:
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
Alas! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case
Amongst the briers and brambles.

"Plague upon queen Mab," quoth he,
"And all her maids, where'er they be;
I think the devil guided me,
To seek her, so provoked."
When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That wak'd queen Mab, who doubted sore
Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the queen
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggen now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
"King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour:
For that she is a queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin:
Quoth he, "Thou manly fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus, That I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
Do publickly proclaim him:
Withal, that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down;
Nor we a king should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilify'd;
But to the Fairy court him hy'd,
Full furiously he posted,
With ev'ry thing Pigwiggen said;
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint;
For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid;
As of the courser he bestrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did.
The king, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And every thing that I shall need,
By thee I will be guided:
To strait account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In ev'ry thing see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided."

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave queen Mab to understand
The combate that was then in hand
Betwixt those men so mighty:
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,
The first occasion from her grew,
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,
To Proserpine the queen of shades,
To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to king Oberon,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
For proud Pigwiggen crying:
Who sought the fairy king as fast,
And had so well his journies cast,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the king,
Tom Thum doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in ev'ry thing
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
That either had been either:
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way:
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth,
No magick them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms,
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters:
And tho' they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own;
Such nimbleness was never shown,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet:
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
They every stroke redoubled:
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wond'rously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,
When well she had them blended:
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espy'd;
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother:
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thum nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace,
And that a while they should release
Each other of their peril:
" Which here," quoth she, " I do proclaim
To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,
That as ye will eschew his blame,
You let me hear the quarrel.

" But here yourselves you must engage,
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
Your grievous thirst and to asswage,
That first you drink this liquor;
Which shall your understandings clear,
As plainly shall to you appear,
Those things from me that you shall hear,
Conceiving much the quicker."

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted,
Of it nor can you ever think:
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink,
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealousy ran mad;
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither.
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget,
That he queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
That e'er they had each other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing.
Tom Thum had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the king caught with this wile,
With one another jesting:
And to the Fairy court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent;
And thus I left them feasting.

POLY-OLBION.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The sprightly Muse her wing displays,
And the French islands first surveys;
Bears up with Neptune, and in glory
Transcends proud Cornwal's promontory;
There crowns Mount-Michael, and descries
How all those riverets fall and rise;
Then takes in Tamer, as she bounds
The Cornish and Devonian grounds.
And whilst the Dev'nshire nymphs relate
Their loves, their fortunes, and estate,
Dert undertaketh to revive
Our Brute, and sings his first arrive:
Then northward to the verge she bends,
And her first song at Ax she ends.

Of Albion's glorious isle the wonders whilst I write,
The sundry varying soils, the pleasures infinite,
(Where heat kills not the cold, nor cold expells the heat,
The calms too mildly small, nor winds too roughly great,
Nor night doth hinder day, nor day the night doth wrong,
The summer not too short, the winter not too long)
What help shall I invoke to aid my Muse the while?
Thou genius of the place (this most renowned isle)
Which lived'st long before the all-earth-drowning flood,
Whilst yet the world did swarm with her gigantic brood,
Go thou before me still thy circling shores about,
And in this wand'ring maze help to conduct me out:
Direct my course so right, as with thy hand to show
Which way thy forests range, which way thy rivers flow;
Wise genius, by thy help that so I may descry
How thy fair mountains stand, and how thy vallies lie;
From those clear pearly cliffs which see the morning's pride,
And check the surly imps of Neptune when they chide,
Unto the big-swoln waves in the Iberian stream[1],
Where Titan still unyokes his fiery-hoofed team,
And oft his flaming locks in luscious nectar steeps,
When from Olympus' top he plungeth in the deeps:
That from th' Armoric sands[2], on surging Neptune's leas,
Through the Hibernic gulf (those rough Vergivian seas)
My verse with wings of skill may fly a lofty gait,
As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate,
Till through the sleepy main to Thuly[3] I have gone,
And seen the frozen isles, the cold Deucalidon[4],
Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet remains,
Bound in those gloomy caves with adamantine chains.
Ye sacred bards[5], that to your harps melodious strings
Sung th' ancient heroes deeds (the monuments of kings)
And in your dreadful verse ingrav'd the prophecies,
The aged world's descents and genealogies;

If, as those Druids[6] taught, which kept the British rites,
And dwelt in darksome groves, there counselling with sprites
(But their opinions fail'd, by error led awry,
As since clear truth hath shew'd to their posterity)
When these our souls by death our bodies do forsake,
They instantly again do other bodies take;
I could have wisht your spirits redoubled in my breast,
To give my verse applause to time's eternal rest.
Thus scarcely said the Muse, but hovering while she hung
Upon the Celtic wastes[7], the sea-nymphs loudly sung:
"O ever-happy isles! your heads so high that bear,
By nature strongly fenc'd, which never need to fear
On Neptune's wat'ry realms when Eölus raiseth wars,
And every billow bounds, as though to quench the stars:
Fair Jersey first of these here scatter'd in the deep,
Peculiarly that boasts thy double-horned sheep:
Inferior nor to thee, thou Guernsey, bravely crown'd
With rough-embattled rocks, whose venom-hating ground
The hard'ned emeril hath, which thou abroad dost send:
Thou Ligon her belov'd, and Serk, that doth attend
Her pleasure every hour; as Jethow, them at need,
With pheasants, fallow deer, and conies that dost feed:
Ye seven small sister isles, and Sorlings, which to see
The half-sunk seaman joys; or whatsoe'er you be,
From fruitful Aurney, near the ancient Celtic shore,
To Ushant and the Seams, whereas those nuns of yore
Gave answers from their caves, and took what shapes they please:
Ye happy islands set within the British seas,
With shrill and jocund shouts, th' unmeasur'd deeps awake,
And let the gods of sea their secret bow'rs forsake,
Whilst our industrious Muse great Britain forth shall bring,
Crown'd with those glorious wreaths that beautify the spring;
And whilst green Thetis' nymphs, with many an amorous lay
Sing our invention safe unto her long-wisht bay."
Upon the utmost end of Cornwal's furrowing beak,
Where Bresan[8] from the land the tilting waves doth break;
The shore let her transcend, the promont[9] to descry,
And view about the point th' unnumber'd fowl that fly;
Some rising like a storm from off the troubled sand,
Seem in their hov'ring flight to shadow all the land;
Some sitting on the beach to prune their painted breasts,
As if both earth and air they only did possess;
Whence climbing to the cliffs, herself she firmly sets
The bourns, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets,
Exactly to derive; receiving in her way [bay,
That streight'ned tongue of land, where at Mount-Michael's
Rude Neptune cutting in, a cantle forth doth take;
And on the other side, Hayle's vaster mouth doth make
A chersonese[10] thereof, the corner clipping in;
Where to th' industrious Muse the Mount doth thus begin:
"Before thou further pass, and leave this setting shore,
Whose towns unto the saints that lived here of yore
(Their fasting, works and pray'rs, remaining to our shames)
Were rear'd, and justly call'd by their peculiar names,
The builders honour still; this due and let them have,
As deign to drop a tear upon each holy grave;
Whose charity and zeal, instead of knowledge stood:
For surely in themselves they were right simply good.
If credulous too much, thereby th' offended heaven,
In their devout intents yet be their sins forgiven."
Then from his rugged top the tears down trickling fell;
And in his passion stirr'd, again began to tell [pass:
Strange things, that in his days time's course had brought to
That forty miles now sea, sometimes firm fore-land was;
And that a forest then, which now with him is flood,
Whereof he first was call'd the Hoar-rock in the wood;
Relating then how long this soil had laid forlorn,
As that her genius now had almost her forsworn,
And of their ancient love did utterly repent,
Sith to destroy herself that fatal tool she lent,
To which th' insatiate slave her intrails out doth draw,
That thrusts his gripple hand into her golden maw;
And for his part doth wish, that it were in his pow'r
To let the ocean in, her wholly to devour.
Which Hayle doth overhear, and much doth blame his rage,
And told him (to his teeth) he doated with his age.
For Hayle (a lusty nymph, bent all to amorous play,
And having quick recourse into the Severn sea,
With Neptune's pages oft disporting in the deep;
One never touch'd with care, but how herself to keep
In excellent estate) doth thus again intreat;
"Muse, leave the wayward Mount to his distemper'd heat,
Who nothing can produce but what doth taste of spight,
I'll shew thee things of ours most worthy thy delight.
Behold our diamonds here, as in the quarrs they stand,
By nature neatly cut, as by a skilful hand,
Who varieth them in forms, both curiously and oft;
Which for she (wanting power) produceth them too soft,
That virtue which she could not liberally impart,
She striveth to amend by her own [illegible] art.
Besides the sea-holm here, that [illegible] all our shore,
The sick-consuming man so powerful to restore,

[1] The western or Spanish ocean.
[2] Bretagny coasts.
[3] The farthest isle in the British ocean.
[4] The sea upon the north of Scotland.
[5] The old British poets.
[6] Priests of the ancient Britons.
[7] The French seas.
[8] A small island upon the very point of Cornwal.
[9] A hill lying out as an elbow of land into the sea.
[10] A place almost surrounded by the sea.

Whose root th' eringo is, the reins that doth inflame
So strongly to perform the Cytherean game,
That generally approv'd both far and near is sought;
And our Main-Amber here, and Burien trophy, thought
Much wrong'd, nor yet preferr'd for wonders with the rest."
But the laborious Muse, upon her journey prest,
Thus uttereth to herself; "To guide my course aright,
What mound or steddy mere is offered to my sight
Upon this outstretcht arm, whilst sailing here at ease,
Betwixt the southern waste, and the Sabrinian seas,
I view those wanton brooks, that waxing still do wane;
That scarcely can conceive, but brought to bed again;
Scarce rising from the spring (that is their natural mother)
To grow into a stream, but buried in another."
When Chore doth call her on, that wholly doth betake
Herself unto the Loo; transform'd into a lake,
Through that impatient love she had to entertain
The lustful Neptune oft; whom when his wracks restrain,
Impatient of the wrong, impetuously he raves:
And in his rageful flow, the furious king of waves
Breaks foaming o'er the beach, whom nothing seems to cool,
Till he have wrought his will on that capacious pool:
Where Menedge, by his brooks, a chersonese[10] is cast,
Widening the slender shore to ease it in the waste;
A promont jutting out into the dropping south,
That with his threat'ning cliffs in horrid Neptune's mouth,
Derides him and his pow'r: nor cares how him he greets.
Next Roseland (as his friend, the mightier Menedge) meets
Great Neptune when he swells, and rageth at the rocks
(Set out into those seas) inforcing through his shocks
Those arms of sea that thrust into the tinny strand,
By their meand'red creeks indenting of that land,
Whose fame by every tongue is for her minerals hurl'd,
Near from the mid-day's point, throughout the western world.
Here Vale a lively flood, her nobler name that gives
To Falmouth[11]; and by whom, it famous ever lives,
Whose entrance is from sea so intricately wound,
Her haven angled so about her harb'rous sound,
That in her quiet bay a hundred ships may ride,
Yet not the tallest mast be of the tall'st descry'd;
Her bravery to this nymph when neighbouring rivers told,
Her mind to them again she briefly doth unfold:
"Let Camel[12] of her course and curious windings boast,
In that her greatness reigns sole mistress of that coast
Twixt Tamer and that bay, where Hayle pours forth her pride;
And let us (nobler nymphs) upon the mid-day side
Be frolic with the best. Thou Foy, before us all,
By thine own named town made famous in thy fall,
As Low amongst us here, a most delicious brook,
With all our sister nymphs, that to the noonsted look,
Which gliding from the hills upon the tinny ore,
Betwixt your high-rear'd banks, resort to this our shore;
Lov'd streams, let us exult, and think ourselves no less
Than those upon their side, the setting that possess."
Which Camel over-heard: but what doth she respect
Their taunts, her proper course that loosely doth neglect?
As frantic, ever since her British Arthur's blood,
By Mordred's murtherous hand was mingled with her flood.
For as that river best might boast that conqueror's breath,
So sadly she bemoans his too untimely death;
Who after twelve proud fields against the Saxon fought,
Yet back unto her banks by fate was lastly brought:
As though no other place on Britain's spacious earth
Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth:
And careless ever since how she her course doth steer,
This mutt'reth to herself, in wand'ring here and there:
"Even in the aged'st face, where beauty once did dwell,
And nature (in the least) but seemed so excell,
Time cannot make such waste, but something will appear,
To shew some little tract of delicacy there,
Or some religious work, in building many a day,
That this penurious age hath suffer'd to decay;
Some limb or model dragg'd out of the ruinous mass,
The richness will declare in glory whilst it was:
But time upon my waste committed hath such theft,
That it of Arthur here scarce memory hath left."
The nine-ston'd trophy thus whilst she doth entertain,
Proud Tamer swoops along with such a lusty train,
As fits so brave a flood, two countries that divides:
So to increase her strength, she from her equal sides
Receives their several rills; and of the Cornish kind,
First taketh Atre in; and her not much behind
Comes Kensey: after whom, clear Enjan in doth make,
In Tamer's roomthier banks their rest that scarcely take.
Then Lyner, tho' the while aloof she seem'd to keep,
Her sovereign when she sees t' approach the surgeful deep,
To beautify her fall, her plenteous tribute brings;
This honours Tamer much, that she whose plenteous springs
Those proud aspiring hills, Bromwelly and his friend
High Rowter, from their tops impartially commend,
And is by Carew's[13] Muse the river most renown'd,
Associate should her grace to the Devonian ground,
Which in those other brooks doth emulation breed.

[11] The bravery of Falmouth haven.
[12] This is also called Alan.
[13] A worthy gentleman, who wrote the description of Cornwal.

Of which, first Car comes crown'd with osier, segs and reed:
Then Lid creeps on along, and taking Thrushel, throws
Herself amongst the rocks; and so incavern'd goes,
That of the blessed light (from other floods) debarr'd,
To bellow underneath she only can be heard,
As those that view her tract, seems strangely to affright:
So Toovy straineth in; and Plym, that claims by right
The christning of that bay, which bears her nobler name.
Upon the British coast[14] what ship yet ever came,
That not of Plymouth hears, where those brave navies lie,
From cannons thund'ring throats that all the world defy?
Which to invasive spoil, when th' English list to draw,
Have check'd Iberia's pride, and held her oft in awe:
Oft furnishing our dames with India's rar'st devices,
And lent us gold, and pearl, rich silks, and dainty spices.
But Tamer takes the place, and all attend her here,
A faithful bound to both; and two that be so near
For likeliness of soil, and quantity they hold,
Before the Roman came; whose people were of old
Known by one general name, upon this point that dwell,
All other of this isle in wrestling that excell:
With collars be they yok'd, to prove the arm at length,
Like bulls set head to head, with meer deliver strength;
Or by the girdles grasp't, they practise with the hip,
The forward, backward, falx, the mar, the turn, the trip[15],
When stript into their shirts, each other they invade
Within a spacious ring, by the beholders made,
According to the law. Or when the ball to throw,
And drive it to the goal, in squadrons forth they go;
And to avoid the troops their forces that fore-lay,
Through dikes and rivers make, in this robustious play;
By which the toils of war most lively are exprest.
But Muse, may I demand, Why these of all the rest,
(As mighty Albion's eld'st) most active are and strong?
From Corin[16] came it first, or from the use so long?
Or that this foreland lies farth'st out into his sight,
Which spreads his vigorous flames on every lesser light?
With th' virtue of his beams, this place that doth inspire,
Whose pregnant womb prepar'd by his all-pow'rful fire,
Being purely hot and moist, projects that fruitful seed,
Which strongly doth beget, and doth as strongly breed:
The well-disposed Heaven here proving to the Earth
A husband furthering fruit, a midwife helping birth.
But whilst th' industrious Muse thus labours to relate
Those rillets that attend proud Tamer and her state,
A neighbourer of this nymph's, as high in fortune's grace,
And whence calm Tamer trips, clear Towridge in that place
Is poured from her spring, and seems at first to flow
That way which Tamer strains; but as she great doth grow,
Rememb'reth to foresee what rivals she should find
To interrupt her course; whose so unsettled mind
Ock coming in perceives, and thus doth her perswade: [made
"Now Neptune shield, bright nymph, thy beauty should be
The object of her scorn, which (for thou canst not be
Upon the southern side so absolute as she)
Will awe thee in thy course. Wherefore, fair flood, recoil,
And where thou may'st alone be sov'reign of the soil,
There exercise thy pow'r, thy braveries and display:
Turn Towridge, let us back to the Sabrinian sea,
Where Thetis' handmaids still, in that recourseful deep,
With those rough gods of sea continual revels keep;
There may'st thou live admir'd, the mistress of the lake."
Wise Ock she doth obey, returning, and doth take
The Taw; which from her fount forc'd on with amorous gales,
And eas'ly ambling down through the Devonian dales,
Brings with her Moul and Bray, her banks that gently bathe;
Which on her dainty breast, in many a silver swathe,
She bears unto that bay where Barstaple beholds
How her beloved Taw clear Towridge there enfolds.
The confluence of these brooks divulg'd in Dertmoor, bred
Distrust in her sad breast, that she so largely spread,
And in this spacious shire the near'st the center set
Of any place of note, that these should bravely get
The praise from those that sprung out of her pearly lap:
Which, nourish'd and bred up at her most plenteous pap,
No sooner taught to dade, but from their mother trip,
And in their speedy course strive others to outstrip.
The Yahn, the Awn, the Aum, by spacious Dertmoor fed,
And in the southern sea b'ing likewise brought to bed;
That these were not of power to publish her desert,
Much griev'd the ancient moor; which understood by Dert
(From all the other floods that only takes her name,
And as her eld'st, in right the heir of all her fame)
To shew her nobler spirit it greatly doth behove. move;
"Dear mother, from your breast this fear" (quoth she) "re-
Defy their utmost force; there's not the proudest flood,
That falls betwixt the Mount and Exmore, shall make good
Her royalty with mine, with me nor can compare:
I challenge any one to answer me that dare;
That was, before them all, predestinate to meet
My Britain-founding Brute, when with his puissant fleet
At Totness first he touch'd; which shall renown my stream
(Which now the envious world doth slander for a dream:)

[14] The praise of Plymouth.
[15] Terms of art in wrestling.
[16] Our first great wrestler, arriving here with Brute.

Whose fatal flight from Greece, his fortunate arrive
In happy Albion here whilst strongly I revive,
Dear Harburn, at thy hands this credit let me win,
Quoth she, that as thou hast my faithful handmaid been,
So now, my only brook, assist me with thy spring,
Whilst of the godlike Brute the story thus I sing.

"When long-renowned Troy lay spent in hostile fire,
And aged Priam's pomp did with her flames expire,
Æneas (taking thence Ascanius, his young son,
And his most rev'rend sire, the grave Anchises, won
From shoals of slaught'ring Greeks) set out from Simois' shores,
And through the Tyrrhene sea, by strength of toiling oars,
Raught Italy at last; where king Latinus lent
Safe harbour for his ships, with wrackful tempests rent:
When in the Latin court, Lavinia young and fair,
Her father's only child, and kingdom's only heir,
Upon the Trojan lord her liking strongly plac'd,
And languish'd in the fires that her fair breast embrac'd:
But Turnus (at that time) the proud Rutulian king,
A suitor to the maid, Æneas malicing,
By force of arms attempts his rival to extrude:
But by the Teucrian power courageously subdu'd,
Bright Cytherea's son the Latin crown obtain'd;
And dying, in his stead his son Ascanius reign'd.
Next Sylvius him succeeds, begetting Brute again:
Who in his mother's womb whilst yet he did remain,
The oracles gave out, that next-born Brute should be
His parents only death: which soon they liv'd to see.
For, in his painful birth his mother did depart;
And ere his fifteenth year, in hunting of a hart,
He with a luckless shaft his hapless father slew:
For which, out of his throne their king the Latines threw.

"Who wand'ring in the world, to Greece at last doth get,
Where whilst he liv'd unknown, and oft with want beset,
He of the race of Troy a remnant hapt to find,
There by the Grecians held; which (having still in mind
Their tedious ten years war, and famous heroes slain)
In slavery with them still those Trojans did detain;
Which Pyrrhus thither brought, (and did with hate pursue,
To wreak Achilles' death, at Troy whom Paris slew)
There by Pandrasus kept in sad and servile awe: [saw,
Who when they knew young Brute, and that brave shape they
They humbly him desire, that he a mean would be,
From those imperious Greeks his countrymen to free.

"He, finding out a rare and sprightly youth, to fit
His humour every way, for courage, power, and wit,
Assaracus, (who though that by his sire he were
A prince among the Greeks, yet held the Trojans dear;
Descended of their stock upon the mother's side,
For which he by the Greeks his birth-right was deny'd)
Impatient of his wrongs, with him brave Brute arose,
And of the Trojan youth courageous captains chose,
Rais'd earthquakes with their drums, the ruffling ensigns rear,
And gath'ring young and old that rightly Troyan were,
Up to the mountains march, thro' straits and forests strong:
Where taking-in the towns pretended to belong
Unto that Grecian lord [17], some forces there they put:
Within whose safer walls their wives and children shut,
Into the fields they drew, for liberty to stand.

"Which when Pandrasus heard, he sent his strict command
To levy all the power he presently could make:
So to their strengths of war the Trojans them betake.

"But whilst the Grecian guides (not knowing how or where
The Teucrians were intrench'd, or what their forces were)
In foul disorder'd troops yet straggled, as secure,
This looseness to their spoil the Trojans did allure,
Who fiercely them assail'd: where staunchless fury rap'd
The Grecians in so fast, that scarcely one escap'd;
Yea, proud Pandrasus' flight himself could hardly free.
Who, when he saw his force thus frustrated to be,
And by his present loss his passed error found,
As by a later war to cure a former wound,
Doth reinforce his power, to make a second fight;
When they, whose better wits had over-matcht his might,
Loth what they got to lose, as politicly cast
His armies to intrap, in getting to them fast
Antigonus as friend, and Anaclet his peer
(Surpris'd in the last fight) by gifts who hired were
Into the Grecian camp th' insuing night to go,
And feign they were stol'n forth, to their allies to show
How they might have the spoil of all the Trojan pride;
And gaining them belief, the credulous Grecians guide
Into th' ambushment near, that secretly was laid:
So to the Trojans hands the Grecians were betray'd;
Pandrasus self surpris'd; his crown who to redeem
(Which scarcely worth their wrong the Trojan race esteem)
Their slavery long sustain'd did willingly release:
And (for a lasting league of amity and peace)
Bright Innogen, his child, for wife to Brutus gave,
And furnisht them a fleet, with all things they could crave
To set them out to sea. Who launching, at the last,
They on Lergecia light, an isle; and, ere they pass'd,
Unto a temple built to great Diana there,
The noble Brutus went; wise Trivia [18] to inquire,
To show them where the stock of ancient Troy to place.

"The goddess, that both knew and lov'd the Trojan race,
Reveal'd to him in dreams, that farthest to the west,
He should descry the isle of Albion, highly blest;
With giants lately stor'd; their numbers now decay'd:
By vanquishing the rest, his hopes should there be staid:
Where from the stock of Troy, those puissant kings should rise,
Whose conquests from the west, the world should scant suffice.

"Thus answer'd; great with hope, to sea they put again,
And safely under sail, the hours do entertain
With sights of sundry shores, which they from far descry:
And viewing with delight th' Azarian mountains high,
One walking on the deck, unto his friend would say
(As I have heard some tell) 'So goodly Ida lay.' [keep
"Thus talking 'mongst themselves, they sun-burnt Afric
Upon the leeward still, and (sulking up the deep)
For Mauritania make: where putting in, they find
A remnant (yet reserv'd) of th' ancient Dardan kind,
By brave Antenor brought from out the Greekish spoils
(O long renowned Troy! of thee and of thy toils,
What country had not heard?) which to their general then
Great Corineus had, the strong'st of mortal men:
To whom (with joyful hearts) Diana's will they show.

"Who eas'ly being won along with them to go,
They all together put into the wat'ry plain:
Oft times with pirates, oft with monsters of the main
Distressed in their way; whom hope forbids to fear.
Those pillars first they pass which Jove's great son did rear,
And cuffing those stern waves which like huge mountains roll,
(Full joy in every part possessing every soul)
In Aquitain at last the Ilion race arrive;
Whom strongly to repulse when as those recreants strive,
They (anchoring there at first but to refresh their fleet,
Yet saw those savage men so rudely them to greet)
Unshipt their warlike youth, advancing to the shore.
The dwellers, which perceiv'd such danger at the door,
Their king Groffarius get to raise his powerful force:
Who must'ring up an host of mingled foot and horse,
Upon the Trojans set; when suddenly began
A fierce and dangerous fight; where Corineus ran
With slaughter thro' the thick-set squadrons of the foes,
And with his armed ax laid on such deadly blows,
That heaps of lifeless trunks each passage stopt up quite.

"Groffarius having lost the honour of the fight,
Repairs his ruin'd pow'rs; not so to give them breath:
When they, which must be freed by conquest or by death,
And conquering them before, hop'd now to do no less,
(The like in courage still) stand for the like success.
Then stern and deadly war put on his horrid shape;
And wounds appear'd so wide, as if the grave did gape
To swallow both at once; which strove as both shall fall,
When they with slaughter seem'd to be encircled all:
Where Turon (of the rest) Brute's sister's valiant son
(By whose approved deeds that day was chiefly won)
Six hundred slew outright through his peculiar strength:
By multitudes of men yet overprest at length,
His nobler uncle there, to his immortal name,
The city Turon built, and well endow'd the same.

"For Albion sailing then, th' arrived quickly here,
(O! never in this world men half so joyful were,
With shouts heard up to Heaven, when they beheld the land)
And in this very place where Totness now doth stand,
First set their gods of Troy, kissing the blessed shore;
Then foraging this isle, long promis'd them before,
Amongst the ragged cliffs those monstrous giants sought,
Who (of their dreadful kind) t' appall the Trojans, brought
Great Gogmagog, an oak that by the roots could tear:
So mighty were (that time) the men who lived there:
But, for the use of arms he did not understand
(Except some rock or tree, that coming next to hand
He raz'd out of the earth to execute his rage)
He challenge makes for strength, and offereth there his gage.
Which Corin taketh up, to answer by and by,
Upon this son of earth his utmost power to try.

"All doubtful to which part the victory would go,
Upon that lofty place at Plimmouth call'd the Hoe,
Those mighty wrestlers [19] met; with many an ireful look
Who threaten'd, as the one hold of the other took:
But, grappled, glowing fire shines in their sparkling eyes.
And, whilst at length of arm one from the other lies,
Their lusty sinews swell like cables, as they strive:
Their feet such trampling make, as tho' they forc'd to drive
A thunder out of earth, which stagger'd with the weight:
Thus, either's utmost force urg'd to [illegible]
Whilst one upon his hip the other [illegible]
And th' adverse (by a turn) doth from his cunning shift,
Their short-fetcht troubled breath a hollow noise doth rask
Like bellows of a forge. Then Corin up doth take
The giant 'twixt the grains; and yelding of his hold
(Before his cumbrous fe[illegible] he well recover could)
Pitcht headlong from the hill, as when a man doth throw
An axtree, that with slight deliver'd from the toe
Roots up the yielding earth; so that his violent fall
Strook Neptune with such [illegible]
That where the monstrous waves like mountains late did stand,
They leapt out of the place, and left the bared sand.

[17] Assaracus. [18] One of the titles of Diana.

[19] Description of the wrestling betwixt Corineus and Gogmagog.

To gaze upon wide heaven: so great a blow it gave.
For which, the conquering Brute on Corineus brave
This horn of land bestow'd, and mark'd it with his name;
Of Corin, Cornwal call'd, to his immortal fame."
Clear Dert delivering thus the famous Brute's arrive,
Inflam'd with her report, the straggling rivulets strive
So highly her to raise, that Ting (whose banks were blest
By her beloved nymph dear Leman) which addrest,
And fully with herself determined before
To sing the Danish spoils committed on her shore,
When hither from the east they came in mighty swarms,
Nor could their native earth contain their numerous arms,
Their surcrease grew so great, as forced them at last
To seek another soil, as bees do when they cast;
And by their implous pride how hard she was bested,
When all the country swam with blood of Saxons shed:
This river, as I said, which had determin'd long
The deluge of the Danes exactly to have song,
It utterly neglects; and studying how to do
The Dert those high respects belonging her unto,
Inviteth goodly Ex, who from her full-fed spring
Her little Barlee hath, and Dunsbrook her to bring
From Exmore: when she hath scarcely found her course,
Than Creddy cometh in, and Forto, which inforce
Her faster to her fall; as Ken her closely clips,
And on her eastern side sweet Leman gently slips
Into her widen'd banks, her sovereign to assist;
As Columb wins for Ex clear Wever and the Clist,
Contributing their streams their mistress' fame to raise.
As all assist the Ex, so Ex consumeth these;
Like some unthrifty youth, depending on the court,
To win an idle name, that keeps a needless port;
And raising his old rent, exacts his farmers store
The landlord to enrich, the tenants wond'rous poor:
Who havin lent him theirs, he then consumes his own,
That with most vain expense upon the prince is thrown:
So these, the lesser brooks unto the greater pay;
The greater, they again spend all upon the sea:
As, Otrey (that her name doth of the otters take,
Abounding in her banks) and Ax, their utmost make
To aid stout Dert, that dar'd Brute's story to revive.
For when the Saxon first the Britons forth did drive,
Some up into the hills themselves o'er Severn shut:
Upon this point of land, for refuge, others put,
To that brave race of Brute still fortunate. For where
Great Brute first disembarqu'd his wand'ring Trojans, there
His offspring (after long expulst the inner land,
When they the Saxon power no longer could withstand)
Found refuge in their flight; where Ax and Otrey first
Gave these poor souls to drink, opprest with grievous thirst.
Here I'll unyoke awhile, and turn my steeds to meat:
The land grows large and wide; my team begins to sweat.

POLY-OLBION:

THE SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse from Marshwood way commands
Along the shore through Chesil's sands;
Where, over-toil'd, her heat to cool,
She bathes her in the pleasant Pool:
Thence, over land again doth scow'r,
To fetch in Froom and bring down Stour;
Falls with New-Forest, as she sings
The wanton wood-nymphs revellings.
Whilst Itchin in her lofty lays
Chants Bevis of Southampton's praise,
She southward with her active flight
Is wafted to the isle of Wight,
To see the rout the sea-gods keep,
Their swaggering in the Solent deep.
Thence Hampshire-ward her way she bends;
And visiting her forest friends,
Near Sals'bury her rest doth take:
Which she her second pause doth make.

March strongly forth, my Muse, whilst yet the temp'rate air
Invites us eas'ly on to hasten our repair.
Thou pow'rful god of flames (in verse divinely great)
Touch my invention so with thy true genuine heat,
That high and noble things I slightly may not tell,
Nor light and idle toys my lines may vainly swell;
But as my subject serves, so high or low to strain,
And to the varying earth so sute my varying vein,
That Nature, in my work thou may'st thy pow'r avow:
Th as thou first found'st Art, and didst her rules allow;
So to thine own self that gladly near would be,
May herein do the best, in imitating thee:
As thou hast here a hill, a vale there, there a flood,
A mead here, there a heath, and now and then a wood,
These things so in my song I naturally may show;
Now, as the mountain high; then, as the valley low;
Here, fruitful as the mead; there, as the heath be bare;
Then, as the gloomy wood, I may be rough, though rare.
Thro' the Dorsetian fields, that lie in open view,
My progress I again must seriously pursue,
From Marshwood's fruitful vale my journey on to make:
(As Phœbus getting up out of the eastern lake,
Refresh'd with ease and sleep, is to his labour prest;
Even so the labouring Muse, here baited with this rest,)
Whereas the little Lim along doth eas'ly creep,
And Car, that coming down unto the troubled deep,
Brings on the neighb'ring Bert, whose bat'ning mellow'd bank,
From all the British soils, for hemp most hugely rank
Doth bear away the best; to Bert-port, which hath gain'd
That praise from every place, and worthily obtain'd
Our cordage from her store[1], and cables should be made,
Of any in that kind most fit for marine trade.
Not sever'd from the shore, aloft where Chesil lifts
Her ridged snake-like sands, in wrecks and smould'ring drifts,
Which by the south-wind rais'd, are heav'd on little hills:
Whose vallies with his flows when foaming Neptune fills,
Upon a thousand swans[2] the naked sea-nymphs ride
Within the ouzy pools, replenish'd every tide:
Which running on, the isle of Portland pointeth out;
Upon whose moisted skirt, with sea-weed fring'd about,
The bastard coral breeds, that, drawn out of the brack,
A brittle stalk becomes, from greenish turn'd to black:
Which th' ancients for the love that they to Isis bare
(Their goddess most ador'd) have sacred for her hair.
Of which the Naiads and the blue Nereids[3] make
Them taudries[4] for their necks: when sporting in the lake,
They to their secret bow'rs the sea-gods entertain.
Where Portland from her top doth over-peer the main;
Her rugged front empal'd (on every part) with rocks,
Though indigent of wood, yet fraught with woolly flocks;
Most famous for her folk excelling with the sling,
Of any other here this land inhabiting;
That therewith they in war offensively might wound,
If yet the use of shot invention had not found.
Where from the neighb'ring hills her passage Wey doth path,
Whose haven, not our least that watch the mid-day, hath
The glories that belong unto a complete port;
Though Wey the least of all the Naiads that resort
To the Dorsetian sands from off the higher shore.
Then Froom (a nobler flood) the Muses doth implore
Her mother Blackmoor's state they sadly would bewail,
Whose big and lordly oaks once bore as brave a sail,
As they themselves that thought the largest shades to spread:
But man's devouring hand, with all the earth not fed,
Hath hew'd her timber down: which wounded, when it fell,
By the great noise it made, the workmen seem'd to tell
The loss that to the land would shortly come thereby,
Where no man ever plants to our posterity;
That when sharp Winter shoots her sleet and harden'd hail,
Or sudden gusts from sea the harmless deer assail,
The shrubs are not of pow'r to shield them from the wind.
"Dear mother," quoth the Froom, "too late, alas! we find
The softness of thy sword, continued through thy soil,
To be the only cause of unrecover'd spoil;
When scarce the British ground a finer grass doth bear:
"And wish I could," quoth she, "(if wishes helpful were)
Thou never by that name of White-hart hadst been known,
But stiled Black-moor still, which rightly was thine own.
For why? that change foretold the ruin of thy state:
Lo, thus the world may see what 'tis to innovate!"
By this, her own-nam'd town[5] the wand'ring Froom had past,
And quitting in her course old Dorcester at last,
Approaching near the Pool, at Wareham on her way,
As eas'ly she doth fall into the peaceful bay,
Upon her nobler side, and to the southward near,
Fair Purbeck she beholds, which nowhere hath her peer:
So pleasantly in-isl'd on mighty Neptune's marge,
A forest-nymph, and one of chaste Diana's charge,
Imploy'd in woods and lawns her deer to feed and kill:
On whom the wat'ry god would oft have had his will,
And often her hath woo'd, which never would be won:
But Purbeck, as profest a huntress and a nun,
The wide and wealthy sea, nor all his pow'r respects;
Her marble-minded breast, impregnable, rejects
The ugly orks[6], that for their lord the Ocean woo.
Whilst Froom was troubled thus, where nought she hath to do,
The Piddle, that this while bestirr'd her nimble feet,
In falling to the Pool her sister Froom to meet,
And having in her train two little slender rills
Besides her proper spring, wherewith her banks she fills,
To whom since first the world this later name her lent,
Who anciently was known to be instiled Trent[7],

[1] By act of parliament in the 21st of Hen. VIII.
[2] The beauty of the many swans upon the Chesils, noted in this poetical delicacy.
[3] Sea-nymphs.
[4] A kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.
[5] Frampton.
[6] Monsters of the sea, supposed Neptune's guard.
[7] The ancient name of Pool.

Her small assistant brooks her second name have gain'd.
Whilst Piddle and the Froom each other entertain'd,
Oft praising lovely Pool, their best-beloved bay,
Thus Piddle her bespake, to pass the time away:
"When Pool," quoth she, "was young, a lusty sea-born lass,
Great Albion to this nymph an earnest suitor was;
And bare himself so well, and so in favour came,
That he in little time upon this lovely dame
Begot three maiden isles, his darlings and delight:
The eldest, Brunksey call'd; the second, Fursey hight;
The youngest and the last, and lesser than the other,
Saint Hellen's name doth bear, the dilling of her mother.
And for the goodly Pool was one of Thetis' train,
Who scorn'd a nymph of hers her virgin-band should stain,
Great Albion (that fore-thought the angry goddess would
Both on the dam and brats take what revenge she could)
1' th' bosom of the Pool his little children plac'd;
First Brunksey, Fursey next, and little Hellen last;
Then with his mighty arms doth clip the Pool about,
To keep the angry queen (fierce Amphitrite) out:
Against whose lordly might she musters up her waves;
And strongly thence repuls'd, with madness scolds and raves."
When now from Pool, the Muse (up to her pitch to get)
Herself in such a place from sight doth almost set,
As by the active power of her commanding wings,
She (falcon-like) from far doth fetch those plenteous springs,
Where Stour[9] receives her strength from six clear fountains fed;
Which gathering to one stream from every several head,
Her new-beginning bank her water scarcely wields;
And fairly ent'reth first on the Dorsetian fields;
Where Gillingham with gifts that for a god were meet,
(Enamell'd paths, rich wreaths, and every sov'reign sweet
The earth and air can yield, with many a pleasure mixt)
Receives her. Whilst there pass'd great kindness them betwixt,
The forest her bespoke: "How happy, floods, are ye,
From our predestin'd plagues that privileged be!
Which only with the fish which in your banks do breed,
And daily there encrease, man's gormandice can feed!
But had this wretched age such uses to employ
Your waters, as the woods we lately did enjoy,
Your channels they would leave as barren by their spoil,
As they of all our trees have lastly left our soil.
Insatiable Time thus all things doth devour:
What ever saw the Sun, that is not in Time's power?
Ye fleeting streams last long, out-living many a day,
But on more stedfast things Time makes the strongest prey."
Now tow'rds the Solent sea as Stour her way doth ply,
On Shaftsbury (by chance) she cast her crystal eye
From whose foundation first such strange reports arise,
As brought into her mind the Eagle's prophecies;
Of that so dreadful plague, which all great Britain swept,
From that which highest flew, to that which lowest crept,
Before the Saxon thence the Briton should expell,
And all that thereupon successively befel.
How then the bloody Dane subdu'd the Saxon race;
And, next, the Norman took possession of the place:
Those ages once expir'd, the Fates to bring about,
The British line restor'd; the Norman lineage out.
Then, those prodigious signs to ponder she began,
Which afterward again the Britons wrack fore-ran;
How here the owl at noon in public streets was seen,
As though the peopled towns had wayless deserts been.
And whilst the loathly toad out of his hole doth crawl,
And makes his fulsome stool amid the prince's hall,
The crystal fountain turn'd into a gory wound,
And bloody issues brake (like ulcers) from the ground;
The seas, against their course, with double tides return,
And oft were seen by night like boiling pitch to burn.
Thus thinking, lively Stour bestirs her tow'rds the main;
Which Lidden leadeth out; then Dulas bears her train
From Blackmore, that at once their wat'ry tribute bring:
When, like some childish wench, she loosely wantoning,
With tricks and giddy turns seems to inisle the shore.
Betwixt her fishful banks then forward she doth scow'r,
Until she lastly reach clear Alen in her race:
Which calmly cometh down from her dear mother chase[10],
Of Cranbourn that is call'd; who greatly joys to see
A river born of her, for Stour's should reckon'd be,
Of that renowned flood a favourite highly grac'd.
Whilst Cranbourn, for her child so fortunately plac'd,
With echoes every way applauds her Alen's state,
A sudden noise from Holt[11] seems to congratulate
With Cranbourn, for her brook so happily bestow'd:
Where, to her neighb'ring chase, the courteous forest show'd
So just-conceived joy, that from each rising hurst[12],
Where many a goodly oak had carefully been nurst,
The Sylvans in their songs their mirthful meeting tell;
And Satyrs, that in slades and gloomy dimbles dwell,
Run whooting to the hills to clap their ruder hands.
As Holt had done before, so Canford's goodly launds
(Which lean upon the Pool) enrich'd with cop'ras veins,
Rejoice to see them join'd. When down from Sarum plains
Clear Avon coming in, her sister Stour doth call,
And at New-forest's foot into the sea do fall,
Which every day bewail that deed so full of dread,
Whereby she (now so proud) became first forested:
She now, who for her site ev'n boundless seem'd to lie,
Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny,
Providing laws to keep those beasts here planted then,
Whose lawless will from hence before had driven men;
That where the hearth was warm'd with winter's feasting fires,
The melancholy hare is form'd in brakes and briers:
The aged ranpick trunk, where plowmen cast their seed,
And churches overwhelm'd with nettles, fern and weed,
By conq'ring William first cut off from every trade,
That here the Norman still might enter to invade;
That on this vacant place, and unfrequented shore,
New forces still might land, to aid those here before.
But she, as by a king and conqueror made so great,
By whom she was allow'd and limited her seat,
Into her own self-praise most insolently brake,
And her less fellow-nymphs New-forest thus bespake:
"Thou Buckholt[13], bow to me; so let thy sister Bere[13];
Chute[13], kneel thou at my name on this side of the shire:
Where, for their goddess, me the Dryads[14] shall adore,
With Waltham and the Bere, that on the sea-worn shore
See at the southern isles the tides at tilt to run;
And Wolmer, placed hence upon the rising sun,
With Ashholt thine ally (my wood-nymphs) and with you,
Proud Pamber tow'rds the north, ascribe me worship due.
Before my princely state let your poor greatness fall;
And vail your tops to me, the sovereign of you all."
Amongst the rivers, so, great discontent there fell.
Th' efficient cause thereof (as loud report doth tell)
Was, that the sprightly Test arising up in Chute,
To Itchin, her ally, great weakness should impute,
That she, to her own wrong, and every other's grief,
Would needs be telling things exceeding all belief:
For she had giv'n it out, South-hampton should not lose
Her famous Bevis so, were't in her pow'r to choose;
And for great Arthur's seat, her Winchester prefers,
Whose old round-table yet she vaunteth to be hers;
And swore, th' inglorious time should not bereave her right;
But what it would obscure, she would reduce to light.
For, from that wondrous pond[15], whence she derives her head,
And places by the way, by which she's honoured,
(Old Winchester, that stands near in her middle way,
And Hampton, at her fall into the Solent sea)
She thinks in all the isle not any such as she,
And for a demigod she would related be.
"Sweet sister mine," quoth Test, "advise you what you do;
Think this; for each of us, the forests here are two:
Who, if you speak a thing whereof they hold can take,
Be't little, or be't much, they double will it make."
Whom Hamble helpeth out; a handsome proper flood,
In courtesy well skill'd, and one that knew her good:
"Consider," quoth this nymph, "the times be curious now,
And nothing of that kind will any way allow.
Besides the Muse hath next the British cause in hand,
About things later done that now she cannot stand."
The more they her persuade, the more she doth persist;
Let them say what they will, she will do what she list.
She stiles herself their chief, and swears she will command;
And, whatsoe'er she saith, for oracles must stand.
Which when the rivers heard, they farther speech forbear.
And she (to please herself that only seem'd to care)
To sing th' atchievements great of Bevis thus began:
"Redoubted knight," quoth she, "O most renowned man
Who, when thou wert but young, thy mother durst reprove
(Most wickedly seduced by th' unlawful love
Of Mordure, at that time the Almain emperor's son)
That she thy sire to death disloyally had done."—
Each circumstance whereof she largely did relate;
Then in her song pursu'd his mother's deadly hate;
And how (by Saber's hand) when she suppos'd him dead,
Where long upon the downs a shepherd's life he led;
Till, by the great recourse, he came at length to know
The country thereabout could hardly hold the show
His mother's marriage-feast to fair Scutchmilion drew;
Being wedded to that lord who late her husband slew;
Into his noble breast which pierc'd so many deeps,
That (in the poor attire he us'd to tend the sheep,
And in his hand his hook) unto the town he went;
As having in his heart a resolute intent
Or manfully to die, or to revenge his wrong:
Where pressing at the gate the multitude among,
The porter to that place, his ignorance that forsook
(Supposing him some swain, some boist'rous country-lad,
Upon the head he lent so violent a stroke,
That the poor empty skull like some thin pot-sherd broke,
The brains and mingled blood were spirted on the wall
Then hasting on, he came into the upper hall,
Where murd'rous Mordure sat embraced by his bride
Who (guilty in himself) how he not Bevis spy'd.

[8] The story of Pool.
[9] Stour riseth from six fountains.
[10] Cranbourn chase.
[11] Holt forest.
[12] A wood in English.
[13] The forests of Hampshire, with their situations.
[14] Nymphs that live and die with oaks.
[15] A pool near unto Alresford, yielding an unusual abundance of water.

...es had with a blow been shatter'd: but by chance
...ing from the place, whilst Bevis did advance
His hand, with greater strength his deadly foe to hit,
And missing him, his chair he all to shivers split:
Which struck his mother's breast with strange and sundry fears,
That Bevis being then but of so tender years,
Durst yet attempt a thing so full of death and doubt.
And, once before deceiv'd, she newly cast about
To put him out of sight; and, with a mighty wage,
Won such, themselves by oath as deeply durst engage,
To execute her will: who shipping him away
(And making forth their course into the midland sea)
As they had got before, so now again for gold
To an Armorican there that young Alcides sold:
Of all his gotten prize, who (as the worthiest thing,
And fittest wherewithal to gratify his king)
Presented that brave youth; the splendour of whose eye
A wond'rous majesture show'd of grace and majesty:
Whose more than man-like shape, and matchless stature, took
The king, that often us'd with great delight to look
Upon that English earl. But though the love he bore
To him so sought be much, his daughter ten times more
Admir'd the godlike man: who, from the hour that first
His beauty she beheld, felt her soft bosom pierc'd
With Cupid's deadliest shaft; that Josian, to her guest,
Already had resign'd possession of her breast.
There sung one, in the fields how as he went to sport,
And those stamp'd Panims heard, who, in despightful sort,
Derided Christ the Lord; for his Redeemer's sake
How on those men hounds did there such slaughter make,
As entrails to the black mouths their blasphemies they drew,
And howling went to hell. As also how he slew
The fierce boar, whose tusks turn'd up whole fields of grain
And, rooting, raised hills upon the level plain;
Dug caverns in the earth, so dark and wond'rous deep,
That, into whose mouth the desperate Roman[16] leapt)
In quitting of his head, a trophy thence to bear:
The forresters, that came to intercept it there,
In his black scalps and trunks in chips and pieces cleft,
And in the midst, like beasts, their mangled bodies left.
As to his further praise, how for that dangerous fight
The proud Armorican king made noble Bevis knight:
And having raised power, Damascus to invade,
The general of his force this English hero made.
Then how fair Josian gave him Arundel his steed,
And Morglay his good sword, in many a valiant deed
Which manfully he try'd. Next, in a buskin'd[17] strain,
Sung how himself he bore upon Damascus' plain,
That dreadful battle where with Brandamond he fought;
And with his sword and steed such earthly wonders wrought,
As even amongst his foes him admiration won;
How, mount'ring in the throng with mighty Radison,
And lopping off his arms, th' imperial standard took.
To whose prodigious fall, the conquer'd foe forsook
The field; where, in one day so many peers they lost,
So brave commanders, and so absolute an host,
As to the humbled earth took proud Damascus down,
Then tributary made to the Armenian crown.
And how at his return the king (for service done,
The honour to his reign, and to Armenia won)
In marriage to this earl the princess Josian gave.
As into what distress him Fortune after drave,
That great Damascus sent ambassador again;
How, in revenge of theirs, before by Bevis slain,
Unknown, at his return, for that he so despis'd
The gods unto whom they daily sacrific'd,
He slain in pieces hew'd, and scatter'd in the dust)
By strength into a dungeon thrust;
Made to attone, long two serpents had remain'd
As the common sewer that all the city drain'd)
Their smell; which seiz'd him for their prey:
With whom in struggling long (besmear'd with blood and clay)
From their armed chaps, and from the prison scap'd.
The fierce adventurous Jour, the king of Mambrant, rap'd
Through his dear love, his noble sword and steed:
Which afterward by craft he in a palmer's weed
Recover'd, and with him from Mambrant bare away.
And with two lions how he held a desperate fray,
Having torn at once, that fiercely on him flew: [drew,
In fight he tore'd with wounds, then by the necks them
Against the warden'd earth their jaws and shoulders burst;
That (Goliah-like) great Ascupart enfore'd
To give him for a slave, and by his horse to run.
Of Guido again the glory that he won
And huge dragon, like the country to destroy;
How sting struck like a lance, whose venom did destroy
With a general plague: his scales like shields of brass;
Which, when he mov'd, like some unwieldy mass,
Shook all the solid earth. Which boldly having sung,
In all the quarrel turns that might thereto belong,
Next sings she forges her course how he came back to show,
His prowess there got abroad, how them he did bestow;
In England here again, how he by dint of sword
Unto his ancient lands and titles was restor'd,
And Windsor-forest ev'n, "Enough:" and Waltham, with the Bere,
Both bade her hold her peace; for they no more would hear.

[16] Curtius.

[17] Lofty.

And for she was a flood, her fellows nought would say;
But slipping to their banks, slid silently away.

When as the pliant Muse, with fair and even flight,
Betwixt her silver wings is wafted to the Wight[18];
That isle, which jutting out into the sea so far,
Her offspring traineth up in exercise of war;
Those pirates to put back, that oft purloin her trade,
Or Spaniards or the French attempting to invade.
Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace:
Not one of all her nymphs her sovereign fav'reth thus,
Embraced in the arms of old Oceanus.
For none of her account so near her bosom stand, [sand
'Twixt Penwith's[19] farthest point and Goodwin's[19] queach,
Both for her seat and soil, that far before th' other
Most justly may account great Britain for her mother.
A finer fleece than hers not Lemster's self can boast,
Nor Newport, for her mart, o'ermatcht by any coast.
To these the gentle South, with kisses smooth and soft,
Doth in her bosom breathe, and seems to court her oft.
Besides her little rills, her inlands that do feed,
Which with their lavish streams do furnish every need;
And meads, that with their fine soft grassy towels stand
To wipe away the drops and moisture from her hand;
And to the north, betwixt the fore-land and the firm,
She hath that narrow sea, which we the Solent term;
Where those rough ireful tides, as in her streights they meet,
With boist'rous shocks and roars each other rudely greet:
Which fiercely when they charge, and sadly make retreat,
Upon the bulwarkt forts of Hurst and Calsheot[20] beat,
Then to South-hampton run: which by her shores supply'd,
(As Portsmouth by her strength) doth vilify their pride;
Both roads, that with our best may boldly hold their plea,
Nor Plimmouth's self hath borne more braver ships than they;
That from their anchoring bays have travelled to find
Large China's wealthy realms, and view'd the either Ind,
The pearly rich Peru; and with as prosperous fate
Have born their full-spread sails upon the streams of Plate:
Whose pleasant harbours oft the seaman's hope renew,
To rigg his late-craz'd bark, to spread a wanton clue;
Where they with lusty sack, and mirthful sailor's songs,
Defy their passed storms, and laugh at Neptune's wrongs:
The danger quite forgot wherein they were of late,
Who half so merry now as master and his mate?
And victualling again, with brave and manlike minds
To seaward cast their eyes, and pray for happy winds.
But, partly by the floods sent thither from the shore,
And islands that are set the bord'ring coast before;
As one amongst the rest, a brave and lusty dame
Call'd Portsey, whence that bay of Portsmouth hath her name;
By her, two little isles, her handmaids (which compar'd
With those within the Pool, for deftness not outdar'd)
The greater Haling hight; and fairest tho' by much,
Yet Thorney very well, but somewhat rough in touch:
Whose beauties far and near divulged by report,
And by the Tritons[21] told in mighty Neptune's court,
Old Proteus[22] hath been known to leave his finny herd,
And in their sight to spunge his foam-bespawled beard.
The sea gods, which about the watry kingdom keep,
Have often for their sakes abandoned the deep;
That Thetis many a time to Neptune hath complain'd,
How for those wanton nymphs her ladies were disdain'd:
And there arose such rut th' unruly rout among,
That soon the noise thereof through all the ocean rung.

§. When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her might grow
In that their mighty stirs might be her overthrow,
She strongly streightneth in the entrance to her bay;
That, of their haunt debarr'd, and shut out to the sea,
(Each small conceived wrong helps on distemper'd rage)
No counsel could be heard their choler to asswage:
When every one suspects the next that is in place
To be the only cause and means of his disgrace.
Some coming from the east, some from the setting sun,
The liquid mountains still together mainly run;
Wave woundeth wave again; and billow, billow gores;
And topsy-turvy so fly tumbling to the shores.
From hence the Solent sea, as some men thought, might
Amongst those things which we call wonders of our land.

When towing up that stream[23], so negligent of fame,
As till this very day she yet conceals her name;
By Bert and Waltham both that's equally emborac'd,
And lastly, at her fall, by Tichfield highly grac'd:
Whence, from old Windsor hill, and from the aged Stone[24]
The Muse those countries sees, which call her to be gone.
The forests took their leave: Bere, Chute, and Buckholt, to
Adieu; so Wolmer, and so Ashholt kindly did:
And Pamber shook her head, as grieved at the heart;
When far upon her way, and ready to depart,
As now the wand'ring Muse so sadly went along,
To her last farewel, thus, the goodly forests song.

[18] Isle of Wight.

[19] The forelands of Cornwal and Kent.

[20] Two castles in the sea.

[21] Trumpeters of Neptune.

[22] A sea-god, who changes himself into any shape.

[23] Tichfield river.

[24] Another little hill in Hampshire.

"Dear Muse, to plead our right, whom time at last hath
Which else nothing can, and banish'd every thought,
When they account of the hills, and from their rising shrouds
Our sisters their command, whose tops once touch'd the clouds;
Old Arden[2] where it meets't, or dost fair Sherwood[20] see,
Tell them, that as they waste, so every day do we:
Wish them, we of our griefs may be each other's heirs;
Let them lament our fall, and we will mourn for theirs."
Then turning from the south, which lies in public view,
The Muse an obscure course doth seriously pursue;
And pointing to the plains, she thither takes her way;
For which, to gain her breath, she makes a little stay.

POLY-OLBION:

SONG THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this third song great threatenings are,
And reading all to nymphish war.
Old Wansdike uttereth words of hate,
Deploring Stonendge's estate.
Clear Avon and fair Willy strive,
Each pleading her prerogative.
The plain the forests doth disdain:
The forests rail upon the plain.
The Muse then seeks the shire's extremes,
To find the fountain of great Thames;
Falls down with Avon, and descries
Both Bath's and Bristol's braveries:
Then views the Somersetian soil;
Through marshes, mines, and mores doth toil,
To Avalon of Arthur's grave,
Sadly bemoan'd of Ochy cave.
There with delight she bravely brings
The princely Parret from her springs;
Preparing for the learned plea
(To come next in song) in the Severn sea.

Up with our Muse, lark (too long we take our rest)
Whilst yet the blushing dawn out of the cheerful east
Is ushering forth the day to light the Muse along;
Whose most delightful touch, and sweetness of her song,
Shall force the lusty swains out of the country towns,
To lead the spring girls in dances to the downs.
The nymphs, in Selwood's shades and Braden's woods that be,
Their galeon wreaths, O Muse, shall offer up to thee. [rank,
And when their shap'ns fly course tow'rds where the soil is
The Somersetian maids, by swelling Sabrin's bank,
Shall strew the way with flowers (where thou art coming on),
Brought from marshy grounds by aged Avalon.[1]

From Severn thus we set, remov'd from whence it stood
By Avon to reside, her dearest-loved flood;
Where her imperious fame[2] her former seat disdains,
And proudly over-tops the spacious neighbouring plains.
What pleasures hath this isle, of us esteem'd most dear,
In any place, but poor unto the plenty here?
The chalky Chiltern[3] fields, nor Kelmarsh[3] self compares
With Everesly[4] for store and swiftness of her hares:
Nor house of greater speed, nor yet a righter hound,
Not any where twixt Kent and Caledon[5] is found.
Nor yet the level south can show a smoother race.
Whereas the hallow[6] may outstrips the winds in chase;
As famous in the west for matches yearly try'd,
As Garterley[7] possest of all the northern pride;
Or on his match as much the western horseman lays,
As Yorkriding Scots upon their galloways.[8]
And as the western soil as sound a horse doth breed,
So doth the land that lies betwixt the Trent and Tweed:
A jaunter, sa, but finds the breeding of the west[9]
The only kind of hounds for mouth and nostril best;
That cold doth seldom freeze, nor heat doth over-hail;
Not standing in the light, as pleasant on the trail;
For hunting, easily check'd, and loving every chase; O
Of right running, hard and tough, of reasonable pace:
Not heavy, as that hound which Lancashire doth breed;
Nor as the northern kind, so light and hot of speed,
But as the quarter chase, or on the foiled train,
Upon the cleanest ground, in woodland or on plain.
Doth make the sweetest cry, in woodland or on plain.

19 A great and ancient forest in Warwickshire.
20 A forest near Nottingham.
1 Glastonbury.
2 Salisbury church.
3 Two places famous for hares, the one in Buckinghamshire, the other in Northamptonshire.
4 Everley warren of hares.
5 The farthest part of Scotland.
6 Gant.
7 The best kind of Scottish nags.
8 A famous Yorkshire horse-race.
9 The western hounds generally the best.

Where she, of all the plains of British, that doth bear
The name to be the first (renowned every where)
Hath worthily obtain'd that Stonendge there should stand:
She, first of plains; and that, first wonder of the land[10].
She Wansdike also wins, by whom she is embraced,
That in his aged arms doth gird her ampler waist;
Who (for a mighty mound sith long he did remain)
Betwixt the Mercians rule, and the West-Saxons reign,
And therefore of his place himself he proudly bore.
Had very oft been heard with Stonendge to compare;
Whom for a paltry ditch, when Stonendge pleas'd t' upbraid,
The old man taking heart, thus to that trophy said:
"Dull heap, that thus thy head above the rest dost rear,
Precisely yet not know's: who first did place thee there;
But traytor basely turn'd, to Merlin's skill dost fly,
And with his magicks dost thy maker's truth belye:
Conspirator with time, now grown so mean and poor,
Comparing these his spirits with those that went before;
Yet rather art content thy builder's praise to lose,
Than passed greatness should thy present wants disclose.
Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their story,
That hast forgot their names, who rear'd thee for their glory:
For all their wondrous cost, thou that has serv'd them so,
What 'tis to trust to tombs, by thee we easily know."
In these invectives thus whilst Wansdike doth complain,
He interrupted is by that imperious Plain[11],
To hear two crystal floods to court her, that apply
Themselves, which should be seen most gracious in her eye.
First, Willy boasts herself more worthy than the other,
And better far deriv'd: as having to her mother
Fair Selwood[12], and to bring up Severn in her train;
Which, when the envious sea would from her course restrain,
A mile creeps under earth, as flying all resort
And how clear Nader waits attendance in her court:
And therefore claims of right the Plain should hold her dear,
Which gives that town the name; which likewise names thy
shire.[14]
The eastern Avon vaunts, and doth upon her take
To be the only child of shadeful Savernake[15],
As Ambray's ancient flood; herself and to prostyle
The Stonendge's best-lov'd, first wonder of the isle;
And what (in her behoof) might any want supply,
She vaunts the goodly seat of famous Salisbury;
Where meeting pretty Bourne, with many a fond embrace,
Betwixt her crystal arms they clip that loved place.
Report, as lately rais'd, unto these rivers came,
That Bath's clear Avon (waxt imperious through her fame)
Their dalliance should deride; and that by her disdain,
Some other smaller brooks, belonging to the Plain,
A question seem'd to make, whereas the shire sent forth
Two Avons, which should be the flood of greatest worth;
This stream, which to the south the Celtick sea[16] doth get,
Or that which from the north saluteth Somerset.
This when these rivers heard, that even but lately strove
Which best did love the Plain, or had the Plain's best love,
They straight themselves combine: for Willy wisely weighed
That should her Avon lose the day for want of aid,
If one so great and near were overpast with power,
The foe (she being less) would quickly her devour.
As two contentious kings, that on each little jar,
Defiances send forth, proclaiming open war,
Until some other realm, that on their frontiers lies,
Be hazarded again by other enemies,
Do then betwixt themselves to composition fall,
To countercheck that sword, else like to conquer all:
So falls it with these floods, that deadly hate do bear,
And whilst on either part strong preparations were,
It greatly was suppos'd strange strife would there have been
Had not the goodly Plain (plac'd equally between
Forewarn'd them to desist, and off their purpose bolter;
When in behalf of plains thus gloriously she spoke:
"Away[17], ye barb'rous woods; however ye be plac'd
On mountains, or in dales, or happily be grac'd
With floods, or marshy fells[18], with pasture, or with earth
By nature made to till, that by the yearly birth [grow
The large-bay'd barn doth fill, yea though the fruitful
For, in respect of plains, what pleasure can be found
In dark and sleepy shades? where mists and rotten fogs
Hang in the gloomy thicks, and make unsteadiest bogs,
By dropping from the boughs, the o'er-grown trees among
With caterpillars kells, and dusky cobwebs hung.
"The deadly screech-owl sits, in gloomy covert hide
Whereas the smooth-brow'd plain, as liberally doth bid
The lark to leave her bow'r, and on her trembling wing,
In climbing up tow'rds Heaven, her high-pitch'd hymns to
Unto the springing day, when 'gainst the sun's arise
The early dawning strews the goodly eastern skies
With roses every where: who scarcely hits his head
To view this upper world, but he his beams doth spread

10 Stonendge, the greatest wonder in England.
11 Salisbury plain.
12 A forest betwixt Wiltshire and Somersetshire.
13 Of diving under the earth.
14 Wilton of Willy, and Wiltshire of Wilton.
15 A forest in Wiltshire.
16 The English sea.
17 The Plain of Salisbury's speech in defence of all Pl
18 Boggy places. A ward frequent in Lancashire.

Upon the goodly plains; yet at his noonsted's height,
Doth scarcely pierce the brake with his far-shooting sight.
"The gentle shepherds here survey their gentler sheep:
Amongst the bushy woods luxurious satyrs keep.
To these brave sports of field, who with desire is won,
To see his greyhound course, his horse (in diet) run,
His deep-mouth'd hound to hunt, his long-wing'd hawk to fly,
To these most noble sports his mind who doth apply,
Resorts unto the plains. And not a foughten field,
Where kingdoms rights have lain upon the spear and shield,
But plains have been the place; and all those trophies high,
That ancient times have rear'd to noble memory:
As, Stonendge, that to tell the British princes slain
By those false Saxons' fraud, here ever shall remain.
It was upon the plain of Mamre (to the fame
Of me and all our kind) whereas the angels came
To Abraham in his tent, and there with him did feed;
To Sara his dear wife then promising the seed,
By whom all nations should so highly honour'd be,
In which the Son of God they in the flesh should see.
But forests, to your plague there soon will come an age,
In which all damned sins most vehemently shall rage.
An age! what have I said? nay ages there shall rise,
So senseless of the good of their posterities,
That of your greatest groves they scarce shall leave a tree
(By which the harmless deer may after shelter'd be)
Their luxury and pride but only to maintain,
And for your long excess shall turn ye all to pain."
Thus ending; though some hills themselves that do apply
To please the goodly plain, still standing in her eye,
Did much applaud her speech (as Haradon[19], whose head
Old Ambry still doth awe, and Bagden from his sted,
Surveying of the Vies, whose likings do allure
Both Ouldbry and Saint Ann; and they again procure
Mount Marting-sall: and he those hills that stand aloof,
Those brothers Barbury and Badbury, whose proof
Adds much unto her praise) yet in most high disdain
The forests take her words, and swear the prating Plain
Grown old, began to doat: and Savernake so much
Is galled with her taunts (whom they so nearly touch)
That she in spiteful terms defies her to her face;
And Aldburn with the rest, though being but a chase,
At worse than nought her set: but Bradon all afloat
When it was told to her, set open such a throat,
That all the country rang. She calls her barren jade,
Base quean, and rivel'd witch, and wish'd she could be made
But worthy of her hate, (which most of all her grieves)
The basest beggar's bawd, a harbourer of thieves.
Then Peusham, and with her old Blackmore (not behind)
Do wish that from the seas some sultry southern wind
The foul infectious damps and poison'd airs would sweep,
And pour them on the Plain, to rot her and her sheep.
But whilst the sportive Muse delights her with these things,
She strangely taken is with those delicious springs
Of Kennet rising here, and of the nobler stream
Of Isis, setting forth upon her way to Tame, [tongue,
By Greeklade; whose great name yet vaunts that learned
Where to Great Britain first the sacred Muses song;
Which first were seated here, at Isis' bounteous head,
As telling that her fame should through the world be spread;
And tempted by this flood, to Oxford after came,
There likewise to delight her bridegroom, lovely Tame:
Whose beauty when they saw so much they did adore,
That Greeklade they forsook, and would go back no more.
Then Bradon gently brings forth Avon from her source:
Which southward making soon in her most quiet course,
Receives the gentle Calne: when on her rising side,
First Blacknoor crowns her bank, as Peusham with her pride
Sets out her murmuring sholes, till (turning to the west)
Her, Somerset receives, with all the bounties blest
That Nature can produce in that Bathonian spring,
Which from the sulph'ry mines her med'cinal force doth bring;
Yea physic hath found out by colour, taste, and smell,
Which taught the world at first the virtue of that well;
What quickliest it could cure: which men of knowledge drew
From that first mineral cause: but some that little knew
(Yet felt the great effects continually it wrought)
Ascrib'd it to that skill, which Bladud hither brought,
As by that learned king the baths should be begun;
Not from the quick'ned mine, by the begetting Sun
Giving that natural pow'r, which, by the vig'rous sweat,
Doth lend the lively springs their perdurable heat
In passing through the veins, where matter doth not need;
Which is that minerous earth insep'rably doth breed:
So Nature hath purvey'd, that during all her reign
The baths their native power for ever shall retain:
Where time that city built, which to her greater fame,
Preserving of that spring, participates her name;
The tutelage whereof (as these past worlds did please)
Some to Minerva[20] gave, and some to Hercules:
Proud Phœbus' loved spring, in whose diurnal course,
When on this point of earth he bends his greatest force,
By his so strong approach, provokes her to desire,
Stung with the kindly rage of love's impatient fire:

[19] Divers hills near and about Salisbury Plain.
[20] Minerva and Hercules, the protectors of these fountains.

Which boiling in her womb, projects (as to a birth)
Such matter as she takes from the gross humorous earth;
Till purg'd of dregs and slime, and her complexion clear,
She smileth on the light, and looks with mirthful cheer.
Then came the lusty Froom, the first of floods that met
Fair Avon ent'ring into fruitful Somerset,
With her attending brooks; and her to Bath doth bring,
Much honour'd by that place, Minerva's sacred spring.
To noble Avon, next, clear Chute as kindly came,
To Bristol[21] her to bear, the fairest seat of fame:
To entertain this flood, as great a mind that hath,
And striving in that kind for to excel the Bath.
As when some wealthy lord prepares to entertain
A man of high account, and feast his gallant train;
Of him that did the like, doth seriously inquire
His diet, his device, his service, his attire;
That varying every thing (exampled by his store)
He ev'ry way may pass what th' other did before:
Even so this city doth; the prospect of which place
To her fair building adds an admirable grace;
Well fashion'd as the best, and with a double wall,
As brave as any town; but yet excelling all
For easement, that to health is requisite and meet;
Her pile'd shores, to keep her delicate and sweet:
Hereto, she hath her tides; that when she is opprest
With heat or drought, still pour their floods upon her breast.
To Mendip then the Muse upon the south inclines,
Which is the only store and coffer of her mines;
Elsewhere the fields and meads their sundry traffics suit;
The forests yield her wood, the orchards give her fruit.
As in some rich man's house his several charges lie,
There stands his wardrobe, here remains his treasury;
His large provision there, of fish, of fowl, and neat,
His cellars for his wines, his larders for his meat;
There banquet-houses, walks for pleasure; here again
Cribs, grainers, stables, barns, the other to maintain:
So this rich country hath itself what may suffice,
Or that which through exchange a smaller want supplies.
Yet Ochy's dreadful hole still held herself disgrac'd,
With th' wonders[22] of this isle that she should not be placed;
But that which vext her most, was, that the Peakish cave[23]
Before her darksome self such dignity should have:
And th' Wyches[24] for their salts such state on them should take;
Or Cheshire should prefer her sad death-boding lake[25];
And Stonendge in the world should get such high respect,
Which imitating art but idly did erect:
And that, among the rest, the vain inconstant Dee[26],
By changing of his fords, for one should reckon'd be;
As of another sort, wood turn'd to stone[27]; among
Th' anatomized fish[28], and fowls[29] from planchers sprung:
And on the Cambrian side those strange and wondrous springs[30]
Our beasts[31] that seldom drink; a thousand other things
Which Ochy inly vext, that they to fame should mount,
And greatly griev'd her friends for her so small account;
That there was scarcely rock or river, marsh or meer,
That held not Ochy's wrongs (for all held Ochy dear)
In great and high disdain: and Froom, for her disgrace,
Since scarcely ever wash'd the coalsleck from her face;
But (melancholy grown) to Avon gets a path,
Through sickness forc'd to seek for cure unto the Bath:
And Chedder, for mere grief his teen he could not wreak,
Gush'd forth so forceful streams, that he was like to break
The greater banks of Ax, as from his mother's cave
He wander'd towards the sea; for madness who doth rave
At his dread mother's wrong; but who so woe begun
For Ochy, as the isle of ancient Avalon?
Who having in herself as inward cause of grief,
Neglecteth yet her own, to give her friend relief;
The other so again for her doth sorrow make,
And in the isle's behalf the dreadful cavern spake:
"O three times famous isle, where is that place that might
Be with thyself compar'd for glory and delight,
Whilst Glastenbury stood? exalted to that pride,
Whose monastery seem'd all other to deride:
O who thy ruin sees, whom wonder doth not fill
With our great fathers' pomp, devotion, and their skill?
Thou more than mortal power (this judgment rightly weigh'd)
Then present to assist, at that foundation lay'd;
On whom for this sad waste should justice lay the crime?
Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to time?
Or was their error such, that thou could'st not protect
Those buildings which thy hand did with their zeal erect?
To whom didst thou commit that monument to keep,
That suffereth with the dead their memory to sleep?
When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joseph's grave[32],
From sacrilege had power their sacred bones to save;

[21] The delicacies of Bristol.
[22] A catalogue of the many wonders of this land.
[23] The Devil's arse. [24] The salt wells in Cheshire.
[25] Bruerton's pond. [26] A river by Westchester.
[27] By sundry soils of Britain.
[28] Our pikes, ript and sow'd up, live.
[29] Barnacles, a bird breeding upon old ships.
[30] Wondrous springs in Wales. [31] Sheep.
[32] Joseph of Arimathea.

He who that God in man to his sepulchre brought,
Or he which for the faith twelve famous battles fought.
What! did so many kings do honour to that place,
For avarice at last so vilely to deface?
For reverence, to that seat which had ascribed been,
Trees yet in winter bloom[33], and bear their summer's green."
This said, she many a sigh from her full stomach cast,
Which issued thro' her breast in many a boist'rous blast;
And with such floods of tears her sorrows doth condole,
As into rivers turn within that darksome hole.
Like sorrow for herself, this goodly isle doth try;
Embrac'd by Selwood's son, her flood the lovely Bry,
On whom the Fates bestow'd (when he conceived was)
He should be much belov'd of many a dainty lass;
Who gives all leave to like, yet of them liketh none,
But his affection sets on beateous Avalon; [do prove
Though many a plump-thigh'd moor, and full-flank'd marsh
To force his chaste desires, so dainty of his love.
First Sedgmore[34] shows this flood, her bosom all unbrac'd,
And casts her wanton arms about his slender waist:
Her lover to obtain, so amorous Audry seeks:
And Gedney softly steals sweet kisses from his cheeks.
One takes him by the hand, entreating him to stay;
Another plucks him back, when he would fain away:
But, having caught at length, whom long he did pursue,
Is so entranc'd with love, her goodly parts to view,
That alt'ring quite his shape, to her he doth appear,
And casts his crystal self into an ample meer;
But for his greater growth when needs he must depart,
And forc'd to leave his love (tho' with a heavy heart)
As he his back doth turn, and is departing out,
The batt'ning marshy Brent environs him about;
But loathing her embrace, away in haste he flings,
And in the Severn sea surrounds his plenteous springs.
But, dallying in this place so long, why dost thou dwell,
So many sundry things here having yet to tell?
Occasion calls the Muse her pinions to prepare,
Which (striking with the wind the vast and open air)
Now in the fenny heaths, then in the champains roves,
Now measures out this plain, and then surveys those groves;
The batful pastures fenc'd, and most with quickset mound,
The sundry sorts of soil, diversity of ground;
Where ploughmen cleanse the earth of rubbish, weed, and filth,
And give the fallow lands their seasons and their tilth;
Where best for breeding horse, where cattle fitt'st to keep,
Which good for bearing corn, which pasturing for sheep:
The lean and hungry earth, the fat and marly mould,
Where sands be always hot, and where the clays be cold;
With plenty where they waste, some others touch'd with want;
Here set, and there they sow; here prune, and there they plant.
As Wiltshire is a place best pleas'd with that resort,
Which spend away the time continually in sport;
So Somerset herself to profit doth apply,
As given all to gain, and thriving housewifery.
For, whereas in a land one doth consume and waste,
'Tis fit another be to gather in as fast:
This liketh moory plots, delights in sedgy bowers,
The grassy garlands loves, and oft attir'd with flowers
Of rank and mellow glebe; a sword as soft as wool,
With her complexion strong, a belly plump and full.
Thus whilst the active Muse strains out these various things,
Clear Parret makes approach, with all those plenteous springs
Her fruitful banks that bless; by whose monarchal sway
She fortifies herself against that mighty day,
Wherein her utmost power she should be forc'd to try:
For, from the Druids time there was a prophecy,
That there should come a day (which now was near at hand
By all fore-running signs) that on the eastern strand,
If Parret[35] stood not fast upon the English side,
They all should be suppress: and by the British pride
In cunning over-come; for why, impartial fate
(Yet constant always to the Britons' crazed state)
Forbade they yet should fall; by whom she meant to show
How much the present age and after-times should owe
Unto the line of Brute. Clear Parret therefore press'd
Her tributary streams, and wholly her address'd
Against the ancient foe; first, calling to her aid
Two rivers of one name[36], which seem as tho' they stay'd
Their empress as she went, her either hand that take:
The first upon the right, as from her source, doth make
Large Muchelney an isle, and unto Ivel lends
Her hardly-render'd name: that on her left descends
From Neroch's neighbouring woods; which, of that forest born,
Her rival's proffer'd grace opprobriously doth scorn.
She by her wand'ring course doth Athelney in-isle,
And for the greater state, herself she doth instile
The nearest neighbouring flood to Arthur's antient seat,
Which made the Britons' name thro' all the world so great.
Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd?
Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the table round,
Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long, [sprung.
From whence all knightly deeds and brave atchievements

[33] The wondrous tree at Glastenbury.
[34] Fruitful moors upon the banks of the Bry.
[35] A supposed prophecy upon Parret.
[36] Ivel; from which the town Ivel is denominated.

As some soft-sliding rill, which from a lesser head
(Yet in his going forth by many a fountain fed)
Extends itself at length unto a goodly stream:
So, almost thro' the world his fame flew from this realm;
That justly I may charge those ancient bards of wrong,
So idly to neglect his glory in their song:
For some abundant brain, oh there had been a story
Beyond the blind man's[37] might to have inhanc'd our glory.
Tow'rds the Sabrinian sea then Parret setting on,
To her attendance next comes in the beauteous Tone,
Crown'd with embroider'd banks, and gorgeously array'd,
With all th' enamel'd flowers of many a goodly mead:
In orchards richly clad, whose proud aspiring boughs
Even of the tallest woods do scorn a jot to lose,
Though Selwood's mighty self and Neroch standing by;
The sweetness of her soil thro' every coast doth fly.
What ear so empty is, that hath not heard the sound
Of Taunton's fruitful dean?[38] not match'd by any ground:
By Athelney[39] ador'd, a neighbourer to her land:
Whereas those higher hills to view fair Tone that stand,
Her coadjuting springs with much content behold,
Where seaward Quantock stands, as Neptune he control'd,
And Black-down inland born, a mountain and a mound,
As tho' he stood to look about the country round:
But Parret as a prince, attended here the while,
Enrich'd with every moor, and every inland isle,
Upon her taketh state, well forward tow'rds her fall:
Whom lastly yet to grace, and not the least of all,
Comes in the lively Carr, a nymph most lovely clear,
From Somerton sent down, the sovereign of the shire;
Which makes our Parret proud. And wallowing in excess,
Whilst like a prince she vaunts amid the wat'ry press,
The breathless Muse awhile her wearied wings shall ease,
To get her strength to stem the rough Sabrinian seas.

POLY-OLBION.

THE FOURTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

ENGLAND and Wales strive, in this song,
To whether Lundy doth belong:
When either's nymphs, to clear the doubt,
By music mean to try it out.
Of mighty Neptune leave they ask:
Each one betakes her to her task.
The Britons, with the harp and crowd:
The English, both with still and loud.
The Britons chant king Arthur's glory;
The English sing their Saxons' story.
The hills of Wales their weapons take,
And are an uproar like to make,
To keep the English part in awe.
There's heave and shove, and hold and draw;
That Severn can them scarce divide,
Till judgment may the cause decide.

THIS while in Sabrin's court strong factions strangely grew,
Since Cornwal for her own, and as her proper due,
Claim'd Lundy, which was said to Cambria to belong,
Who oft had sought redress for that her ancient wrong:
But her inveterate foe, borne out by England's might,
O'ersways her weaker pow'r; that (now in either's right)
As Severn finds no flood so great, nor poorly mean,
But that the natural spring (her force which doth maintain)
From this or that[1] she takes; so from this faction free
(Begun about this isle) not one was like to be.
This Lundy is a nymph to idle toys inclin'd;
And, all on pleasure set, doth wholly give her mind
To see upon her shores her fowl and conies fed,
And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.
Of traffic or return she never taketh care;
Not provident of pelf, as many islands are:
A lusty black-brow'd girl, with forehead broad and high,
That often had bewitch'd the sea-gods with her eye.
Of all the inlaid isles her sovereign Severn keeps,
That bathe their amorous breasts within her secret deeps,
(To love her Barry much and Scilly[2] though she seem,
The Flat-holm and the Steep as likewise to esteem)
This noblest British nymph[3] yet likes the Lundy best,
And to great Neptune's grace prefers before the rest.
Thus, Cambria[4] to her right that would herself restore,
And rather than to lose Loegria[5], looks for more.

[37] Homer.
[38] One of the fruitful places of this land.
[39] Interpreted the noble isle.
[1] From England or Wales.
[2] Certain little isles lying within Severn.
[3] Severn. [4] Wales. [5] England.

The nymphs of either part, whom passion doth invade,
To trial straight will go, though Neptune should dissuade:
But of the weaker sex, the most part full of spleen,
And only wanting strength to wreak their angry teen,
For skill their challenge make, which every one profest,
And in the learned arts (of knowledges the best,
And to th' heroic spirit most pleasing under sky)
Sweet Music, rightly match'd with heavenly Poësy,
In which they all exceed: and in this kind alone
They conquerors vow to be, or lastly overthrown.
Which when fair Sabrin saw (as she is wondrous wise)
And that it were in vain them better to advise,
Sith this contention sprang from countries like ally'd,
That she would not be found t' incline to either side,
To mighty Neptune sues to have his free consent
Due trial they might make: when he incontinent
His Tritons sendeth out the challenge to proclaim.
No sooner that divulg'd in his so dreadful name,
But such a shout was sent from every neighb'ring spring,
That the report was heard through all his court to ring:
And from the largest stream unto the lesser brook,
Them to this wondrous task they seriously betook.
They curl their ivory fronts; and not the smallest beck
But with white pebbles makes her tawdries for her neck;
Lay forth their amorous breasts unto the public view.
Enamelling the white with veins that were as blue;
Each moor, each marsh, each mead, preparing rich array
To set their rivers forth against this general day. [shove,
'Mongst forests, hills, and floods, was ne'er such heave and
Since Albion[6] wielded arms against the son of Jove.
When as the English part, their courage to declare,
Them to th' appointed place immediately prepare.
A troop of stately nymphs proud Avon with her brings,
(As she that hath the charge of wise Minerva's springs[7])
From Mendip tripping down, about the tinny mine.
And Ax*, no less employ'd about this great design,
Leads forth a lusty rout; when Bry*, with all her throng,
(With very madness swoln, that she had stay'd so long)
Comes from the boggy mears and queachy fens below;
That Parret* (highly pleas'd to see the gallant show)
Set out with such a train as bore so great a sway,
The soil but scarcely serves to give her hugeness way.
Then the Devonian Taw, from Dertmore deckt with pearl,
Unto the conflict comes: with her that gallant girl [her fall:
Clear Towridge, whom they fear'd would have estrang'd
Whose coming, lastly, bred such courage in them all,
As drew down many a nymph from the Cornubian shore,
That paint their goodly breasts with sundry sorts of ore.
The British, that this while had stood a view to take
What, to her utmost power, the publick foe could make,
But slightly weigh their strength: for, by her natural kind,
As still the Briton bears a brave and noble mind;
So, trusting to their skill, and goodness of their cause,
For speedy trial call, and for indifferent laws.
At length, by both allow'd, it to this issue grew:
To make a likely choice of some most expert crew,
Whose number coming near unto the other's dow'r,
The English should not urge they were o'er-borne by pow'r.
Yet hardly upon Powse they dare their hopes to lay,
For that she hath commerce with England every day:
Nor Ross; for that too much she aliens doth respect;
And following them, forgoes her ancient dialect.
The Venedotian floods[8], that ancient Britons were,
The mountains kept them back, and shut them in the rear:
But Brecknock, long time known a country of much worth,
Unto this conflict brings her goodly fountains forth:
For almost not a brook of Morgany[9], nor Gwent,
But from her fruitful womb doth fetch their high descent.
For Brecan was a prince once fortunate and great,
(Who dying, lent his name to that his nobler seat)
With twice twelve daughters[10] blest, by one and only wife:
Who for their beauties rare, and sanctity of life,
To rivers were transform'd; whose pureness doth declare
How excellent they were, by being what they are:
Who dying virgins all, and rivers now by fate,
To tell their former love to the unmarried state,
To Severn shape their course, which now their form doth bear;
E'er she was made a flood, a virgin as they were.
And from the seas with fear they still do fly:
So much they yet delight in maiden company.
Then most renowned Wales, thou famous ancient place,
Which still hast been the nurse of all the British race,
Since Nature thee denies that purple-cluster'd vine,
Which others' temples chafes with fragrant sparkling wine;
And being now in hand to write thy glorious praise,
Fill me a bowl of meath, my working spirit to raise:
And e'er seven books have end, I'll strike so high a string,
Thy bards shall stand amaz'd with wonder, whilst I sing;
That Taliessen, once which made the rivers dance,
And in his rapture rais'd the mountains from their trance,
Shall tremble at my verse, rebounding from the skies;
Which like an earthquake shakes the tomb wherein he lies.
First our triumphing Muse of sprightly Usk shall tell,
And what to every nymph attending her, befell:
Which Cray and Camlas first for pages doth retain;
With whom the next in place comes in the tripping Brean,
With Isker; and with her comes Hodny fine and clear,
Of Brecknock best belov'd, the sovereign of the shire:
And Grony, at an inch, waits on her mistress' heels.
But ent'ring (at the last) the Monumethian fields,
Small Fidan, with Clenaugh, increase her goodly Menie,
Short Kebby, and the brook that christ'neth Abergeny.
With all her wat'ry train, when now at last she came
Unto that happy town which bears her only name[11],
Bright Birthin, with her friend, fair Olwy, kindly meet her;
Which for her present haste, have scarcely time to greet her
But earnest on her way, she needsly will be gone:
So much she longs to see the ancient Caerleon.
When Avon cometh in, than which amongst them all,
A finer is not found betwixt her head and fall.
Then Ebwith, and with her slides Srowy; which forelay
Her progress, and for Usk keep entrance to the sea.
When Munno, all this while, that (for her own behoof)
From this their great recourse had strangely stood aloof,
Made proud by Monmouth's name appointed her by fate,
Of all the rest herein observed special state.
For once the bards foretold she should produce a king[12],
Which everlasting praise to her great name should bring,
Who by his conquering sword should all the land surprise,
Which 'twixt the Pennenmaur[13] and the Pyreni[14] lies:
She therefore is allow'd her leisure; and by her
They win the goodly Wye, whom strongly she doth stir
Her powerful help to lend: which else she had deny'd,
Because herself so oft to England she ally'd:
But b'ing by Munno made for Wales, away she goes.
Which when as Throggy sees, herself she headlong throws
Into the wat'ry throng, with many another rill,
Repairing to the Welch, their number up to fill.
That Remny, when she saw these gallant nymphs of Gwent,
On this appointed match were all so hotly bent,
Where she of ancient time had parted, as a mound,
The Monumethian fields and Glamorganian ground,
Entreats the Taff along, as gray as any glass:
With whom clear Cunno comes, a lusty Cambrian lass:
Then Elwy, and with her Ewenny holds her way,
And Ogmore, that would yet be there as soon as they,
By Avon called in: when nimbler Neath anon
(To all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare beauties known,
Besides her double head, to help her stream that hath
Her handmaids, Melta sweet, clear Hepsey, and Thagrath)
From Brecknock forth doth break; then Dulas and Cledaugh
By Morgany[15] do drive her through her watry saugh[16];
With Tawy, taking part t' assist the Cambrian power:
Then Lhu and Logor, given to strengthen them by Gower.
'Mongst whom some bards there were, that in their sacred rage
Recorded the descents and acts of every age.
Some with their nimbler joints that struck the warbling string;
In fingering some unskill'd, but only us'd to sing
Unto the others' harp: of which you both might find
Great plenty, and of both excelling in their kind,
That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's praise,
Had won the silver harp, and worn Apollo's bays:
Whose verses they deduc'd from those first golden times,
Of sundry sorts of feet, and sundry suits of rhymes.
In Englins[17] some there were, that on their subject strain;
Some makers that again affect the loftier vein.
Rehearse their high conceits in Cowiths: other some
In Owdells theirs express, as matter haps to come;
So varying still their moods, observing yet in all
Their quantities, their rests, their ceasures metrical:
For to that sacred skill they most themselves apply;
Addicted from their birth so much to poësy,
That in the mountains those who scarce have seen a book,
Most skilfully will make[18], as though from art they took.
And as Loëgria spares not any thing of worth,
That any way might set her goodly rivers forth;
As stones by nature cut from the Cornubian strond;
Her Dertmore sends them pearl; Rock-vincent, diamond:
So Cambria, of her nymphs especial care will have;
For Conway sends them pearl to make them wondrous brave;
The sacred virgin's well[19], her moss most sweet and rare,
Against infectious damps for pomander to wear:
And Goldcliff[20] of his ore in plenteous sort allows,
To spangle their attires, and deck their amorous brows.

6 Albion, Neptune's son, warred with Hercules.
7 The baths.
* All these rivers you may see in the third song.
8 Floods of North Wales.
9 Glamorgan and Monmouthshires.
10 A supposed metamorphosis of Brecan's daughters.
11 Monmouth.
12 Henry the Fifth, styled of Monmouth.
13 A hill in Caernarvonshire.
14 Hills dividing Spain and France.
15 Glamorgan.
16 A kind of trench.
17 Englins Cosiths, and Asdells, British forms of verses.
18 A word, used by the ancients, signifying to versify
19 Saint Winifrid's well.
20 A glist'ring rock in Monmouthshire.

And lastly, holy Dee (whose pray'rs were highly priz'd,
As one in heavenly things devoutly exercis'd:
Who, changing [21] of his fords, by divination had
Foretold the neighbouring folk of fortune good or bad)
In their intended course sith needs they will proceed,
His benediction sends in way of happy speed.
And tho' there were such haste unto this long-look'd hour,
Yet let they not to call upon th' eternal pow'r.
For, who will have his work his wished end to win,
Let him with hearty pray'r religiously begin.
Wherefore the English part, with full devout intent,
In meet and godly sort to Glastenbury sent,
Beseeching of the saints in Avalon that were,
There off'ring at their tombs for every one a tear,
And humbly to St. George their country's patron pray,
To prosper their design now in this mighty day.
The Britons, like devout, their messengers direct
To David, that he would their ancient right protect.
'Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds are crown'd,
The valley Ewias [22] lies, inmur'd so deep and round,
As they below that see the mountains rise so high,
Might think the straggling herds were grazing in the sky:
Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,
As Nature at the first appointed it for pray'r:
Where, in an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,
In which not to this day the sun hath ever shone,
That reverend British saint in zealous ages past,
To contemplation liv'd; and did so truly fast,
As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,
And fed upon the leeks he gather'd in the fields.
In memory of whom, in the revolving year
The Welchmen on his day that sacred herb do wear:
Where, of that holy man, as humbly they do crave,
That in their just defence they might his furth'rance have.
Thus either, well prepar'd the other's power before,
Conveniently b'ing plac'd upon their equal shore;
The Britons, to whose lot the onset doth belong,
Give signal to the foe for silence to their song.
To tell each various strain and turning of their rhymes,
How this in compass falls, or that in sharpness climbs,
(As where they rest and rise, how take it one from one,
As every several chord hath a peculiar tone)
Even memory herself, though striving, would come short:
But the material things, Muse, help me to report.
As first, t' affront the foe, in th' ancient Britons' right,
With Arthur they begin, their most renowned knight;
The richness of the arms their well-made worthy [23] wore,
The temper of his sword (the try'd Escalabour)
The bigness and the length of Rone, his noble spear;
With Prydwin his great shield, and what the proof could bear;
His baudrie how adorn'd with stones of wond'rous price,
The sacred virgin's shape he bore for his device;
These monuments of worth, the ancient Britons' song.
Now, doubting lest these things might hold them but too long,
His wars they took to task; the land then over-laid
With those proud German pow'rs: when, calling to his aid
His kinsman Howel, brought from Brittany the less,
Their armies they unite, both swearing to suppress
The Saxon, here that sought through conquest all to gain.
On whom he chanc'd to light at Lincoln: where the plain
Each-where from side to side lay scatter'd with the dead.
And when the conquer'd foe, that from the conflict fled,
Betook them to the woods, he never left them there,
Until the British earth he forc'd them to forswear.
And as his actions rose, so raise they still their vein
In words, whose weight best suit a sublimated strain.
They sung how he himself at Badon bore that day,
When at the glorious gole his British sceptre lay:
Two days together how the battle strongly stood:
Pendragon's [24] worthy son, who waded there in blood,
Three hundred Saxons slew with his own valiant hand.
And (after call'd, the Pict and Irish to withstand)
How he, by force of arms, Albania over-ran,
Pursuing of the Pict beyond mount Caledon:
There strongly shut them up whom stoutly he subdu'd.
How Gillamore again to Ireland he pursu'd,
So oft as he presum'd the envious Pict to aid:
And having slain the king, the country waste he laid.
To Goth-land how again this conqu'ror maketh forth
With his so prosp'rous pow'rs into the farthest north,
Where, Iceland first he won, and Orkney after got.
To Norway sailing next with his dear nephew Lot,
By deadly dint of sword did Ricoll there defeat:
And having plac'd the prince on that Norwegian seat,
How this courageous king did Denmark then controul:
That scarcely there was found a country to the pole
That dreaded not his deeds, too long that were to tell.
And after these, in France th' adventures him befell,
At Paris, in the lists where he with Flollio fought;
The emperor Leon's pow'r to raise his siege that brought.
Then bravely set they forth, in combat how these knights
On horseback and on foot perform'd their several fights:
As with what marv'lous force each other they assail'd,
How mighty Flollio first, how Arthur then prevail'd;

For best advantage how they traversed their grounds,
The horrid blows they lent, the world-amazing wounds,
Until the tribune, tir'd, sank under Arthur's sword.
Then sing they how he first ordain'd the circled board,
The knights whose martial deeds far fam'd that table round;
Which, truest in their loves; which, most in arms renown'd:
The laws, which long up-held that order, they report;
The Pentecosts prepar'd at Carleon in his court,
That table's ancient seat; her temples and her groves,
Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves:
Her academy, then, as likewise they prefer:
Of Camilot they sing, and then of Winchester.
The feasts that under-ground the Faëry did him make,
And there how he enjoy'd the lady of the lake.
Then told they, how himself great Arthur did advance,
To meet (with his allies) that puissant force in France,
By Lucius thither led; those armies that while-ere
Affrighted all the world, by him struck dead with fear:
Th' report of his great acts that over Europe ran,
In that most famous field he with the emperor wan:
As how great Rython's self he slew in his repair,
Who ravish'd Howell's neice, young Helena the fair;
And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
Made of the beards of kings. Then bravely chanted they
The several twelve pitch'd fields he with the Saxons fought:
The certain day and place to memory they brought;
Then by false Mordred's hand how last he chanc'd to fall,
The hour of his decease, his place of burial.
When out the English cry'd, to interrupt their song:
But they, which knew to this more matter must belong,
Not out at all for that, nor any whit dismay'd,
But to their well-tun'd harps their fingers closely laid:
'Twixt every one of which they plac'd their country's crowd,
And with courageous spirits thus boldly sang aloud;
How Merlin by his skill, and magic's wond'rous might,
From Ireland hither brought the Stonendge in a night:
And for Carmarden's sake, would fain have brought to pass,
About it to have built a wall of solid brass:
And set his friends to work upon the mighty frame;
Some to the anvil: some, that still enfore'd the flame:
But whilst it was in hand, by loving of an elf
(For all his wond'rous skill) was cozen'd by himself.
For, walking with his Fay, her to the rock he brought,
In which he oft before his nigromancies wrought:
And going in thereat his magics to have shown,
She stopp'd the cavern's mouth with an enchanted stone;
Whose cunning strongly cross'd, amaz'd whilst he did stand,
She captive him convey'd unto the Fairy land.
Then, how the lab'ring spirits, to rocks by fetters bound,
With bellows' rumbling groans, and hammers' thund'ring sound,
A fearful horrid din still in the earth do keep,
Their master to awake, suppos'd by them asleep;
As at their work how still the grieved spirits repine,
Tormented in the fire, and tired at the mine.
When now the British side scarce finished their song,
But th' English, that repin'd to be delay'd so long,
All quickly at the hint, as with one free consent,
Struck up at once, and sung each to the instrument;
(Of sundry sorts that were, as the musician likes)
On which the practis'd hand with perfect'st fing'ring strikes,
Whereby their height of skill might liveliest be exprest.
The trembling lute some touch, some strain the viol best,
In sets which there were seen, the music wondrous choice:
Some likewise there affect the gamba with the voice,
To show that England could variety afford.
Some that delight to touch the sterner wiry chord,
The cythron [25], the pandore, and the theorbo strike:
The gittern and the kit the wand'ring fiddlers like.
So were there some again, in this their learned strife,
Loud instruments that lov'd; the cornet and the fife,
The hoboy, sagbut deep, recorder, and the flute:
Even from the shrillest shaum unto the cornamute.
Some blow the bagpipe up, that plays the country round:
The tabor and the pipe some take delight to sound.
Of Germany they sung the long and ancient fame,
From whence their noble sires the valiant Saxons came,
Who sought by sea and land adventures far and near;
And seizing at the last upon the Britons here,
Surpris'd the spacious isle, which still for theirs they hold:
As in that country's praise how in those times of old,
Tuisco, Gomer's son, from unbuilt Babel [26] brought
His people to that place, with most high knowledge fraught,
And under wholesome laws establish'd their abode;
Whom his Tudeski since have honour'd as a god:
Whose clear creation made them absolute in all,
Retaining till this time their pure original.
And as they boast themselves the nation most unmixt,
Their language as at first, their ancient customs fixt,
The people of the world most hardy, wise, and strong;
So gloriously they show, that all the rest among
The Saxons, of her sorts the very noblest were:
And of those crooked skains they us'd in war to bear,
Which in their thund'ring tongue, the Germans handseax name,
They Saxons first were call'd: whose far-extended fame

[21] See the eighth song. [22] In Monmouthshire.
[23] Arthur, one of the nine worthies. [24] King Arthur.
[25] The sundry music of England. [26] Gen. xi. 8, 9.

For hardiness in war, whom danger never fray'd,
Allur'd the Britons here to call them to their aid:
From whom they after reft Loëgria as their own,
Brute's offspring then too weak to keep it being grown.
This told: the nymphs again, in nimbler strains of wit,
Next neatly come about, the Englishmen to quit
Of that inglorious blot by bastard William brought
Upon this conquer'd isle: than which fate never wrought
A fitter mean (say they) great Germany to grace;
To graft again in one, two remnants of her race:
Upon their several ways, two several times that went
To forage for themselves. The first of which she sent
To get their seat in Gaul: which on Nuestria light,
And (in a famous war the Frenchmen put to flight)
Possess'd that fruitful place, where only from their name
Call'd North-men [27] (from the north of Germany that came,
Who thence expell'd the Gauls, and did their rooms supply)
This, first Nuestria nam'd, was then call'd [28] Normandy.
That by this means, the less (in conquering of the great)
Being drawn from their late home unto this ampler seat,
Residing here, resign'd what they before had won;
That as the conquerors' blood did to the conquer'd run:
So kindly being mixt, and up together grown,
As sever'd, they were hers; united, still her own.
But these mysterious things desisting now to show
(The secret works of Heaven) to long descents they go:
How Egelred (the sire of Edward the last king
Of th' English-Saxon line) by nobly marrying
With hardy Richard's heir, the Norman Emma, bred
Alliance in their bloods. Like brooks that from one head
Bear several ways (as though to sundry seas to haste)
But by the varying soil, int' one again are cast:
So chanced it in this the nearness of their blood.
For when as England's right in question after stood,
Proud Harold, Goodwin's heir, the sceptre having won
From Edgar Etheling young, the outlaw'd Edward's son;
The valiant Bastard this his only colour made,
With his brave Norman powers this kingdom to invade.
Which leaving, they proceed to pedigrees again,
Their after-kings to fetch from that old Saxon strain;
From Margarit that was made the Scottish Malcolm's bride,
Who to her grandsire had courageous Ironside:
Which outlaw'd Edward left; whose wife to him did bring
This Margarit queen of Scots, and Edgar Etheling:
That Margarit brought forth Maud; which gracious Malcolm
To Henry Beauclerk's bed (so fate it pleas'd to have) [gave
Who him a daughter brought; which Heaven did strangely spare:
And for the special love he to the mother bare,
Her Maud again he nam'd, to th' Almain emperor wed:
Whose dowager whilst she liv'd (her puissant Cæsar dead)
She th' earl of Anjou next to husband doth prefer.
The second Henry then by him begot of her,
Into the Saxon line the sceptre thus doth bring.
Then presently again prepare themselves to sing
The sundry foreign fields the Englishmen had fought.
Which when the mountains saw (and not in vain) they thought
That if they still went on as thus they had begon,
Then from the Cambrian nymphs (sure) Lundy would be won.
And therefore from their first they challeng'd them to fly:
And (idly running on with vain prolixity)
A larger subject took than it was fit they should.
But, whilst those would proceed, these threatning them to
Black-mountain [29] for the love he to his country bare, [hold,
As to the beauteous Uske, his joy and only care,
(In whose defence t' appear more stern and full of dread)
Put on a helm of clouds upon his rugged head.
Mounchdeny doth the like for his beloved Tawe:
Which quickly all the rest by their examples draw.
As Hatterel in the right of ancient Wales will stand.
To these three mountains, first of the Brekinnian band,
The Monumethian hills, like insolent and stout,
On lofty tip-toes then began to look about;
That Skeridvaur at last (a mountain much in might,
In hunting that had set his absolute delight)
Caught up his country hook [30]; nor cares for future harms,
But irefully enrag'd would needs to open arms:
Which quickly put Penvayl [31] in such outrageous heat,
That whilst for very teen his hairless scalp doth sweat,
The Blorench looketh big upon his bared crown:
And tall Tomberlow seems so terribly to frown,
That where it was suppos'd with small ado or none
Th' event of this debate would eas'ly have been known,
Such strange tumultuous stirs upon this strife ensue,
As where all griefs should end, old sorrows still renew:
That Severn thus forewarn'd to look unto the worst
(And finds the latter ill more dang'rous than the first)
The doom she should pronounce, yet for a while delay'd,
Till these rebellious routs by justice might be stay'd;
A period that doth put to my discourse so long,
To finish this debate the next ensuing song.

[27] The Normans and the Saxons of one blood.
[28] The Normans lost that name and became English.
[29] These rest following, the most famous hills in Brecknock, Glamorgan, and Monmouth.
[30] Welchhook. [31] So named of his bald head.

POLY-OLBION.

THE FIFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this song, Severn gives the doom
What of her Lundy should become.
And whilst the nimble Cambrian rills
Dance by-day-gies amongst the hills,
The Muse them to Camarden brings;
Where Merlin's wondrous birth she sings.
From thence to Penbrook she doth make,
To see how Milford state doth take:
The scatter'd islands there doth tell:
And, visiting saint David's cell,
Doth sport her all the shores along,
Preparing the ensuing song.

Now Sabrine, as a queen, miraculously fair,
Is absolutely plac'd in her imperial chair
Of crystal richly wrought, that gloriously did shine,
Her grace becoming well, a creature so divine:
And as her god-like self, so glorious was her throne,
In which himself to sit great Neptune had been known;
Whereon there were ingrav'd those nymphs the god had woo'd,
And every several shape wherein for love he su'd;
Each daughter, her estate and beauty, every son;
What nations he had rul'd, what countries he had won.
No fish in this wide waste, but with exceeding cost
Was there in antique work most curiously emboss'd.
She, in a watchet weed, with many a curious wave,
Which as a princely gift great Amphitrite gave;
Whose skirts were to the knee, with coral fring'd below,
To grace her goodly steps. And where she meant to go, [were,
The path was strew'd with pearl: which though they orient
Yet scarce known from her feet, they were so wondrous clear;
To whom the mermaids hold her glass, that she may see
Before all other floods how far her beauties be:
Who was by Nereus taught, the most profoundly wise,
That learned her the skill of hidden prophecies,
By Thetis' special care; as Chiron [1] erst had done
To that proud bane of Troy, her god-resembling son.
For her wise censure now, whilst ev'ry list'ning flood
(When reason somewhat cool'd their late distemper'd mood)
Inclosed Severn in; before this mighty rout,
She sitting well prepar'd, with count'nance grave and stout,
Like some great learned judge, to end a weighty cause,
Well furnish'd with the force of arguments and laws,
And every special proof that justly may be brought;
Now with a constant brow, a firm and settled thought,
And at the point to give the last and final doom:
The people crowding near within the pester'd room,
A slow, soft murmuring moves amongst the wond'ring throng,
As though with open ears they would devour his tongue:
So Severn bare herself, and silence so she wan,
When to th' assembly thus she seriously began:—

"My near and loved nymphs, good hap ye both betide:
Well Britons have ye sung; you English, well reply'd:
Which to succeeding times shall memorise your stories
To either country's praise, as both your endless glories.
And from your list'ning ears, sith vain it were to hold
What all-appointing Heaven will plainly shall be told,
Both gladly be you pleas'd: for thus the powers reveal,
That when the Norman line in strength shall lastly fail
(Fate limiting the time) th' ancient Briton race
Shall come again to sit upon the sovereign place.
A branch sprung out of Brute, th' imperial top shall get,
Which grafted in the stock of great Plantagenet,
The stem shall strongly wax, as still the trunk doth wither:
That power which bare it thence again shall bring it thither
By Tudor, with fair winds from little Britain driven,
To whom the goodly bay of Milford shall be given;
As thy wise prophets, Wales, foretold his wish'd arrive,
And how Llewellin's line in him should doubly thrive.
For from his issue sent to Albany before,
Where Cis neglected blood, his virtue did restore,
He first unto himself in fair succession gain'd
The Steward's nobler name; and afterward attain'd
The royal Scottish wreath, upholding it in state.
This stem, to Tudor's [2] join'd, (which thing all-powerful fate
So happily produc'd out of that prosperous bed,
Whose marriages conjoin'd the white rose and the red,)
Suppressing every plant, shall spread itself so wide,
As in his arms shall clip the isle on every side.
By whom three sever'd realms in one shall firmly stand,
As Britain-founding Brute first monarchiz'd the land:
And Cornwal, for that thou no longer shalt contend,
But to old Cambria cleave, as to thy ancient friend,

[1] Chiron brought up Achilles, son to Thetis.
[2] James the fourth, sirnamed Steward, married Margaret, eldest daughter to Henry the Seventh, king of England.

Acknowledge thou thy brood of Brute's high blood to be;
And what hath hapt to her, the like t' have chanc'd to thee;
The Britons to receive, when Heaven on them did lower,
Loëgria forc'd to leave; who from the Saxons' power
Themselves in deserts, creeks, and mount'nous wastes bestow'd,
Or where the fruitless rocks could promise them abode:
Why strive ye then for that, in little time that shall
(As you are all made one) be one unto you all?
Then take my final doom pronounced lastly, this;
That Lundy like ally'd to Wales and England is."

Each part most highly pleas'd, then up the session brake:
When to the learned maids again invention spake;
"O ye Pegasian nymphs, that hating viler things,
Delight in lofty hills, and in delicious springs,
That on Piërus born, and named of the place,
The Thracian Pimpla love, and Pindus often grace;
In Aganippa's fount, and in Castalia's brims,
That often have been known to bathe your crystal limbs,
Conduct me through these brooks, and with a fast'ned clue,
Direct me in my course, to take a perfect view
Of all the wand'ring streams, in whose entrancing gyres,
Wise Nature oft herself her workmanship admires,
(So manifold they are, with such meanders wound,
As may with wonder seem invention to confound)
That to those British names, untaught the ear to please,
Such relish I may give in my delicious lays,
That all the armed orks of Neptune's grisly band,
With music of my verse, amaz'd may list'ning stand;
As when his Tritons' trumps do them to battle call,
Within his surging lists to combat with the whale."

Thus have we overgone the Glamoganian Gowr,
Whose promontory (plac'd to check the ocean's pow'r)
Kept Severn yet herself, till being grown too great,
She with extended arms unbounds her ancient seat:
And turning lastly sea, resigns unto the main
What sovereignty herself but lately did retain.
Next, Loghor leads the way, who with a lusty crew
Her wild and wand'ring steps that ceaselessly pursue)
Still forward is enforc'd: as Amond thrusts her on,
And Morlas (as a maid she much relies upon)
Entreats her present speed; assuring her withal,
Her best beloved sir, Bachannis, for her fall
Stands specially prepar'd, of every thing supply'd.

When Gwendra with such grace deliberately doth glide,
As Tovy doth entire: who setteth out prepar'd
At all points like a prince, attended with a guard:
Of which, as by her name, the near'st to her of kin
Is Tood[1], tripping down from Verwin's rushy lin[2],
Through Rescob running out, with Pescover to meet
Those rills that first loves; and doth so kindly greet,
As to entreat their stay she gladly would prevail.
Then Teasant nicely treads upon the wat'ry trail:
The lively skipping Brane, along with Gwethrick goes,
In Tovy's wand'ring banks themselves that scarcely lose,
But Mudoy, with Cledraugh, and Sawthy, soon resort,
Which at Langaddoc grace their sovereign's wat'ry court.

As when the servile world some gathering man espies,
Whose thriving fortune shows he to much wealth may rise,
And through his prince's grace his followers may prefer,
Or by revenue left by some dead ancestor;
All louting low to him, him humbly they observe,
And happy is that man his nod that may deserve
To Tovy so they stoop, to them upon the way
Which thus displays the spring within their view that lay.

"Near Denevoir, the seat of the Demetian[4] king
Whilst Cambria was herself, full, strong, and flourishing,
There is a pleasant spring, that constant doth abide[5]
Hard by these winding shores wherein we nimbly slide;
Long of the ocean lov'd, since his victorious hand
First proudly did insult upon the conquer'd land.
And though a hundred nymphs in fair Demetia be,
Whose features might allure the sea-gods more than she,
His fancy takes her form, and her he only likes:
(Whoe'er knew half the shafts wherewith blind Cupid strikes?)
Which great and constant faith, show'd by the god of sea,
This clear and lovely nymph so kindly doth repay,
As suff'ring for his sake what love to lover owes,
With him she sadly ebbs, with him she proudly flows,
To him her secret vows perpetually doth keep,
Observing every law and custom of the deep."

Now Tovy tow'rd her fall (Langaddoc over-gone)
Her Dulas forward drives: and Cothy coming on
The train to over-take, the nearest way doth cast
Ere she Caermarden get: where Gwilly, making haste,
Bright Tovy entertains at that most famous town
Which her great prophet[6] bred, who Wales doth so renown:
And taking her a harp, and tuning well the strings,
To princely Tovy thus she of the prophet sings:

"Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not hear?
The world shall still be full of Merlin every where.
A thousand lingering years his prophecies have run,
And scarcely shall have end till time itself be done:
Who of a British nymph was gotten, whilst she play'd
With a seducing spirit, which won the godly maid;
(As all Demetia through, there was not found her peer)
Who, being so much renown'd for beauty far and near,
Great lords her liking sought, but still in vain they prov'd:
That spirit (to her unknown) this virgin only lov'd;
Which taking human shape, of such perfection seem'd,
As (all her suitors scorn'd) she only him esteem'd.
Who, feigning for her sake that he was come from farr,
And richly could endow (a lusty bachelor)
On her that prophet got, which from his mother's womb
Of things to come foretold until the general doom."

But, of his feigned birth in sporting idly thus,
Suspect me not, that I this dreamed incubus
By strange opinions should licentiously subsist;
Or, self-conceited, play the humorous Platonist,
Which boldly dares affirm, that spirits themselves supply
With bodies, to commix with frail mortality,
And here allow them place, beneath this lower sphere
Of the unconstant moon; to tempt us daily here.
Some, earthly mixture take; as others, which aspire,
Them subt'ler shapes resume, of water, air, and fire,
Being those immortals long before the heaven, that fell,
Whose deprivation thence, determined their hell:
And losing through their pride that place to them assign'd,
Predestined that was to man's regenerate kind,
They, for th' inveterate hate to his election, still
Desist not him to tempt to every damned ill:
And to seduce the spirit, oft prompt the frailer blood,
Inveigling it with tastes of counterfeited good,
And teach it all the sleights the soul that may excite
To yield up all her power unto the appetite.
And to those curious wits if we ourselves apply,
Which search the gloomy shades of deep philosophy,
They reason so will clothe, as well the mind can show,
That contrary effects, from contraries may grow;
And that the soul a shape so strongly may conceit,
As to herself the while may seem it to create;
By which th' abused sense more easily oft is led
To think that it enjoys the thing imagined.

But, toil'd in these dark tracks with sundry doubts replete,
Calm shades, and cooler streams must quench this furious heat:
Which seeking, soon we find, where Cowen in her course,
Tow'rds the Sabrinian shores, as sweeping from her source,
Takes Towa, calling then Karkenny by the way,
Her through the wayless woods of Cardiff to convey;
A forest, with her floods environ'd so about,
That hardly she restrains th' unruly wat'ry rout,
When swelling, they would seem her empire to invade:
And oft the lustful fawns and satyrs from her shade
Were by the streams entic'd, abode with them to make.
Then Morlas meeting Taw, her kindly in doth take:
Cair coming with the rest, their watry tracts that tread,
Increase the Cowen all; that as their general head
Their largess doth receive, to bear out his expense:
Who to vast Neptune leads this courtly confluence.

To the Pembrokian parts the Muse her still doth keep,
Upon that utmost point to the Iberian deep,
By Cowdra coming in: where clear delightful air
(That forests most affect) doth welcome her repair;
The Heliconian maids in pleasant groves delight:
(Floods cannot still content their wanton appetite)
And wand'ring in the woods, the neighbouring hills below,
With wise Apollo meet, (who with his ivory bow
Once in the paler shades the serpent Python slew)
And hunting oft with him, the heartless deer pursue;
Those beams then lay'd aside he us'd in Heaven to wear.
Another forest-nymph is Narber, standing near,
That with her curled top her neighbour would astound,
Whose groves once bravely grac'd the fair Penbrokian ground,
When Albion here beheld on this extended land,
Amongst his well grown woods, the shag-hair'd satyrs stand
(The sylvans' chief resort) the shores then sitting high,
Which under water now so many fathoms lie:
And wallowing porpice sport and lord it in the flood,
Where once the portlike oak and large-limb'd poplar stood:
Of all the forest's kind these two now only left.
But time, as guilty since to man's insatiate theft,
Transferr'd the English names of towns and housholds hither,
With the industrious Dutch since sojourning together.

When wrathful Heaven the clouds so lib'rally bestow'd,
The seas (then wanting roomth to lay their boist'rous load)
Upon the Belgian marsh their pamper'd stomachs cast,
That peopled cities sank into the mighty waste.
The Flemings were enforc'd to take them to their oars,
To try the setting main to find out firmer shores;
When as this spacious isle them entrance did allow,
To plant the Belgian stock upon this goodly brow:
These nations[7], that their tongues did naturally affect,
Both generally forsook the British dialect:
As when it was decreed by all-fore-dooming fate,
That ancient Rome should stoop from her imperious state,
With nations from the north then altogether fraught,
Which to her civil bounds their barbarous customs brought,

[1] A pool or watery moor.
[2] Of South Wales.
[3] Ebbing and flowing with the sea.
[4] Merlin, born in Caermarden.
[7] The colony of Flemings here planted. See the fourth song.

Of all her ancient spoils and lastly be forlorn,
From Tyber's hallowed banks to old Bizantium[8] born:
Th' abundant Latins then old Latium lastly left,
Both of her proper form and elegancy reft;
Before her smoothest tongue, their speech that did prefer,
And in her tables fix'd their ill-shap'd character.
A divination strange the Dutch-made English have,
Appropriate to that place (as though some power it gave)
By th' shoulder of a ram from off the right side par'd,
Which usually they boil, the spade-bone being bar'd;
Which then the wizard takes, and gazing thereupon,
Things long to come foreshows, as things done long agone;
Scapes secretly at home, as those abroad, and far;
Murthers, adulterous stealths, as the events of war,
The reigns and death of kings they take on them to know:
Which only to their skill the shoulder-blade doth show.
You goodly sister floods, how happy is your state!
Or should I more commend your features or your fate,
That Milford, which this isle her greatest port doth call
Before your equal floods is lotted to your fall?
Where was sail ever seen, or wind hath ever blown,
Whence Penbrook yet hath heard of haven like her own?
She bids Dungleddy dare Iberia's[9] proudest road,
And chargeth her to send her challenges abroad
Along the coast of France, to prove if any be
Her Milford that dare match: so absolute is she.
And Clethy coming down from Wrenyvaur her sire
(A hill that thrusts his head into th' etherial fire)
Her sister's part doth take, and dare avouch as much:
And Percily the proud, whom nearly it doth touch,
Said, he would bear her out; and that they all should know.
And therewithal he struts, as though he scorn'd to show
His head below the heaven, when he of Milford spake:
But there was not a port the prize durst undertake.
So highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
No haven hath ought good, in her that is not found:
Whereas the swelling surge, that with his foamy head
The gentler-looking land with fury menaced,
With his encount'ring wave no longer there contends;
But sitting mildly down like perfect ancient friends,
Unmov'd of any wind which way soe'er it blow,
And rather seem to smile, than knit an angry brow.
The ships with shatter'd ribs scarce creeping from the seas,
On her sleek bosom ride with such deliberate ease,
As all her passed storms she holds but mean and base,
So she may reach at length this most delightful place,
By Nature with proud cliffs environed about,
To crown the godly road: where builds the falcon stout,
Which we the gentil call; whose fleet and active wings,
It seems that Nature made when most she thought on kings:
Which manag'd to the lure, her high and gallant flight
The vacant sportful man so greatly doth delight,
That with her nimble quills his soul doth seem to hover,
And ly the very pitch that lusty bird doth cover;
That those proud eyries, bred whereas the scorching sky
Doth singe the sandy wilds of spiceful Barbary;
Or underneath our pole, where Norway's forests[10] wide
Their high cloud-touching heads in winter snows do hide,
Out-brave not this our kind in metal, nor exceed
The falcon which sometimes the British cliffs do breed:
Which prey upon the isles in the Vergivian waste,
That from the British shores by Neptune are embrac'd;
Which stem his furious tides when wildliest they do rave,
And break the big swoln bulk of many a boist'rous wave:
As, calm when he becomes, then likewise in their glory
Do cast their amorous eyes at many a promontory
That thrust their foreheads forth into the smiling south;
As Rat and Sheepy, set to keep calm Milford's mouth,
Expos'd to Neptune's power. So Gresholm[11] far doth stand:
Scalm, Stockholm, with saint Bride, and Gatholm, nearer land
(Which with their veiny breasts entice the gods of sea,
That with the lusty isles do revel every day)
As crescent-like the land her breadth here inward bends,
From Milford, which she forth to old Minevia sends;
Since, holy David's seat; which of especial grace
Doth lend that nobler name, to this unnobler place.
Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remains,
To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous fanes,
This saint before the rest their patron still they hold:
Whose birth, their ancient bards to Cambria long foretold,
And seated here a see, his bishopric of yore,
Upon the farthest point of this unfruitful shore;
Selected by himself, that far from all resort
With contemplation seem'd most fitly to comport;
That, void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and dry,
No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wand'ring eye:
Where Ramsey with those rocks, in rank that order'd stand
Upon the farthest point of David's ancient land,
Do raise their rugged heads (the seaman's noted marks)
Call'd, of their mitred tops, the Bishop and his Clerks;
Into that channel cast, whose raging current roars
Betwixt the British sands and the Hibernian shores:

[8] Now Constantinople. [9] Spain.
[10] The places from whence the highest flying hawks are brought.
[11] Islands upon the point of Pembrokeshire.

Whose grim and horrid face doth pleased heaven neglect,
And bears bleak winter still in his more sad aspect:
Yet Gwin and Nevern near, two fine and fishful brooks,
Do never stay their course, how stern soe'er he looks;
Which with his shipping once should seem to have commere'd,
Where Fiscard as her flood doth only grace the first.
To Newport falls the next: there we a while will rest;
Our next ensuing song to wondrous things address'd.

POLY-OLBION.

THE SIXTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

With Cardigan the Muse proceeds,
And tells what rare things Tivy breeds:
Next, proud Plynillimon she plies;
Where Severn, Wy, and Rydoll rise.
With Severn she along doth go,
Her metamorphosis to show;
And makes the wand'ring Wy declaim
In honour of the British name:
Then musters all the watry train
That those two rivers entertain:
And viewing how those rillets creep
From shore to the Vergivian deep,
By Radnor and Mountgomery, then
To Severn turns her course agen:
And bringing all their riverets in,
There ends; a new song to begin.

SITH I must stem thy stream, clear Tivy, yet before
The Muse vouchsafe to seize the Cardiganian shore,
She of thy source will sing in all the Cambrian coast;
Which of thy castors once, but now canst only boast
The salmons, of all floods most plentiful in thee.
Dear brook, within thy banks if any powers there be;
Then naiads, or nymphs of their like wat'ry kind
(Unto whose only care great Neptune hath assign'd
The guidance of those brooks wherein he takes delight)
Assist her: and whilst she your dwelling shall recite,
Be present in her work: let her your graces view,
That to succeeding times them lively she may shew;
As when great Albion's sons, which him a sea-nymph brought
Amongst the grisly rocks, were with your beauties caught
(Whose only love surpris'd those of the Phlegrian[1] size,
The Titanois, that once against high heaven durst rise),
When as the hoary woods, the climbing hills did hide,
And cover'd every vale through which you gently glide;
Even for those inly heats which through your loves they felt,
That oft in kindly tears did in your bosoms melt,
To view your secret bowers, such favour let her win.
Then Tivy cometh down from her capacious lin,
'Twixt Mirk and Brenny led, two handmaids, that do stay
Their mistress, as in state she goes upon her way.
Which when Lanbeder sees, her wondrously she likes.
Whose untam'd bosom so the beauteous Tivy strikes,
As that the forest fain would have her there abide.
But she (so pure a stream) transported with her pride,
The offer idly scorns; though with her flattering shade
The sylvan her entice with all that may persuade
A water-nymph; yea, though great Thetis self she were:
But nothing might prevail, nor all the pleasures there
Her mind could ever move one minute's stay to make.
Mild Mathern then, the next, doth Tivy overtake:
Which instantly again by Dittor is supply'd.
Then, Keach and Kerry help: 'twixt which on either side:
To Cardigan she comes, the sovereign of the shire.
Now, Tivy, let us tell thy sundry glories here.
When as the salmon seeks a fresher stream to find
(Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his kind,
As he in season grows), and stems the wat'ry tract,
Where Tivy falling down doth make a cataract[2],
Forc'd by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
As though within their bounds they meant her to inclose;
Here, when the labouring fish doth at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his strength but vainly he doth strive,
His tail takes in his teeth; and bending like a bow,
That's to the compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw:
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand,
That bended end to end, and flirted from the hand,
Far off itself doth cast; so doth the salmon vaut.
And if at first he fail, his second summersaut[3]
He instantly assays; and from his nimble ring,
Still yerking, never leaves, until himself he fling
Above the streamful top of the surrounded heap.

[1] Giants. [2] Or waterfall.
[3] The word in tumbling, when one casteth himself over and over.

More famous long agone, than for the salmon's leap,
For bevers Tivy was, in her strong banks that bred,
Which else no other brook of Britain nourished:
Where Nature, in the shape of this now-perish'd beast,
His property did seem t' have wondrously express'd;
Being body'd like a boat, with such a mighty tail
As serv'd him for a bridge, a helm, or for a sail,
When kind did him command the architect to play,
That his strong castle built of branched twigs and clay:
Which, set upon the deep, but yet not fixed there,
He easily could remove as it he pleas'd to steer
To this side or to that; the workmanship so rare,
His stuff wherewith to build, first being to prepare,
A foraging he goes, to groves or bushes nigh,
And with his teeth cuts down his timber: which laid by,
He turns him on his back, his belly laid abroad,
When, with what he hath got, the other do him load;
Till lastly, by the weight, his burthen he have found.
Then, with his mighty tail his carriage having bound
As carters do with ropes, in his sharp teeth he grip'd
Some stronger stick: from which the lesser branches stript,
He takes it in the midst; at both the ends, the rest
Hard holding with their fangs, unto the labour prest,
Going backward, tow'rds their home their loaded carriage led,
From whom, those first here born, were taught the useful sled.
Then builded he his fort for strong and several fights;
His passages contriv'd with such unusual sleights,
That from the hunter oft he issu'd undiscern'd,
As if men from this beast to fortify had learn'd;
Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this isle unknown.
Thus Tivy boasts this beast peculiarly her own.
But here why spend I time these trifles to areed?
Now, with thy former task, my Muse, again proceed,
To show the other floods from the Cerettick[4] shore
To the Vergivian sea contributing their store:
With Bidder first begin, that bendeth all her force
The Arron to assist, Arth holding on her course
The way the other went, with Werry, which doth win
Fair Istwid to her aid; who kindly coming in,
Meets Rydoll at her mouth, that fair and princely maid,
Plynillimon's dear child, deliciously array'd,
As fits a nymph so near to Severn and her queen.
Then come the sister Salks, as they before had seen
Those delicater dames so trippingly to tread:
Then Kerry; Cletur next, and Kinver making head
With Enion, that her like clear Levant brings by her.
Plynillimon's high praise no longer, Muse, defer;
What once the Druids told, how great those floods should be,
That here (most mighty hill) derive themselves from thee.
The bards with fury rapt, the British youth among,
Unto the charming harp thy future honour sung
In brave and lofty strains; that in excess of joy,
The beldam and the girl, the grandsire and the boy,
With shouts and yearning cries, the troubled air did load
(As when with crowned cups unto the Elian god[5]
Those priests high orgies held; or when the old world saw
Full Phœbe's face eclips'd, and thinking her to daw,
Whom they supposed fall'n in some enchanted swound,
Of beaten tinkling brass still ply'd her with the sound),
That all the Cambrian hills, which high'st their heads do bear,
With most obsequious shows of low subjected fear,
Should to thy greatness stoop: and all the brooks that be
Do homage to those floods that issued out of thee:
To princely Severn first; next to her sister Wye,
Which to her elder's court her course doth still apply.
But Rydoll, young'st, and least, and for the others pride
Not finding fitting roomth upon the rising side,
Alone unto the west directly takes her way.
So all the neighbouring hills Plynillimon obey.
For, though Moylvadian bear his craggy top so high,
As scorning all that come in compass of his eye,
Yet greatly is he pleas'd Plynillimon will grace
Him with a cheerful look: and, fawning in his face,
His love to Severn shows as though his own she were,
Thus comforting the flood: "O ever-during heir
Of Sabrine[6], Locrine's child (who of her life bereft,
Her ever-living name to thee, fair river, left),
Brute's first-begotten son, which Gwendolin did wed;
But soon th' unconstant lord abandoned her bed
(Through his unchaste desire) for beauteous Elstred's love.
Now, that which most of all her mighty heart did move,
Her father, Cornwal's duke, great Corineus dead,
Was by the lustful king unjustly banished.
When she, who to that time still with a smoothed brow
Had seem'd to bear the breach of Locrine's former vow,
Perceiving still her wrongs insufferable were;
Grown big with the revenge which her full breast did bear,
And aided to the birth with every little breath
(Alone she being left the spoil of love and death,
In labour of her grief outrageously distract,
The utmost of her spleen on her false lord to act),
She first implores their aid to hate him whom she found;
Whose hearts unto the depth she had not left to sound.
To Cornwal then she sends (her country) for supplies:
Which all at once in arms with Gwendolin arise.

Then with her warlike power her husband she pursu'd,
Whom his unlawful love too vainly did delude.
The fierce and jealous queen, then void of all remorse,
As great in power as spirit, whilst he neglects her force,
Him suddenly surpris'd, and from her ireful heart
All pity clean exil'd (whom nothing could convert)
The son of mighty Brute bereaved of his life;
Amongst the Britons here the first intestine strife,
Since they were put a-land upon this promis'd shore.
Then crowning Madan king, whom she to Locrine bore,
And those which serv'd his sire to his obedience brought;
Not so with blood suffic'd, immediately she sought
The mother and the child: whose beauty when she saw,
Had not her heart been flint, had had the power to draw
A spring of pitying tears; when, dropping liquid pearl,
Before the cruel queen, the lady and the girl
Upon their tender knees begg'd mercy. Woe for thee,
Fair Elstred, that thou should'st thy fairer Sabrine see,
As she should thee behold the prey to her stern rage,
Whom kingly Locrine's death suffic'd not to asswage:
Who from the bord'ring cliffs thee with thy mother cast
Into thy christen'd flood, the whilst the rocks aghast
Resounded with your shrieks; till in a deadly dream
Your corses were dissolv'd into that crystal stream,
Your curls to curl'd waves, which plainly still appear
The same in water now, that once in locks they were:
And, as you wont to clip each other's neck before,
Ye now with liquid arms embrace the wandring shore."
But leave we Severn here, a little to pursue
The often-wandring Wye (her passages to view,
As wantonly she strains in her lascivious course),
And muster every flood that from her bounteous source
Attends upon her stream, whilst (as the famous bound
'Twixt the Brecknokian earth, and the Radnorian ground)
She every brook receives. First, Clarwen cometh in,
With Clarwy: which to them their consort Eland win
To aid their goodly Wye; which Ithon gets again:
She Dulas draws along: and in her wat'ry train
Clowedock hath recourse, and Comran; which she brings
Unto their wand'ring flood from the Radhorian springs:
As Edwy her attends, and Matchwy forward heaves
Her mistress. When, at last, the goodly Wye perceives
She now was in that part of Wales, of all the rest
Which (as her very waste) in breadth from east to west,
In length from north to south, her midst is every way,
From Severn's bord'ring banks unto the either sea,
Which she might term the heart. The ancient Britons here
The river calls to mind, and what those British were
Whilst Britain was herself, the queen of all the west.
To whose old nation's praise whilst she herself address'd,
From the Brecknokian bound when Irvon coming in,
Her Dulas, with Commarch, and Wevery that doth win,
Persuading her for them good matter to provide.
The wood-nymphs so again, from the Radnorian side,
As Radnor, with Blethaugh, and Knuckles' forests, call
To Wye, and bade her now bestir her for them all:
For, if she stuck not close in their distressed case,
The Britons were in doubt to undergo disgrace.
That strongly thus provok'd, she for the Britons says:
"What spirit can lift you up[7], to that immortal praise
You worthily deserve? by whom first Gaul was taught
Her knowledge: and for her, what nation ever wrought
The conquest you achiev'd? And, as you were most dread,
So ye (before the rest) in so great reverence had
Your bards which sung your deeds, that when stern hosts have stood
With lifted hands to strike (in their inflamed blood)
One bard but coming in, their murd'rous swords hath staid;
In her most dreadful voice as thund'ring Heaven had said,
'Stay, Britons!' when he spake, his words so pow'rful were.
"So to her native priests, the dreadless Druids here,
The nearest neighbouring Gaul, that wisely could discern
Th' effect their doctrine wrought, it for their good to learn,
Her apt and pregnant youth sent hither year by year,
Instructed in our rites with most religious fear.
And afterward again, when as our ancient seat
Her surcrease could not keep, grown for her soil too great
(But like to casting bees, so rising up in swarms)
Our Cymbry with the Gauls, that their commixed arms
Joined with the German powers (those nations of the north
Which overspread the world) together issued forth:
Where, with our brazen swords, we stoutly fought, and long;
And after conquests got, residing them among,
First planted in those parts our brave courageous brood:
Whose natures so adher'd unto their ancient blood,
As from them sprang those priests, whose praise so far did sound,
Through whom that spacious Gaul was after so renown'd.
"Nor could the Saxons' swords (which many a ling'ring year
Them sadly did afflict, and shut us Britons here
'Twixt Severn and this sea,) our mighty minds deject;
But that even they which fain'st our weakness would detect,
Were forced to confess, our wildest beasts that breed
Upon our mighty wastes, or on our mountains feed,

[4] *Of Cardigan.* [5] Bacchus. [6] The story of Severn. [7] Wye's speech in behalf of the Britons.

Were far more sooner tam'd, than here our Welchmen were:
Besides, in all the world no nation is so dear
As they unto their own; that here within this isle,
Or else in foreign parts, yea, forced to exile,
The noble Briton still his countrymen relieves;
A patriot, and so true, that it to death him grieves
To hear his Wales disgrac'd: and on the Saxons' swords
Oft hazardeth his life, ere with reproachful words
His language or his leek he'll stand to hear abus'd.
Besides, the Briton is so naturally infus'd
With true poetic rage, that in their measures[8], art
Doth rather seem precise, than comely; in each part
Their metre most exact, in verse of th' hardest kind.
And some to rhyming he so wondrously inclin'd,
Those numbers they will hit, out of their genuine vein,
Which many wise and learn'd can hardly e'er attain.
"O memorable bards! of unmixt blood, which still
Posterity shall praise for your so wondrous skill,
That in your noble songs, the long descents have kept
Of your great heroes, else in Lethe that had slept,
With theirs whose ignorant pride your labours have disdain'd;
How much from time, and them, how bravely have you gain'd;
Musician, herald, bard, thrice may'st thou be renown'd,
And with three several wreaths immortally be crown'd;
Who, when to Pembroke call'd before the English king,
And to thy powerful harp commanded there to sing,
Of famous Arthur told'st, and where he was interr'd;
In which, those retchless times had long and blindly err'd,
And ignorance had brought the world to such a pass
As now, which scarce believes that Arthur ever was.
But when king Henry[9] sent th' reported place to view,
He found that man of men: and what thou saidst was true.
"Here then I cannot choose but bitterly exclaim
Against those fools that all antiquity defame,
Because they have found out, some credulous ages laid
Slight fictions with the truth, whilst truth or rumour staid;
And that one forward time (perceiving the neglect
A former of her had) to purchase her respect,
With toys then trimm'd her up, the drowsy world t' allure,
And lent her what it thought might appetite procure
To man, whose mind doth still variety pursue;
And therefore to those things whose grounds were very true,
Though naked yet and bare (not having to content
The wayward curious ear), gave fictive ornament;
And fitter thought, the truth they should in question call,
Than coldly sparing that, the truth should go and all.
And surely I suppose, that which this froward time
Doth scandalize her with to be her heinous crime,
That her most preserv'd: for, still where wit hath found
A thing most clearly true, it made that fiction's ground:
Which she suppos'd might give sure colour to them both:
From which, as from a root, this wondred error grow'th,
At which our critics gird, whose judgments are so strict,
And he the bravest man who most can contradict
That which decrepit age (which forced is to lean
Upon tradition) tells; esteeming it so mean,
As they it quite reject, and for some trifling thing
(Which time hath pinn'd to truth) they all away will fling.
These men (for all the world) like our precisians be,
Who for some cross or saint they in the window see
Will pluck down all the church: soul-blinded sots that creep
In dirt, and never saw the wonders of the deep.
Therefore (in my conceit) most rightly serv'd are they
That to the Roman trust (on his report that stay)
Our truth from him to learn, as ignorant of ours
As we were then of his; except 'twere of his powers:
Who our wise Druids here unmercifully slew;
Like whom, great Nature's depths no men yet ever knew,
Nor with such dauntless spirits were ever yet inspir'd;
Who at their proud arrive th' ambitious Romans fir'd,
When first they heard them preach the soul's immortal state;
And even in Rome's despite, and in contempt of fate,
Grasp'd hands with horrid death: which out of hate and pride
They slew, who through the world were reverenced beside.
"To understand our state, no marvail then thought we
Should so to Cæsar seek, in his reports to see
What anciently we were; when in our infant war,
Unskilful of our tongue but by interpreter,
He nothing had of ours which our great bards did sing,
Except some few poor words; and those again to bring
Unto the Latin sounds, and easiness they us'd,
By their most filed speech, our British most abus'd.
But of our former state, beginning, our descent,
The wars we had at home, the conquests where we went,
He never understood. And though the Romans here
So noble trophies left, as very worthy were
A people great as they, yet did they ours neglect,
Long rear'd ere they arriv'd. And where they do object,
The ruins and records we show, be very small
To prove ourselves so great: even this the most of all
('Gainst their objection) seems miraculous to me,
That yet those should be found so general as they be;
The Roman, next the Pict, the Saxon, then the Dane,
All landing in the isle, each like a horrid rain
Deforming her; besides the sacrilegious wrack
Of many a noble book, as impious hands should sack
The centre, to extirp all knowledge, and exile
All brave and ancient things, for ever from this isle:"
Expressing wondrous grief, thus wandring Wye did sing.
But back, industrious Muse; obsequiously to bring
Clear Severn from her source, and tell how she doth strain
Down her delicious dales; with all the goodly train,
Brought forth the first of all by Brugan: which to make
Her party worthy note, next, Dulas in doth take.
Moylvadian, his much love to Severn then to show,
Upon his southern side sends likewise (in a row)
Bright Biga, that brings on her friend and fellow flood;
Next, Dungum; Bacho then is busily employ'd,
Tarranon, Carno, Hawes, with Becan, and the Rue,
In Severn's sovereign banks, that give attendance due.
Thus as she swoops along, with all that goodly train,
Upon her other bank by Newtown; so again
Comes Dulas (of whose name so many bevers be,
As of none others is) with Mule, prepar'd to see
The confluence to their queen, as on her course she makes:
Then at Montgomery next clear Kennet in she takes;
Where little Fledding falls into her broader bank;
Forkt Vurnway, bringing Tur and Tanot: growing rank,
She plies her towards the Pool, from the Gonerian fields;
Than which, in all our Wales, there is no country yields
An excellenter horse, so full of natural fire,
As one of Phœbus' steeds had been that stallion's sire
Which first their race begun; or of th' Asturian kind,
Which some have held to be begotten by the wind,
Upon the mountain mare; which strongly it receives,
And in a little time her pregnant part upheaves.
But, leave we this to such as after wonders long:
The Muse prepares herself unto another song.

[8] See the fourth song. [9] Henry the Second.

POLY-OLBION.

THE SEVENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse from Cambria comes again,
To view the forest of fair Dean,
Sees Severn; when the Higre takes her,
How fever-like the sickness shakes her;
Makes mighty Malvern speak his mind
In honour of the mountain kind;
Thence wafted with a merry gale,
Sees Lemster, and the golden Vale;
Sports with the nymphs, themselves that ply
At th' wedding of the Lug and Wy;
Viewing the Herefordian pride
Along on Severn's setting side,
That small Wigornian part surveys:
Where for a while herself she stays.

High matters call our Muse, inviting her to see
As well the lower lands, as those where lately she
The Cambrian mountains clomb, and (looking from aloft)
Survey'd coy Severn's course: but now to shores more soft
She shapes her prosperous sail; and in this lofty song,
The Herefordian floods invites with her along, [waste,
That fraught from pleniteous Powse, with their superfluous
Manure the batful March, until they be embrac'd
In Sabrin's sovereign arms: with whose tumultuous waves
Shut up in narrower bounds, the Higre wildly raves[1];
And frights the straggling flocks, the neighbouring shores to fly,
A far as from the main it comes with hideous cry,
And on the angry front the curled foam doth bring,
The billows 'gainst the banks when fiercely it doth fling:
Hurls up the slimy ooze, and makes the scaly brood
Leap madding to the land affrighted from the flood;
O'erturns the toiling barge, whose steersman doth not launch,
And thrusts the furrowing beak into her ireful paunch:
As when we haply see a sickly woman fall
Into a fit of that which we the mother call,
When from the grieved womb she feels the pain arise,
Breaks into grievous sighs, with intermixed cries,
Bereaved of her sense; and struggling still with those
That 'gainst her rising pain their utmost strength oppose,
Starts, tosses, tumbles, strikes, turns, touses, spurns, and sprawls,
Casting with furious limbs her holders to the walls;
But that the horrid pangs torment the grieved so, [grow.
One well might muse from whence this sudden strength should
Here (queen of forests all, that west of Severn lie)
Her broad and bushy top Dean holdeth up so high,
The lesser are not seen, she is so tall and large.
And standing in such state upon the winding marge,
Within her hollow woods the satyrs that did wonne
In gloomy secret shades, not piere'd with summer's sun,
Under a false pretence the nymphs to entertain,
Oft ravish'd the choice of Sabrin's wat'ry train;

[1] A simile expressing the boar or higre.

And from her mistress' banks them taking as a prey,
Unto their woody caves have carried them away:
Then from her inner groves for succour when they cry'd,
She retchless of their wrongs (her satyrs 'scapes to hide),
Unto their just complaint not once her ear inclines:
So fruitful in her woods, and wealthy in her mines,
That Leden which her way doth through the desert make,
Though near to Dean ally'd, determin'd to forsake
Her course, and her clear limbs amongst the bushes hide,
Lest by the sylvans (should she chance to be espy'd)
She might unmaiden'd go unto her sovereign flood:
So many were the rapes done on the wat'ry brood,
That Sabrine to her sire (great Neptune) fore'd to sue,
The riots to repress of this outrageous crew,
His armed orks he sent her milder stream to keep,
To drive them back to Dean that troubled all the deep.

Whilst Malvern (king of hills) fair Severn overlooks
(Attended on in state with tributary brooks),
And how the fertile fields of Hereford do lie,
And from his many heads, with many an amorous eye,
Beholds his goodly site, how towards the pleasant rise,
Abounding in excess, the vale of Eusham lies,
The mountains every way about him that do stand,
Of whom he's daily seen, and seeing doth command;
On tiptoes set aloft, this proudly uttereth he:

"Olympus, fair'st of hills, that heaven art said to be,
I envy not thy state, nor less myself do make;
Nor to possess thy name, mine own would I for ake:
Nor would I, as thou do'st, ambitiously aspire
To thrust my forked top into th' etherial fire.
For, didst thou take the sweets that on my face do breathe,
Above thou wouldst not seek what I enjoy beneath:
Besides, the sundry soils I every way survey,
Make me, if better not, thy equal every way.
And more, in our defence, to answer those with spite
That term us barren, rude, and void of all delight;
We mountains, to the land, like warts or wens to be,
By which fair'st living things disfigur'd oft they see;
This strongly to perform, a well-stuft brain would need.
And many hills there be, if they this cause would heed,
Having their rising tops familiar with the sky
(From whence all wit proceeds) that fitter were than I
The task to undertake. As not a man that sees
Mounchdenny, Blorench hill, with Breedon, and the Clees,
And many more as great, and nearer me than they,
But thinks, in our defence, they far much more could say.
Yet, falling to my lot, this stoutly I maintain
'Gainst forests, vallies, fields, groves, rivers, pasture, plain,
And all their flatter kind (so much that do rely
Upon their feedings, flocks, and their fertility),
The mountain is the king: and he it is alone
Above the other soils that Nature doth enthrone
For mountains be like men of brave heroic mind,
With eyes erect to heaven, of whence themselves they find,
Whereas the lowly vale, as earthly, like itself,
Doth never further look than how to purchase pelf.
And of their batful sites, the vales that boast them thus,
Ne'er had been what they are, had it not been for us:
For, from the rising banks that strongly mound them in,
The valley (as betwixt) her name did first begin:
And almost not a brook, if she her banks do fill,
But hath her plenteous spring from mountain or from hill.
If mead, or lower slade, grieve at the room we take,
Know that the snow or rain, descending oft, doth make
The fruitful valley fat, with what from us doth glide,
Who with our winter's waste maintain their summer's pride:
And to you lower lands if terrible we seem,
And cover'd oft with clouds; it is your foggy steam
The powerful Sun exhales, that in the cooler day
Unto this region come, about our tops doth stay.
And, what's the grove, so much that thinks her to be grac'd,
If not above the rest upon the mountain plac'd,
Where she her curled head unto the eye may show?
For in the easy vale if she be set below,
What is she but obscure? and her more dampy shade
And covert, but a den for beasts of raven made?
Besides, we are the marks, which, looking from on high,
The traveller beholds; and with a cheerful eye
Doth thereby shape his course, and freshly doth pursue
The way, which long before lay tedious in his view.

"What forest, flood, or field, that standeth not in awe
Of Sina, or shall see the sight that mountain saw?
To none but to a hill such grace was ever given:
As on his back, 'tis said, great Atlas bears up heaven.

"So Latmus by the wise Endymion[2] is renown'd;
That hill, on whose high top he was the first that found
Pale Phœbe's wand'ring course; so skilful in her sphere,
As some stick not to say that he enjoy'd her there.

"And those chaste maids, begot on Memory by Jove,
Not Tempe only love, delighting in their grove;
Nor Helicon their brook, in whose delicious brims
They oft are us'd to bathe their clear and crystal limbs;
But high Parnassus have, their mountain, whereon they
Upon their golden lutes continually do play.
Of these I more could tell, to prove the place our own,
Than by his spacious maps are by Ortelius shown."

[2] Endymion found out the course of the moon.

For mountains this suffice. Which scarcely had he told;
Along the fertile fields, when Malvern might behold
The Herefordian floods, far distant though they be:
For great men, as we find, a great way off can see.
First, Frome with forehead clear, by Bromyard that doth glide;
And taking Loden in, their mixed streams do guide,
To meet their sovereign Lug from the Radnorian plain
At Prestain coming in; where he doth entertain
The Wadel, as along he under Derfold goes:
Her full and lusty side to whom the forest shows,
As to allure fair Lug, abode with her to make.

Lug little Oney first, then Arro in doth take,
At Lemster, for her wool whose staple doth excel,
And seems to over-match the golden Phrygian fell.
Had this our Colchos been unto the ancients known,
When honour was herself, and in her glory shown,
He then that did command the infantry of Greece,
Had only to our isle adventur'd for this fleece.

Where lives the man so dull, on Britain's farthest shore,
To whom did never sound the name of Lemster[3] ore?
That with the silkworm's web for smallness doth compare:
Wherein the winder shows his workmanship so rare
As doth the fleece excel, and mocks her looser clew;
As neatly bottom'd up as nature forth it drew;
Of each in high'st account, and reckon'd here as fine,
As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Tarentine.
From thence his lovely self for Wye he doth dispose,
To view the goodly flocks on each hand as he goes;
And makes his journey short, with strange and sundry tales
Of all their wondrous things; and, not the least, of Wales;
Of that prodigious spring (him neighbouring as he pass'd)
That little fishes bones continually doth cast.
Whose reason whilst he seeks industriously to know,
A great way he hath gone, and Hereford doth show
Her rising spires aloft; when as the princely Wye,
Him from his muse to wake, arrests him by and by.
Whose meeting to behold, with how well-order'd grace
Each other entertains, how kindly they embrace;
For joy, so great a shout the bordering city sent,
That with the sound thereof, which thorough Haywood went,
The wood-nymphs did awake that in the forest won;
To know the sudden cause, and presently they run
With locks uncomb'd, for haste the lovely Wye to see
(The flood that grac'd her most) this day should married be
To that more lovely Lug; a river of much fame,
That in her wandering banks should lose his glorious name.
For Hereford, although her Wye she hold so dear,
Yet Lug (whose longer course doth grace the goodly shire,
And with his plenteous stream so many brooks doth bring),
Of all hers that be north is absolutely king.

But Marcely, griev'd that he (the nearest of the rest,
And of the mountain kind,) not bidden was a guest
Unto this nuptial feast, so hardly it doth take,
As (meaning for the same his station to forsake)
Enrag'd and mad with grief, himself in two did rive;
The trees and hedges near before him up doth drive,
And dropping headlong down, three days together fall:
Which, bellowing as he went, the rocks did so appal,
That they him passage made, who coats and chappels crush:
So violently he into his valley rush.
But Wye (from her dear Lug whom nothing can restrain,
In many a pleasant shade, her joy to entertain,)
To Ross her course directs; and right her name[4] to show,
Oft windeth in her way, as back she meant to go.
Meander, who is said so intricate to be,
Hath not so many turns nor crankling nooks as she.

The Herefordian fields when well near having past,
As she is going forth, two sister brooks at last
That soil her kindly sends, to guide her on her way;
Neat Gamar, that gets in swift Garran: which do lay
Their waters in one bank, augmenting of her train,
To grace the goodly Wye, as she doth pass by Dean.

Beyond whose equal spring unto the west doth lie
The goodly Golden Vale, whose luscious scents do fly
More free than Hybla's sweets; and 'twixt her bord'ring hills,
The air with such delights and delicacy fills,
As makes it loth to stir, or thence those smells to bear,
Th' Hesperides scarce had such pleasures as be there:
Which sometime to attain, that mighty son of Jove
One of his labours made, and with the dragon strove,
That never clos'd his eyes, the golden fruit to guard;
As if t' enrich this place, from others, nature spar'd:
Banks crown'd with curled groves, from cold to keep the plain,
Fields batful, flow'ry meads, in state them to maintain;
Floods, to make fat those meads, from marble veins that spout,
To shew the wealth within doth answer that without.
So brave a nymph she is, in every thing so rare,
As to sit down by her, she thinks there's none should dare.
And forth she sends the Doire, upon the Wye to wait,
Whom Munno by the way more kindly doth entreat
(For Eskle, her most lov'd, and Olcon's only sake)
With her to go along, till Wye she overtake.
To whom she condescends from danger her to shield,
That th' Monumethian parts from th' Herefordian field.

[3] The excellency of Lemster wool.

[4] Wye or Gwy, so called (in the British) of her sinuosity, or turning.

Which manly Malvern sees from furthest of the shire,
On the Wigornian waste when northward looking near,
On Corswood casts his eye, and on his home-born chase[5],
Then constantly beholds, with an unusual pace,
Team with her tribute come unto the Cambrian queen[6],
Near whom in all this place a river's scarcely seen,
That dare avouch her name; Team scorning any spring
But what with her along from Shropshire she doth bring,
Except one nameless stream that Malvern sends her in, [win,
And Laughern though but small: when they such grace that
There thrust in with the brooks inclosed in her bank.
Team lastly thither com'n with water is so rank,
As though she would contend with Sabrine, and doth crave
Of place (by her desert) precedency to have:
Till chancing to behold the other's godlike grace,
So strongly is surpris'd with beauties in her face
By no means she could hold, but needsly she must show
Her liking; and herself doth into Sabrine throw.
Not far from him again when Malvern doth perceive
Two hills, which though their heads so high they do not heave,
Yet duly do observe great Malvern, and afford
Him reverence: who again, as fits a gracious lord,
Upon his subjects looks, and equal praise doth give
That Woodberry so nigh and neighbourly doth live
With Abberley his friend, deserving well such fame
That Saxton in his maps forgot them not to name:
Which, though in their mean types small matter doth appear,
Yet both of good account are reckon'd in the shire,
And highly grac'd of Team in his proud passing by.
When soon the goodly Wyre, that wonted was so high
Her stately top to rear, ashamed to behold
Her straight and goodly woods unto the furnace sold,
(And looking on herself, by her decay doth see
The misery wherein her sister forests be,)
Of Erisicthon's[7] end begins her to bethink,
And of his cruel plagues doth wish they all might drink
That thus have them despoil'd: then of her own despite;
That she, in whom her town, fair Beudly, took delight,
And from her goodly seat conceiv'd so great a pride,
In Severn on her east, Wyre on the setting side,
So naked left of woods, of pleasure, and forlorn,
As she that lov'd her most, her now the most doth scorn;
With endless grief perplex'd, her stubborn breast she strake,
And to the deafen'd air thus passionately spake;—
"You Dryads, that are said with oaks to live and die,
Wherefore in our distress do you our dwellings fly:
Upon this monstrous age and not revenge our wrong?
For cutting down an oak that justly did belong
To one of Ceres' nymphs in Thessaly, that grew
In the Dodonian grove (O nymphs!) you could pursue
The son of Perops then, and did the goddess stir
That villainy to wreak the tyrant did to her:
Who, with a dreadful frown, did blast the growing grain:
And having from him reft what should his life maintain,
She unto Scythia sent, for hunger him to gnaw,
And thrusts her down his throat, into his stanchless maw:
Who, when nor sea nor land for him sufficient were,
With his devouring teeth his wretched flesh did tear.
"This did you for one tree: but of whole forests they
That in these impious times have been the vile decay
(Whom I may justly call their country's deadly foes)
'Gainst them you move no power, their spoil unpunish'd goes.
How many grieved souls in future time shall starve,
For that which they have rapt their beastly lust to serve!
"We, sometime that the state of famous Britain were,
For whom she was renown'd in kingdoms far and near,
Are ransack'd; and our trees so hack'd above the ground,
That where their lofty tops their neighbouring countries
crown'd,
Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and naked stand,
As for revenge to Heav'n each held a wither'd hand:
And where the goodly herds of high-palm'd harts did gaze
Upon the passer by, thereby now doth only graze
The gall'd-back carrion jade, and hurtful swine do spoil
Once to the sylvan powers our consecrated soil."
This utter'd she with grief: and more she would have spoke,
When the Salopian floods her of her purpose broke,
And silence did enjoin; a list'ning ear to lend
To Severn, which (was thought) did mighty things intend.

POLY-OLBION.

THE EIGHTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The goodly Severn bravely sings
The noblest of her British kings;
At Cæsar's landing what we were,
And of the Roman conquest here:
Then shows, to her dear Britain's fame,
How quickly christ'ned they became,
And of their constancy doth boast,
In sundry fortunes strangely toss'd:
Then doth the Saxons landing tell,
And how by them the Britons fell;
Cheers the Salopian mountains high,
That on the west of Severn lie;
Calls down each riveret from her spring,
Their queen upon her way to bring;
Whom down to Brug the Muse attends:
Where, leaving her, this song she ends.

To Salop when herself clear Sabrine comes to show,
And wisely her bethinks the way she had to go,
South-westward cast her course; and with an amorous eye
Those countries whence she came surveyeth (passing by):
Those lands in ancient times old Cambria claim'd her due,
For refuge when to her th' oppressed Britons flew;
By England now usurp'd, who (past the wonted meers,
Her sure and sovereign banks) had taken sundry shires,
Which she her marches made: whereby those hills of fame
And rivers stood disgrac'd; accounting it their shame,
That all without that mound which Mercian Offa cast
To run from north to south, athwart the Cambrian waste,
Could England not suffice, but that the straggling Wye,
Which in the heart of Wales was sometime said to lie,
Now only for her bound proud England did prefer.
That Severn, when she sees the wrong thus offer'd her,
Though by injurious time deprived of that place
Which anciently she held: yet loth that her disgrace
Should on the Britons light, the hills and rivers near
Austerely to her calls, commanding them to hear
In her dear children's right (their ancestors of yore,
Now thrust betwixt herself, and the Vergivian shore,
Who drave the giants hence that of the earth were bred,
And of the spacious isle became the sovereign head;)
What from authentic books she liberally could say.
Of which whilst she bethought her; westward every way
The mountains, floods, and meers, to silence them betake:
When Severn, lowting low, thus gravely them bespake:—
"How mighty was that man, and honoured still to be,
That gave this isle his name, and to his children three,
Three kingdoms in the same! which, time doth now deny,
With his arrival here, and primer monarchy.
"Loëgria[1], though thou canst thy Locrine eas'ly lose,
Yet Cambria[2], him, whom Fate her ancient founder chose,
In no wise will forego; nay, should Albania[3] leave
Her Albanact for aid, and to the Scythian cleave.
And though remorseless Rome, which first did us enthral,
As barbarous but esteem'd, and stick'd not so to call;
The ancient Britons yet a sceptred king obey'd
Three hundred years before Rome's great foundation laid;
And had a thousand years an empire strongly stood,
Ere Cæsar to her shores here stemm'd the circling flood;
And long before, borne arms against the barbarous Hun,
Here landing with intent the isle to over-run:
And following them in flight, their general Humberd drown'd
In that great arm of sea, by his great name renown'd?
And her great builders had, her cities who did rear
With fanes unto her gods, and flamens[4] every where.
Nor Troynovant alone a city long did stand;
But after, soon again by Ebrank's powerful hand
York lifts her towers aloft, which scarcely finish'd was,
But as they, by those kings, so by Rudhudibras,
Kent's first and famous town[5], with Winchester, arose:
And others, others built, as they fit places chose.
"So Britain to her praise, of all conditions brings;
The warlike, as the wise. Of her courageous kings
Brute Green-shield: to whose name we providence impute,
Divinely to revive the land's first conqueror, Brute.
"So had she those were learn'd, endu'd with nobler parts;
As he from learned Greece, that (by the liberal arts)
To Stamford, in this isle, seem'd Athens to transfer;
Wise Bladud, of her kings that great philosopher;
Who found our boiling baths; and his knowledge high,
Disdaining human paths, here practised to fly.
"Of justly vexed Leire, and those who last did tug
In worse than civil war, the sons of Gorbodug[6]
(By whose unnatural strife the land so long was toss'd),
I cannot stay to tell, nor shall my Britain boast;
But of that man which did her monarchy restore,
Her first imperial crown of gold that ever wore,
And that most glorious type of sovereignty regain'd;
Mulmutius: who this land in such estate maintain'd
As his great belsire Brute from Albion's heirs it won. [begun
"This grand-child, great as he, those four proud streets
That each way cross this isle, and bounds did them allow.
Like privilege he lent the temple and the plough:
So studious was this prince in his most forward zeal
To the celestial power, and to the public weal.
"Bellinus[7] he begot, who Dacia proud subdu'd;
And Brennus, who abroad a worthier war pursu'd,

[1] England. [2] Wales. [3] Scotland.
[4] Priests among idolatrous Gentiles.
[5] Canterbury. [6] Ferrex and Porrex.
[7] Belinus and Brennus.

[5] Malvern chase. [6] Severn.
[7] A fable in Ovid's Metamor.

Asham'd of civil strife; at home here leaving all:
And with such goodly youth, in Germany and Gaul
As he had gather'd up, the Alpine mountains pass'd,
And bravely on the banks of fatal Allia chas'd
The Romans (that her stream distained with their gore),
And through proud Rome, display'd his British ensign bore:
There, balancing his sword, against her baser gold,
The senators for slaves he in her forum sold.
At last, by power expell'd, yet proud of late success,
His forces then for Greece did instantly address;
And marching with his men upon her fruitful face,
Made Macedon first stoop; then Thessaly, and Thrace;
His soldiers there enrich'd with all Peonia's spoil;
And where to Greece he gave the last and deadliest foil,
In that most dreadful fight, on that more dismal day,
O'erthrew their utmost prowess at sad Thermopylæ;
And daring of her gods, adventur'd to have ta'en
Those sacred things enshrin'd in wise Apollo's fane: [word.
To whom when thundering Heaven pronounc'd her fearfull'st
Against the Delphian power he shak'd his ireful sword.

"As of the British blood, the native Cambri here
(So of my Cambria call'd) those valiant Cymbri were
(When Britain with her brood so peopled had her seat,
The soil could not suffice, it daily grew so great),
Of Denmark who themselves did anciently possess,
And to that strait'ned point, that utmost chersonesse,
Q. My country's name bequeath'd; whence Cymbrica it took:
Yet long were not compris'd within that little nook,
But with those Almain powers this people issued forth:
And like some boist'rous wind arising from the north,
Came that unwieldy host; that, which way it did move,
The very burthenous earth before it seem'd to shove,
And only meant to claim the universe its own.
In this terrestrial globe, as though some world unknown,
By pamper'd Nature's store too prodigally fed
(And surfetting therewith) her surcrease vomited;
These roaming up and down to seek some settling room,
First like a deluge fell upon Illyricum,
And with his Roman powers Papyrius overthrew;
Then, by great Belus[8] brought against those legions, slew
Their forces which in France Aurelius Scaurus led;
And afterward again, as bravely vanquished
The consuls Cæpio and stout Manlius on the plain,
Where Rhodanus was red with blood of Latins slain.

"In greatness next succeeds Belinus' worthy son,
Gurgustus: who soon left what his great father won,
To Guynteline his heir: whose queen[9] beyond her kind,
In her great husband's peace, to show her upright mind,
To wise Mulmutius' laws, her Martian first did frame:
From which we ours derive, to her eternal fame.

"So Britain forth with these, that valiant bastard brought,
Morindus, Danius' son, which with that monster[10] fought
His subjects that devour'd; to show himself again
Their martyr, who by them selected was to reign.

"So Britain likewise boasts her Elidure the just,
Who with his people was of such especial trust,
That (Archigallo fall'n into their general hate,
And by their powerful hand depriv'd of kingly state),
Unto the regal chair they Elidure advanc'd:
But long he had not reign'd, ere happily it chanc'd,
In hunting of a hart, that in the forest wild,
The late deposed king, himself who had exil'd
From all resort of men, just Elidure did meet;
Who much unlike himself, at Elidurus' feet,
Him prostrating with tears, his tender breast so strook,
That he (the British rule who lately on him took
At th' earnest people's pray'rs) him calling to the court,
There Archigallo's wrongs so lively did report,
Relating (in his right) his lamentable case,
With so effectual speech imploring their high grace,
That him they reinthron'd; in peace who spent his days.

"Then Elidure again, crown'd with applausive praise,
As he a brother rais'd, by brothers was depos'd,
And put into the tow'r: where miserably inclos'd,
Outliving yet their hate, and the usurpers dead,
Thrice had the British crown set on his reverend head.

"When more than thirty kings in fair succession came
Unto that mighty Lud, in whose eternal name
Great London still shall live (by him rebuilded) while
To cities she remains the sovereign of this isle.

"And when commanding Rome to Cæsar gave the charge,
Her empire (but too great) still further to enlarge
With all beyond the Alps; the aids he found to pass
From these parts into Gaul, show'd here some nation was
Undaunted that remain'd with Rome's so dreadful name,
That durst presume to aid those she decreed to tame.
Wherefore that matchless man, whose high ambition wrought
Beyond her empire's bounds, by shipping wisely sought
(Here prowling on the shores) this island to descry,
What people her possess'd, how fashion'd she did lye:
Where scarce a stranger's foot defil'd her virgin breast,
Since her first conqueror Brute here put his powers to rest;

Only some little boats, from Gaul that did her feed
With trifles, which she took for niceness more than need:
But as another world, with all abundance blest,
And satisfy'd with what she in herself possest;
Through her excessive wealth (at length) till wanton grown,
Some kings (with others' lands that would enlarge their own)
By innovating arms an open passage made
For him that gap'd for all (the Roman) to invade.
Yet with grim-visag'd war when he her shores did greet,
And terriblest did threat with his amazing fleet,
Those British bloods he found his force that durst assail,
And poured from the cliffs their shafts like showers of hail
Upon his helmed head; to tell him as he came,
That they (from all the world) yet feared not his name:
Which, their undaunted spirits soon made that conqueror feel,
Oft vent'ring their bare breast 'gainst his oft-bloody'd steel;
And in their chariots charg'd: which they with wondrous skill
Could turn in their swift'st course upon the steepest hill,
And wheel about his troops for vantage of the ground,
Or else disrank his force where entrance might be found.
And from their armed seats their thrilling darts could throw;
Or nimbly leaping down, their valiant swords bestow,
And with an active skip remount themselves again,
Leaving the Roman horse behind them on the plain,
And beat him back to Gaul his forces to supply;
As they the gods of Rome and Cæsar did defy.

"Cassibelan renown'd, the Britons' faithful guide,
Who when th' Italian pow'rs could no way be deny'd,
But would this isle subdue; their forces to fore-lay,
Thy forests thou didst fell, their speedy course to stay:
Those armed stakes in Thames that stuck'st, their horse to gore,
Which boldly durst attempt to forage on thy shore:
Thou such hard entrance here to Cæsar didst allow,
To whom (thyself except) the western world did bow.
And more than Cæsar got, three emperors could not win,
Till the courageous sons of our Cunobelin
Sunk under Plautius' sword, sent hither to discuss
The former Roman right, by arms again, with us.
Nor with that consul join'd, Vespasian could prevail
In thirty several fights, nor make them stoop their sail.
Yea, had not his brave son, young Titus, past their hopes,
His forward father fetch'd out of the British troops,
And quit him wondrous well when he was strongly charg'd,
His father (by his hand so valiantly enlarg'd)
Had never more seen Rome; nor had he ever spilt
The temple that wise son of faithful David built,
Subverted those high walls, and lay'd that city waste,
Which God, in human flesh, above all other grac'd.

"No marvail then though Rome so great her conquest thought,
In that the isle of Wight she to subjection brought,
Our Belgæ[11] and subdu'd (a people of the west)
That latest came to us, our least of all the rest;
When Claudius, who that time her wreath imperial wore,
Though scarce he show'd himself upon our southern shore,
It scorn'd not in his stile; but, due to that his praise,
Triumphal arches claim'd, and to have yearly plays;
The noblest naval crown, upon his palace pitch'd;
As with the ocean's spoil his Rome who had enrich'd.

"Her Caradoc (with cause) so Britain may prefer;
Than whom, a braver spirit was ne'er brought forth by her:
For whilst here in the west the Britons gather'd head,
This general of the rest, his stout Silures[12] led
Against Ostorius, sent by Cæsar to this place
With Rome's high fortune (then the high'st in fortune's grace),
A long and doubtful war with whom he did maintain,
Until that hour wherein his valiant Britons slain,
He grievously beheld (o'erprest with Roman power)
Himself well near the last their wrath did not devour.
When (for revenge, not fear) he fled (as trusting most,
Another day might win, what this had lately lost,)
To Cartismandua, queen of Brigants[13], for her aid,
He to his foes, by her, most falsely was betray'd.
Who, as a spoil of war, t' adorn the triumph sent
To great Ostorius due, when through proud Rome he went,
That had herself prepar'd (as she had all been eyes)
Our Caradoc to view; who, in his country's guise,
Came with his body nak'd, his hair down to his waist,
Girt with a chain of steel; his manly breast enchas'd
With sundry shapes of beasts. And when this Briton saw
His wife and children bound as slaves, it could not awe
His manliness at all: but with a settled grace,
Undaunted with her pride, he look'd her in the face:
And with a speech so grave as well a prince became,
Himself and his redeem'd, to our eternal fame.

"Then Rome's great tyrant[14] next, the last's adopted heir,
That brave Suetonius sent the British coasts to clear;
The utter spoil of Mon[15] who strongly did pursue

[8] A great general of those northern nations.
[9] Martia.
[10] A certain monster, often issuing from the sea, devoured divers of the British people.
[11] A people then inhabiting Hamp. Dorset. Wilt and Somersetshires.
[12] Those of Monmouth, and the adjacent shires.
[13] Those of Yorkshire and thereby.
[14] Nero.
[15] Anglesey, the chief place of residence of the Druids.

(Unto whose gloomy strengths th' revolted Britons flew),
There entring, he beheld what strook him pale with dread:
The frantic British froes, their hair dishevelled.
With fire-brands ran about, like to their furious eyes;
And from the hollow woods the fearless Druides;
Who with their direful threats, and execrable vows,
Enforc'd the troubled Heaven to knit her angry brows.
" And as here in the west the Romans bravely wan,
So all upon the east the Britons over-ran:
The colony long kept at Maldon, overthrown,
Which by prodigious signs was many times fore-shown,
And often had dismay'd the Roman soldiers: when
Brave Voadicia made with her resolved'st men
To Virolam[16]; whose siege with fire and sword she ply'd,
Till levell'd with the earth. To London as she hy'd,
The consul coming in with his auspicious aid,
The queen (to quit her yoke no longer that delay'd)
Him dar'd by dint of sword, it hers or his to try,
With words that courage show'd, and with a voice as high
(In her right hand her lance, and in her left her shield,
As both the battles stood prepared in the field),
Encouraging her men: which resolute, as strong,
Upon the Roman rush'd; and she, the rest among,
Wades in that doubtful war: till lastly, when she saw
The fortune of the day unto the Roman draw,
The queen (t' outlive her friends who highly did disdain,
And lastly, for proud Rome a triumph to remain),
By poison ends her days, unto that end prepar'd,
As lavishly to spend what Suetonius spar'd.
" Him scarcely Rome recall'd, such glory having won,
But bravely to proceed as erst she had begun,
Agricola here made her great lieutenant then:
Who having settled Mon, that man of all her men,
Appointed by the powers apparently to see
The wearied Britons sink, and eas'ly in degree
Beneath his fatal sword the Ordovices[17] to fall
Inhabiting the west, those people last of all
Which stoutl'est him withstood, renown'd for martial worth.
" Thence leading on his powers unto the utmost north,
When all the towns that lay betwixt our Trent and Tweed
Suffic'd not (by the way) his wasteful fires to feed,
He there some Britons found, who (to rebate their spleen,
As yet with grieved eyes our spoils not having seen,)
Him at Mount Grampus[18] met: which from his height beheld
Them lavish of their lives; who could not be compell'd
The Roman yoke to bear: and Galgacus their guide
Amongst his murther'd troops there resolutely dy'd.
" Eight Roman emperors reign'd since first that war began;
Great Julius Cæsar first, the last Domitian.
A hundred thirty years the northern Britons still,
That would in no wise stoop to Rome's imperious will,
Into the strait'ned land with theirs retired far,
In laws and manners since from us that different are;
And with the Irish Pict, which to their aid they drew
(On them oft breaking in, who long did them pursue)
A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred,
Than Rome, with much expense that us had conquered.
And when that we great Rome's so much in time were grown,
That she her charge durst leave to princes of our own
(Such as, within ourselves, our suffrage should elect),
Arviragus, born ours, here first she did protect;
Who faithfully and long of labour did her ease.
Then he, our Flamins' seats who turn'd to bishops sees;
Great Lucius, that good king: to whom we chiefly owe
This happiness we have, Christ crucify'd to know.
" As Britain, to her praise, receiv'd the Christian faith,
After (that word-made man) our dear Redeemer's death
Within two hundred years; and his disciples here,
By their great master sent to preach him every where,
Most reverently receiv'd, their doctrine and preferr'd;
Interring him[19], who erst the son of God interr'd.
" So Britons' was she born, though Italy her crown'd,
Of all the Christian world, that empress most renown'd,
Constantius' worthy wife; who scorning worldly loss,
Herself in person went to seek that sacred cross,
Whereon our Saviour dy'd: which found, as it was sought,
From Salem[20] unto Rome triumphantly she brought.
" As when the primer church her councils pleas'd to call,
Great Britain's bishops there were not the least of all;
Against the Arian sect at Arles having room,
At Sardica again, and at Ariminum.
" Now, when with various fate five hundred years had past,
And Rome of her great charge grew weary here at last;
The Vandals, Goths, and Huns, that with a powerful head
All Italy and France had well-near overspread,
To much-endanger'd Rome sufficient warning gave,
Those forces that she held, within herself to have.
The Roman rule from us then utterly remov'd.
" Whilst we, in sundry fields, our sundry fortunes prov'd
With the remorseless Pict, still wasting us with war.
And twixt the froward sire, licentious Vortiger,
And his too forward son, young Vortimer, arose
Much strife within ourselves, whilst here they interpose

[16] By Saint Albans. [17] North Wales men.
[18] In the midst of Scotland.
[19] Joseph of Arimathea. [20] Jerusalem.

By turns each other's reigns: whereby we weaken'd grew.
The warlike Saxon then into the land we drew;
A nation nurst in spoil, and fitt'st to undergo
Our cause against the Pict, our most inveterate foe.
" When they, which we had hir'd for soldiers to the shore,
Perceiv'd the wealthy isle to wallow in her store,
And subt'ly had found out how we infeebled were;
They, under false pretence of amity and cheer,
The British peers invite, the German healths to view
At Stonehenge; where they them unmercifully slew.
" Then, those of Brute's great blood, of Armoric possess'd,
Extremely griev'd to see their kinsmen so distrest,
Us offer'd to relieve, or else with us to dy:
We, after, to requite their noble courtesy,
Eleven thousand maids sent those our friends again,
In wedlock to be link'd with them of Brute's high strain;
That none with Brute's great blood, but Britons might be mixt:
Such friendship ever was the stock of Troy betwixt.
Out of whose ancient race that warlike Arthur sprong,
Whose most renowned acts shall sounded be as long
As Britain's name is known: which spread themselves so wide
As scarcely hath for fame left any roomth beside.
" My Wales, then hold thine own, and let thy Britons stand
Upon their right, to be the noblest of the land.
Think how much better 'tis, for thee, and those of thine,
From gods and heroes old to draw your famous line,
Than from the Scythian poor; whence they themselves derive,
Whose multitudes did first you to the mountains drive.
Nor let the spacious mound of that great Mercian king
(Into a lesser roomth thy burliness to bring)
Include thee; when myself, and my dear brother Dee[21],
By nature were the bounds first limited to thee."
Scarce ended she her speech, but those great mountains near,
Upon the Cambrian part that all for Brutus were,
With her high truths inflam'd, look'd every one about
To find their several springs; and bade them get them out,
And in their fulness wait upon their sovereign flood,
In Britons ancient right so bravely that had stood.
When first the furious Team, that on the Cambrian side
Doth Shropshire as a meer from Hereford divide,
As worthiest of the rest; so worthily doth crave
That of those lesser brooks the leading she might have;
The first of which is Clun, that to her mistress came:
Which of a forest[22] born that bears her proper name,
Unto the Golden Vale and anciently ally'd,
Of every thing of both sufficiently supply'd,
The longer that she grows, the more renown doth win:
And for her greater state, next Bradfield bringeth in,
Which to her wider banks resigns a weaker stream.
When fiercely making forth, the strong and lusty Team
A friendly forest nymph (nam'd Mocktry) doth embrace,
Herself that bravely bears; 'twixt whom and Bringwood-chase,
Her banks with many a wreath are curiously bedeckt,
And in their safer shades they long time her protect.
Then takes she Oney in, and forth from them doth fling:
When to her further aid, next Bow and Warren bring
Clear Quenny; by the way, which Stradbrook up doth take:
By whose united powers, their Team they mightier make;
Which in her lively course to Ludlow comes at last,
Where Corve into her stream herself doth headlong cast.
With due attendance next, come Ledwich and the Rhea.
Then speeding her, as though sent post unto the sea,
Her native Shropshire leaves, and bids those towns adieu,
Her only sovereign queen, proud Severn to pursue.
When at her going out, those mountains of command
(The Clees, like loving twins, and Stitterston that stand)
Trans-severned, behold fair England tow'rds the rise,
And on their setting side how ancient Cambria lies.
Then Stipperston a hill, though not of such renown
As many that are set here tow'rds the going down,
To those his own allies, that stood not far away,
Thus in behalf of Wales directly seem'd to say:
" Dear Corndon, my delight, as thou art lov'd of me,
And Breedon, as thou hop'st a Briton thought to be,
To Cortoc strongly cleave, as to our ancient friend,
And all our utmost strength to Cambria let us lend.
For though that envious time injuriously have wrung
From us those proper names did first to us belong,
Yet for our country still stout mountains let us stand."
Here every neighbouring hill held up a willing hand,
As freely to applaud what Stipperston decreed:
And Hockstow when she heard the mountains thus proceed,
With echoes from her woods, her inward joys express'd,
To hear that hill she lov'd, which likewise lov'd her best,
Should in the right of Wales, his neighbouring mountains stir,
So to advance that place which might them both prefer;
That she from open shouts could scarce herself refrain.
When soon those other rills to Severn which retain,
And tended not on Team, thus of themselves do show
The service that to her they absolutely owe.
First Camlet cometh in, a Montgomerian maid,
Her source in Severn's banks that safely having laid,
Mele, her great mistress next at Shrewsbury doth meet,
To see with what a grace she that fair town doth greet;

[21] The ancient bounds of Wales. [22] Clun forest.

Into what sundry gyres her wonder'd self she throws,
And oft insles the shore, as wantonly she flows;
Of it oft taking leave, oft turns, it to embrace;
As though she only were enamour'd of that place,
Her fore-intended course determined to leave,
And to that most-lov'd town eternally to cleave:
With much ado at length, yet bidding it adieu,
Her journey tow'rds the sea doth seriously pursue.
Where, as along the shores she prosperously doth sweep,
Small Marbrook maketh in, to her enticing deep.
And as she lends her eye to Bruge's lofty sight[23],
That forest-nymph mild Morff'doth kindly her invite
To see within her shade what pastime she could make:
Where she, of Shropshire; I, my leave of Severn take.

POLY-OLBION.

THE NINTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse here Merioneth vaunts,
And her proud mountains highly chaunts.
The hills and brooks, to bravery bent,
Stand for precedence from descent:
The rivers for them showing there
The wonders of their Pimble-mere.
Proud Snowdon gloriously proceeds
With Cambria's native princes' deeds.
The Muse then through Caernarvon makes,
And Mon (now Anglesey) awakes
To tell her ancient Druids' guise,
And manner of their sacrifice.
Her rillets she together calls;
Then back for Flint and Denbigh falls.

Of all the Cambrian shires their heads that bear so high,
And farth'st survey their soils with an ambitious eye,
Mervinia[1] for her hills, as for their matchless crowds,
The nearest that are said to kiss the wand'ring clouds,
Especial audience craves, offended with the throng,
That she of all the rest neglected was so long:
Alledging for herself; when, through the Saxons' pride,
The godlike race of Brute to Severn's setting side
Were cruelly infore'd, her mountains did relieve
Those, whom devouring war else every where did grieve.
And when all Wales beside (by fortune or by might)
Unto her ancient foe resign'd her ancient right,
A constant maiden still she only did remain,
The last her genuine laws which stoutly did retain.
And as each one is prais'd for her peculiar things;
So only she is rich, in mountains, meres, and springs,
And holds herself as great in her superfluous waste,
As others by their towns, and fruitful tillage grac'd.
And therefore, to recount her rivers, from their lins[2],
Abridging all delays, Mervinia thus begins: — [mount
"Though Dovy, which doth far her neighbouring floods sur-
(Whose course for hers alone Montgomery doth account),
Hath Angel[3] for her own, and Keriog she doth clear,
With Towin, Gwedal then, and Dulas, all as dear,
Those tributary streams she is maintain'd withal:
Yet, boldly may I say, her rising and her fall
My country calleth hers, with many another brook,
That with their crystal eyes on the Vergivian look.
To Dovy next, of which Desunny sea-ward drives,
Lingorril goes alone: but plenteous Avon strives
The first to be at sea; and faster her to hie,
Clear Kessilgum comes in, with Hergum by and by.
So Derry, Moothy draws, and Moothy calleth Cain,
Which in one channel meet, in going to the main,
As to their utmost power to lend her all their aids;
So Atro by the arm Lanbeder kindly leads.
And Velenrid the like, observing th' other's law,
Calls Cunnel; she again, fair Drurid forth doth draw,
That from their mother earth, the rough Mervinia, pay
Their mixed plenteous springs, unto the lesser bay
Of those two noble arms into the land that bear,
Which through Gwinethia[4] be so famous every where,
On my Caernarvon side by nature made my mound,
As Dovy doth divide the Cardiganian ground.
The pearly Conway's head, as that of holy Dee,
Renowned rivers both, their rising have in me:
So, Lavern and the Lue, themselves that headlong throw
Into the spacious lake, where Dee unmixt doth flow.
Trowerrin takes his stream here from a native lin;
Which, out of Pimble-mere when Dee himself doth win,
Along with him his lord full courteously doth glide:
So Rudock riseth here, and Cletor that do guide
Him in his rugged path, and make his greatness way,
Their Dee into the bounds of Denbigh to convey."

[23] Bruge North.
[1] Merionethshire.
[2] Meres or pools, from whence rivers spring.
[3] The rivers as in order they fall into the Irish sea.
[4] North-Wales.

The lofty hills, this while attentively that stood,
As to survey the course of every several flood,
Sent forth such echoing shouts (which every way so shrill,
With the reverberate sound the spacious air did fill),
That they were eas'ly heard through the Vergivian main
To Neptune's inward court; and beating there, constrain
That mighty god of sea t' awake: who, full of dread,
Thrice threw his three-fork'd mace about his grisely head,
And thrice above the rocks his forehead rais'd, to see
Amongst the high-topt hills what tumult it should be.
So that with very sweat Cadoridric did drop,
And mighty Raran shook his proud sky-kissing top,
Amongst the furious rout whom madness did enrage;
Until the mountain nymphs, the tumult to assuage,
Upon a modest sign of silence to the throng,
Consorting thus, in praise of their Mervinia sung: —
"Thrice famous Saxon king, on whom time ne'er shall prey,
O Edgar! who compelled'st our Ludwal hence to pay
Three hundred wolves a year for tribute unto thee:
And for that tribute paid, as famous may'st thou be,
O conquer'd British king, by whom was first destroy'd
The multitude of wolves, that long this land annoy'd;
Regardless of their rape, that now our harmless flocks
Securely here may sit upon the aged rocks;
Or wandering from their walks, and straggling here and there
Amongst the scatter'd cliffs, the lamb needs never fear;
But from the threatning storm to save itself may creep
Into that darksome cave where once his foe did keep:
That now the clamb'ring goat all day which having fed,
And climbing up to see the sun go down to bed,
Is not at all in doubt her little kid to lose,
Which grazing in the vale, secure and safe she knows.
"Where from these lofty hills which spacious Heaven do
Yet of as equal height, as thick by nature set, [threat,
We talk how we are stor'd, or what we greatly need,
Or how our flocks do fare, and how our herds do feed,
When else the hanging rocks, and vallies dark and deep,
The summer's longest day would us from meeting keep.
"Ye Cambrian shepherds then, whom these our mountains
please,
And ye our fellow nymphs, ye light Oreades[5],
Saint Helen's wondrous way, and Herbert's let us go,
And our divided rocks with admiration show."
Not meaning there to end, but speaking as they were,
A sudden fearful noise surprised every ear.
The water nymphs (not far) Lin-teged that frequent,
With brows besmear'd with ooze, their locks with dew besprent,
Inhabiting the lake, in sedgy bow'rs below,
Their inward grounded grief that only sought to show
Against the mountain kind, which much on them did take,
Above their wat'ry brood, thus proudly them bespake: —
"Tell us, ye haughty hills, why vainly thus you threat
Esteeming us so mean, compar'd to you so great?
To make you know yourselves, you this must understand
That our great Maker laid the surface of the land
As level as the lake until the general flood,
When over all so long the troubled waters stood:
Which, hurried with the blasts from angry heaven that blew,
Up on huge massy heaps the loosen'd gravel threw:
From hence we would ye know, your first beginning came;
Which since, in tract of time, yourselves did mountains name.
So that the earth, by you, (to check her mirthful cheer)
May always see (from heaven) those plagues that poured were
Upon the former world; as 'twere by scars to show
That still she must remain disfigur'd with the blow:
And by th' infectious slime that doomful deluge left,
Nature herself hath since of purity been reft;
And by the seeds corrupt, the life of mortal man
Was short'ned. With these plagues ye mountains first began.
"But, ceasing you to shame; what mountain is there found
In all your monstrous kind (seek ye the island round)
That truly of himself such wonders[6] can report,
As can this spacious Lin, the place of our resort?
That when Dee in his course fain in her lap would lie,
Commixtion with her store, his stream she doth deny,
By his complexion prov'd, as he through her doth glide.
Her wealth again from his, she likewise doth divide:
Those white-fish that in her do wond'rously abound,
Are never seen in him; nor are his salmons found
At any time in her: but as she him disdains;
So he again, from her, as wilfully abstains. [fall,
Down from the neighbouring hills, those plenteous springs that
Nor land-floods after rain, her never move at all.
And as in summer's heat, so always is she one,
Resembling that great lake which seems to care for none:
And with stern Æolus' blasts, like Thetis waxing rank,
She only over-swells the surface of her bank."
But, whilst the nymphs report these wonders of their lake,
Their farther cause of speech the mighty Snowdon[7] brake;
Lest, if their wat'ry kind should suffer'd be too long,
The licence that they took, might do the mountains wrong.
For quickly he had found that straiten'd point of land,
Into the Irish sea which puts his powerful hand,

[5] Nymphs of the mountains.
[6] The wonders of Linteged, or Pemblemere.
[7] The most famous mountain of all Wales, in Caernarvonshire.

Puft with their watry praise, grew insolently proud,
And needs would have his rills for rivers be allow'd:
Short Darent, near'st unto the utmost point of all
That th' isle of Gelin greets, and Bardsey in her fall;
And next to her, the Saw, the Gir, the Er, the May,
Must rivers be at least, should all the world gainsay:
And those, whereas the land lies eastward, amply wide,
That goodly Conway grace upon the other side,
Born near upon her banks, each from her proper lin,
Soon from their mothers out, soon with their mistress in.
As Ledder, her ally, and neighbour Legwy; then
Goes Purloyd, Castel next, with Gillin, that agen
Observe fair Conway's course: and though their race be short,
Yet they their sovereign flood enrich with their resort.
And Snowdon, more than this, his proper mere did note
(Still Delos like, wherein a wandring isle doth float)
Was peremptory grown upon his higher ground;
That pool, in which (besides) the one-ey'd fish are found,
As of her wonder proud, did with the floods partake.
So, when great Snowdon saw, a faction they would make
Against his general kind; both parties to appease,
He purposeth to sing their native princes praise.
For Snowdony, a hill, imperial in his seat,
Is from his mighty foot, unto his head so great,
That were his Wales distrest, or of his help had need,
He all her flocks and herds for many months could feed.
Therefore to do something were worthy of his name,
Both tending to his strength, and to the Britons fame,
His country to content, a signal having made,
By this oration thinks both parties to persuade: —

"Whilst here this general isle the ancient Britons ow'd,
Their valiant deeds before by Severn have been show'd:
But since our furious foe, these powerful Saxon swarms,
(As merciless in spoil, as well approv'd in arms)
Here called to our aid, Loëgria us bereft,
Those poor and scatter'd few of Brute's high lineage left,
For succour hither came; where that unmixed race
Remains unto this day, yet owners of this place:
Of whom no flood nor hill peculiarly hath song. [wrong
These, then, shall be my theme: lest time too much should
Such princes as were ours, since sever'd we have been;
And as themselves, their fame be limited between
The Severn and our sea, long pent within this place,
Till with the term of Welsh, the English now embase
The nobler Britons name, that well-near was destroy'd
With pestilence and war, which this great isle annoy'd;
Cadwallader that drave to the Armoric shore:
To which, dread Conan, lord of Denbigh, long before,
His countrymen from hence auspiciously convey'd:
Whose noble feats in war, and never-failing aid,
Got Maximus (at length) the victory in Gaul,
Upon the Roman powers. Where, after Gratian's fall,
Armorica to them the valiant victor gave:
Where Conan their great lord, as full of courage, drave
The Celts out of their seats, and did their room supply
With people still from hence; which of our colony
Was Little Britain call'd. Where that distressed king,
Cadwallader, himself awhile recomforting,
With hope of Alan's aid (which there did him detain),
Forewarned was in dreams, that of the Britons reign
A sempiternal end the angry pow'rs decreed,
A recluse life in Rome injoining him to lead.
The king resigning all, his son young Edwal left
With Alan: who, much griev'd the prince should be bereft
Of Britain's ancient right, rigg'd his unconquer'd fleet;
And as the generals then, for such an army meet,
His nephew Ivor chose, and Hiner for his pheer;
Two most undaunted spirits. These valiant Britons were
The first who West-sex[8] won. But by the ling'ring war,
When they those Saxons found t' have succour still from far,
They took them to their friends on Severn's setting shore:
Where finding Edwal dead, they purpos'd to restore
His son young Rodorick, whom the Saxon pow'rs pursu'd:
But he, who at his home here scorn'd to be subdu'd,
With Aldred (that on Wales his strong invasion brought)
Garthmalac, and Pencoyd (those famous battles) fought,
That North and South Wales sing, on the West-Sexians won.

"Scarce this victorious task his bloody'd sword had done,
But at Mount Carno[9] met the Mercians, and with wounds
Made Ethelbald to feel his trespass on our bounds;
Prevail'd against the Pict, before our force that flew;
And in a valiant fight their king Dalargan slew.

"Nor Conan's courage less, nor less prevail'd in ought
Renowned Rodorick's heir, who with the English fought
The Herefordian field; as Ruthland's red with gore:
Who, to transfer the war from this his native shore,
March'd through the Mercian towns with his revengeful blade:
And on the English there such mighty havoc made,
That Offa (when he saw his countries go to wrack)
From bick'ring with his folk, to keep us Britons back,
Cast up that mighty mound[10] of eighty miles in length
Athwart from sea to sea. Which of the Mercians strength
A witness tho' it stand, and Offa's name does bear,
Our courage was the cause why first he cut it there:
As that most dreadful day at Gavelford can tell,
Where under either's sword so many thousands fell
With intermixed blood, that neither knew their own;
Nor which went victor thence, unto this day is known.

"Nor Kettle's conflict then less martial courage show'd,
Where valiant Mervin met the Mercians, and bestow'd
His nobler British blood on Burthred's recreant flight.
As Rodorick his great son, his father following right,
Bare not the Saxons scorns, his Britons to out-brave;
At Gwythen, but again to Burthred battle gave;
Twice driving out the Dane when he invasion brought.
Whose no less valiant son, again at Conway fought
With Danes and Mercians, mixt, and on their hateful head
Down-show'r'd their dire revenge whom they had murthered.

"And, wer't not that of us the English would report
(Abusing of our tongue in most malicious sort,
As often-times they do) that more than any, we
(The Welsh, as they us term) love glorify'd to be,
Here could I else recount the slaughter'd Saxons gore,
Our swords at Crossford spilt on Severn's wandring shore;
And Griffith here produce Lewellin's valiant son,
(May we believe our bards) who five pitcht battles won;
And to revenge the wrongs the envious English wrought,
His well-train'd martial troops into the Marches brought
As far as Wor'ster walls: nor thence did he retire,
Till Powse lay well-near spent in our revengeful fire;
As Hereford laid waste: and from their plenteous soils,
Brought back with him to Wales his prisoners and his spoils.

"Thus as we valiant were, when valour might us steed:
With those so much that dar'd, we had them that decreed.
For, what Mulmutian laws, or Martian, ever were
More excellent than those which our good Howel here
Ordain'd to govern Wales? which still with us remain.

"And when all-powerful fate had brought to pass again,
That as the Saxons erst did from the Britons win;
Upon them so (at last) the Normans coming in,
Took from those tyrants here, what treach'rously they got,
(To the perfidious French which th' angry heavens allot)
Ne'er could that conqueror's sword (which roughly did decide
His right in England here, and prostrated her pride)
Us to subjection stoop, or make us Britons bear
Th' unwieldy Norman yoke: nor basely could we fear
His conquest, entring Wales; but (with stout courage) ours
Defy'd him to his face, with all his English pow'rs.

"And when in his revenge, proud Rufus hither came,
With vows us to subvert; with slaughter and with shame,
O'er Severn him we sent, to gather stronger aid.

"So, when to England's power, Albania hers had lay'd,
By Henry Beauclark brought (for all his dev'lish wit,
By which he wrought the wreath), he not prevail'd a whit:
And through our rugged straits when he so rudely press'd,
Had not his proved mail sate surely to his breast,
A skilful British hand his life had him bereft,
As his stern brother's heart, by Tirril's hand, was cleft.

"And let the English thus, which vilify our name,
If it their greatness please, report unto our shame
The foil our Gwyneth gave at Flint's so deadly fight,
To Maud the empress' son, that there he put to flight:
And from the English power th' imperial ensign took:
About his plumed head which valiant Owen shook.

"As when that king again, his fortune to advance
Above his former foil, procur'd fresh pow'rs from France,
A surely-level'd shaft if Sent-clear had not seen,
And in the very loose, not thrust himself between
His sovereign and the shaft, he our revenge had try'd:
Thus to preserve the king, the noble subject dy'd.

"As Madoc, his brave son, may come the rest among;
Who like the godlike race, from which his grandsires sprung,
Whilst here his brothers tir'd in sad domestic strife,
On their unnatural breasts bent either's murtherous knife;
This brave adventurous youth, in hot pursuit of fame,
With such as his great spirit did with high deeds inflame,
Put forth his well rigg'd fleet to seek him foreign ground,
And sailed west so long, until that world he found
To Christians then unknown (save this advent'rous crew)
Long ere Columbus liv'd, or it Vespucius knew;
And put the now nam'd Welsh on India's parched face,
Unto the endless praise of Brute's renowned race,
Ere the Iberian powers had toucht her long-sought bay,
Or any ear had heard the sound of Florida.

"And with that Croggen's name let th' English us disgrace;
When there are to be seen, yet, in that ancient place
From whence that name they fetch, their conquer'd grandsires graves:
For which each ignorant sot, unjustly us depraves.

"And when that tyrant John had our subversion vow'd
To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd:
Nor to his mighty son; whose host we did enforce
(His succours cutting off) to eat their warlike horse.

"Until all-ruling Heaven would have us to resign:
When that brave prince the last of all the British line,
Lewellin, Griffith's son, unluckily was slain,
As fate had spar'd our fall till Edward Longshank's reign.
Yet to the stock of Brute so true we ever were,
We would permit no prince, unless a native, here.

[8] The West-Saxons country, comprehending Devonshire, Somerset, Wiltshire, and their adjacents.
[9] A hill near Aber-gevenny in Monmouth.
[10] Offa's Ditch.

Which, that most prudent king perceiving, wisely thought
To satisfy our wills, and to Caernarvon brought
His queen being great with child, ev'n ready down to lie,
Then to his purpos'd end doth all his powers apply.
" Through every part of Wales he to the nobles sent,
That they unto his court should come incontinent,
Of things that much concern'd the country to debate:
But now behold the power of unavoided fate!
" When thus unto his will he fitly them had won,
At her expected hour the queen brought forth a son.
And to this great design, all happ'ning as he would,
He (his intended course that clerkly manage could)
Thus quaintly trains us on: since he perceiv'd us prone
Here only to be rul'd by princes of our own,
Our naturalness therein he greatly did approve;
And publicly protests, that for the ancient love
He ever bare to Wales, they all should plainly see,
That he had found out one, their sovereign lord to be;
Com'n of the race of kings, and (in their country born)
Could not one English word: of which he durst be sworn.
Besides his upright heart, and innocence was such,
As that (he was assur'd) black envy could not touch
His spotless life in aught. Poor we (that not espy
His subtilty herein) in plain simplicity,
Soon bound ourselves by oath his choice not to refuse:
When as that crafty king, his little child doth chuse,
Young Edward, born in Wales, and of Caernarvon call'd:
Thus by the English craft we Britons were enthrall'd.
" Yet in thine own behalf, dear country, dare to say,
Thou long as powerful wert as England every way.
And if she overmuch should seek thee to imbase,
Tell her thou art the nurse of all the British race
And he that was by Heaven appointed to unite
(After that tedious war) the red rose and the white;
A Tudor was of thine, and native of thy Mon,
From whom descends that king now sitting on her throne."
This speech, by Snowdon made, so lucky was to please
Both parties, and them both with such content t' appease;
That as before they strove for sovereignty and place,
They only now contend, which most should other grace.
Into the Irish sea then all those rills that ran,
In Snowdon's praise to speak immediately began;
Lewenny, Lynan next, then Gwelly gave it out,
And Kerriog her compeer, soon told it all about:
So did their sister nymphs, that into Mena strain;
The flood that doth divide Mon from the Cambrian main.
It Gorway greatly prais'd and Seint it loudly song,
So, mighty Snowdon's speech was through Caernarvon rong;
That scarcely such a noise to Mon from Mena came,
When with his puissant troops for conquest of the same,
On bridges made of boats, the Roman powers her sought,
Or Edward to her sack his English armies brought:
That Mona strangely stirr'd great Snowdon's praise to hear,
Although the stock of Troy to her was ever dear;
Yet (from her proper worth) as she before all other
Was call'd (in former times) her country Cambria's mother,
Persuaded was thereby her praises to pursue,
Or by neglect, to lose what to herself was due,
A sign to Neptune sent, his boist'rous rage to slake;
Which suddainly becalm'd, thus of herself she spake:—
" What one of all the isles to Cambria doth belong
(To Britain, I might say, and yet not do her wrong)
Doth equal me in soil, so good for grass and grain?
As should my Wales (where still Brute's offspring doth remain)
That mighty store of men, yet more of beasts doth breed,
By famine or by war constrained be to need,
And England's neighbouring shires their succour would deny;
My only self her wants could plenteously supply.
" What island is there found upon the Irish coast,
In which that kingdom seems to be delighted most,
(And seek you all along the rough Vergivian shore,
Where the encountring tides outrageously do roar)
That bows not at my beck, as they to me did owe
The duty subjects should unto their sovereign show;
So that th' Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known,
Which wisely hath been rul'd by princes of her own,
In my alliance joys, as in th' Albanian seas
The Arrans[11], and by them the scatter'd Eubides[11]
Rejoice even at my name; and put on mirthful cheer,
When of my good estate they by the sea-nymphs hear.
" Sometimes within my shades, in many an ancient wood,
Whose often-twined tops great Phœbus' fires withstood,
The fearless British priests, under an aged oak,
Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the yoke,
And with an ax of gold, from that Jove-sacred tree
The misleto cut down; then with a bended knee
On th' unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd fires:
And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling flesh expires,
As their strong fury mov'd (when all the rest adore)
Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,
Up to th' eternal heaven their bloodied hands did rear:
And, whilst the murmuring woods even shudder'd as with fear,
Preach'd to the beardless youth the soul's immortal state;
To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,
That to contempt of death them strongly might excite.
" To dwell in my black shades the wood-gods did delight,
Untrodden with resort that long so gloomy were,
As when the Roman came, it strook him sad with fear
To look upon my face, which then was call'd the Dark;
Until in after-time, the English for a mark
Gave me this hateful name, which I must ever bear,
And Anglesey from them am called every where.
" My brooks (to whose sweet brims the Sylvans did resort,
In gliding through my shades to mighty Neptune's court,
Of their huge oaks bereft) to Heaven so open lie,
That now there's not a root discern'd by any eye:
My Brent, a pretty beck, attending Mena's mouth,
With those her sister rills that bear upon the south,
Guint, forth along with her Lewenny that doth draw;
And next to them again, the fat and moory Fraw;
Which with my prince's court I sometime pleas'd to grace,
As those that to the west directly run their race.
Smooth Allo in her fall, that Lynon in doth take;
Mathanon, that amain doth tow'rds Moylroniad make,
The sea-calves to behold that bleach them on her shore,
Which Gweger to her gets, as to increase her store.
Then Dulas to the north that straineth, as to see
The isle that breedeth mice: whose store so lothsome be,
That she in Neptune's brack her bluish head doth hide."
When now the wearied Muse her burthen having ply'd,
Herself awhile betakes to bathe her in the Sound;
And quitting in her course the goodly Monian ground,
Assays the Penmenmaur, and her clear eyes doth throw
On Conway, tow'rds the east, to England back to go;
Where finding Denbigh fair, and Flint not out of sight,
Cries yet afresh for Wales, and for Brute's ancient right.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The serious Muse herself applies
To Merlin's ancient prophecies
At Dinas Emris; where he show'd
How fate the Britons rule bestow'd.
To Conway next she turns her tale,
And sings her Cluyd's renowned vale;
Then of Saint Winifrid doth tell,
And all the wonders of her well;
Makes Dee, Brute's history pursue:
At which, she bids her Wales adieu.

AWHILE thus taking breath, our way yet fair in view,
The Muse her former course doth seriously pursue.
From Penmen's[1] craggy height to try her sailly wings,
Herself long having bath'd in the delicious springs
(That trembling from his top thro' long-worn crannies creep,
To spend their liquid store on the insatiate deep)
She meets with Conway first, which hath next at hand:
Whose precious orient pearl that breedeth in her sand,
Above the other floods of Britain doth her grace:
Into the Irish sea which making out her race,
Supply'd by many a mere (through many severall rills
Into her bosom pour'd) her plenteously she fills.
O goodly river! near unto thy sacred spring
Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king
The changes long to come, auspiciously he told.
Most happy were thy nymphs, that wond'ring did behold
His graver wrinkled brow, amazed and did hear
The dreadful words he spake, that so ambiguous were.
Thrice happy brooks, I say, that (every way about)
Thy tributaries be: as is that town, whereout
Into the sea thou fall'st, which Conway of thy name
Perpetually is call'd, to register thy fame.
For thou, clear Conway, heard'st wise Merlin first relate
The Destinies decree, of Britain's future fate;
Which truly he foretold proud Vortiger should lose:
As, when him from his seat the Saxons should depose:
The forces that should here from Armoric[2] arrive,
Yet far too weak from hence the enemy to drive:
And to that mighty king, which rashly undertook
A strong wall'd tower to rear, those earthly spirits that shook
The great foundation still, in dragons' horrid shape,
That dreaming wizard told; making the mountain gape
With his most powerful charms, to view those caverns deep;
And from the top of Brith[3], so high and wondrous steep,
Where Dinas Emris stood, show'd where the serpents fought,
The white that tore the red; from whence the prophet wrought
The Britons sad decay then shortly to ensue.
O! happy ye, that heard the man who all things knew,
Until the general doom, through all the world admir'd:
By whose prophetic saws ye all became inspir'd;
As well the forked Neage, that near'st her fountain springs,
With her beloved maid Melandidar, that brings

[1] Penmenmaur. [2] Little Britain in France.
[3] Part of Snowdon.

[11] Isles upon the west of Scotland.

Her flow, where Conway forth into the sea doth slide
(That to their mistress make from the Denbighian side)
As those that from the hills of proud Caernarvon fall.
This scarce the Muse had said, but Cluyd doth quickly call
Her great recourse, to come and guard her while she glide
Along the goodly vale (which with her wealthy pride
Much beautifies her banks; so naturally her own,
That Dyffren Cluyd by her both far and near is known)
With high-embattel'd hills that each way is enclos'd
But only on the north: and to the north dispos'd,
Fierce Boreas finds access to court the dainty vale:
Who, whisp'ring in her ear with many a wanton tale,
Allures her to his love (his leman her to make)
As one that in himself much suff'reth for her sake.
The Orcades[4], and all those Eubides[4] imbrac'd
In Neptune's aged arms, to Neptune seeming chaste,
Yet prostitute themselves to Boreas; who neglects
The Caledonian downs, nor aught at all respects
The other inland dales, abroad that scatter'd lie,
Some on the English earth, and some in Albany;
But, courting Dyffren Cluyd, her beauty doth prefer.
Such dalliance as alone the north-wind hath with her,
Orithya[5] not enjoy'd, from Thrace when he her took,
And in his saily plumes the trembling virgin shook:
But through the extream love he to this vale doth bear,
Grows jealous at the length, and mightily doth fear,
Great Neptune, whom he sees to smug his horrid face:
And, fearing lest the god should so obtain her grace,
From the septentrion cold, in the breem freezing air,
Where the bleak north-wind keeps still domineering there,
From Shetland stradling wide, his foot on Thuly sets:
Whence storming, all the vast Deucalidon he threats,
And bears his boisterous waves into the narrower mouth
Of the Vergivian sea[6]: where meeting, from the south,
Great Neptune's surlier tides, with their robustious shocks,
Each other shoulder up against the griesly rocks;
As strong men when they meet, contending for the path:
But, coming near the coast where Cluyd her dwelling hath,
The north-wind (calm become) forgets his ire to wreak,
And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak:
"Dear Cluyd, th'abundant sweets that from thy bosom flow,
When with my active wings into the air I throw,
Those hills whose hoary heads seem in the clouds to dwell,
Of aged become young, enamour'd with the smell
Of th' odoriferous flowers in thy most precious lap:
Within whose velvet leaves, when I myself enwrap,
They suffocate with scents; that (from my native kind)
I seem some slow perfume, and not the swiftest wind.
With joy, my Dyffren Cluyd, I see thee bravely spread
Surveying every part, from foot up to thy head;
Thy full and youthful breasts, which in their meadowy pride
Are brancht with rivery veins, meander-like that glide.
I farther note in thee, more excellent than these
(Were there a thing that more the amorous eye might please)
Thy plump and swelling womb, whose mellowy glebe doth bear
The yellow ripened sheaf, that bendeth with the ear."
Whilst in this sort his suit he amorously prefer'd,
Moylvenuil near at hand, the north-wind overheard:
And, vexed at the heart, that he a mountain great,
Which long time in his breast had felt love's kindly heat,
As one whom crystal Cluyd had with her beauty caught,
Is for that river's sake near of his wits distraught,
With inly rage to hear that valley so extoll'd;
And yet that brook, whose course so batful makes her mould,
And one that lends that vale her most renowned name,
Should of her meaner far, be over-gone in fame.
Wherefore Moylvennil will'd his Cluyd herself to show:
Who, from her native font, as proudly she doth flow,
Her handmaids Manian[7] hath, and Hespin[7], her to bring
To Ruthin. Whose fair seat first kindly visiting,
To lead her thence in state, Lewenny[7] lends her source:
That when Moylvennil sees his river's great recourse,
From his intrenched top is pleas'd with her supplies,
Claweddock[7] cometh in, and Istrad[7] likewise hies
Unto the queen-like Cluyd, as she to Denbigh draws:
And on the other side, from whence the morning dawns,
Down from the Flintian hills comes Wheeler, her to bear
To sacred Asaph's see, his hallowed temple; where
Fair Elwy having won her sister Aled's power,
They entertain their Cluyd near mighty Neptune's bower.
Who likewise is sustain'd by Senion, last that falls,
And from the virgin's well doth wash old Ruthland's walls.
Moylvennil with her sight that never is suffic'd,
Now with excessive joy so strongly is surpriz'd,
That thus he proudly spake; "On the Gwynethian ground
(And look from east to west) what country is there crown'd
As thou Tegenia[8] art? that, with a vale so rich
(Cut thorough with the Cluyd, whose graces me bewitch)
The fruitful'st of all Wales, so long had honour'd been:
As also by thy spring, such wonder who dost win,
That naturally remote six British miles from sea,
And rising on the firm, yet in the natural day
Twice falling, twice doth fill, in most admired wise.
When Cynthia from the east unto the south doth rise,
That mighty Neptune flows, then strangely ebbs thy well:
And when again he sinks, as strangely she doth swell:
Yet to the sacred fount of Winifrid gives place;
Of all the Cambrian springs of such especial grace,
That oft the Devian[9] nymphs, as also those that keep
Amongst the coral-groves in the Vergivian deep,
Have left their watry bowers, their secret safe retire,
To see her whom report so greatly should admire
(Whose waters to this day as perfect are and clear,
As her delightful eyes in their full beauties were,
A virgin while she liv'd) chaste Winifrid: who these
Before her maiden-gem she forcibly would lose,
To have her harmless life by the lewd raptor spilt:
For which, still more and more to aggravate his guilt,
The lifeless tears she shed, into a fountain turn.
And that, for her alone the water should not mourn,
The pure vermillion blood, that issued from her veins,
Unto this very day the pearly gravel stains;
As erst the white and red were mixed in her cheek.
And, that one part of her might be the other like,
Her hair was turn'd to moss; whose sweetness doth declare,
In liveliness of youth the natural sweets she bare:
And of her holy life the innocence to show,
Whatever living thing into this well you throw,
She strongly bears it up, not suff'ring it to sink.
Besides, the wholesome use in bathing, or in drink,
Doth the diseased cure, as thereto she did leave
Her virtue with her name, that time should not bereave.
Scarce of this tedious tale Moylvennil made an end,
But that the higher Yale[10], whose being doth ascend
Into the pleasant East, his loftier head advane'd.
This region, as a man that long had been intrane'd
(Whilst thus himself to please, the mighty mountain tells
Such farlies[11] of his Cluyd, and of his wondrous wells)
Stood thinking what to do: lest fair Tegenia, plac'd
So admirably well, might hold herself disgrac'd
By his so barren site, being mountainous and cold,
To nothing more unlike than Dyffren's batful mould;
And in respect of her, to be accounted rude.
Yale, for he would not be confounded quite by Cluyd,
(And for his common want, to coin some poor excuse)
Unto his proper praise, discreetly doth produce
A valley, for a vale, of her peculiar kind;
In goodness, breadth, and length, though Dyffren far behind:
On this yet dare he stand, that for the natural frame,
That figure of the cross, of which it takes the name,
Is equal with the best, which else excel it far:
And by the power of that most sacred character,
Respect beyond the rest unto herself doth win.
When now the sterner Dee doth instantly begin
His ampler self to show that (down the verdant dale)
Strains in his nobler course along the rougher Yale,
T' invite his favouring brooks: where from that spacious lia
Through which he comes unmixt, first Alwin[12] falleth in:
And going on along, still gathering up his force,
Gets Gerrow[12] to his aid, to hasten on his course.
With Christioneth[12] next, comes Keriog[12] in apace.
Out of the leaden mines, then with her sullied face
Claweddock[12] casts about where Gwenrow she may greet,
Till like two loving friends they under Wrexam meet.
Then Alen[12] makes approach (to Dee most inly dear)
Taking Tegiddog[12] in; who earnest to be there,
For haste, twice under earth her crystal head doth run:
When instantly again Dee's holiness begun,
By his contracted front and sterner waves to show,
That he had things to speak, might profit them to know;
A brook that was suppos'd much business to have seen,
Which had an ancient bound 'twixt Wales and England been,
And noted was by both to be an ominous flood,
That changing of his fords, the future ill or good
Of either country told; of either's war or peace,
The sickness, or the health, the dearth, or the increase:
And that of all the floods of Britain, he might boast
His stream in former times to have been honour'd most,
When as at Chester once king Edgar held his court,
To whom eight lesser kings with homage did resort:
That mighty Mercian lord, him in his barge bestow'd,
And was by all those kings about the river row'd.
For which, the hallowed Dee so much upon him took,
And now the time was come, that this imperious brook,
The long-traduced Brute determin'd to awake,
And in the Britons' right thus boldly to them spake;
"O ye, the ancient race of famous Brute that be,
And thou, the queen of isles, Great Britain; why do ye
Your grandsire's godlike name (with a neglectful ear)
In so reproachful terms and ignominy hear,
By every one of late contemptuously disgrac'd;
That he, whom time so long and strongly hath embrac'd,

[4] Isles upon the North-east and West of Scotland.
[5] In the sixth book of Ovid's Metamorph.
[6] The tides out of the North and South Seas, meeting in St. George's Channel.
[7] Riverets running into Cluyd out of Denbigh and Flintshire.
[8] Part of the vale call'd Teg-Engle, i. e. Fair England.
[9] Of Dee.
[10] A place mountainous, and somewhat inaccessible.
[11] Strange things.
[12] The rivers in the east of Denbigh, falling into Dee.

Should be rejected quite? The reason urged why,
Is by the general foe thus answer'd by and by:
That Brutus, as you say, by sea who hither came,
From whom you would suppose this isle first took the name,
Meerly fictitious is; nor could the Romans hear
(Most studious of the truth, and near'st those times that were)
Of any such as he; nay, they who most do strive,
From that great stock of Troy their lineage to derive,
In all the large descent of Julus, never found
That Brute, on whom we might our first beginning ground.
"To this assertion, thus I faithfully reply;
And as a friend to truth, do constantly deny
Antiquity to them, as nearer to those times;
Their writings to precede our ancient British rhymes:
But that our noble bards, which so divinely sung,
That remnant of old Troy, of which the Britains sprung,
Before those Romans were, as proof we can produce;
And learning long with us, ere 'twas with them in use,
And they but idly talk, upbraiding us with lies.
That Geffray Monmouth, first, our Brutus did devise,
Not heard of till his time our adversary says:
When pregnantly we prove, ere that historian's days,
A thousand ling'ring years, our prophets clearly song
The Britain-founding Brute, most frequent them among
From Taliessen wise (approved so with us,
That what he spake was held to be oraculous,
So true his writings were) and such immortal men
As this now-waning world shall hardly hear again
In our own genuine tongue, that natives were of Wales,
Our Geffray had his Brute. Nor were these idle tales
(As he may find, the truth of our descents that seeks)
Nor fabulous, like those devised by the Greeks:
But from the first of time, by judges still were heard,
Discreetly every year[13] correcting where they err'd.
"And that whereon our foe his greatest hold doth take,
Against the handled cause and most doth seem to make,
Is, that we show no book our Brutus to approve;
But that our idle bards, as their fond rage did move,
Sang what their fancies pleas'd. Thus do I answer these;
That th' ancient British priests, the fearless Druides,
That minister'd the laws, and were so truly wise,
That they determin'd states, attending sacrifice,
To letters never would their mysteries commit,
For which the breasts of men they deem'd to be more fit.
Which questionless should seem from judgment to proceed.
For, when of ages past we look in books to read,
We retchlesly discharge our memory of those.
So when injurious time, such monuments doth lose
(As what so great a work, by time that is not wrackt?)
We utterly forego that memorable act:
But when we lay it up within the minds of men,
They leave it their next age; that, leaves it hers agen:
So strongly which (methinks) doth for tradition make,
As if you from the world it altogether take,
You utterly subvert antiquity thereby.
For though time well may prove that often she doth ly,
Posterity by her yet many things hath known,
That ere men learn'd to write, could no way have been shown:
For, if the spirit of God did not our faith assure
The scriptures be from heaven, like heaven, divinely pure,
Of Moses' mighty works, I reverently may say
(I speak with godly fear) tradition put away,
In power of human wit it eas'ly doth not ly
To prove before the flood the genealogy.
Nor any thing there is that kindlier doth agree
With our descent from Troy (if things compar'd may be)
Than peopling of this place, near to those ages, when
Exiled by the Greeks, those poor world-wand'ring men
(Of all hope to return into their country reft)
Sought shores whereon to set that little them was left:
From some such godlike race we questionless did spring,
Who soon became so great here once inhabiting.
So barbarous nor were we, as many have us made,
And Cæsar's envious pen would all the world persuade,
His own ambitious ends in seeking to advance,
When with his Roman power arriving here from France,
If he the Britons found experienc'd so in war,
That they with such great skill could wield their armed car;
And, as he still came on, his skilful march to let,
Cut down their aged oaks, and in the rivers set
The sharp steel-pointed stakes, as he the fords should pass;
I fain would understand how 'tis that nation was
So ignorant he would make, and yet so knowing war.
But, in things past so long (for all the world) we are
Like to a man embarkt, and travelling the deep:
Who sailing by some hill, or promontory steep
Which juts into the sea, with an amazed eye
Beholds the cliffs thrust up into the lofty sky,
And th' more that he doth look, the more it draws his sight;
Now at the craggy front, then at the wond'rous weight:
But, from the passed shore still as the swelling sail
(Thrust forward by the wind) the floating bark doth hail,
The mighty giant-heap, so less and lesser still
Appeareth to the eye, until the monstrous hill
At length shows like a cloud; and farther being cast,
Is out of kenning quite: so, of the ages past;

[13] At the Stethva: see to the fourth song.

Those things that in their age much to be wonder'd were,
Still as wing-footed time them farther off doth bear,
Do lessen every hour." When now the mighty prease,
Impatient of his speech, intreat the flood to cease,
And cry with one consent, the Saxon state to show,
As angry with the Muse such labour to bestow
On Wales, but England still neglected thus to be.
And having past the time, the honourable Dee
At Chester was arriv'd, and bade them all adieu:
When our intended course with England we pursue.

POLY-OLBION.

THE ELEVENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, her native earth to see,
Returns to England over Dee;
Visits stout Cheshire, and there shows
To her and hers, what England owes;
And of the nymphets sporting there
In Wyrral, and in Delamere.
Weever, the great devotion sings
Of the religious Saxon kings;
Those riverets doth together call,
That into him and Mersey fall.
Thence bearing to the side of Peak,
This zealous canto off doth break.

With as unwearied wings, and in as high a gait
As when we first set forth, observing every state, [sound:
The Muse from Cambria comes, with pinions summ'd and
And having put herself upon the English ground,
First seizeth in her course the noblest Cestrian shore;
Of our great English bloods as careful here of yore,
As Cambria of her Brute's now is, or could be then;
For which, our proverb calls her, Cheshire, chief of men.
And of our counties, place of palatine doth hold,
And thereto hath her high regalities enroll'd:
Besides, in many fields since conquering William came,
Her people she hath prov'd, to her eternal fame.
All, children of her own, the leader and the led,
The mightiest men of bone, in her full bosom bred:
And neither of them such as cold penurious need
Spurs to each rash attempt; but such as soundly feed,
Clad in warm English cloth; and maim'd should they return
(Whom this false ruthless world else from their doors would spurn)
Have livelihood of their own, their ages to sustain.
Nor did the tenant's pay the landlord's charge maintain:
But as abroad in war, he spent of his estate;
Returning to his home, his hospitable gate
The richer and the poor stood open to receive.
They, of all England, most to ancient customs cleave,
Their yeomanry and still endeavour'd to uphold.
For rightly whilst her self brave England was of old,
And our courageous kings us forth to conquests led,
Our armies in those times (near through the world so dread)
Of our tall yeomen were, and foot-men for the most;
Who (with their bills and bows) may confidently boast,
Our leopards they so long and bravely did advance
Above the fleur de lis, even in the heart of France.
O! thou thrice happy shire, confined so to be
'Twixt two so famous floods, as Mersey is, and Dee!
Thy Dee upon the west from Wales doth thee divide:
Thy Mersey on the north, from the Lancastrian side,
Thy natural sister-shire; and linkt unto thee so,
That Lancashire along with Cheshire still doth go.
And tow'rds the Derbian Peak, and Moreland (which do draw
More mountainous and wild) the high-crown'd Shutlingslaw
And Molcop be thy mounds, with those proud hills whence rove
The lovely sister brooks, the silvery Dane and Dove;
Clear Dove, that makes to Trent; the other to the west,
But, in that famous town, most happy of the rest,
(From which thou tak'st thy name) fair Chester, call'd of old
Carlegion; whilst proud Rome her conquests here did hold,
Of those her legions known the faithful station then,
So stoutly held to tack by those near North-Wales men;
Yet by her own right name had rather called be,
As her the Britons term'd, the fortress upon Dee,
Than vainly she would seem a miracle to stand,
Th' imaginary work of some huge giant's hand:
Which if such ever were, tradition tells not who.
But back a while, my muse: to Weever let us go,
Which (with himself compar'd) each British flood doth scorn;
His fountain and his fall, both Chester's rightly born;
The country in his course, that clean through doth divide,
Cut in two equal shares upon his either side:
And, what the famous flood far more than that enriches,
The bracky fountains are, those two renowned Wyches,
The Nant-wych, and the North; whose either briny well,
For store and sorts of salts, make Weever to excel.

Besides their general use, not had by him in vain,
But in himself thereby doth holiness retain
Above his fellow floods: whose healthful virtues taught,
Hath of the sea-gods oft caus'd Weever to be sought,
For physic in their need: and Thetis oft hath seen,
When by their wanton sports her Ner'ides have been
So sick, that Glaucus' self hath failed in their cure:
Yet Weever, by his salts, recovery durst assure.
And Amphitrite oft this wizard river led
Into her secret walks (the depths profound and dread)
Of him (suppos'd so wise) the hid events to know
Of things that were to come, as things done long ago.
In which he had been prov'd most exquisite to be;
And bare his fame so far, that oft 'twixt him and Dee
Much strife there hath arose in their prophetick skill.
But to conclude his praise, our Weever here doth will
The Muse his source to sing; as how his course he steers:
Who from his nat'ral spring, as from his neighb'ring meres
Sufficiently supply'd, shoots forth his silver breast,
As though he meant to take directly tow'rd the east;
Until at length it proves he loit'reth but to play,
Till Ashbrook and the Lee o'ertake him on the way,
Which to his journey's end him earnestly do haste:
Till having got to Wych, he taking there a taste
Of her most savory salt, is, by the sacred touch,
Forc'd faster in his course, his motion quicken'd much
To North-wych: and at last, as he approacheth near
Dane, Whelock draws, then Crock, from that black ominous mere
Accounted one of those that England's wonders make;
Of neighbours, Blackmere nam'd, of strangers, Brereton's lake;
Whose property seems far from reason's way to stand:
For, near before his death that's owner of the land,
She sends up stocks of trees, that on the top do float;
By which the world her first did for a wonder note.
His handmaid Howty next, to Weever holds her race:
When Peever, with the help of Pickmere, makes apace
To put in with those streams his sacred steps that tread,
Into the mighty waste of Mersey him to lead.
Where, when the rivers meet, with all their stately train,
Proud Mersey is so great in entring of the main,
As he would make a show for empery to stand,
And wrest the three-forkt mace from out grim Neptune's hand;
To Cheshire highly bound for that his watry store,
As to the grosser loughs[1] on the Lancastrian shore.
From hence he getteth Goyt down from her Peakish spring,
And Bollen, that along doth nimbler Birkin bring
From Maxfield's mighty wilds, of whose shagg'd Sylvans she
Hath in the rocks been woo'd, their paramour to be:
Who in the darksome holes and caverns kept her long,
And that proud forest made a party to her wrong.
Yet could not all intreat the pretty brook to stay;
Which to her stream, sweet Bollen, creeps away.
To whom, upon their road she pleasantly reports
The many mirthful jests, and wanton woodish sports
In Maxfield they have had; as of that forest's fate:
Until they come at length, where Mersey for more state
Assuming broader banks, himself so proudly bears,
That at his stern approach, extended Wyrral fears,
That (what betwixt his floods of Mersey, and the Dee)
In very little time devoured he might be:
Out of the foaming surge till Hilbre lifts his head,
To let the fore-land see how richly he had sped.
Which Mersey cheers so much, that with a smiling brow
He fawns on both those floods; their amorous arms that throw
About his goodly neck, and bar'd their swelling breasts:
On which whilst lull'd with ease, his pleased cheek he rests,
The Naiads, sitting near upon the aged rocks,
Are busied with their combs, to braid his verdant locks,
Whilst in their crystal eyes he doth for Cupids look:
But Delamere from them his fancy quickly took,
Who shows herself all drest in most delicious flowers;
And sitting like a queen, sees from her shady bowers
The wanton wood-nymphs mixt with her light-footed fauns,
To lead the rural routs about the goodly lawns,
And over holt[2] and heath, as thorough frith[3] and fell[4];
And oft at barly-break, and prison-base, to tell
(In carrolds as they course) each other all the joys,
The passages, deceits, the sleights, the amorous toys
The subtle sea-nymphs had, their Wyrral's love to win.
But Weever now again to warn them doth begin
To leave these trivial toys, which inly he did hate,
That neither them beseem'd, nor stood with his estate
(Being one that gave himself industriously to know
What monuments our kings erected long ago:
To which, the flood himself so wholly did apply,
As though upon his skill, the rest should all rely)
And bent himself to show, that yet the Britons bold,
Whom the laborious Muse so highly had extoll'd,
Those later Saxon kings excell'd not in their deeds,
And therefore with their praise thus zealously proceeds;
"Whilst the celestial powers th' arrived time attend,
When o'er this general isle the Britons' reign should end,

[1] Meres or standing lakes.
[2] A wood growing on a hill or knole.
[3] High wood.
[4] Low coppice.

And for the spoiling Pict here prosp'rously had wrought,
Into th' afflicted land which strong invasion brought,
And to that proud attempt, what yet his power might want,
The ill-disposed Heavens, Brute's offspring to supplant,
Their angry plagues down pour'd, insatiate in their waste
(Needs must they fall, whom Heaven doth to destruction haste.)
And that which lastly came to consummate the rest,
Those prouder Saxon powers (which liberally they press'd
Against th' invading Pict, of purpose hired in)
From those which paid them wage, the island soon did win;
And sooner overspread, being masters of the field;
Those, first for whom they fought, too impotent to wield
A land within itself that had so great a foe;
And therefore thought it fit them wisely to bestow:
Which over Severn here they in the mountains shut,
And some upon that point of Cornwall forth they put.
Yet forced were they there their stations to defend.
"Nor could our men permit the Britons to descend
From Jove or Mars alone; but brought their blood as high,
From Woden, by which name they styled Mercury.
Nor were the race of Brute, which ruled here before,
More zealous to the gods they brought unto this shore,
Than Hengist's noble heirs; their idols that to raise,
Here put their German names upon our weekly days.
"These noble Saxons were a nation hard and strong,
On sundry lands and seas in warfare nuzzled long;
Affliction throughly knew; and in proud fortune's spite,
Even in the jaws of death had dar'd her utmost might:
Who under Hengist first, and Horsa, their brave chiefs,
From Germany[5] arriv'd, and with the strong reliefs
Of th' Angles and the Jutes, them ready to supply,
Which anciently had been of their affinity,
By Scythia first sent out, which could not give them meat,
Were forc'd to seek a soil wherein themselves to seat.
Them at the last on Dansk their ling'ring fortune drave,
Where Holst unto their troops sufficient harbour gave.
These with the Saxons went, and fortunately wan:
Whose captain, Hengist, first a kingdom here began
In Kent; where his great heirs, ere other princes rose
Of Saxony's descent, their fulness to oppose,
With swelling Humber's side their empire did confine.
And of the rest, not least renowned of their line,
Good Ethelbert of Kent, th' first christ'ned English king,
To preach the faith of Christ, was first did hither bring
Wise Augustine the monk, from holy Gregory sent.
This most religious king, with most devout intent,
That mighty fane to Paul, in London did erect,
And privileges gave, this temple to protect.
"His equal then in zeal, came Ercombert again,
From that first christ'ned king, the second in that reign.
The gluttony then us'd severely to suppress,
And make men fit to prayer (much hinder'd by excess)
That abstinence from flesh for forty days began,
Which by the name of Lent is known to every man.
"As mighty Hengist here, by force of arms had done,
So Ella coming in, soon from the Britons won
The countries neighb'ring Kent; which lying from the main
Directly to the South, did properly obtain
The Southern Saxons' name; and not the last thereby
Amongst the other reigns which made the Heptarchy:
So in the high descent of that South-Saxon king,
We in the bead-roll here of our religious bring
Wise Ethelwald: alone who Christian not became,
But willing that his folk should all receive the name,
Saint Wilfrid (sent from York) into this realm receiv'd
(Whom the Northumbrian folk had of his see bereav'd)
And on the south of Thames, a seat did him affbrd,
By whom that people first receiv'd the saving word.
"As likewise from the loins of Erchinwin (who rais'd
Th' East-Saxons' kingdom first) brave Sebert may be prais'd:
Which, as that king of Kent, had with such cost and state
Built Paul's; his greatness so (this king to imitate)
Began the goodly church of Westminster to rear;
The primer English kings so truly zealous were.
"Then Sebba[6] of his seed, that did them all surpass,
Who fitter for a shrine than for a scepter was,
(Above the power of flesh, his appetite to starve
That his desired Christ he strictly might observe)
Even in his height of life, in health, in body strong,
Persuaded with his queen, a lady fair and young,
To separate themselves, and in a sole estate,
After religious sort themselves to dedicate.
"Whose nephew Uffa next, inflam'd with his high praise
(Enriching that proud fane his grandsire first did raise)
Abandoned the world he found so full of strife,
And after liv'd in Rome a strict religious life.
"Nor these our princes here, of that pure Saxon strain,
Which took unto themselves each one their several reign,
For their so godly deeds deserved greater fame,
Than th' Angles their allies, that hither with them came;
Who sharing-out themselves a kingdom in the East,
With th' Eastern Angles' name their circuit did invest,
By Uffa in that part so happily begun:
Whose successors the crown for martyrdom have won

[5] See, concerning their coming, to the 1st, 4th, and 8th songs.
[6] Sebba, a monk in Paul's.

From all before or since that ever suffer'd here;
Redwald's religious sons: who for their Saviour dear,
By cruel heathenish hands unmercifully slain,
Amongst us evermore remember'd shall remain,
And in the roll of saints must have a special room,
Where Derwald to all times with Erpenwald shall come.
"When in that way they went, next Sebert them succeeds
Scarce seconded again for sanctimonious deeds:
Who for a private life when he his rule resign'd,
And to his cloyster long had strictly him confin'd,
A corslet for his cowl was glad again to take,
His country to defend (for his religion's sake)
Against proud Penda, com'n with all his Pagan power,
Those christ'ned Angles then of purpose to devour:
And suff'ring with his folk, by Penda's heathenish pride,
As he a saint had liv'd, a constant martyr dy'd.
"When, after it fell out, that Offa had not long
Held that by cruel force, which Penda got by wrong,
Adopting for his heir young Edmond, brought him in,
Even at what time the Danes this island sought to win:
Who christ'ned soon became, and as religious grown
As those most heathenish were who set him on his throne,
Did expiate in that place his predecessors' guilt,
Which so much Christian blood so cruelly had spilt.
For, taken by the Danes, who did all tortures try,
His Saviour Jesus Christ to force him to deny;
First beating him with bats, but no advantage got,
His body full of shafts then cruelly they shot;
The constant martyr'd king, a saint thus justly crown'd,
To whom even in that place, that monument renown'd
Those after-ages built to his eternal fame.
What English hath not heard Saint Edmond Bury's[7] name?
"As of those Angles here, so from their loins again,
Whose hands hew'd out their way to the West-Sexian reign,
(From Kenrick, or that claim from Cerdick to descend)
A partnership in fame great Ina might pretend
With any king since first the Saxons came to shore.
Of all those christ'ned here, who highlier did adore
The Godhead, than that man? or more that did apply
His power t' advance the church in true sincerity?
Great Glastonbury then so wondrously decay'd,
Whose old foundation first the ancient Britons laid,
He gloriously rebuilt, enriching it with plate,
And many a sumptuous cope, to uses consecrate:
Ordaining godly laws for governing this land,
Of all the Saxon kings the Solon he shall stand.
"From Otta[8] (born with him who did this isle invade)
And had a conquest first of the Northumbrians made,
And tributary long of mightier Hengist held,
Till Ida (after born) the Kentish power expell'd,
And absolutely sat on the Dierian seat,
But afterward resign'd to Ethelfrid the Great;
An army into Wales who for invasion led,
At Chester and in fight their forces vanquished;
Into their utter spoil, then public way to make,
The long-religious house of goodly Bangor brake,
And slew a thousand monks, as they devoutly pray'd.
For which his cruel spoil upon the Christians made
(Though with the just consent of Christian Saxons slain)
His blood, the heathenish hands of Redwald did distain.
That murderer's issue next, this kingdom were exil'd:
And Edwin took the rule; a prince as just and mild
As th' other faithless were: nor could time ever bring
In all the seven-fold rule an absoluter king;
And more t' advance the faith, his utmost power that lent:
Who re-ordained York a bishop's government;
And so much lov'd the poor, that in the ways of trade,
Where fountains fitly were, he iron dishes made,
And fast'ned them with chains the way-farer to ease,
And the poor pilgrim's thirst, there resting, to appease.
"As Mercia, 'mongst the rest, sought not the least to raise
The saving Christian faith, nor merits humbler praise.
Nor those that from the stem of Saxon Creda came
(The Britons who expulst) were any whit in fame,
For piety and zeal, behind the others best;
Though heath'nish Penda long and proudly did infest
The christ'ned neighbouring kings, and forc'd them all to bow;
Till Oswy made to God a most religious vow,
Of his abundant grace would he be pleas'd to grant,
That he this Paynim prince in battle might supplant,
A recluse he would give his daughter and delight,
Sweet Alfled then in youth, and as the morning, bright:
And having his request, he gave as he obtain'd;
Though his unnatural hands succeeding Wulpher stain'd
In his own children's blood, whom their dear mother had
Confirm'd in Christ's belief, by that most reverend Chad:
Yet to embrace the faith when after he began
(For the unnatural'st deed that e'er was done by man)
If possible it were to expiate his guilt,
Here many a goodly house to holy uses built:
And she (to purge his crime on her dear children done)
A crowned queen, for him, became a veiled nun.

"What age a godlier prince than Etheldred could bring?
Or than our Kinred here, a more religious king?
Both taking them the cowl, th' one here his flesh did tame,
The other went to Rome, and there a monk became.
"So, Ethelbald may well be set the rest among:
Who, though most vainly given when he was hot and young;
Yet, by the wise reproof of godly bishops, brought
From those unstay'd delights by which his youth was caught,
He all the former kings of Mercia did exceed,
And (through his rule) the church from taxes strongly freed.
Then to the eastern sea, in that deep wat'ry fen
(Which seem'd a thing so much impossible to men)
He that great abbey built of Crowland, as though he
Would have no other's work like his foundation be.
"As, Offa greater far than any him before:
Whose conquests scarcely were suffic'd with all the shore;
But over into Wales adventurously he shot
His Mercia's spacious mere[9], and Powsland to it got.
This king, even in that place, where with rude heaps of stones
The Britons had interr'd their proto-martyr's bones,
That goodly abbey built to Alban; as to show
How much the sons of Brute should to the Saxons owe.
"But when by powerful Heaven it was decreed at last,
That all those sevenfold rules should into one be cast
(Which quickly to a head by Britrik's[10] death was brought)
Then Egbert, who in France had carefully been taught,
Returning home, was king of the West-Sexians made,
Whose people, then most rich and potent, him persuade
(As once it was of old) to monarchize the land.
Who following their advice, first with a warlike hand
The Cornish overcame; and thence, with prosperous sails,
O'er Severn set his powers into the heart of Wales;
And with the Mercians there, a bloody battle wag'd:
Wherein he won their rule; and with his wounds enrag'd,
Went on against rest. Which, sadly when they saw
How those had sped before, with most subjective awe
Submit them to this sword: who prosperously alone
Reduc'd the seven-fold rule to his peculiar throne,
(Extirping other styles) and gave it England's name
Of th' Angles, from whose race his nobler fathers came.
"When scarcely Egbert here an entire rule began,
But instantly the Dane[11] the island over-ran;
A people, that their own those Saxons paid again.
For, as the Britons first they treacherously had slain,
This third upon their necks a heavier burden laid,
Than they had upon those whom falsely they betray'd.
And for each other's states, though oft they here did toil,
A people from their first bent naturally to spoil,
That cruelty with them from their beginning brought;
Yet when the Christian faith in them had throughly wrought,
Of any in the world no story shall us tell,
Which did the Saxon race in pious deeds excel:
That in these drowsy times should I in public bring
Each great peculiar act of every godly king,
The world might stand amaz'd in this our age to see
Those goodly fanes of theirs, which irreligious we
Let every day decay; and yet we only live
By the great freedoms then those kings to these did give.
"Wise Segbert (worthy praise) preparing us the seat
Of famous Cambridge first, then with endowments great
The Muses to maintain, those sisters thither brought.
"By whose example, next, religious Alfred taught,
Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned brood;
And on the hallowed bank of Isis' goodly flood,
Worthy the glorious arts, did gorgeous bowers provide,
He into several shires the kingdom did divide.
"So, valiant Edgar, first, most happily destroy'd
The multitudes of wolves, that long the land annoy'd.
And our good Edward here, the confessor and king,
(Unto whose sumptuous shrine our monarchs off'rings bring)
That cancred evil cur'd, bred 'twixt the throat and jaws,
When physic could not find the remedy nor cause,
And much it did afflict his sickly people here,
He of Almighty God obtain'd by earnest pray'r,
This tumour by a king might cured be alone:
Which he an heir-loom left unto the English throne.
So, our saint Edward here, for England's general use,
Our country's common laws did faithfully produce,
Both from th' old British writ, and from the Saxon tongue."
Of forests, hills and floods, when now a mighty throng
For audience cry'd aloud; because they late had heard,
That some high Cambrian hills the Wrekin proudly dar'd
With words that very much had stirr'd his rancorous spleen:
Where, though clear Severn set her princely self between
The English and the Welsh, yet could not make them cease:
Here Weever, as a flood affecting goodly peace,
His place of speech resigns; and to the Muse refers
The hearing of the cause, to stickle all these stirs.

[7] In Suffolk. [8] Otta, brother to Hengist.

[9] Offa's ditch.
[10] Egbert's predecessor.
[11] See song the first.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWELFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, that part of Shropshire plies
Which on the east of Severn lies:
Where mighty Wrekin from his height,
In the proud Cambrian mountains' spite,
Sings those great Saxons ruling here,
Which the most famous warriors were.
And as she in her course proceeds,
Relating many glorious deeds
Of Guy of Warwick's fight, doth strain
With Colebrond, that renowned Dane,
And of the famous battles try'd
'Twixt Knute and Edmond Ironside,
To the Staffordian fields doth rove,
Visits the springs of Trent and Dove;
Of Moreland, Cank, and Needwood sings;
An end which to this canto brings.

THE haughty Cambrian hills enamour'd of their praise,
(As they who only sought ambitiously to raise
The blood of godlike Brute) their heads do proudly bear:
And having crown'd themselves sole regents of the air
(Another war with Heaven as though they meant to make)
Did seem in great disdain the bold affront to take,
That any petty hill upon the English side,
Should dare, not (with a crouch) to veil unto their pride.
When Wrekin, as a hill his proper worth that knew,
And understood from whence their insolency grew,
For all that they appear'd so terrible in sight,
Yet would not once forego a jot that was his right.
And when they star'd on him, to them the like he gave,
And answer'd glance for glance, and brave for brave:
That, when some other hills which English dwellers were,
The lusty Wrekin saw himself so well to bear
Against the Cambrian part, respectless of their power;
His eminent disgrace expecting every hour,
Those flatterers that before (with many cheerful look)
Had grac'd his goodly site, him utterly forsook,
And muffled them in clouds, like mourners veil'd in black,
Which of their utmost hope attend the ruinous wrack:
That those delicious nymphs, fair Tearn and Rodon clear
(Two brooks of him belov'd, and two that held him dear;
He, having none but them, they having none but he,
Which to their mutual joy might either's object be)
Within their secret breasts conceived sundry fears,
And as they mix'd their streams, for him so mix'd their tears.
Whom, in their coming down, when plainly he discerns,
For them his nobler heart in his strong bosom yearns:
But, constantly resolv'd, that (dearer if they were)
The Britons should not yet all from the English bear;
"Therefore," quoth he, "brave flood, tho' forth by Cambria[1] brought,
Yet as fair England's friend, or mine thou would'st be thought
(O Severn!) let thine ear my just defence partake."
Which said, in the behalf of th' English thus he spake;
"Wise Weever (I suppose) sufficiently hath said
Of those our princes here, which fasted, watch'd and pray'd,
Whose deep devotion went for other's vent'rous deeds:
But in this song of mine, he seriously that reads,
Shall find, ere I have done, the Briton (so extoll'd,
Whose height each mountain strives so mainly to uphold)
Match'd with as valiant men, and of as clean a might,
As skilful to command, and as inur'd to fight.
Who, when their fortune will'd that after they should scorse
Blows with the big-bon'd Dane, exchanging force for force,
(When first he put from sea to forage on this shore,
Two hundred years[2] distain'd with either's equal gore;
Now this aloft, now that, oft did the English reign,
And oftentimes again depressed by the Dane)
The Saxons then, I say, themselves as bravely show'd,
As those on whom the Welsh such glorious praise bestow'd.
"Nor could his angry sword, who Egbert overthrew,
(Through which he thought at once the Saxons to subdue)
His kingly courage quell: but from his short retire,
His reinforced troops (new forg'd with sprightly fire)
Before them drave the Dane, and made the Briton run
(Whom he by liberal wage here to his aid had won)
Upon their recreant backs, which both in flight were slain,
Till their huge murthered heaps manur'd each neighb'ring plain.
"As Ethelwolf again, his utmost powers that bent
Against those fresh supplies each year from Denmark sent
(Which prowling up and down in their rude Danish oars,
Here put themselves by stealth upon the pest'red shores)
In many a doubtful fight much fame in England wan.
So did the king of Kent, courageous Athelstan,
Which here against the Dane got such victorious days.
"So we the Wiltshire men as worthily may praise,
That buckled with those Danes, by Ceorl and Osrick brought.
"And Ethelred, with them nine sundry fields that fought,
Recorded in his praise, the conquests of one year.
You right-nam'd English then, courageous men you were,
When Reading ye regain'd, led by that valiant lord:
Where Basrig ye out-brav'd, and Halden, sword to sword;
The most redoubted spirits that Denmark here address'd.
"And Alured, not much inferior to the rest:
Who having in his days so many dangers past,
In seven brave foughten fields their champion Hubba chas'd,
And slew him in the end, at Abington, that day,
Whose like the Sun ne'er saw in his diurnal way:
Where those, that from the field sore wounded sadly fled,
Were well-near overwhelm'd with mountains of the dead.
His force and fortune made the foes so much to fear,
As they the land at last did utterly forswear.
"And when proud Rollo[3], next, their former powers repair'd
(Yea, when the worst of all it with the English far'd)
Whose countries near at hand, his force did still supply,
And Denmark to her drew the strengths of Normandy,
This prince in many a fight their forces still defy'd.
The goodly river Lee he wisely did divide,
By which the Danes had then their full-fraught navies tew'd:
The greatness of whose stream besieged Hartford rew'd.
This Alfred, whose foresight had politicly found
Betwixt them and the Thames advantage of the ground,
A puissant hand thereto laboriously did put,
And into lesser streams that spacious current cut.
Their ships thus set on shore (to frustrate their desire)
Those Danish hulks became the food of English fire.
"Great Alfred left this life: when Elfilda up-grew,
That far beyond the pitch of other women flew:
Who having in her youth of childing felt the woe,
Her lord's embraces vow'd she never more would know:
But differing from her sex (as, full of manly fire)
This most courageous queen, by conquest to aspire,
The puissant Danish powers victoriously pursu'd,
And resolutely here through their thick squadrons hew'd
Her way into the north. Where Derby having won,
And things beyond belief upon the enemy done,
She sav'd besieged York; and in the Danes' despight,
When most they were upheld with all the eastern might,
More towns and cities built out of her wealth and power,
Than all their hostile flames could any way devour.
And, when the Danish here the country most destroy'd,
Yet all our powers on them not wholly were employ'd;
But some we still reserv'd abroad for us to roam,
To fetch in foreign spoils, to help our loss at home.
And all the land, from us they never clearly wan:
But to his endless praise, our English Athelstan,
In the Northumbrian fields, with most victorious might
Put Alaff and his powers to more inglorious flight;
And more than any king of th' English him before,
Each way from north to south, from west to th' eastern shore,
Made all the isle his own: his seat who firmly fix'd,
The Caledonian hills and Caithness point betwixt,
And Constantine their king (a prisoner) hither brought;
Then over Severn's banks the warlike Britons sought:
Where he their princes forc'd from that their strong retreat,
In England to appear at his imperial seat.
"But after, when the Danes, who never wearied were,
Came with intent to make a general conquest here,
They brought with them a man deem'd of so wondrous might,
As was not to be match'd by any mortal wight:
For, one could scarcely bear his ax into the field;
Which as a little wand the Dane would lightly wield:
And (to enforce that strength) of such a dauntless spirit,
A man (in their conceit) of so exceeding merit,
That to the English oft they off'red him (in pride)
The ending of the war by combat to decide:
Much scandal which procur'd unto the English name
When, some out of their love, and some spur'd on with shame,
By envy some provok'd, some out of courage, fain
Would undertake the cause to combat with the Dane
But Athelstan the while, in settled judgment found,
Should the defendant fail, how wide and deep a wound
It likely was to leave to his defensive war.
"Thus, whilst with sundry doubts his thoughts perplexed are,
It pleas'd all-powerful Heaven, that Warwick's famous Guy
(The knight through all the world renown'd for chivalry)
Arriv'd from foreign parts, where he had held him long.
His honourable arms devoutly having hung
In a religious house, the off'rings of his praise
To his redeemer Christ, his help at all assays
(Those arms, by whose strong proof he many a Christian freed
And bore the perfect marks of many a worthy deed)
Himself, a palmer poor, in homely russet clad
(And only in his hand his hermit's staff he had)

[1] Out of Plinilimon, in the confines of Cardigan and Montgomery.

[2] See to song I.

[3] See the next song of Rollo

Tow'rds Winchester alone (so) sadly took his way,
Where Athelstan, that time the king of England lay;
And where the Danish camp then strongly did abide,
Near to a goodly mead, which men there call the Hide.
"The day that Guy arriv'd (when silent night did bring
Sleep both on friend and foe) that most religious king
(Whose strong and constant heart all grievous cares suppress'd)
His due devotion done, betook himself to rest.
To whom it seem'd by night an angel did appear,
Sent to him from that God whom he invok'd by pray'r;
Commanding him the time not idly to fore-slow,
But rathe as he could rise, to such a gate to go,
Whereas he should not fail to find a goodly knight
In palmer's poor attire: though very meanly dight,
Yet by his comely shape, and limbs exceeding strong,
He eas'ly might him know the other folk among;
And bade him not to fear, but chuse him for the man.
"No sooner brake the day, but up rose Athelstan;
And as the vision show'd, he such a palmer found,
With others of his sort, there sitting on the ground:
Where, for some poor repast they only seem'd to stay,
Else ready to depart each one upon his way:
When secretly the king revealed to the knight
His comfortable dreams that lately-passed night:
With mild and princely words bespeaking him; quoth he,
'Far better you are known to Heaven (it seems) than me
For this great action fit: by whose most dread command
(Before a world of men) it's laid upon your hand.
Then, stout and valiant knight, here to my court repair,
Refresh you in my baths, and mollify your care
With comfortable wines and meats what you will ask:
And chuse my richest arms to fit you for this task.'
"The palmer (gray with age) with countenance lowting low,
His head even to the earth before the king did bow,
Him softly answering thus; 'Dread lord, it fits me ill
(A wretched man, t' oppose high Heaven's eternal will:
Yet my most sovereign liege, no more of me esteem
Than this poor habit shows, a pilgrim as I seem;
But yet I must confess, have seen in former days,
The best knights of the world, and scuffled in some frays.
Those times are gone with me; and, being aged now
Have off'red up my arms, to Heav'n and made my vow
Ne'er more to bear a shield, nor my declining age
(Except some palmer's tent, or homely hermitage)
Shall ever enter roof: but if, by Heaven and thee,
This action be impos'd, great English king, on me,
Send to the Danish camp, their challenge to accept,
In some convenient place proclaiming it be kept:
Where, by th' Almighty's power, for England I'll appear.'
"The king, much pleas'd in mind, assumes his wonted
cheer,
And to the Danish power his choicest herald sent.
When, both through camp and court, this combat quickly went.
Which suddenly divulg'd, whilst ev'ry list'ning ear,
As thirsting after news, desirous was to hear,
Who for the English side durst undertake the day.
The puissant kings accord, that in the middle way
Betwixt the tent and town, to either's equal sight,
Within a goodly mead, most fit for such a fight,
The lists should be prepar'd for this material prize.
"The day prefix'd once com'n, both Dane and English rise,
And to th' appointed place th' unnumber'd people throng:
The weaker female sex, old men, and children young
Into the windows get, and up on stalls, to see
The man on whose brave hand their hope that day must be.
In noting of it well, there might a man behold
More sundry forms of fear than thought imagine could.
One looks upon his friend with sad and heavy cheer,
Who seems in this distress a part with him to bear:
Their passions do express much pity mix'd with rage.
Whilst one his wife's laments is labouring to assuage,
His little infant near in childish gibberish shows,
What addeth to his grief who sought to calm her woes.
One having climb'd some roof, the concourse to descry,
From thence upon the earth dejects his humble eye,
As since he thither came he suddenly had found
Some danger them amongst which lurk'd upon the ground.
One stands with fixed eyes, as though he were aghast:
Another sadly comes, as though his hopes were past.
This bark'th with his friend, as though with him to break
Off some intended act. Whilst they together speak,
Another runneth near to listen what they say,
Or what should be the end of this so doubtful day.
One great and general face the gathered people seem:
So that the perfect'st sight beholding could not deem
What looks most sorrow show'd; their griefs so equal were.
Upon the heads of two, whose cheeks were join'd so near
As if together grown, a third his chin doth rest:
Another looks o'er his: and others hardly prest,
Look'd underneath their arms. Thus, whilst in crowds they
throng
(Led by the king himself) the champion comes along;
A man well strook in years, in homely palmer's gray,
And in his hand his staff, his reverend steps to stay,
Holding a comely pace: which at his passing by,
In every censuring tongue, as every serious eye,
Compassion mix'd with fear, distrust and courage bred.
"Then Colebrond for the Danes came forth in ireful red;
Before him (from the camp) an ensign first display'd
Amidst a guard of gleaves: then sumptuously array'd
Were twenty gallant youths, that to the warlike sound
Of Danish brazen drums, with many a lofty bound,
Come with their country's march, as they to Mars should dance.
Thus, forward to the fight, both champions them advance:
And each without respect doth resolutely chuse
The weapon that he brought, nor doth his foe's refuse.
The Dane prepares his ax, that pond'rous was to feel,
Whose squares were laid with plates, and riveted with steel,
And armed down along with pikes; whose hard'ned points
(Fore'd with the weapon's weight) had power to tear the joints
Of cuirass or of mail, or whatsoe'er they took:
Which caus'd him at the knight disdainfully to look.
"When our stout palmer soon (unknown for valiant Guy)
The cord from his straight loins doth presently untie,
Puts off his palmer's weed unto his truss, which bore
The stains of ancient arms, but show'd it had before
Been costly cloth of gold; and off his hood he threw:
Out of his hermit's staff his two-hand sword he drew
(The unsuspected sheath which long to it had been)
Which till that instant time the people had not seen,
A sword so often try'd. Then to himself, quoth he,
'Arms, let me crave your aid, to set my country free:
And never shall my heart your help again require,
But only to my God to lift you up in pray'r.'
"Here, Colebrond forward made, and soon the Christian
knight
Encounters him again with equal power and spite:
Whereas, betwixt them two, might eas'ly have been seen
Such blows, in public throngs as used had they been,
Of many there the least might many men have slain:
Which none but they could strike, nor none but they sustain;
The most relentless eye that had the power to awe,
And so great wonder bred in those the fight that saw,
As verily they thought, that nature until then
Had purposely reserv'd the utmost power of men,
Where strength still answer'd strength, on courage courage
grew.
"Look how two lions fierce, both hungry, both pursue
One sweet and self-same prey, at one another fly,
And with their armed paws ingrappled dreadfully,
The thunder of their rage, and boist'rous struggling, make
The neighbouring forests round affrightedly to quake:
Their sad encounter such. The mighty Colebrond struck
A cruel blow at Guy: which though he finely broke,
Yet (with the weapon's weight) his ancient hilt it split,
And (thereby lessened much) the champion lightly hit
Upon the reverend brow: immediately from whence
The blood dropt softly down, as if the wound had sense
Of their much inward woe that it with grief should see.
"The Danes, a deadly blow supposing it to be,
Sent such an echoing shout, that rent the troubled air.
The English, at the noise, wax'd all so wan with fear,
As though they lost the blood their aged champion shed:
Yet were not these so pale, but th' other were as red:
As though the blood that fell, upon their cheeks had staid.
"Here Guy, his better spirits recalling to his aid,
Came fresh upon his foe; when mighty Colebrond makes
Another desperate stroke: which Guy of Warwick takes
Undauntedly aloft; and followed with a blow
Upon his shorter ribs; that the excessive flow
Stream'd up unto his hilts: the wound so gap'd withal,
As though it meant to say, 'Behold your champion's fall
By this proud palmer's hand.' Such claps again and cries
The joyful English gave, as cleft the very skies.
Which coming on along from these that were without,
When those within the town receiv'd this cheerful shout,
They answer'd them with like; as those their joy that knew.
"Then with such eager blows each other they pursue,
As every offer made should threaten imminent death;
Until, through heat and toil both hardly drawing breath,
They desperately do close. Look how two boars being set
Together side to side, their threat'ning tusks do whet,
And with their gnashing teeth their angry foam do bite,
Whilst still they should'ring seek, each other where to smite:
Thus stood those ireful knights; till flying back, at length
The palmer, of the two the first recovering strength,
Upon the left arm lent great Colebrond such a wound,
That whilst his weapon's point fell well-near to the ground,
And slowly he it rais'd, the valiant Guy again
Sent through his cloven scalp his blade into his brain.
When downward went his head, and up his heels he threw;
As wanting hands to bid his countrymen adieu. [made,
"The English part, which thought an end he would have
And seeming as they much would in his praise have said,
He bid them yet forbear, whilst he pursu'd his fame,
That to this passed king next in succession came;
That great and puissant knight (in whose victorious days
Those knight-like deeds were done, no less deserving praise)
Brave Edmond, Edward's son, that Stafford having ta'en,
With as successful speed won Derby from the Dane.
From Lic'ster then again, and Lincoln at the length,
Drave out the Dacian powers by his resistless strength:
And this his England clear'd beyond that raging flood[4],
Which that proud king of Huns once christ'ned with his blood.

[4] Humber.

By which, great Edmond's power apparently was shown,
The land from Humber south recovering for his own;
That Edgar after him so much disdain'd the Dane
Unworthy of a war that should disturb his reign,
As generally he seem'd regardless of their hate.
And studying every way magnificence in state,
At Chester whilst he liv'd at more than kingly charge,
Eight tributary kings[5] there row'd him in his barge:
His shores from pirates sack the king that strongly kept:
A Neptune, whose proud sails the British ocean swept.
" But after his decease, when his more hopeful son,
By cruel stepdame's hate to death was lastly done,
To set his rightful crown upon a wrongful head
(When by thy fatal curse, licentious Etheldred,
Through dissoluteness, sloth, and thy abhorred life,
As grievous were thy sins, so were thy sorrows rife)
The Dane, possessing all, the English forc'd to bear
A heavier yoke than first those heathen slaveries were;
Subjected, bought, and sold, in that most wretched plight,
As even their thraldom seem'd their neighbours to affright.
Yet could not all their plagues the English height abate:
But even in their low'st ebb, and miserablest state,
Courageously themselves they into action put,
And in one night, the throats of all the Danish cut.
" And when in their revenge, the most insatiate Dane
Unshipp'd them on our shores, under their puissant Swane:
And swoln with hate and ire, their huge unwieldy force
Came clust'ring like the Greeks out of the wooden horse:
And the Norfolcian towns, the near'st unto the east,
With sacrilege and rape did terriblest infest;
Those Danes yet from the shores we with such violence drave,
That from our swords their ships could them but hardly save.
" And to renew the war, that year ensuing, when,
With fit supplies for spoil they landed here again,
And all the southern shores from Kent to Cornwal spread,
With those disorder'd troops by Alaff hither led,
In seconding their Swane, which cry'd to them for aid;
Their multitudes so much sad Ethelred dismay'd,
As from his country forc'd the wretched king to fly.
An English yet there was, when England seem'd to ly
Under the heaviest yoke that ever kingdom bore,
Who wash'd his secret knife in Swane's relentless gore,
Whilst (swelling in excess) his lavish cups he ply'd.
Such means t' redeem themselves th' afflicted nation try'd.
And when courageous Knute, th' late murther'd Swanus' son,
Came in t' revenge that act on his great father done,
He found so rare a spirit that here against him rose,
As though ordain'd by Heaven his greatness to oppose:
Who with him foot to foot, and face to face durst stand.
When Knute, which here alone affected the command,
The crown upon his head at fair South-hampton set:
And Edmond, loth to lose what Knute desir'd to get,
At London caus'd himself inaugurate to be.
King Knute would conquer all, king Edmond would be free.
The kingdom is the prize for which they both are prest:
And with their equal powers both meeting in the west,
The green Dorsetian fields a deep vermillion dy'd:
Where Gillingham gave way to their great hosts (in pride)
Abundantly their blood that each on other spent.
But Edmond, on whose side that day the better went
(And with like fortune thought the remnant to suppress
That Sarum then besieg'd, which was in great distress)
With his victorious troops to Salisbury retires:
When with fresh bleeding wounds, Knute, as with fresh desires,
Whose might though somewhat maim'd, his mind yet unsub-
His lately conquering foe courageously pursu'd: [du'd,
And finding out a way, sent to his friends with speed,
Who him supply'd with aid: and being help'd at need,
Tempts Edmond still to fight, still hoping for a day.
Towards Wor'stershire their powers both well upon their way,
There, falling to the field, in a continual fight
Two days the angry hosts still parted were by night:
Where twice the rising sun, and twice the setting, saw
Them with their equal wounds their wearied breath to draw.
" Great London to surprise, then (next) Canutus makes:
And thitherward as fast king Edmond Ironside takes.
Whilst Knute set down his siege before the eastern gate,
King Edmond through the west past in triumphal state.
But this courageous king, that scorned, in his pride,
A town should be besieg'd wherein he did abide,
Into the fields again the valiant Edmond goes.
Canutus, yet that hopes to win what he did lose,
Provokes him still to fight: and falling back where they
Might field-roomth find at large, their ensigns to display,
Together flew again; that Brentford, with the blood
Of Danes and English mix'd, discolour'd long time stood.
Yet Edmond, as before, went victor still away.
" When soon that valiant Knute, whom nothing could dismay,
Recall'd his scatter'd troops, and into Essex hies,
Where (as ill fortune would) the Dane with fresh supplies
Was lately come a-land, to whom brave Ironside makes;
But Knute to him again as soon fresh courage takes:
And Fortune (as her self) determining to show
That she could bring an ebb on valiant Edmond's flow,
And eas'ly cast him down from off the top of chance,
By turning of her wheel, Canutus doth advance.

[5] See to song X.

Where she beheld that prince which she had favour'd long
(Even in her proud despite) his murther'd troops among
With sweat and blood besmear'd (dukes, earls, and bishops slain,
In that most dreadful day, when all went to the Dane)
Through worlds of dangers wade; and with his sword and shield,
Such wonders there to act, as made her in the field
Ashamed of herself, so brave a spirit as he
By her unconstant hand should so much wronged be.
" But, having lost the day, to Gloucester he draws,
To raise a second power in his slain soldiers' cause.
When late-encourag'd Knute, whilst fortune yet doth last,
Who oft from Ironside fled, now follow'd him as fast.
" Whilst thus in civil arms continually they toil,
And what th' one strives to make, the other seeks to spoil,
With threatning swords still drawn; and with obnoxious hands
Attending their revenge, whilst either enemy stands,
One man amongst the rest from this confusion breaks,
And to the ireful kings with courage boldly speaks;
" ' Yet cannot all this blood your ravenous outrage fill?
Is there no law, no bound, to your ambitious will,
But what your swords admit? as nature did ordain
Our lives for nothing else, but only to maintain
Your murthers, sack, and spoil? If by this wasteful war
The land unpeopled ly, some nation shall from far,
By ruin of you both, into the isle be brought,
Obtaining that for which you twain so long have fought.
Unless then through your thirst of empery you mean
Both nations in these broils shall be extinguish'd clean,
Select you champions fit, by them to prove your right,
Or try it man to man yourselves in single fight.'
" When as those warlike kings, provok'd with courage high,
It willingly accept in person by and by.
And whilst they them prepare, the shapeless concourse grows
In little time so great, that their unusual flows
Surrounded Severn's banks, whose stream amazed stood,
Her Birlich to behold, inisled with her flood,
That with refulgent arms then flamed; whilst the kings,
Whose rage out of the hate of either's empire springs,
Both armed cap-a-pie, upon their barred horse
Together fiercely flew; that in their violent course
(Like thunder when it speaks most horribly and loud,
Tearing the full-stuft paunch of some congealed cloud)
Their strong hoofs strook the earth: and with the fearful shock,
Their spears in splinters flew, their beavers both unlock.
" Canutus, of the two that farthest was from hope,
Who found with what a foe his fortune was to cope,
Cries, ' Noble Edmond, hold; let us the land divide.'
Here th' English and the Danes, from either equal side
Were echoes to his words, and all aloud do cry,
' Courageous kings, divide; 'twere pity such should die.'"
When now the neighbouring floods will'd Wrekin to suppress
His style, or they were like to surfeit with excess.
And time had brought about, that now they all began
To listen to a long-told prophecy, which ran
Of Moreland, that she might live prosperously to see
A river born of her, who well might reckon'd be
The third of this large isle: which saw did first arise
From Arden, in those days delivering prophecies
The Druids (as some say) by her instructed were,
In many secret skills she had been coun'd her fere.
The ledden of the birds most perfectly she knew;
And also from their flight strange auguries she drew;
Supremest in her place: whose circuit was extent
From Avon to the banks of Severn and to Trent:
Where empress-like she sate with nature's bounties blest,
And serv'd by many a nymph; but two, of all the rest,
That Staffordshire calls hers, there both of high account.
The eld'st of which is Cank: though Needwood her surmount
In excellence of soil, by being richly plac'd
'Twixt Trent and batt'ning Dove; and equally embrac'd
By their abounding banks, participates their store;
Of Britain's forests all (from th' less unto the more)
For fineness of her turf surpassing; and doth bear
Her curled head so high, that forests far and near
Oft grutch at her estate; her flourishing to see,
Of all their stately tyers disrobed when they be.
But (as the world goes now) O woful Cank the while,
As brave a wood-nymph once as any of this isle;
Great Arden's eldest child: which, in her mother's ground
Before fair Feck'nham's self, her old age might have crown'd;
When as those fallow deer, and huge-haunch'd stags that graz'd
Upon her shaggy heaths, the passenger amaz'd
To see their mighty herds, with high-palm'd heads to threat
The woods of o'ergrown oaks; as though they meant to set
Their horns to th' other's heights. But now, both those and these
Are by vile gain devour'd: so abject are our days!
She now, unlike herself, a neat-herd's life doth live,
And her dejected mind to country cares doth give.
But Muse, thou seem'st to leave the Morelands too too long,
Of whom report may speak (our mighty wastes among),
She from her chilly site, as from her barren feed,
For body, horn, and hair, as fair a beast doth breed
As scarcely this great isle can equal: then of her,
Why should'st thou all this while the prophecy defer?
Who bearing many springs, which pretty rivers grew,
She could not be content, until she fully knew

Which child it was of hers (born under such a fato)
As should in time be rais'd unto that high estate.
(I fain would have you think, that this was long ago,
When many a river, now that furiously doth flow,
Had scarcely learn'd to creep) and therefore she doth will
Wise Arden, from the depth of her abundant skill,
To tell her which of these her rills it was she meant.
To satisfy her will, the wizard answers; "Trent."
For, as a skilful seer, the aged forest wist,
A more than usual power did in that name consist,
Which thirty doth import; by which she thus divin'd,
There should be found in her, of fishes thirty kind;
And thirty abbeys great, in places fat and rank,
Should in succeeding time be builded on her bank;
And thirty several streams from many a sundry way,
Unto her greatness should their wat'ry tribute pay.
This Moreland greatly lik'd: yet in that tender love,
Which she had ever born unto her darling Dove,
She could have wish'd it his: because the dainty grass
That grows upon his bank, all other doth surpass.
But, subject he must be: as Sow, which from her spring
At Stafford meeteth Penk, which she along doth bring
To Trent by Tixal grac'd, the Astons' ancient seat;
Which oft the Muse hath found her safe and sweet retreat.
The noble owners now of which beloved place,
Good fortunes them and theirs with honour'd titles grace:
May Heaven still bless that house, till happy floods you see
Yourselves more grac'd by it, than it by you can be.
Whose bounty, still my Muse so freely shall confess,
As when she shall want words, her signs shall it express.
So Blyth bears eas'ly down tow'rds her dear sovereign Trent:
But nothing in the world gives Moreland such content,
As her own darling Dove his confluence to behold
Of floods in sundry strains: as, crankling Manyfold,
The first that lends him force: of whose meandred ways,
And labyrinth-like turns (as in the moors she strays)
She first receiv'd her name, by growing strangely mad,
O'ergone with love of Hanse, a dapper Moreland lad,
Who near their crystal springs as in those wastes they play'd,
Bewitch'd the wanton heart of that delicious maid:
Which in tantly was turn'd so much from being coy,
That she might seem to doat upon the morish boy.
Who closely stole away (perceiving her intent)
With his dear lord the Dove, in quest of princely Trent,
With many other floods (as, Churnet, in his train
That draweth Dunsmore on, with Yendon, then clear Tain,
That comes alone to Dove) of which, Hanse one would be.
And for himself he fain of Manyfold would free
(Thinking, his amorous nymph by some means to beguile)
He closely under earth conveys his head a while.
But, when the river fears some policy of his,
And her beloved Hanse immediately doth miss,
Distracted in her course, unprovidently rash,
She oft against the cleets her crystal front doth dash:
Now forward, then again she backward seems to bear,
As, like to lose herself by straggling here and there.
Hanse, that this while suppos'd him quite out of her sight,
No sooner thrusts his head into the cheerful light,
But Manyfold that still the run away doth watch,
Him (ere he was aware) about the neck doth catch;
And, as the angry Hanse would fain her hold remove,
They struggling tumble down into their lord, the Dove.
Thus though th' industrious Muse hath been employ'd so long,
Yet is she loth to do poor little Smestal wrong,
That from her Wilfrune's spring near Hampton plies, to pour
The wealth she there receives, into her friendly Stour.
Nor shall the little Bourn have cause the Muse to b'ame,
From these Staffordian heaths that strives to catch the Tame:
Whom she in her next song shall greet with mirthful cheer,
So happily arriv'd now in her native shire.

POLY-OLBION.

THE THIRTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

This song our shire of Warwick sounds;
Reviews old Arden's ancient bounds.
Through many shapes the Muse here roves;
Now sporting in those shady groves,
The tones of birds oft seays to hear:
Then tinding herds of lusty deer,
She huntress-like the hart pursues;
And like a hermit walks to chase,
The simples every where that grow;
Comes Ancor's glory next to show;
Tells Guy of Warwick's famous deeds;
To the vale of Red-horse then proceeds,
To play her part the rest among;
There shutteth up her thirteenth song.

Upon the midlands now th' industrious Muse doth fall;
That shire which we the heart[1] of England well may call,
As she herself extends (the midst which is decreed)
Betwixt Saint Michael's mount, and Barwick-bord'ring Tweed,
Brave Warwick; that abroad so long advanc'd her bear[2],
By her illustrious earls renowned every where;
Above her neighbouring shires which always bore her head.
My native country then, which so brave spirits hast bred,
If there be virtue yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine thou bred'st into my birth,
Accept it as thine own, whilst now I sing of thee;
Of all thy later brood th'unworthiest though I be.
Muse, first of Arden tell[3], whose footsteps yet are found
In her rough woodlands more than any other ground,
That mighty Arden held even in her height of pride;
Her one hand touching Trent, the other, Severn's side.
The very sound of these, the wood-nymphs doth awake:
When thus of her own self the ancient forest spake;
"My many goodly sites when first I came to show,
Here opened I the way to mine own overthrow:
For when the world found out the fitness of my soil,
The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil
My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds enclose:
By which, in little time my bounds I came to lose.
"When Britain first her fields with villages had fill'd,
Her people wexing still, and wanting where to build,
They oft dislodg'd the hart, and set their houses, where
He in the broom and brakes had long time made his leyre.
Of all the forests here within this mighty isle,
If those old Britons then me sovereign did instile,
I needs must be the great'st; for greatness 'tis alone
That gives our kind the place: else were there many a one
For pleasantness of shade that far doth me excel.
But of our forest's kind the quality to tell,
We equally partake with woodland as with plain,
Alike with hill and dale; and every day maintain
The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious wastes,
That men for profit breed, as well as those of chase."
Here Arden of herself ceas'd any more to show;
And with her sylvan joys the Muse along doth go.
When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the Earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feath'red sylvans sing:
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quiristers are perch'd with many a speckled breast,
Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly glitt'ring east
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humourous night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight:
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every where.
The throstel, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song
T' awake the lustless sun; or chiding, that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill:
The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature him had mark'd of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe, the merle doth only play.[4]
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard-by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.
And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night,
(The more to use their ears) their voices sure would spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare.
As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.
To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place we then,
The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the wren,
The yellow-pate: which though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay,
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.
And near to these our thicks, the wild and frightful herds,
Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds,
Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of season'd deer:
Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there:
The bucks and lusty stags among the rascals strew'd,
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

[1] Warwickshire is the middle shire of England.
[2] The ancient coat of that earldom.
[3] Divers towns expressing her name: as Henly in Arden, Hampton in Arden, &c.
[4] Of all birds, only the black-bird whistleth.

Of all the beasts which we for our venerial name[5],
The hart among the rest, the hunter's noblest game:
Of which most princely chase sith none did ere report,
Or by description touch, t' express that wondrous sport
(Yet might have well beseem'd th' ancients' nobler songs)
To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs:
Yet shall she not invoke the Muses to her aid;
But thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid:
In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady grove,
Which oft hast born thy bow (great huntress, us'd to rove)
At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to pierce
The lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tiger fierce;
And following thy fleet game, chaste mighty forests' queen,
With thy dishevel'd nymphs attir'd in youthful green,
About the lawns hath scour'd, and wastes both far and near,
Brave huntress: but no beast shall prove thy quarries here;
Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty red,
The stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,
Is fitt'st to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds
The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed grounds
Where harbour'd is the hart; there often from his feed
The dogs of him do find; or thorough skilful heed,
The huntsman by his slot[6], or breaking earth, perceives,
Or entering of the thick by pressing of the greaves,
Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart doth hear
The often bellowing hounds to vent his secret leir,
He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,
As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.
And through the cumb'rous thicks, as fearfully he makes,
He with his branched head the tender saplings shakes,
That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him to weep;
When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep,
That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring place:
And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.
Rechating[7] with his horn, which then the hunter cheers,
Whilst still the lusty stag his high palm'd head up-bears,
His body showing state, with unbent knees upright,
Expressing (from all beasts) his courage in his flight.
But when th' approaching foes still following he perceives,
That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he leaves;
And o'er the champain flies: which when th' assembly find,
Each follows, as his horse were footed with the wind.
But being then imbost, the noble stately deer
When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arrear)
Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil:
That serving not, then proves if he his scent can foil,
And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag wool'd sheep,
Them frighting from the guard of those who had their keep.
But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries.
Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he letteth stand
T' assail him with his goad: so with his hook in hand,
The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth halloo: [low;
When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and huntsmen fol-
Until the noble deer through toil bereav'd of strength,
His long and sinewy legs then failing him at length,
The villages attempts, enrag'd, not giving way
To any thing he meets now at his sad decay.
The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near,
This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but fear,
Some bank or quick-set finds: to which his haunch oppos'd,
He turns upon his foes, that soon have him enclos'd.
The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at bay,
And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds.
The hunter, coming in to help his wearied hounds,
He desperately assails; until opprest by force,
He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall.[8]
To forests that belongs; but yet this is not all:
With solitude what sorts, that here's not wond'rous rife?
Whereas the hermit leads a sweet retired life,
From villages replete with ragg'd and sweating clowns,
And from the loathsome airs of smoky-citied towns.
Suppose twixt noon and night, the sun his half-way wrought
(The shadows to be large, by his descending brought)
Who with a fervent eye looks through the twyring glades,
And his dispersed rays commixeth with the shades,
Exhaling the milch dew, which there had tarried long,
And on the ranker grass till past the noon-sted hung;
When as the hermit comes out of his homely cell[9],
Where from all rude resort he happily doth dwell:
Who in the strength of youth, a man at arms hath been;
Or one who of this world the vileness having seen,
Retires him from it quite; and with a constant mind
Man's beastliness so loaths, that flying human kind,
The black and darksome nights, the bright and gladsome days
Indifferent are to him, his hope on God that stays.
Each little village yields his short and homely fare:
To gather wind-fall'n sticks, his great'st and only care;

[5] Of hunting, or chase. [6] The track of the foot.
[7] One of the measures in winding the horn.
[8] The hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine.
[9] Hermits have oft had their abodes by ways that lie through forests.

Which every aged tree still yieldeth to his fire.
This man, that is alone a king in his desire,
By no proud ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd,
Nor his false praise affects, who grossly being claw'd,
Stands like an itchy moil; nor of a pin he weighs
What fools, abused kings, and humorous ladies raise,
His free and noble thought, ne'er envies at the grace
That often-times is given unto a bawd most base,
Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile,
Who seeming what he's not, doth sensually beguile
The sottish purblind world: but absolutely free,
His happy time he spends the works of God to see,
In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty grow:
Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to know.
And in a little maund, being made of osiers small,
Which serveth him to do full many a thing withall,
He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.
Here finds he on an oak rheum-purging polypode;
And in some open place that to the sun doth lie,
He fumitory gets, and eye-bright for the eye;
The yarrow, wherewithall he stops the wound-made gore;
The healing tutsan then, and plantane for a sore;
And hard by them again he holy vervain finds,
Which he about his head that hath the megrim binds.
The wonder-working dill he gets not far from these,
Which curious women use in many a nice disease.
For them that are with newts, or snakes, or adders stung,
He seeketh out an herb that's called adder's-tongue;
As nature it ordain'd, its own like hurt to cure,
And sportive did herself to niceties inure.
Valerian then he crops, and purposely doth stamp,
T' apply unto the place that's haled with the cramp;
As centaury, to close the wideness of a wound;
The belly hurt by birth, by mugwort to make sound.
His chickweed cures the heat that in the face doth rise:
For physic, some again he inwardly applies.
For comforting the spleen and liver, gets for juice
Pale hore-hound, which he holds of most especial use.
So saxifrage is good, and hart's-tongue for the stone,
With agrimony, and that herb we call St. John.
To him that hath a flux, of shepherd's-purse he gives,
And mouse-ear unto him whom some sharp rupture grieves.
And for the laboring wretch that's troubled with a cough,
Or stopping of the breath, by phlegm that's hard and tough,
Campana here he crops, approved wondrous good;
As comfrey unto him that's bruised, spitting blood;
And from the falling-ill, by five-leaf doth restore,
And melancholy cures by soveraign hellebore.
Of these most helpful herbs yet tell we but a few,
To those unnumb'red sorts of simples here that grew.
Which justly to set down, even Dodon[10] short doth fall;
Nor skilful Gerard[10], yet, shall ever find them all.
But from our hermit here the Muse we must enforce,
And zealously proceed in our intended course:
How Arden of her rills and riverets doth dispose;
By Alcester how Aln to Arro eas'ly flows;
And mildly being mixt, to Avon hold their way:
And likewise tow'rd the north, how lively-tripping Rhea,
T' attend the lustier Tame, is from her fountain sent:
So little Cole and Blyth go on with him to Trent.
His Tamworth at the last, he in his way doth win:
There playing him a while, till Ancor should come in,
Which trifleth 'twixt her banks, observing state, so slow,
As though into his arms she scorn'd herself to throw:
Yet Arden will'd her Tame to serve her on his knee[11];
For by that nymph alone, they both should honor'd be.
The forest, so much fall'n from what she was before,
That to her former height fate could her not restore;
Though oft in her behalf, the genius of the land
Importun'd the Heavens with an auspicious hand.
Yet granted at the last (the aged nymph to grace)
They by a lady's birth would more renown that place,
Than if her woods their heads above the hills should seat;
And for that purpose, first made Coventry so great
(A poor thatch'd village then, or scarcely none at all,
That could not once have dream'd of her now stately wall)
And thither wisely brought that goodly virgin-band,
Th' eleven thousand maids, chaste Ursula's command,
Whom then the Briton kings gave her full power to press,
For matches to their friends in Britany the less.
At whose departure thence, each by her just bequest,
Some especial virtue gave, ordaining it to rest
With one of their own sex, that there her birth should have,
Till fulness of the time which fate did choicely save
Until the Saxons' reign, when Coventry at length,
From her small, mean regard, recover'd state and strength,
By Leofric her lord yet in base bondage held,
The people from her marts by tollage who expell'd:
Whose duchess, which desir'd this tribute to release,
Their freedom often begg'd. The duke, to make her cease,
Told her, that if she would his loss so far enforce,
His will was, she should ride stark nak'd upon a horse
By day-light through the street: which certainly he thought,
In her heroic breast so deeply would have wrought,
That in her former sute she would have left to deal.
But that most princely dame, as one devour'd with zeal,

[10] The authors of two famous herbals. [11] Ancor.

Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.
The first part of whose name, Godiva, doth fore-reed
Th' first syllable of hers, and Goodere half doth sound;
For by agreeing words, great matters have been found.
But farther than this place the mystery extends.
What Arden had begun, in Ancor lastly ends:
For in the British tongue, the Britons could not find,
Wherefore to her that name of Ancor was assign'd;
Nor yet the Saxons since, nor times to come had known,
But that her being here was by this name fore-shown,
As prophesying her. For, as the first did tell
Her sir-name, so again doth Ancor lively spell
Her christ'ned title Anne. And as those virgins there
Did sanctify that place: so holy Edith here
A recluse long time liv'd, in that fair abbey plac'd,
Which Alured enricht, and Powlsworth highly grac'd.
A princess being born, and abbess, with those maids,
All noble like herself, in bidding of their beads
Their holiness bequeath'd upon her to descend
Which there should after live: in whose dear self should end
Th' intent of Ancor's name, her coming that decreed,
As hers (her place of birth) fair Coventry that freed.
But whilst about this tale smooth Ancor trifling stays,
Unto the lustier Tame as loth to come her ways,
The flood intreats her thus, "Dear brook, why dost thou wrong
Our mutual love so much, and tediously prolong
Our mirthful marriage-hour, for which I still prepare?
Haste to my broader banks, my joy and only care.
For as of all my floods thou art the first in fame;
When frankly thou shalt yield thine honour to my name,
I will protect thy state: then do not wrong thy kind.
What pleasure hath the world, that here thou may'st not find?"
Hence, Muse, divert thy course to Dunsmore, by that cross[12]
Where those two mighty ways[13], the Watling and the Foss,
Our centre seem to cut. (The first doth hold her way,
From Dover, to the farth'st of fruitful Anglesey:
The second south and north, from Michael's utmost mount,
To Cathness, which the farth'st of Scotland we account.)
And then proceed to show, how Avon from her spring,
By Newnham's fount[14] is blest; and how she, blandishing,
By Dunsmore drives along. Whom Sow doth first assist,
Which taketh Shirburn in, with Cune, a great while miss'd;
Though Coventry[15] from thence her name at first did raise,
Now florishing with fanes, and proud piramides;
Her walls in good repair, her ports so bravely built,
Her halls in good estate, her cross so richly gilt,
As scorning all the towns that stand within her view:
Yet must she not be griev'd, that Cune should claim her due.
Tow'rds Warwick with this train as Avon trips along,
To Guy-cliff being come, her nymphs thus bravely song;
"To thee, renowned knight, continual praise we owe,
And at thy hallow'd tomb thy yearly obits show;
Who, thy dear Phillis' name and country to advance,
Left'st Warwick's wealthy seat: and sailing into France,
At tilt, from his proud steed, duke Otton threw'st to ground:
And with th' invalued prize of Blanch the beauteous crown'd
(The Almain emperor's heir) high acts didst there atchieve:
As Lovain thou again didst valiantly relieve.
Thou in the Soldan's blood thy worthy sword imbru'dst;
And then in single fight, great Amerant subdu'd'st.
'Twas thy Herculian hand, which happily destroy'd
That dragon, which so long Northumberland annoy'd;
And slew that cruel boar, which waste our wood-lands laid,
Whose tusks turn'd up our tilths, and dens in meadows made:
Whose shoulder-blade remains at Coventry till now;
And, at our humble sute, did quell that monstrous cow
The passengers that us'd from Dunsmore to affright.
Of all our English (yet) O most renowned knight,
That Colebrond overcam'st: at whose amazing fall
The Danes remov'd their camp from Winchester's sieg'd wall.
Thy statue Guy-cliff keeps, the gazer's eye to please;
Warwick, thy mighty arms, (thou English Hercules)
Thy strong and massy sword, that never was controll'd:
Which, as her ancient right, her castle still shall hold."
Scarce ended they their song, but Avon's winding stream,
By Warwick, entertains the high-complection'd Leam:
And as she thence along to Stratford on doth strain,
Receiveth little Heil the next into her train:
Then taketh in the Stour, the brook, of all the rest
Which that most goodly vale of Red-horse loveth best;
A valley that enjoys a very great estate,
Yet not so famous held as smaller, by her fate:
Now, for report had been too partial in her praise,
Her just-conceived grief, fair Red-horse thus bewrays;
"Shall every vale be heard to boast her wealth? and I,
The needy countries near that with my corn supply
As bravely as the best, shall only I endure
The dull and beastly world my glories to obscure?
Near wayless Arden's side, sith my retir'd abode
Stood quite out of the way from every common road?
Great Eusham's fertile glebe, what tongue hath not extoll'd?
As though to her alone belong'd the garb of gold[16]:
Of Bever's batful earth, men seem as though to fain,
Reporting in what store she multiplies her grain:
And folk such wondrous things of Aylsbury will tell,
As though abundance strove her burthen'd womb to swell.
Her room amongst the rest, so White-horse is decreed:
She wants no setting forth: her brave Pegasian steed
(The wonder of the west) exalted to the skies:
My Red-horse of you all contemned only lies.
The fault is not in me, but in the wretched time:
On whom, upon good cause, I well may lay the crime:
Which as all noble things, so me it doth neglect.
But when th' industrious Muse shall purchase me respect
Of countries near my site, and win me foreign fame
(The Eden of you all deservedly that am)
I shall as much be prais'd for delicacy then,
As now in small account with vile and barbarous men.
For, from the lofty Edge[17] that on my side doth ly,
Upon my spacious earth who casts a curious eye,
As many goodly seats shall in my compass see,
As many sweet delights and rarities in me
As in the greatest vale: from where my head I couch
At Cotswold's country's foot[18], till with my heels I touch
The Northamptonian fields, and fatning pastures; where
I ravish every eye with my inticing chear.
As still the year grows on, that Ceres once doth load
The full earth with her store; my plenteous bosom strow'd
With all abundant sweets: my frim and lusty flank
Her bravery then displays, with meadows hugely rank.
The thick and well-grown fog doth matt my smoother slades,
And on the lower leas, as on the higher hades,
The dainty clover grows (of grass the only silk)
That makes each udder strut abundantly with milk.
"As an unletter'd man, at the desired sight
Of some rare beauty mov'd with infinite delight,
Not out of his own spirit, but by that power divine,
Which through a sparkling eye perspicuously doth shine,
Feels his hard temper yield, that he in passion breaks,
And things beyond his height, transported strangely speaks:
So those that dwell in me, and live by frugal toil,
When they in my defence are reasoning of my soil,
As rapted with my wealth and beauties, learned grow,
And in well-fitting terms, and noble language, show
The lordships in my lands, from Rolright (which remains
A witness of that day we won upon the Danes)
To Tawcester well-near: 'twixt which, they use to tell
Of places which they say do Rumney's self excel.
Of Dasset[19] they dare boast, and give Wormlighton[19] prize,
As of that fertile flat by Bishopton[19] that lies.
"For showing of my bounds, if men may rightly guess
By my continued form which best doth me express,
On either of my sides, and by the rising grounds,
Which in one fashion hold, as my most certain mounds,
In length near thirty miles I am discern'd to be."
Thus Red-horse ends her tale; and I therewith agree
To finish here my song: the Muse some ease doth ask,
As wearied with the toil in this her serious task.

[12] The high cross, supposed to be the midst of England.
[13] See to the xvi. song.
[14] Newnham-Wells.
[15] Otherwise, Cune-tre: that is, the town upon Cune.
[16] The sheaf.

POLY-OLBION.

THE FOURTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Her sundry strains the Muse to prove,
Now sings of homely country love;
What moan th' old herdsman Clent doth make,
For his coy wood-nymph Feck'nham's sake;
And, how the nymphs each other greet,
When Avon and brave Severn meet.
The vale of Eusham then doth tell,
How far the vales do hills excell.
Ascending, next, fair Cotswold's plains,
She revels with the shepherd swains;
And sends the dainty nymphs away,
'Gainst Tame and Isis' wedding-day.

At length, attain'd those lands that south of Severn lie,
As to the varying earth the Muse doth her apply,
Poor sheep-hook and plain goad, she many times doth sound:
Then in a buskin'd stream, she instantly doth bound.
Smooth as the lowly stream she softly now doth glide:
And with the mountains straight contendeth in her pride.
Now back again I turn, the land with me to take,
From the Staffordian heaths as Stour[1] her course doth make.
Which Clent, from his proud top contentedly doth view:
But yet the aged hill, immoderately doth rew

[17] Edge-hill.
[18] The bounds of the vale of Red-horse.
[19] Wondrous fruitful places in the vale.
[1] Running by Stourbridge in Worcestershire, towards Severn.

His loved Feck'nham's fall, and doth her state bemoan;
To please his amorous eye, whose like the world had none.
For, from her very youth, he (then an aged hill)
Had to that forest-nymph a special liking still:
The least regard of him who never seems to take,
But suff'reth in herself for Salwarp's only sake;
And on that river doats, as much as Clent on her.
Now when the hill perceiv'd the flood she would prefer,
All pleasure he forsakes; that at the full-bagg'd cow,
Or at the curl-fac'd bull, when venting he doth low,
Or at th' unhappy wags which let their cattle stray,
At nine-holes on the heath whilst they together play,
He never seems to smile; nor ever taketh keep
To hear the harmless swain pipe to his grazing sheep:
Nor to the carter's tune in whistling to his team:
Nor lends his list'ning ear (once) to the ambling stream,
That in the evening calm against the stones doth rush
With such a murmuring noise, as it would seem to hush
The silent meads asleep; but, void of all delight,
Remedilessly drown'd in sorrow day and night,
Nor Licky his ally and neighbour doth respect:
And therewith being charg'd, thus answereth in effect:
"That Lickey[2] to his height seem'd slowly but to rise,
And that in length and breadth he all extended lies,
Nor doth like other hills to sudden sharpness mount,
That of their kingly kind they scarce can him account;
Tho' by his swelling soil set in so high a place,
That Malvern's mighty self he seemeth to outface."
Whilst Clent and Licky, thus, do both express their pride,
As Salwarpe slips along by Feck'nham's shady side,
That forest him affects in wand'ring to the Wych[2]:
But he, himself by salts there seeking to enrich,
His Feck'nham quite forgets; from all affection free.
But she, that to the flood most constant means to be,
More prodigally gives her woods to those strong fires
Which boil the source to salts. Which Clent so much admires,
That love, and her disdain, to madness him provoke:
When to the wood-nymph thus the jealous mountain spoke:
"Fond nymph, thy twisted curls, on which were all my care,
Thou lett'st the furnace waste; that miserably bare
I hope to see thee left, which so dost me despise;
Whose beauties many a morn have blest my longing eyes:
And, till the weary sun sunk down unto the west,
Thou still my object wast, thou once my only best.
The time shall quickly come, thy groves and pleasant springs,
Where to the mirthful merle the warbling mavis sings,
The painful labourer's hand shall stock the roots, to burn;
The branch and body spent, yet could not serve his turn.
Which when, most wilfull nymph, thy chance shall be to see,
Too late thou shalt repent thy small regard for me."
But Saltwarpe down from Wych his nimbler feet doth ply,
Great Severn to attend along to Teuksbury,
With others to partake the joy that there is seen,
When beauteous Avon comes unto her sovereign queen.[3]
Here down from Eusham's vale, their greatness to attend,
Comes Swilliat sweeping in, which Cotswold down doth send:
And Garran there arrives, the great recourse to see.
Where thus together met, with most delightful glee,
The cheerful nymphs that haunt the valley rank and low
(Where full Pomona seems most plenteously to flow,
And with her fruitery swells by Pershore, in her pride)
Amongst the batful meads on Severn's either side,
To these their confluent floods, full bowls of perry brought:
Where, to each other's health past many a deep-fetch'd draught,
And many a sound carouse from friend to friend doth go.
Thus whilst the mellowed earth with her own juice doth flow,
Inflamed with excess the lusty pamper'd vale,
In praise of her great self, thus frames her glorious tale;
"I doubt not but some vale enough for us hath said,
To answer them that most with baseness us upbraid;
Those high presumptuous hills, which bend their utmost might,
Us only to deject, in their inveterate spite:
But I would have them think, that I (which am the queen
Of all the British vales, and so have ever been
Since Gomer's giant-brood inhabited this isle,
And that of all the rest, myself may so enstile)
Against the highest hill dare put myself for place,
That ever threat'ned heaven with the austerest face.
And for our praise, then thus; What fountain send they forth
(That finds a river's name, though of the smallest worth)
But it invales itself, and on its either side
Doth make those fruitful meads, which with their painted pride
Imbroider his proud bank? whilst in lascivious gyres
He swiftly sallieth out, and suddenly retires
In sundry works and trails, now shallow, and then deep,
Searching the spacious shores, as though it meant to sweep
Their sweets with it away, with which they are repleat.
And men, first building towns, themselves did wisely seat
Still in the bounteous vale: whose burden'd pasture bears
The most abundant swathe, whose glebe such goodly ears,
As to the weighty sheaf with scythe or sickle cut,
When as his harden'd hand the labourer comes to put,
Sinks him in his own sweat, which it but hardly wields:
And on the corn strew'd lands, then in the stubble fields,
There feed the herds of neat, by them the flocks of sheep,
Seeking the scatt'red corn upon the ridges steep:
And in the furrow by (where Ceres lies much spill'd)
Th' unwieldy larding swine his maw then having fill'd,
Lies wallowing in the mire, thence able scarce to rise.
When as those monstrous hills so much that us despise
(The mountain, which forsooth the lowly valley mocks)
Have nothing in the world upon their barren rocks,
But greedy clamb'ring goats, and conies, banish'd quite
From every fertile place as rascals, that delight
In base and barren plots, and at good earth repine.
And though in winter we to moisture much incline,
Yet those that be our own, and dwell upon our land,
When 'twixt their burly stacks and full-stuft barns they stand,
Into the softer clay as eas'ly they do sink,
Pluck up their heavy feet, with lighter spirits, to think
That autumn shall produce, to recompense their toil,
A rich and goodly crop from that unpleasant soil.
And from that envious foe which seeks us to deprave,
Though much against his will this good we clearly have,
We still are highly prais'd, and honour'd by his height,
For, who will us survey, their clear and judging sight
May see us thence at full: which else the searching'st eye,
By reason that so flat and levelled we lie,
Could never throughly view, ourselves nor could we show.
"Yet more; what lofty hills to humble vallies owe,
And what high grace they have which near to us are plac'd,
In Breedon[4] may be seen, being amorously embrac'd
In cincture of my arms. Who tho' he do not vaunt
His head like those that look as they would heaven supplant:
Yet let them wisely note, in what excessive pride
He in my bosom sits; while him on every side
With my delicious sweets and delicates I trim.
And when great Malvern looks most terrible and grim,
He with a pleased brow continually doth smile."
Here Breedon, having heard his praises all the while,
Grew insolently proud; and doth upon him take
Such state, as he would seem but small account to make
Of Malvern, or of Mein. So that the wiser vale
To his instruction turns the process of her tale.
"T' avoid the greater's wrath, and shun the meaner's hate,"
Quoth she, "take my advice, abandon idle state;
And by that way I go, do thou thy course contrive:
Give others leave to vaunt, and let us closely thrive.
Whilst idly but for place the lofty mountains toil,
Let us have store of grain, and quantity of soil.
To what end serve their tops (that seem to threat the sky)
But to be rent with storms? whilst we in safety lie.
Their rocks but barren be, and they which rashly climb,
Stand most in envy's sight, the fairest prey for time.
And when the lowly vales are clad in summer's green,
The grisled winter's snow upon their heads is seen.
Of all the hills I know, let Mein thy pattern be:
Who though his site be such as seems to equal thee,
And destitute of nought that Arden him can yield,
Nor of th' special grace of many a goodly field;
Nor of dear Clifford's seat (the place of health and sport)
Which many a time hath been the Muses' quiet port;
Yet brags not he of that, nor of himself esteems
The more for his fair site; but richer than he seems,
Clad in a gown of grass, so soft and wondrous warm,
As him the summer's heat, nor winter's cold can harm.
Of whom I well may say, as I may speak of thee;
From either of your tops, that who beholdeth me,
To paradise may think a second he had found,
If any like the first were ever on the ground."
Her long and zealous speech thus Eusham doth conclude:
When straight the active Muse industriously pursu'd
This noble country's praise, as matter still did rise.
For Glo'ster in times past herself did highly prize,
When in her pride of strength she nourish'd goodly vines,
And oft her cares repress'd with her delicious wines.
But now, th' all-cheering sun the colder soil deceives,
And us (here towards the pole) still falling southward leaves:
So that the sullen earth th' effect thereof doth prove;
According to their books, who hold that he doth move
From his first zenith's point; the cause we feel his want.
But of her vines depriv'd, now Glo'ster learns to plant
The pear-tree every where: whose fruit she strains for juice,
That her pur'st perry is, which first she did produce
From Wor'stershire, and there is common as the fields;
Which naturally that soil in most abundance yields.
But the laborious Muse, which still new work assays,
Here sallieth through the slades, where beauteous Severn plays
Until that river gets her Glo'ster's wished sight:
Where she her stream divides, that with the more delight
She might behold the town, of which she's woud'rous proud:
Then takes she in the Frome, then Cam, and next the Stroud,
As thence upon her course she wantonly doth strain.
Supposing then herself a sea-god by her train,
She Neptune-like doth float upon the bracky marsh;
Where, lest she should become too cumbersome and harsh,
Fair Micklewood (a nymph, long honour'd for a chase,
Contending to have stood the high'st in Severn's grace,
Of any of the Dryads there bord'ring on her shore)
With her cool amorous shades, and all her sylvan store,

[2] The salt fountain of Worcestershire.
[3] Severn.
[4] A hill environed on every side with the vale of Eusham.

To please the goodly flood imploys her utmost powers,
Supposing the proud nymph might like her woody bowers.
But Severn (on her way) so large and head-strong grew,
That she the wood-nymph scorns, and Avon doth pursue;
A river with no less than goodly King's-wood crown'd,
A forest and a flood by either's fame renown'd;
And each with other's pride and beauty much bewitch'd;
Besides, with Bristol's state both wond'rously enrich'd.
Which soon to Severn sent th' report of that fair road[5]
(So burdened still with barks, as it would overload
Great Neptune with the weight) whose fame so far doth ring;
When as that mighty flood, most bravely flourishing,
Like Thetis' goodly self majestically glides;
Upon her spacious breast tossing the surgeful tides,
To have the river see the state to which she grows,
And how much to her queen the beauteous Avon owes.
But, noble Muse, proceed immediately to tell
How Eusham's fertile vale at first in liking fell
With Cotswold, that great king of shepherds: whose proud site
When that fair vale first saw, so nourish'd her delight,
That him she only lov'd: for wisely she beheld
The beauties clean throughout that on his surface dwell'd:
Of just and equal height two banks arising, which
Grew poor (as it should seem) to make some valley rich:
Betwixt them thrusting out an elbow of such height,
As shrouds the lower soil; which shadowed from the light,
Shoots forth a little grove, that in the summer's day
Invites the flocks, for shade that to the covert stray.
A hill there holds his head, as though it told a tale,
Or stooped to look down, or whisper with a vale;
Where little purling winds like wantons seem to dally,
And skip from bank to bank, from valley trip to valley,
Such sundry shapes of soil where nature doth devise,
That she may rather seem fantastical, than wise.
T' whom Sarum's plain gives place: tho' famous for her flocks,
Yet hardly doth she tythe our Cotswold's wealthy locks,
Though Lemster him exceed for fineness of her ore,
Yet quite he puts her down for his abundant store.
A match so fit as he, contenting to her mind,
Few vales (as I suppose) like Eusham happ'd to find:
Nor any other wold, like Cotswold ever sped,
So fair and rich a vale by fortuning to wed.
He hath the goodly wool, and she the wealthy grain:
Through which they wisely seem their houshold to maintain.
He hath pure wholsome air, and dainty crystal springs.
To those delights of his, she daily profit brings:
As to his large expence, she multiples her heaps:
Nor can his flocks devour th' abundance that she reaps;
As th' one with what it hath, the other strove to grace.
And now, that every thing may in the proper place
Most aptly be contriv'd, the sheep our wold doth breed
(The simplest though it seem) shall our description need,
And shepherd-like, the Muse thus of that kind doth speak:
No brown, nor sullied black, the face or legs doth streak,
Like those of Moreland, Cank, or of the Cambrian hills,
That lightly laden are: but Cotswold wisely fills
Her with the whitest kind: whose brows so woolly be,
As men in her fair sheep no emptiness should see.
The staple deep and thick, through to the very grain,
Most strongly keepeth out the violentest rain:
A body long and large, the buttocks equal broad
As fit to undergo the full and weighty load.
And of the fleecy face, the flank doth nothing lack,
But every where is stor'd; the belly, as the back.
The fair and goodly flock, the shepherd's only pride,
As white as winter's snow, when from the river's side
He drives his new-wash'd sheep: or on the shearing-day,
When as the lusty ram, with those rich spoils of May
His crooked horns hath crown'd; the bell-weather so brave,
As none in all the flock they like themselves would have.
But, Muse, return to tell how there the shepherd's king,
Whose flock hath chanc'd that year the earliest lamb to bring,
In his gay baldrick sits at his low grassy board,
With flawns, curds, clouted cream, and country dainties stor'd:
And whilst the bag-pipe plays, each lusty jocund swain
Quaffs sillabubs in cans, to all upon the plain,
And to their country girls, whose nosegays they do wear.
Some roundelays do sing: the rest, the burthen bear.
But Cotswold, be this spoke to th' only praise of thee,
That thou of all the rest the chosen soil should'st be.
Fair Isis to bring forth (the mother of great Tames)
With whose delicious brooks, by whose immortal streams
Her greatness is begun: so that our rivers' king,
When he his long descent shall from his bel-sires bring,
Must needs (great pastures' prince!) derive his stem by thee,
From kingly Cotswold's self, sprung of the third degree:
As th' old world's heroes wont, that in the times of yore,
On Neptune, Jove, and Mars, themselves so highly bore.
But eas'ly from her source as Isis gently dades;
Unto her present aid, down through the deeper slades,
The nimbler-footed Churn, by Cisseter doth slide;
And first at Greeklade gets pre-eminence to guide
Queen Isis on her way, ere she receive her train,
Clear Coln, and lively Leech, so down from Cotswold's plain
At Lechlade linking hands, come likewise to support
The mother of great Tames. When, seeing the resort,

[5] King's road.

From Cotswold Windrush scours, and with herself doth cast
The train to overtake, and therefore hies her fast
Through the Oxfordian fields; when (as the last of all
Those floods, that into Tames out of our Cotswold fall,
And farth'st unto the north) bright Enload forth doth bear.
For, though it had been long, at length she came to hear
That Isis was to Tame in wedlock to be ty'd:
And therefore she prepar'd t' attend upon the bride;
Expecting, at the feast, past ordinary grace.
And being near of kin to that most spring-ful place,
Where out of Blockley's banks so many fountains flow,
That clean throughout his soil proud Cotswold cannot show
The like: as though from far, his long and many hills
There emptied all their veins, wherewith those founts he fills,
Which in the greatest drought so brimful still do float,
Sent through the rifted rocks with such an open throat,
As though the cleves consum'd in humor; they alone,
So crystalline and cold, as hard'neth stick to stone.
But whilst this while we talk, the far-divulged fame
Of this great bridal tower'd, in Phœbus' mighty name
Doth bid the Muse make haste, and to the bride-house speed;
Of her attendance there lest they should stand in need.

POLY-OLBION.

THE FIFTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The guests here to the bride-house hie.
The goodly vale of Aylsbury
Sets her son (Tame) forth, brave as May,
Upon the joyful wedding day:
Who, deckt up, tow'rds his bride is gone.
So lovely Isis coming on,
At Oxford all the Muses meet her,
And with a prothalamion greet her.
The nymphs are in the bridal bow'rs,
Some strowing sweets, some sorting flow'rs:
Where lusty Charwel himself raises,
And sings of rivers, and their praises.
Then Tames his way tow'rd Windsor tends.
Thus, with the song, the marriage ends.

Now fame had through this isle divulg'd in every ear,
The long-expected day of marriage to be near,
That Isis, Cotswold's heir, long woo'd, was lastly won.
And instantly should wed with Tame[1], old Chiltern's son.
And now that wood-man's wife, the mother of the flood,
The rich and goodly vale of Aylsbury, that stood
So much upon her Tame, was busied in her bowers,
Preparing for her son as many sutes of flowers,
As Cotswold for the bride, his Isis, lately made;
Who for the lovely Tame, her bridegroom, only staid.
Whilst every crystal flood is to this business prest,
The cause of their greet speed and many thus request;
"O! whither go ye floods? what suddain wind doth blow
Than other of your kind, that you so fast should flow?
What business in hand, that spurs you thus away?
Fair Windrush, let me hear; I pray thee, Charwel, say."
They suddainly reply, "What lets you should not see
That for this nuptial feast we all prepared be?
Therefore this idle chat our ears doth but offend:
Our leisure serves not now these trifles to attend."
But whilst things are in hand, old Chiltern (for his life)
From prodigal expense can no way keep his wife;
Who feeds her Tame with marle, in cordial-wise prepar'd,
And thinks all idly spent, that now she only spar'd
In setting forth her son: nor can she think it well,
Unless her lavish charge do Cotswold's far excel.
For, Aylsbury's a vale that walloweth in her wealth,
And (by her wholsome air continually in health)
Is lusty, firm, and fat, and holds her youthful strength.
Besides her fruitful earth, her mighty breadth and length,
Doth Chiltern fitly match: which mountainously high,
And being very long, so likewise she doth ly
From the Bedfordian fields, where first she doth begin,
To fashion like a vale, to th' place where Tame doth win,
His Isis' wished bed; her soil throughout so sure,
For goodness of her glebe, and for her pasture pure,
That as her grain and grass, so she her sheep doth breed.
For burthen and for bone all other that exceed:
And she which thus in wealth abundantly doth flow,
Now cares not on her child what cost she do bestow:
Which when wise Chiltern saw (the world who long had try'd,
And now at last had laid all garish pomp aside;
Whose hoar and chalky head descry'd him to be old,
His beechen woods bereft, that kept him from the cold)

[1] Tame arises in the vale of Aylsbury, at the foot of the Chiltern.

Would fain persuade the vale to hold a steddy rate;
And with his curious wife, thus wisely doth debate:
Quoth he, "You might allow what needeth, to the most:
But whereas less will serve, what means this idle cost?
Too much, a surfeit breeds, and may our child annoy:
These fat and luscious meats do but our stomachs cloy.
Apparel often shows us womanish precise.
The modest comely mean, in all things likes the wise.
And what will Cotswold think when he shall hear of this?
He'll rather blame your waste, than praise your cost, I wiss."
But women wilful be, and she her will must have;
Nor cares how Chiltern chides, so that her Tame be brave.
Alone which tow'rds his love she eas'ly doth convey:
For the Oxonian Ouze[2] was lately sent away
From Buckingham, where first he finds his nimbler feet;
Tow'rds Whittlewood then takes: where, past the noblest street†,
He to the forest gives his farewel, and doth keep
His course directly down into the German deep,
To publish that great day in mighty Neptune's hall,
And all the sea-gods there might keep it festival.
As we have told how Tame holds on his even course,
Return we to report, how Isis from her source
Comes tripping with delight down from her daintier springs;
And in her princely train, t' attend her marriage, brings
Clear Churnet[3], Coln[3], and Leech[3], which first she did retain,
With Windrush[3]: and with her (all outrage to restrain
Which well might off'red be to Isis as she went)
Came Yenload with a guard of Satyrs which were sent
From Whichwood[3], to await the bright and godlike dame.
So, Bernwood[3] did bequeath his Satyrs to the Tame,
For sticklers in those stirs that at the feast should be.
These preparations great when Charwell comes to see,
To Oxford got before, to entertain the flood,
Apollo's aid he begs, with all his sacred brood,
To that most learned place to welcome her repair.
Who in her coming on, was wax'd so wondrous fair,
That meeting, strife arose betwixt them, whether they
Her beauty should extol, or she admire their bay.[4]
On whom their several gifts (to amplify her dow'r)
The Muses there bestow; which ever have the pow'r
Immortal her to make. And as she pass'd along,
Those modest Thespian maids[5] thus to their Isis sung;
"Ye daughters of the hills, come down from every side,
And due attendance give upon the lovely bride:
Go, strew the paths with flowers, by which she is to pass.
For be ye thus assur'd, in Albion never was
A beauty (yet) like her's: where have you ever seen
So absolute a nymph in all things, for a queen?
Give instantly in charge the day be wond'rous fair,
That no disorder'd blast attempt her braided hair.
Go, see her state prepar'd, and every thing be fit,
The bride-chamber adorn'd with all beseeming it.
And for the princely groom, who ever yet could name
A flood that is so fit for Isis as the Tame?
Ye both so lovely are, that knowledge scarce can tell,
For feature whether he, or beauty she excel:
That ravished with joy each other to behold,
When as your crystal waists you closely do infold,
Betwixt your beauteous selves you shall beget a son,
That when your lives shall end, in him shall be begun.
The pleasant Surryan shores shall in that flood delight,
And Kent esteem herself most happy in his sight.
The shire that London loves, shall only him prefer,
And give full many a gift to hold him near to her.
The Scheld[6], the goodly Meuse[6], the rich and viny Rhine[6],
Shall come to meet the Thames in Neptune's wat'ry plain,
And all the Belgian streams and neighbouring floods of Gaul,
Of him shall stand in awe, his tributaries all."
As of fair Isis thus the learned virgins spake,
A shrill and sudden bruit this prothalamion brake;
That White-horse, for the love she bare to her ally,
And honoured sister vale, the beauteous Aylsbury,
Sent presents to the Tame by Ock her only flood,
Which for his mother vale so much on greatness stood.
From Oxford, Isis hastes more speedily, to see
That river like his birth might entertained be:
For that ambitious vale, still striving to command,
And using for her place continually to stand,
Proud White-horse to persuade, much business there hath been
T' acknowledge that great vale of Eusham for her queen.
And but that Eusham is so opulent and great,
That thereby she herself holds in the sovereign seat,
This White-horse all the vales of Britain would o'erbear,
And absolutely sit in the imperial chair;
And boasts as goodly herds, and numerous flocks to feed,
To have as soft a glebe, as good increase of seed;
As pure and fresh an air upon her face to flow,
As Eusham for her life: and from her steed doth show,
Her lusty rising downs, as fair a prospect take
As that imperious wold[7]: which her great queen doth make
So wond'rously admir'd, and her so far extend.
But to the marriage hence, industrious Muse, descend.
The Naiads and the nymphs extremely overjoy'd,
And on the winding banks all busily employ'd,
Upon this joyful day, some dainty chaplets twine:
Some others chosen out, with fingers neat and fine,
Brave anadems[8] do make: some baldrics up do bind:
Some, garlands: and to some the nosegays were assign'd;
As best their skill did serve. But for that Tame should be
Still man-like as himself, therefore they will that he
Should not be drest with flowers to gardens that belong
(His bride that better fit) but only such as sprung
From the replenish'd meads, and fruitful pastures near.
To sort which flowers, some sit; some making garlands were;
The primrose placing first, because that in the spring
It is the first appears, then only flourishing;
The azur'd hare-bell next, with them they neatly mix'd:
T' allay whose luscious smell, they woodbind plac'd betwixt.
Amongst those things of scent, there prick they in the lilly:
And near to that again her sister daffodilly.
To sort these flowers of show, with th' other that were sweet,
The cowslip then they couch, and th' oxslip, for her meet:
The columbine amongst they sparingly do set,
The yellow king-cup, wrought in many a curious fret,
And now and then among, of eglantine a spray,
By which again a course of lady-smocks they lay:
The crow-flower, and there-by the clover-flow'r they stick,
The daisy, over all those sundry sweets so thick,
As Nature doth herself; to imitate her right:
Who seems in that her pearl[9] so greatly to delight,
That every plain therewith she pow'reth to behold:
The crimson darnel flower, the blue-bottle, and gold:
Which though esteem'd but weeds, yet for their dainty hues,
And for their scent not ill, they for this purpose chuse.
Thus having told you how the bridegroom Tame was drest,
I'll show you how the bride, fair Isis, they invest;
Sitting to be attir'd under her bower of state,
Which scorns a meaner sort, than fits a princely rate.
In anadems for whom they curiously dispose
The red, the dainty white, the goodly damask rose,
For the rich ruby, pearl, and amethyst, men place
In kings' imperial crowns, the circle that enchase.
The brave carnation then, with sweet and sovereign power
(So of his colour call'd, although a July-flower)
With the other of his kind, the speckled and the pale:
Then th' odoriferous pink, that sends forth such a gale
Of sweetness; yet in scents as various as in sorts.
The purple violet then, the pansy there supports:
The mary-gold above t' adorn the arched bar:
The double daisy, thrift, the button-batchelor,
Sweet-william, sops-in-wine, the campion; and to these
Some lavender they put, with rosemary and bays:
Sweet marjoram, with her like, sweet basil rare for smell,
With many a flower, whose name were now too long to tell:
And rarely with the rest, the goodly flower-de-lis.
Thus for the nuptial hour, all fitted point-device,
Whilst some still busied are in decking of the bride,
Some others were again as seriously employ'd
In strewing of those herbs, at bridals us'd that be;
Which every where they throw with bounteous hands and free.
The healthful balm and mint, from their full laps do fly,
The scentful camomile, the verd'rous costmary;
They hot muscado oft with milder maudlin cast;
Strong tansey, fennel cool, they prodigally waste:
Clear hyssop, and therewith the comfortable thyme,
Germander with the rest, each thing then in her prime;
As well of wholesome herbs, as every pleasant flower,
Which nature here produc'd, to fit this happy hour.
Amongst these strewing kinds, some other wild that grow,
As burnet, all abroad, and meadow-wort they throw.
Thus all things falling out to every one's desire,
The ceremonies done that marriage doth require,
The bride and bridegroom set, and serv'd with sundry cates,
And every other plac'd, as fitted their estates;
Amongst this confluence great, wise Charwel here was thought
The fitt'st to cheer the guests: who throughly had been taught
In all that could pertain to courtship, long agon,
As coming from his sire, the fruitful Helidon[10],
He travelleth to Tames; where passing by those towns
Of that rich country near, whereas the mirthful clowns,
With tabor and the pipe, on holydays do use,
Upon the May-pole green, to trample out their shoes:
And having in his ears the deep and solemn rings[11],
Which sound him all the way, unto the learned springs[12],
Where he, his sovereign Ouze most happily doth meet,
And him, the thrice-three maids, Apollo's offspring, greet
With all their sacred gifts: thus, expert being grown
In music; and besides, a curious maker known:
This Charwel (as I said) the first these floods among,
For silence having call'd, thus to th' assembly sung:

[2] *Arising near Brackley, running into the German sea.*
† Watling.
[3] *Rivers arising in Cotswold, spoke of in the former song.*
[4] Laurel for learning [5] The Muses.
[6] They all three, rivers of greatest note in Lower Germany, cast themselves into the ocean, in the coast opposite to the mouth of Thames.
[7] Cotswold. [8] Crowns of flowers.
[9] Margarita is both a pearl and a daisy.
[10] A hill betwixt Northamptonshire and Warwick.
[11] Famous rings of bells in Oxfordshire called, the Crossring
[12] Oxford.

" Stand fast, ye higher hills; low vallies, easily lie;
And forests, that to both you equally apply
(But for the greater part, both wild and barren be)
Retire ye to your wastes; and rivers, only we,
Oft meeting let us mix: and with delightful grace,
Let every beauteous nymph her best-lov'd flood embrace,
An alien be he born, or near to her own spring,
So from his native fount he bravely flourishing,
Along the flow'ry fields licentiously do strain,
Greeting each curled grove, and circling every plain;
Or hasting to his fall, his shoaly gravel scow'rs,
And with his crystal front then courts the climbing tow'rs.
" Let all the world be judge, what mountain hath a name,
Like that from whose proud foot there springs some flood of fame:
And in the earth's survey, what seat like that is set,
Whose streets some ample stream abundantly doth wet?
Where is there haven found, or harbour, like that road,
Int' which some goodly flood his burthen doth unload?
By whose rank swelling stream the far-fetch'd foreign fraught
May up to inland-towns conveniently be brought.
Of any part of earth, we be the most renown'd;
That countries very oft, nay, empires oft we bound.
As Rubicon, much fam'd both for his fount and fall,
The ancient limit held 'twixt Italy and Gaul.[13]
Europe and Asia keep on Tanais' either side.
Such honour have we floods, the world (ever) to divide.
Nay, kingdoms thus we prove are christen'd oft by us;
Iberia takes her name of crystal Iberus.
Such reverence to our kind the wiser ancients gave,
As they suppos'd each flood a deity to have.
" But with our fame at home return we to proceed.
In Britain here we find, our Severn, and our Tweed,
The tripartited isle do generally divide,
To England, Scotland, Wales, as each doth keep her side.
Trent cuts the land in two so equally, as though
Nature it pointed out, to our great Brute to show
How to his mighty sons the island he might share.
A thousand of this kind, and nearer, I will spare;
Where, if the state of floods at large I list to show,
I proudly could report how Pactolus doth throw
Up grains of perfect gold; and of great Ganges tell,
Which when full India's showers inforceth him to swell,
Gilds with his glistering sands the over-pamper'd shore:
How wealthy Tagus first, by tumbling down his ore,
The rude and slothful Moors of old Iberia taught
To search into those hills, from which such wealth he brought.
Beyond these if I pleas'd, I to your praise could bring,
In sacred Tempe, how (about the hoof-plough'd spring)
The Heliconian maids, upon that hallowed ground,
Recounting heavenly hymns, eternally are crown'd.
And as the Earth doth us in her own bowels nourish;
So every thing that grows by us, doth thrive and flourish.
To godly virtuous men, we wisely liken'd are:
To be so in themselves, that do not only care,
But by a sacred power, which goodness doth await,
Do make those virtuous too, that them associate."
By this, the wedding ends, and brake up all the show:
And Tames, got, born, and bred, immediately doth flow
To Windsor-ward amain, (that with a wond'ring eye,
The forest might behold his awful empery)
And soon becometh great, with waters wext so rank,
That with his wealth he seems to retch his wid'ned bank:
Till happily attain'd his grandsire Chiltern's grounds.
Who with his beechen wreaths this king of rivers crowns.
Amongst his holts and hills, as on his way he makes,
At Reading once arriv'd, clear Kennet overtakes
Her lord the stately Tames, which that great flood again,
With many signs of joy doth kindly entertain.
Then Loddon next comes in, contributing her store;
As still we see, the much runs ever to the more.
Set out with all this pomp, when this imperial stream
Himself establish'd sees amidst his wat'ry realm,
His much-lov'd Henley leaves, and proudly doth pursue
His wood-nymph Windsor's seat, her lovely site to view.
Whose most delightful face when once the river sees,
Which shows herself attir'd in tall and stately trees,
He in such earnest love with amorous gestures woes,
That looking still at her, his way was like to lose;
And wand'ring in and out, so wildly seems to go,
As headlong he himself into her lap would throw.
Him with the like desire the forest doth embrace,
And with her presence strives her Tames as much to grace.
No forest, of them all, so fit as she doth stand,
When princes, for their sports, her pleasures will command;
No wood-nymph as herself such troops hath ever seen,
Nor can such quarries boast as have in Windsor been;
Nor any ever had so many solemn days,
So brave assemblies view'd, nor took so rich assays.[16]
Then, hand in hand, her Tames the forest softly brings
To that supremest place of the great English kings,
The Garter's royal seat, from him who did advance
That princely order first, our first that conquer'd France;
The temple of Saint George, whereas his honour'd knights,
Upon his hallowed day, observe their ancient rites:
Where Eaton is at hand to nurse that learned brood,
To keep the Muses still near to this princely flood;
That nothing there may want, to beautify that seat,
With every pleasure stor'd: and here my song complete.

[13] That which was called Gallia Cisalpina, and is Lombardy, Romagnia, and the western part of Italy.
[16] Breaking up of deer brought into the quarry.

POLY-OLBION.

THE SIXTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Old Ver, near to Saint Alban's, brings
Watling to talk of ancient things;
What Ver'lam was before she fell,
And many more sad ruins tell.
Of the four old imperial ways,
The course they held, and to what seas;
Of those seven Saxon kingdoms here,
Their sites, and how they bounded were.
Then Pure-vale vaunts her rich estate:
And Lea bewrays her wretched fate.
The Muse, led on with much delight,
Delivers London's happy site;
Shows this loose age's lewd abuse:
And for this time there stays the Muse.

THE bridal of our Tame and princely Isis past:
And Tamesis their son, begot, and waxing fast,
Inviteth crystal Coln[1] his wealth on him to lay,
Whose beauties had entic'd his sovereign Tames to stay,
Had he not been enforc'd by his unruly train,
For Brent, a pretty brook, allures him on again,
Great London to salute, whose high-rear'd turrets throng
To gaze upon the flood, as he doth pass along.
Now as the Tames is great, so most transparent Coln
Feels, with excessive joy, her amorous bosom swoln,
That Ver of long esteem'd a famous ancient flood
(Upon whose aged bank old Ver'lamchester stood,
Before the Roman rule) here glorify'd of yore,
Unto her clearer banks contributed his store:
Enlarging both her stream, and strength'ning his renown,
Where the delicious meads her through her course do crown.
This Ver[2] (as I have said) Coln's tributary brook,
On Ver'lam's ruin'd walls as sadly he doth look.
Near holy Alban's town, where his rich shrine was set,
Old Watling in his way the flood doth over-get.
Where after reverence done, "Ver," quoth the ancient street,
" 'Tis long since thou and I first in this place did meet."
" And so it is," quoth Ver, " and we have liv'd to see
Things in far better state than at this time they be:
But he that made, amend: for much there goes amiss."
Quoth Watling, " Gentle flood, yea, so in truth it is:
And sith of this thou speak'st; the very sooth to say,
Since great Mulmutius first made me the noblest way,
The soil is alter'd much: the cause I pray thee show,
The time that thou hast liv'd, hath taught thee much to know.
I fain would understand, why this delightful place,
In former time that stood so high in nature's grace,
(Which bare such store of grain, and that so wond'rous great,
That all the neighbouring coast was call'd the soil of wheat[3])
Of later time is turn'd a hot and hungry sand,
Which scarce repays the seed first cast into the land."
At which the silent brook shrunk in his silver head,
And feign'd as he away would instantly have fled;
Suspecting, present speech might passed grief renew,
Whom Watling thus again doth seriously pursue;
" I pray thee not be coy, but answer my demand:
The cause of this (dear flood!) I fain would understand.
" Thou saw'st when Ver'lam once her head aloft did bear,
(Which in her cinders now lies sadly buried here)
With alabaster, tuch, and porphyry adorn'd,
When (well-near) in her pride great Troynavant she scorn'd.
Thou saw'st great burden'd ships through these thy vallies pass,
Where now the sharp-edg'd scythe shears up the spiring grass:
That where the ugly seal and porpoise us'd to play,
The grass-hopper and ant now lord it all the day:
Where now St. Alban's stands, was called Holm-hurst then;
Whose sumptuous fane we see neglected now again."
" This rich and goodly fane, which ruin'd thou dost see,"
Quoth Ver, " the motive is that thou importun'st me:

[1] The river running by Uxbridge and Colnbrook.
[2] The little clear river by St. Alban's.
[3] Wethamsted.

But to another thing thou cunningly dost fly,
And reason seem'st to urge of her sterility."
With that he fetch'd a sigh, and ground his teeth in rage;
Quoth Ver, "Ev'n for the sin of this accursed age.
Behold that goodly fane, which ruin'd now doth stand,
To holy Albion [4] built, first martyr of the land;
Who in the faith of Christ from Rome to Britain came,
And dying in this place, resign'd his glorious name.
In memory of whom, (as more than half divine)
Our English Offa rear'd a rich and sumptuous shrine
And monastery here: which our succeeding kings
From time to time endow'd with many goodly things.
And many a Christian knight was buried here, before
The Norman set his foot upon this conquer'd shore;
And after those brave spirits in all those baleful stowrs,
That with duke Robert [5] went against the pagan powers,
And in their country's right at Cressy those that stood,
And that at Poicters bath'd their bilbows in French blood;
Their valiant nephews next at Agincourt that fought,
Whereas rebellious France upon her knees was brought:
In this religious house, at some of their returns,
When Nature claim'd her due, here plac'd their hallow'd urns:
Which now devouring Time, in his so mighty waste,
Demolishing those walls, hath utterly defac'd.
So that the Earth to feel the ruinous heaps of stones,
That with the burd'nous weight now press their sacred bones,
Forbids this wicked brood should by her fruits be fed;
As loathing her own womb, that such loose children bred."
Herewith transported quite, to these exclaims he fell:
"Lives no man, that this world her grievous crimes dare tell?
Where be those noble spirits for ancient things that stood?
When in my prime of youth I was a gallant flood;
In those free golden days, it was the satyr's use
To tax the guilty times, and rail upon abuse:
But soothers find the way preferment most to win;
Who serving great men's turns, become the bawds to sin."
When Watling in his words that took but small delight,
Hearing the angry brook so cruelly to bite;
As one that fain would drive these fancies from his mind,
Quoth he, "I'll tell thee things that suit thy gentler kind.
My song is of myself, and my three sister streets,
Which way each of us run, where each her fellow meets,
Since us, his kingly ways, Mulmutius first began,
From sea again to sea, that through the island ran.
Which that in mind to keep posterity might have,
Appointing first our course, this privilege he gave,
That no man might arrest, or debtors' goods might seize
In any of us four his military ways.
And though the Foss in length exceed me many a mile,
That holds from shore to shore the length of all the isle,
From where rich Cornwal points to the Iberian seas,
Till colder Cathness tells the scattered Orcades,
I measuring but the breadth, that is not half his gaet;
Yet, for that I am grac'd with goodly London's state,
And Tames and Severn both since in my course I cross,
And in much greater trade, am [6] worthier far than Foss.
But O unhappy chance! through time's disastrous lot,
Our other fellow streets ly utterly forgot:
As Iening, that set out from Yarmouth in the east,
By the Iceni then being generally possest,
Was of that people first term'd Iening in her race,
Upon the Chiltern [7] here that did my course embrace:
Into the dropping south and bearing then outright,
Upon the solent sea stopt on the Isle of Wight.
"And Rickneld, forth that raught from Cambria's farther shore,
Where South Wales now shoots forth Saint David's promontore;
And, on his mid-way near, did me in England meet,
Then in his oblique course the lusty straggling street
Soon overtook the Foss; and toward the fall of Tine,
Into the German sea dissolv'd at his decline."
Here Watling would have ceas'd, his tale as having told:
But now this flood, that fain the street in talk would hold,
Those ancient things to hear, which well old Watling knew,
With these enticing words, her fairly forward drew.
"Right noble street," quoth he, "thou hast liv'd long, gone far,
Much traffic had in peace, much travailed in war;
And in thy larger course survey'st as sundry grounds
(Where I poor flood am lock'd within these narrower bounds,
And like my ruin'd self these ruins only see,
And there remains not one to pity them or me)
On with thy former speech: I pray thee somewhat say.
For, Watling, as thou art a military way,
Thy story of old streets likes me so wond'rous well,
That of the ancient folk I fain would hear thee tell."
With these perswasive words, smooth Ver the Watling wan;
Stroking her dusty face, when thus the street began;
"When once their sevenfold rule the Saxons came to rear,
And yet with half this isle sufficed scarcely were,
Though from the inland part the Britons they had chas'd,
Then understand how here themselves the Saxons plac'd.

[4] Look before to the eleventh song.
[5] With the eldest son of the conqueror in the Holy Land.
[6] Watling, chiefest of the four great ways.
[7] Not far from Dunstable.

Where in great Britain's state four people of her own
Were by the several names of their abodes well known
(As, in that horn which juts into the sea so far,
Wherein our Devonshire now, and farthest Cornwal are,
The old Dannonii dwelt: so hard again at hand,
The Durotriges sat on the Dorsetian sand:
And where from sea to sea the Belgæ forth were let,
Even from Southampton's shore, through Wilt and Somerset,
The Attrebates in Bark unto the bank of Tames,
Betwixt the Celtic sleeve and the Sabrinian streams)
The Saxons there set down one kingdom: which install'd,
And being west, they it their [8] western kingdom call'd.
So eastward where by Tames the Trinobants were set,
To Trinovant their town, for that their name in debt,
That London now we term, the Saxons did possess,
And their east kingdom call'd, as Essex [9] doth express;
The greatest part thereof, and still their name doth bear;
Though Middlesex therein, and part of Hartford were;
From Coln upon the west, upon the east to Stour *,
Where mighty Tames himself doth into Neptune pour.
As to our farthest rise, where forth those fore-lands lean,
Which bear their chalky brows into the German main,
The Angles, which arose out of the Saxon race,
Allured with delights and fitness of that place,
Where the Iceni liv'd did set their kingdom down,
From where the wallowing seas those queachy washes drown
That Ely do inisle, to martyr'd Edmond's ditch,
Till those Norfolcian shores vast Neptune doth enrich:
Which (farthest to the east of this divided isle)
Th' East-Angles' kingdom, then, those English did instile.
"And Sussex seemeth still, as with an open mouth,
Those Saxons' rule to show, that of the utmost south
The name to them assum'd, who rigorously expell'd
The Kentish Britons thence, and those rough woodlands held
From where the goodly Tames the Surryan grounds doth sweep,
Until the smiling downs salute the Celtic deep.
"Where the Dobuni dwelt, their neighbouring Cateuclani,
Cornavii more remote, and where the Coritani,
Where Dee and Mersey shoot into the Irish sea;
(Which well-near o'er this part, now called England, lay,
From Severn to the ditch that cuts New-market plain,
And from the banks of Tames to Humber, which contain
So many goodly shires of Mersey, Mercia hight)
Their mightier empire, there, the middle English pight,
Which farthest though it raught, yet there it did not end:
But Offa, king thereof, it after did extend
Beyond the bank of Dee; and by a ditch he cut
Through Wales from north to south, into wide Mercia put
Well near the half thereof, and from three peoples there,
To whom three special parts divided justly were
(The Ordovices, now which North-Wales people be,
From Cheshire which of old divided was by Dee:
And from our Marchers now, that were Demetæ then;
And those Silures call'd, by us the South-Wales men)
Beyond the Severn, much the English Offa took,
To shut the Britons up within a little nook.
From whence, by Mersey's banks, the rest a kingdom made:
Where in the Britons' rule (before) the Brigants sway'd;
The powerful English there establish'd were to stand:
Which, north from Humber set, they term'd Northumberland;
Two kingdoms which had been with several thrones enstall'd.
Bernitia hight the one; Diera th' other call'd.
The first from Humber stretch'd unto the bank of Tine:
Which river and the Frith the other did confine.
Diera beareth through the spacious Yorkish bounds,
From Durham down along to the Lancastrian sounds [10],
With Mersey and clear Tine continuing to their fall,
To England-ward within the Picts' renowned wall,
And did the greater part of Cumberland [11] contain:
With whom the Britons' name never shall remain;
Who there amongst the rocks and mountains lived long,
When they Loegria left, enforc'd through powerful wrong.
Bernitia over Tine into Albania lay,
To where the Frith [12] falls out into the German sea."
This said, the aged street sagg'd sadly on alone:
And Ver upon his course, now hasted to be gone
T' accompany his Coln: which as she gently glides,
Doth kindly him embrace: whom soon this hap betides;
As Coln come on along, and chanc'd to cast her eye
Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow stands so high,
She Peryvale [13] perceiv'd prank'd up with wreaths of wheat,
And with exulting terms thus glorying in her seat;
"Why should not I be coy, and of my beauties nice,
Since this my goodly grain is held of greatest price?
No manchet can so well the courtly palate please,
As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fertile leaze.

[8] For a more plain division of the English kingdoms see to the XI. song.
[9] So call'd, of the East-Saxons.
* A river upon the confines of Suffolk and Essex.
[10] Sea-depths near the shores.
[11] The Cymbries' land.
[12] A river running by Edenborough into the sea.
[13] Peryvale, or Pure-vale, yieldeth the finest meal of England.

Their finest of that Kind, compared with my wheat,
For whiteness of the bread doth look like common cheat.
What barley is there found, whose fair and bearded ear
Makes stouter English ale, or stronger English beer?
The oat, the bean, and pease, with me but pulses are;
The coarse and browner rye, no more than fitch and tare.
What seed doth any soil in England bring, that I
Beyond her most increase yet cannot multiply?
Besides, my sure abode next goodly London is,
To vent my fruitful store, that me doth never miss.
And those poor baser things, they cannot put away,
Howe'er I set my price, ne'er on my chapmen stay."
When presently the hill that maketh her a vale,
With things he had in hand did interrupt her tale,
With Hampstead being fall'n and High-gate at debate;
As one before them both that would advance his state,
From either for his height to bear away the praise,
Besides that he alone rich Peryvale surveys.
But Hampstead pleads, himself in simples to have skill,
And therefore by desert to be the noblest hill;
As one, that on his worth and knowledge doth rely
In learned physic's use, and skilful surgery;
And challengeth, from them, the worthiest place her own,
Since that old Watling once, o'er him to pass was known.
Then High-gate boasts his way, which men do most frequent;
His long-continued fame, his high and great descent;
Appointed for a gate of London to have been,
When first the mighty Brute that city did begin.
And that he is the hill, next Endfield which hath place,
A forest for her pride, though titled but a chase.
Her purlieus, and her parks, her circuit full as large,
As some (perhaps) whose state requires a greater charge.
Whose holts[14] that view the east, do wistly stand to look
Upon the winding course of Lee's delightful brook.
Where Mimer coming in, invites her sister Bean,
Amongst the chalky banks t' increase their mistress' train;
Whom by the dainty hand obsequiously they lead
(By Hartford gliding on, through many a pleasant mead.
And coming in her course to cross the common fare,
For kindness she doth kiss that hospitable Ware.)
Yet scarcely comfort Lee (alas!) so woe begun,
Complaining in her course, thus to herself alone;
"How should my beauty now give Waltham such delight,
Or I, poor silly brook, take pleasure in her sight?
Antiquity (for that it stands so far from view,
And would her doating dreams should be believ'd for true)
Dare loudly lie for Coln, that sometimes ships did pass,
To Ver'lam by her stream, when Ver'lam famous was;
But, by the later times, suspected but to feign,
She planks and anchors shows, her error to maintain;
Which were, indeed, of boats, for pleasure there to row
Upon her (then a lake) the Roman pomp to show,
When Rome her forces here did every year supply,
And at old Ver'lam kept a warlike colony.
But I, distressed Lee, whose course doth plainly tell,
That what of Coln is said, of me none could refell,
Whom Alfred[15] but too wise (poor river!) I may say
(When he the cruel Danes did cunningly betray,
Which Hartford then besieg'd, whose navy there abode,
And on my spacious breast before the castle rode)
By 'vantage of my soil, he did divide my stream;
That they might ne'er return to Neptune's wat'ry realm.
And, since, distressed Lee, I have been left forlorn,
A by-word to each brook, and to the world a scorn."
When Sturt, a nymph of her's, (whose faith she oft had prov'd,
And whom, of all her train, Lee most entirely lov'd)
Lest so excessive grief her mistress might invade,
Thus (by fair gentle speech) to patience doth persuade:
"Though you be not so great to others as before,
Yet not a jot for that dislike yourself the more.
Your case is not alone, nor is (at all) so strange;
Sith every thing on Earth subjects itself to change.
Where rivers sometime ran, is firm and certain ground:
And where before were hills, now standing lakes are found.
And that which most you urge, your beauty to despoil,
Doth recompense your bank with quantity of soil,
Beset with ranks of swans; that, in their wonted pride,
Do prune their snowy plumes upon your pleasant side.
And Waltham woes you still, and smiles with wonted cheer
And Tames as at the first, so still doth hold you dear."
To much-beloved Lee, this scarcely Sturt had spoke,
But goodly London's sight their farther purpose broke:
When Tames his either banks adorn'd with buildings fair,
The city to salute doth bid the Muse prepare.
Whose turrets, fanes, and spires, when wistly she beholds,
Her wonder at the site thus strangely she unfolds:
"At thy great builder's wit, who's he but wonder may?
Nay, of his wisdom thus ensuing times shall say;
'O more than mortal man, that did this town begin!
Whose knowledge found the plot, so fit to set it in.
What god, or heavenly power, was harbour'd in thy breast,
From whom with such success thy labours should be blest?
Built on a rising bank, within a vale to stand,
And for thy healthful soil, chose gravel mix'd with sand.

[14] High woody banks.
[15] See to the 12th song.

And where fair Tames his course into a crescent casts
(That, forced by his tides, as still by her he hastes,
He might his surging waves into her bosom send)
Because too far in length his town should not extend.'
"And to the north and south, upon an equal reach,
Two hills their even banks do somewhat seem to stretch,
Those two extremer winds from hurting it to let;
And only level lies upon the rise and set.
Of all this goodly isle, where breathes most cheerful air,
And every way thereto the ways most smooth and fair;
As in the fittest place by man that could be thought,
To which by land, or sea, provision might be brought.
And such a road for ships scarce all the world commands,
As is the goodly Tames, near where Brute's city stands.
Not any haven lies to which is more resort,
Commodities to bring, as also to transport:
Our kingdom that enrich'd (through which we flourish'd long)
Ere idle gentry up in such abundance sprung,
Now pest'ring all this isle: whose disproportion draws
The public wealth so dry, and only is the cause
Our gold goes out so fast, for foolish foreign things,
Which upstart gentry still into our country brings;
Who their insatiate pride seek chiefly to maintain
By that, which only serves to uses vile and vain:
Which our plain fathers erst would have accounted sin,
Before the costly coach, and silken stock came in;
Before that Indian weed[16] so strongly was embrac'd,
Wherein such mighty sums we prodigally waste;
That merchants, long train'd up in gain's deceitful school,
And subtly having learn'd to soothe the humorous fool,
Present their painted toys unto this frantic gull,
Disparaging our tin, our leather, corn, and wool;
When foreigners, with ours, them warmly clothe and feed,
Transporting trash to us, of which we ne'er had need."
But whilst the angry Muse thus on the time exclaims,
Sith every thing therein consisteth in extremes;
Lest she, enfore'd with wrongs, her limits should transcend,
Here of this present song she briefly makes an end.

POLY-OLBION:

THE SEVENTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

To Medway, Thames a suitor goes;
But fancies Mole, as forth he flows.
Her mother, Homesdale, holds her in:
She digs through earth, the Tames to win.
Great Tames, as king of rivirs, sings
The catalogue of th' English kings.
Thence light the Muse, to th' southward soars,
The Surrian and Sussexian shores;
The forests and the downs surveys,
With rillets running to those seas:
This song of hers then cutteth short,
For things to come, of much import.

At length it came to pass, that Isis and her Tame
Of Medway understood, a nymph of wondrous fame;
And much desirous were, their princely Tames should prove
If (as a wooer) he could win her maiden-love;
That of so great descent, and of so large a dower,
Might well ally their house, and much increase his power;
And striving to prefer their son, the best they may,
Set forth the lusty flood in rich and brave array,
Bank'd with embroider'd meads, of sundry sutes of flowers,
His breast adorn'd with swans, oft wash'd with silver showers:
A train of gallant floods, at such a costly rate
As might beseem their care, and fitting his estate.
Attended and attir'd magnificently thus,
They send him to the court of great Oceanus,
The world's huge wealth to see; yet with a full intent,
To woe the lovely nymph, fair Medway, as he went.
Who to his dame and sire his duty scarce had done,
And whilst they sadly wept at parting of their son,
See what the Tames befel, when 'twas suspected least.
As still his goodly train yet every hour increas'd,
And from the Surrian shores clear Wey came down to meet
His greatness, whom the Tames so graciously doth greet,
That with the fern-crown'd flood[1] he minion-like doth play:
Yet is not this the brook, enticeth him to stay,
But as they thus, in pomp, came sporting on the shoal,
'Gainst Hampton-court he meets the soft and gentle Mole.
Whose eyes so pierc'd his breast, that seeming to foreslow
The way which he so long intended was to go,
With trifling up and down, he wand'reth here and there;
And that he in her sight transparent might appear,

[16] Tobacco.
[1] Coming by Fernham, so called of fern there growing.

Applies himself to fords, and setteth his delight
On that which most might make him gracious in her sight.
Then Isis and the Tame from their conjoined bed,
Desirous still to learn how Tames their son had sped
(For greatly they had hop'd, his time had so been spent,
That he ere this had won the goodly heir of Kent)
And sending to inquire, had news return'd again
(By such as they employ'd, on purpose in his train)
How this their only heir, the isle's imperial flood,
Had loiter'd thus in love, neglectful of his good.
No marvail (at the news) though Ouse[2] and Tame were sad,
More comfort of their son expecting to have had.
Nor blame them, in their looks much sorrow though they show'd:
Who fearing lest he might thus meanly be bestow'd,
And knowing danger still increased by delay,
Employ their utmost power to hasten him away.
But Tames would hardly on: oft turning back, to show
From his much-loved Mole how loth he was to go.
The mother of the Mole, old Homesdale[3], likewise bears
Th' affection of her child, as ill as they do theirs:
Who nobly though deriv'd, yet could have been content
T' have match'd her with a flood of far more mean descent.
But Mole respects her words as vain and idle dreams,
Compar'd with that high joy to be belov'd of Thames:
And headlong holds her course, his company to win.
But Homesdale raised hills, to keep the straggler in;
That of her daughter's stay she need no more to doubt:
(Yet never was there help, but love could find it out.)
Mole digs her self a path, by working day and night
(According to her name, to show her nature right)
And underneath the earth for three miles space doth creep:
Till gotten out of sight, quite from her mother's keep,
Her fore-intended course the wanton nymph doth run;
As longing to imbrace old Tame and Isis' son.
When Thames now understood what pains the Mole did take,
How far the loving Nymph adventur'd for his sake,
Although with Medway match'd, yet never could remove
The often-quick'ning sparks of his more ancient love.
So that it comes to pass, when by great nature's guide
The Ocean doth return, and thrusteth in the tide;
Up tow'rds the place, where first his much-lov'd Mole was seen,
He ever since doth flow beyond delightful Shene.[4]
Then Wandal cometh in, the Mole's beloved mate,
So amiable, fair, so pure, so delicate,
So plump, so full, so fresh, her eyes so wondrous clear:
And first unto her lord, at Wandsworth doth appear,
That in the goodly court of their great sovereign Thames,
There might no other speech be had amongst the streams,
But only of this nymph, sweet Wandal, what she wore:
Of her complexion, grace, and how herself she bore.
But now this mighty flood, upon his voyage prest
(That found how with his strength, his beauties still increast,
From where brave Windsor stood on tip-toe to behold
The fair and goodly Thames, so far as ere he could,
With kingly houses crown'd, of more than earthly pride,
Upon his either banks, as he along doth glide)
With wonderful delight doth his long course pursue,
Where Oatlands, Hampton court, and Richmond he doth view,
Then Westminster the next great Tames doth entertain;
That vaunts her palace large, and her most sumptuous fane:
The land's tribunal seat that challengeth for her's,
The crowning of our kings, their famous sepulchres.
Then goes he on along by that more beauteous strand,
Expressing both the wealth and bravery of the land.
(So many sumptuous bowers, within so little space,
The all-beholding Sun scarce sees in all his race.)
And on by London leads, which like a crescent lies,
Whose windows seem to mock the star-befreckled skies;
Besides her rising spires, so thick themselves that show,
As do the bristling reeds within his banks that grow.
There sees his crowded wharfs, and people-pest'red shores,
His bosom over-spread with shoals of labouring oars:
With that most costly bridge that doth him most renown,
By which he clearly puts all other rivers down.
Thus furnished with all that appertain'd to state,
Desired by the floods (his greatness which await)
That as the rest before, so somewhat he would sing,
Both worthy of their praise, and of himself their king;
A catalogue of those, the sceptre here that sway'd,
The princely Tames recites, and thus his song he laid:
"As bastard William first, by conquest hither came,
And brought the Norman rule upon the English name:
So with a tedious war, and almost endless toils,
Throughout his troubled reign, here held his hard-got spoils.
Deceasing at the last, through his unsettled state,
Left (with his ill-got crown) unnatural debate.
For, dying at his home, his eldest son abroad
(Who in the holy war his person then bestow'd)
His second, Rufus, next usurp'd the wronged reign:
And by a fatal dart in his new forest slain,
Whilst in his proper right religious Robert slept,
Through craft into the throne, the younger Beauclerk crept.
From whom his sceptre, then, whilst Robert strove to wrest,
The other (of his power that amply was possest)
With him in battle join'd: and in that dreadful day
(Where Fortune show'd herself all human power to sway)
Duke Robert went to wreck; and taken in the flight,
Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight,
And in close prison put; where miserably he dy'd.
"But Henry's whole intent was by just Heav'n deny'd.
For, as of light and life he that sad lord bereft;
So his, to whom the land he purpos'd to have left,
The raging seas devour'd[5], as hitherward they sail'd.
"When in this line direct, the Conqueror's issue fail'd,
Twixt Henry's daughter Mauld, the Almain emperor's bride
(Which after to the earl of Anjou was affy'd)
And Stephen earl of Blois, the Conqueror's sister's son,
A fierce and cruel war immediately begun;
Who with their several powers arrived here from France,
By force of hostile arms their titles to advance.
But Stephen, what by coin, and what by foreign strength,
Through worlds of danger gain'd the glorious gole at length.
"But, left without an heir, the empress' issue next,
No title else on foot; upon so fair pretext,
The second Henry soon upon the throne was set,
(Which Mauld to Jeffrey bare) the first Plantaginet.
Who held strong wars in Wales, that his subjection spurn'd:
Which often times he beat, and, beaten oft, return'd:
With his stern children vex'd: who (whilst he strove t' advance
His right within this isle) rais'd war on him in France.
With his high fame in fight, what cold breast was not fir'd?
Through all the western world, for wisdom most admir'd.
"Then Richard got the rule, his most renowned son,
Whose courage, him the name of Cœur de Lion won.
With those first earthly gods had this brave prince been born,
His daring hand had from Alcides' shoulders torn
The Nemean lion's hide: who in the Holy Land
So dreadful was, as though from Jove and Neptune's hand,
The thund'ring three-fork'd fire, and trident he had reft,
And him to rule their charge they only then had left.
"Him John again succeeds; who having put away
Young Arthur (Richard's son) the sceptre took to sway.
Who, of the commonwealth first havoc having made,
His sacrilegious hands upon the churches laid,
In cruelty and rape continuing out his reign;
That his outrageous lust and courses to restrain,
The baronage were forc'd defensive arms to raise,
Their daughters to redeem, that he by force would seize.
Which the first civil war in England here begun.
And for his sake such hate his son young Henry won,
That to depose their prince, th' revengeful people thought;
And from the line of France young Lewis to have brought
To take on him our rule: but, Henry got the throne,
By his more forceful friends: who, wise and puissant grown,
The general charter seiz'd: that into slavery drew
The freest born English blood. Of which such discord grew,
And in the barons' breasts so rough combustions rais'd,
With much expense of blood as long was not appeas'd,
By strong and tedious gusts held up on either side,
Betwixt the prince and peers, with equal power and pride.
He knew the worst of war, match'd with the barons strong;
Yet victor liv'd, and reign'd both happily and long.
"This long-liv'd prince expir'd: the next succeeded; he,
Of us, that for a god might well related be.
Our Longshanks, Scotland's scourge: who to the Orcads raught
His sceptre, and with him from wild Albania brought
The reliques of her crown (by him first placed here)
The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.
He tam'd the desperate Welsh, that out so long had stood,
And made them take a prince[6], sprung of the English blood.
This isle from sea to sea, he generally control'd,
And made the other parts of England both to hold.
"This Edward, first of our's, a second then ensues;
Who both his name and birth, by looseness did abuse;
Fair Ganimedes and fools who rais'd to princely places;
And chose not men for wit, but only for their faces.
In parasites and knaves, as he repos'd his trust,
Who soothed him in his ways apparently unjust;
For that preposterous sin wherein he did offend,
In his posterior parts had his preposterous end.
"A third then of that name, amends for this did make:
Who from his idle sire seem'd nought at all to take.
But as his grandsire did his empire's verge advance:
So led he forth his powers into the heart of France.
And fast'ning on that right he by his mother had,
Against the Salique law, which utterly forbade
Their women to inherit; to propagate his cause,
At Cressy with his sword first cancelled those laws:
There like a furious storm, through troubled France he ran
And by the hopeful hand of brave Black Edward wan
Proud Poictiers, where king John he valiantly subdu'd,
The miserable French and there in mammocks hew'd;

[2] Isis. [3] A very woody vale in Surrey.
[4] Thames ebbs and flows beyond Richmon.
[5] See the last note of the 4th song.
[6] See song the 9th.

Then with his battering rams made earthquakes in their towers,
Till trampled in the dust herself she yielded ours.
" As mighty Edward's heir, to a second Richard then
(Soon to that famous prince Black-Edward, man of men,
Untimely that before his conquering father dy'd)
Too soon the kingdom fell: who his vain youth apply'd
To wantonness and spoil, and did to favour draw
Unworthy ignorant sots, with whose dull eyes he saw:
Who plac'd their like in court, and made them great in state
(Which wise and virtuous men, beyond all plagues, might
To whom he blindly gave: who blindly spent again, [hate.)
And oft oppress'd his land, their riot to maintain.
He hated his allies, and the deserving starv'd;
His minions and his will, the gods he only serv'd:
And finally, depos'd, as he was ever friend
To ribalds, so again by villains had his end.
" Henry the son of Gaunt, supplanting Richard, then
Ascended to the throne: when discontented men,
Desirous first of change, which to that height him brought,
Deceived of their ends, into his actions sought;
And as they set him up, assay'd to pluck him down:
For whom he hardly held his ill-achieved crown;
That treasons to suppress which oft he did disclose,
And raising public arms against his powerful foes,
His usurpation still being troubled to maintain,
His short disquiet days scarce raught a peaceful reign.
" A fifth succeeds the fourth: but how his father got
The crown, by right and wrong, the son respecteth not.
Nor farther hopes for that e'er leaveth to pursue;
But doth his claim to France courageously renew;
Upon her wealthy shores unlades his warlike fraught;
And showing us the fields where our brave fathers fought,
First drew his sun-bright sword, reflecting such a light,
As put sad guilty France into so great a fright,
That her pale genius sunk; which trembling seem'd to stand,
When first he set his foot on her rebellious land.
That all his grandsire's deeds did over, and thereto
Those high achievements add the former could not do:
At Agincourt's proud fight, that quite put Poictiers down;
Of all that time who liv'd, the king of most renown.
Whose too untimely end the Fates too soon did haste:
Whose nine years' noble acts, nine worlds deserve to last:
" A sixth in name succeeds, born great, the mighty son
Of him, in England's right that spacious France had won.
Who coming young to reign, protected by the peers
Until his non-age out: and grown to riper years,
Prov'd upright, soft, and meek, in no wise loving war:
But fitter for a cowl, than for a crown by far.
Whose mildness over-much did his destruction bring:
A wondrous godly man, but not so good a king.
Like whom yet never man try'd fortune's change so oft;
So many times thrown down, so many times aloft
(When with the utmost power their friends could them afford,
The Yorkists put their right upon the dint of sword)
As still he lost and won, in that long bloody war,
From those two factions styl'd, of York and Lancaster.
But by his foes inforc'd to yield him to their power,
His wretched reign and life both ended in the Tower.
" Of th' Edward's name the fourth put on the regal wreath:
Whom furious bloody war (that seem'd a while to breathe,)
Not utterly forsook. For Henry's queen and heir
(Their once-possessed reign still seeking to repair)
Put forward with their friends their title to maintain.
Whose blood did Barnet's streets and Tewksbury's distain,
Till no man left to stir. The title then at rest,
The old Lancastrian line being utterly suppress,
Himself the wanton king to amorous pleasures gave;
Yet jealous of his right, descended to his grave.
" His son an infant left: who had he liv'd to reign,
Edward the fifth had been. But justly see again,
As he a king and prince before had caus'd to die
(The father in the Tower, the son at Tewksbury)
So were his children young, being left to be protected
By Richard; who nor God, nor human laws respected.
This viper, this most vile devourer of his kind
(Whom his ambitious ends had struck so grossly blind,
From their dear mother's lap them seizing for a prey,
(Himself in right the next, could they be made away)
Most wrongfully usurp'd, and them in prison kept;
Whom cruelly at last he smothered as they slept.
As his unnatural hands were in their blood imbrew'd?
So (guilty in himself) with murder he pursu'd
Such, on his heinous acts as look'd not fair and right;
Yea, such as were not his expressly, and had might
T' oppose him in his course; 'till (as a monster loath'd,
The man, to Hell and death himself that had betroth'd)
They brought another in, to thrust that tyrant down;
In battle who at last resign'd both life and crown.
" A seventh Henry, then, the imperial seat attain'd,
In banishment who long in Britain had remain'd.
What time the Yorkists sought his life to have bereft,
Of the Lancastrian house the only being left
(Deriv'd from John of Gaunt) whom Richmond did beget,
Upon a daughter born to John of Somerset,
Elizabeth of York this noble prince affy'd,
To make his title strong thereby on either side.
And grafting of the white and red rose firm together,
Was first, that to the throne advanc'd the name of Tether.
In Bosworth's fatal field, who having Richard slain,
Then in that prosperous peace of his successful reign,
Of all that ever rul'd, was most precise in state,
And in his life and death a king most fortunate.
" This seventh that was of ours, the eighth succeeds in name:
Who by prince Arthur's death (his elder brother) came
Unto a land with wealth abundantly that flow'd:
Abundantly again so he the same bestow'd,
In banquets, masks, and tilts, all pleasures prone to try,
Besides his secret 'scapes who lov'd polygamy.
The abbeys he suppress'd; a thousand ling'ring year,
Which with revenues large the world had sought to rear.
And through his awful might, for temporal ends did save,
To other uses erst what frank devotion gave;
And here the papal pow'r, first utterly deny'd,
Defender of the faith that was enstyl'd, and dy'd.
" His son the empire had, our Edward sixth that made;
Untimely as he sprang, untimely who did fade.
A protestant being bred; and in his infant reign,
Th' religion then receiv'd, here stoutly did maintain:
But ere he raught to man, from his sad people reft,
His sceptre he again unto his sisters left.
" Of which the eldest of two, queen Mary mounts the chair:
The ruin'd Roman state who striving to repair,
With persecuting hands the Protestants pursu'd;
Whose martyr'd ashes oft the wond'ring streets bestrew'd.
She match'd herself with Spain, and brought king Philip hither,
Which with an equal hand, the sceptre sway'd together.
But issueless she dy'd; and under six years' reign,
To her wise sister gave the kingdom up again.
" Elizabeth, the next, this falling sceptre hent;
Digressing from her sex, with man-like government
This island kept in awe, and did her power extend
Afflicted France to aid, her own as to defend;
Against th' Iberian rule, the Flemings' sure defence:
Rude Ireland's deadly scourge; who sent her navies hence
Unto the either Ind, and to that shore so green,
Virginia which we call of her, a virgin queen:
In Portugal 'gainst Spain, her English ensigns spread;
Took Cales, when from her aid the brav'd Iberia fled.
Most flourishing in state: that, all our kings among
Scarce any rul'd so well: but two[7] that reign'd so long."
Here suddenly he stay'd: and with his kingly song,
Whilst yet on every side the city loudly rung,
He with the eddy turn'd, a space to look about:
The tide, retiring soon, did strongly thrust him out.
And soon the pliant Muse, doth her brave wing advance,
Tow'rds those sea-bord'ring shores of ours, that point at France;
The harder Surreyan heath, and the Sussexian down,
Which with so great increase though nature do not crown,
As many other shires of this environ'd isle,
Yet on the weather's[8] head, when as the sun doth smile,
Nurst by the southern winds, that soft and gently blow,
Here doth the lusty sap as soon begin to flow;
The earth as soon puts on her gaudy summer's suit;
The woods as soon in green, and orchards great with fruit.
To sea-ward, from the seat where first our song begun,
Exhaled to the south by the ascending sun,
Four stately wood-nymphs stand on the Sussexian ground,
Great Andredsweld's[9] sometime: who, when she did abound
In circuit and in growth, all other quite suppress'd;
But in her wane of pride, as she in strength decreas'd.
Her nymphs assum'd the names, each one to her delight.
As, Water-down, so call'd of her depressed site:
And Ash-down, of those trees that most in her do grow,
Set higher to the downs, as th' other standeth low.
Saint Leonard's, of the seat by which she next is plac'd,
And Whord, that with the like delighteth to be grac'd.
These forests, as I say, the daughters of the Weald
(That in their heavy breasts had long their grief conceal'd)
Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast came on,
Under the ax's stroke fetch'd many a grievous groan,
When as the anvil's weight, and hammer's dreadful sound,
Even rent the hollow woods, and shook the queachy ground.
So that the trembling nymphs, opprest through ghastly fear,
Ran madding to the downs, with loose dishevell'd hair,
The sylvans that about the neighbouring woods did dwell:
Both in the tufty frith and in the mossy fell,
Forsook their gloomy bow'rs, and wand'red far abroad,
Expell'd their quiet seats, and place of their abode,
When labouring carts they saw to hold their daily trade,
Where they in summer wont to sport them in the shade.
" Could we," say they, " suppose, that any would us cherish,
Which suffer (every day) the holiest things to perish?
Or to our daily want to minister supply?
These iron times breed none that mind pos[illegible]
'Tis but in vain to tell, what we before have been,
Or changes of the world, that we in time have seen;
When, not devising how to spend our wealth with waste,
We to the savage swine let fall our larding mast,
But now, alas, ourselves we have not to sustain,
Nor can our tops suffice to shield our roots from rain.

[7] Hen. III. & Ed. III.
[8] The sun in Aries.
[9] A forest, containing most part of Kent, and Surrey.

Jove's oak, the warlike ash, vein'd elm, the softer beech,
Short hazel, maple plain, light asp, the bending wych,
Tough holly, and smooth birch, must altogether burn:
What should the builder serve, supplies the forger's turn:
When under public good, base private gain takes hold,
And we poor woful woods to ruin lastly sold."
This utter'd they with grief: and more they would have spoke,
But that the envious downs, int' open laughter broke;
As joying in those wants, which nature them had given,
Sith to as great distress the forests should be driven.
Like him that long time had another's state envy'd,
And sees a following ebb, unto his former tide;
The more he is deprest, and bruis'd with fortune's might,
The larger rein his foe doth give to his despite:
So did the envious downs; but that again the floods
(Their fountains that derive from these unpitied woods,
And so much grace thy downs, as through their dales they
Their glories to convey unto the Celtic deep) [creep,
It very hardly took, much murmuring at their pride.
Clear Lavant, that doth keep the Southamptonian side
(Dividing it well near from the Sussexian lands
That Selsey doth survey, and Solent's troubled sands)
To Chichester their wrongs impatiently doth tell:
And Arun (which doth name the beauteous Arundel)
As on her course she came, it to her forest told.
Which, nettled with the news, had not the power to hold:
But breaking into rage, wish'd tempests them might rive;
And on their barren scalps, still flint and chalk might thrive,
The brave and nobler woods which basely thus upbraid.
And Adur coming on, to Shoreham softly said,
"The downs did very ill, poor woods so to debase."
But now, the Ouse, a nymph of very scornful grace,
So touchy wax'd therewith, and was so squeamish grown,
That her old name she scorn'd should publicly be known.
Whose haven out of mind when as it almost grew,
The lately-passed times denominate the new.
So Cucmer with the rest, put to her utmost might:
As Ashburn undertakes to do the forests right
(At Pemsey, where she pours her soft and gentler flood)
And Asten, once distain'd with native English blood:
(Whose soil, when yet but wet with any little rain,
Doth blush; as put in mind of those there sadly slain,
When Hastings harbour gave unto the Norman powers,
Whose name and honours now are denizen'd for ours)
That boding ominous brook, it through the forest rung:
Which'echoing it again the mighty Weald along,
Great stir was like to grow; but that the Muse did charm
Their furies, and herself for nobler things did arm.

POLY-OLBION.

THE EIGHTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Rother thro' the Weald doth rove,
Till he with Oxney fall in love;
Rumney, would with her wealth beguile,
And win the river from the isle.
Medway, with her attending streams,
Goes forth to meet her lord great Thames:
And where in breadth she her disperses,
Our famous captains she rehearses,
With many of their valiant deeds.
Then with Kent's praise the Muse proceeds,
And tells when Albion o'er sea rode,
How he his daughter-isles bestow'd;
And how grim Goodwin foams and frets:
Where to this song an end she sets.

Our Argas, scarcely yet deliver'd of her son,
When as the river down, thro' Andredsweald doth run:
Nor can the aged hill have comfort of her child.
For, living in the woods, her Rother waxed wild;
His banks with aged oaks, and bushes overgrown,
That from the Sylvans' kind he hardly could be known:
Yea, many a time the nymphs, which happ'd this flood to see,
Fled from him, whom they sure a satyr thought to be,
As satyr-like he held all pleasures in disdain,
And would not once vouchsafe, to look upon a plain;
Till chancing in his course to view a goodly plot,
Which Albion in his youth upon a sea-nymph got,
For Oxney's love he pines: who being wildly chaste,
And never woo'd before, was coy to be embrac'd.
But what obdurate heart was ever so perverse,
Whom yet a lover's plaints, with patience could not pierce?
For, in this conflict she being lastly overthrown,
In-isled in his arms, he clips her for his own.
Who being gross and black, she lik'd the river well.
Of Rother's happy match, when Rumney marsh heard tell,
Whilst in his youthful course himself he doth apply,
And falleth in her sight into the sea at Rye,
She thinketh with herself how she a way might find
To put the homely isle quite out of Rother's mind;
Appearing to the flood, most bravely like a queen,
Clad all from head to foot, in gaudy summer's green;
Her mantle richly wrought, with sundry flowers and weeds;
Her moistful temples bound, with wreaths of quivering reeds:
Which loosely flowing down, upon her lusty thighs,
Most strongly seem to tempt the river's amorous eyes.
And on her loins a frock, with many a swelling plait,
Emboss'd with well-spread horse, large sheep, and full-fed neat.
Some wallowing in the grass, there lie a while to batten;
Some sent away to kill; some thither brought to fatten;
With villages amongst, oft powthered here and there;
And (that the same more like to landscape should appear)
With lakes and lesser fords, to mitigate the heat
(In summer when the fly doth prick the gadding neat,
Forc't from the brakes, where late they brouz'd the velvet buds)
In which, they lick their hides, and chew their savoury cuds.
Of these her amorous toys, when Oxney came to know,
Suspecting lest in time her rival she might grow,
Th' allurements of the marsh the jealous isle doth move,
That to a constant course, she thus persuades her love:
"With Rumney though for dower I stand in no degree;
In this, to be belov'd yet liker far than she:
Though I be brown, in me there doth no favour lack,
The soul is said deform'd: and she, extremely black.
And though her rich attire so curious be and rare,
From her there yet proceeds unwholesome putrid air:
Where my complexion more suits with the higher ground
Upon the lusty Weald, where strength doth still abound.
The wood gods I refus'd, that su'd to me for grace,
Me in thy wat'ry arms, thee suff'ring to embrace;
Where, to great Neptune she may one day be a prey:
The sea-gods in her lap lie wallowing every day.
And what, tho' of her strength she seem to make no doubt?
Yet put unto the proof she'll hardly hold him out."
With this persuasive speech which Oxney lately us'd;
With strange and sundry doubts, whilst Rother stood confus'd,
Old Andredsweald[1] at length doth take her time to tell
The changes of the world, that since her youth befell,
When yet upon her soil, scarce human foot had trod;
A place where only then the Sylvans made abode.
Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood,
And every where walk'd free, a burgess of the wood;
Until those Danish routs, whom hunger-starv'd at home,
(Like wolves pursuing prey) about the world did roam.
And stemming the rude stream dividing us from France,
Into the spacious mouth of Rother fell (by chance)
That Lymen then was nam'd, when, (with most irksome care)
The heavy Danish yoke, the servile Engli[illegible]re.
And when at last she found, there was no [illegible] to leave
Those, whom she had at first been forced to receive;
And by her great resort, she was through very need,
Constrained to provide her peopled towns to feed,
She learn'd the churlish ax and twybill to prepare,
To steel the coulter's edge, and sharp the furrowing share:
And more industrious still, and only hating sloth,
A housewife she became, most skill'd in making cloth.
That now the draper comes from London every year,
And of the Kentish sorts makes his provision there.
Whose skirts ('tis said) at first that fifty furlongs went,
Have lost their ancient bounds, now limited in Kent[2],
Which strongly to improve, she Medway forth did bring,
From Sussex who ('tis known) receives her silver spring.
Who tow'rds the lordly Thames, as she along doth strain,
Where Teise, clear Beule, and Len bear up her limber train
As she removes in state: so for her more renown,
Her only name she leaves, t' her only christ'ned town[3];
And Rochester doth reach, in cut'ring to the bower
Of that most matchless Thames, her princely paramour.
Whose bosom doth so please her sovereign (with her pride)
Whereas the royal fleet contin.ually doth ride,
That where she told her Thames, she did intend to sing
What to the English name immortal praise should bring;
To grace his goodly queen, Thames presently proclaims,
That all the Kentish floods, resigning him their names,
Shou'd presently repair unto his mighty hall,
And by the posting tides, towards London sends to call
Clear Ravensburn (though small, rememb'red them among)
At Deptford cut'ring. Whence as down she comes along,
She Darent thither warns: who calls her sister Cray,
Which hasten to the court with all the speed they may.
And but that Medway then of Thames obtain'd such grace,
Except her country nymphs, that none should be in place,
More rivers from each part, had instantly been there,
Than at their marriage, first, by Spenser[4] numb'red were.
This Medway still had nurst those navies in her road,
Our armies that had oft to conquest borne abroad;
And not a man of ours, for arms hath famous been,
Whom she not going out, or coming in hath seen:
Or by some passing ship, hath news to her been brought,
What brave exploits they did; as where, and how, they fought.

[1] See song 17. [2] The Weald of Kent.
[3] Maidstone, *i. e.* Medway's town.
[4] In the Fairy Queen.

Wherefore, for audience now, she to th' assembly calls,
The captains to recite when seriously she falls.
" Of noble warriors now," saith she, " shall be my song;
Of those renowned spirits, that from the conquest sprung,
Of th' English Norman blood; which, matchless for their might,
Have with their flaming swords, in many a dreadful fight,
Illustrated this isle, and bore her fame so far;
Our heroes, which the first wan, in that holy war,
Such fear from every foe, and made the east more red,
With splendour of their arms, than when from Tithon's bed,
The blushing dawn doth break; towards which our fame begun,
By Robert (Curt-hose call'd) the Conqueror's eldest son,
Who with great Godfrey and that holy hermit went
The sepulchre to free, with most devout intent.
" And to that title which the Norman William got,
When in our conquest here, he strove t' include the Scot,
The general of our power, that stout and warlike earl,
Who English being born, was styl'd of Aubemerle;
Those Lacyes then no less courageous, which had there
The leading of the day, all brave commanders were.
" Sir Walter Especk, match'd with Peverel, which as far
Adventur'd for our fame: who in that bishops' war,
Immortal honour got to Stephen's troubled reign:
That day ten thousand Scots upon the field were slain.
" The earl of Strigule then our Strong-bow, first that won
Wild Ireland with the sword (which, to the glorious sun,
Lifts up his nobler name) amongst the rest may stand.
" In Cœur de Lion's charge unto the holy-land,
Our earl of Le'ster, next, to rank with them we bring:
And Turnham, he that took th' impost'rous Cyprian king.
Strong Tuchet chose to wield the English standard there;
Pole, Gourney, Nevil, Gray, Lyle, Ferres, Mortimer:
And more, for want of pens whose deeds not brought to light,
It grieves my zealous soul, I can not do them right.
" The noble Pembroke then, who, Strong-bow did succeed,
Like his brave grand-sire, made th' revolting Irish bleed,
When yielding oft, they oft their due subjection broke;
And when the Britons scorn'd to bear the English yoke,
Lewellin prince of Wales in battle overthrew,
Nine thousand valiant Welsh and either took or slew,
Earl Richard, his brave son, of Strongbow's matchless strain,
As he a marshal was, did in himself retain
The nature of that word, being martial, like his name:
Who, as his valiant sire, the Irish oft did tame.
" With him we may compare Marisco (king of men)
That lord chief justice was of Ireland, whereas then
Those two brave Burrowes, John, and Richard, had their place,
Which through the bloodied bogs, those Irish oft did chase;
Whose deeds may with the best deservedly be read.
" As those two Lacyes then, our English powers that led:
Which twenty thousand, there, did in one battle quell,
Amongst whom (trodden down) the king of Connaught fell.
" Then Richard, that lov'd earl of Cornwal, here we set;
Who, rightly of the race of great Plantagenet,
Our English armies shipp'd, to gain that hallow'd ground
With Long-sword the brave son of beauteous Rosamond:
The pagans through the breasts, like thunderbolts that shot;
And in the utmost east such admiration got,
That the shrill-sounding blast, and terror of our fame
Hath often conquer'd, where our swords yet never came:
As Gifford, not forgot, their stout associate there.
" So in the wars with Wales, of ours as famous here,
Guy Beauchamp, that great earl of Warwick, place shall have:
From whom the Cambrian hills the Welshmen could not save;
Whom he, their general plague, impetuously pursu'd,
And in the British gore his slaughtering sword imbru'd.
" In order as they rise (next Beauchamp) we prefer
The lord John Gifford, match'd with Edmond Mortimer;
Men rightly moulded up, for high advent'rous deeds.
" In this renowned rank of warriors then succeeds
Walwin, who with such skill our armies oft did guide;
In many a dangerous strait, that had his knowledge try'd,
And in that fierce assault, which caus'd the fatal flight,
Where the distressed Welsh resign'd their ancient right,
Stout Frampton: by whose hand, their prince Lewellin fell.
" Then followeth (as the first who have deserv'd as well)
Great Saint John; from the French, which twice recover'd Guyn:
And he, all him before that clearly did outshine,
Warren, the puissant earl of Surrey, which led forth
Our English armies oft into our utmost north;
And oft of his approach made Scotland quake to hear,
When Tweed hath sunk down flat, within her banks, for fear.
On him there shall attend, that most adventurous Twhing,
That at Scambekin fight, the English oft did bring
Before the furious Scot, that else were like to fall.
" As Basset, last of these, yet not the least of all
Those most renowned spirits that Fowkerk bravely fought;
Where Long-shanks, to our lore, Allania lastly brought.
" As when our Edward first his title did advance,
And led his English hence, to win his right in France,
That most deserving earl of Derby we prefer,
Henry's third valiant son, the earl of Lancaster,
That only Mars of men; who (as a general scourge,
Sent by just-judging Heaven, outrageous France to purge)
At Cagant plagu'd the power of Flemings that she rais'd,
Against the English force: which as a handsell seas'd,
Into her very heart he march'd in warlike wise;
Took Bergera, Langobeck, Mountdurant, and Mountguyse
Leau, Poudra, and Punach, Mount-Segre, Forsa, won;
Mountpesans, and Beaumount, the Ryal, Aiguillon,
Rochmillon, Mauleon, Franch, and Angolisme surpris'd;
With castles, cities, forts, nor provinces suffic'd.
Then took the earl of Leyle: to conduct whom there came
Nine viscounts, lords, and earls, astonish'd at his name.
To Gascoyne then he goes (to plague her, being prest)
And manfully himself, of Mirabel possest,
Surgeres, and Alnoy, Benoon, and Mortain struck:
And with a fearful siege, he Taleburg lastly took;
With prosperous success, in lesser time did win
Maximien, Lusingham, Mount-sorrel, and Bovin;
Sack'd Poictiers: which did, then, that country's treasure hold;
That not a man of ours would touch what was not gold.
" With whom our Maney[5] here deservedly doth stand,
Which first inventor was of that courageous band,
Who clos'd their left eyes up; as, never to be freed,
Till there they had achiev'd some high advent'rous deed.
He first into the press at Cagant conflict flew;
And from amidst a grove of gleaves, and halberds drew
Great Derby beaten down; t' amaze the men of war,
When he for England cry'd, ' St. George, and Lancaster:'
And as mine author tells (in his high courage proud)
Before his going forth, unto his mistress vow'd,
He would begin the war: and, to make good the same,
Then setting foot in France, there first with hostile flame
Forc'd Mortain, from her towers, the neighbouring towns to light;
That suddenly they caught a fever with the fright.
Thin castle (near the town of Cambray) ours he made;
And when the Spanish powers came Britain[6] to invade,
Both of their aids and spoils, them utterly bereft,
This English lion, there, the Spaniards never left,
Till from all air of France, he made their Lewis fly.
And fame herself, to him, so amply did apply,
That when the most unjust Calicians had fore-thought,
Into that town (then ours) the Frenchmen to have brought,
The king of England's self, and his renowned son[7]
(By those perfidious French to see what would be done)
Under his guydon march'd, as private soldiers there.
" So had we still of ours, in France that famous were;
Warwick, of England then high-constable that was,
As other of that race, here well I cannot pass;
That brave and godlike brood of Beauchamps, which so long
Them earls of Warwick held; so hardy, great, and strong,
That after of that name it to an adage grew,
If any man himself advent'rous happ'd to shew,
Bold Beauchamp[8] men him term'd if none so bold as he.
" With those our Beauchamps, may our Bourchers reck'ned
Of which, that valiant lord, most famous in those days,
That hazarded in France so many dangerous frays:
Whose blade in all the fights betwixt the French and us,
Like to a blazing star was ever ominous;
A man, as if by Mars upon Bellona got.
" Next him, stout Cobham comes, that with as prosp'rous lot
The Englishmen hath led; by whose auspicious hand,
We often have been known the Frenchmen to command.
And Harcourt, though by birth an alien: yet, ours won,
By England after held her dear adopted son:
Which oft upon our part was bravely prov'd to do,
Who with the hard'st attempts fame earnestly did woo;
To Paris-ward, that when the Amyens fled by stealth
(Within her mighty walls to have enclos'd their wealth)
Before her bulwark'd gates the burgesses he took;
Whilst the Parisians, thence that sadly stood to look,
And saw their faithful friends so wofully bested,
Not once durst issue out to help them, for their head.
" And our John Copland; here courageously at home
(Whilst every where in France, those far abroad do roam)
That at Newcastle fight (the battle of the queen,
Where most the English hearts were to their sovereign seen)
Took David king of Scots, his prisoner in the fight.
Nor could these wars employ our only men of might:
But as the queen by these did mighty things achieve;
So those, to Britain sent the countess to relieve,
As any yet of ours, two knights as much that dar'd,
Stout Dangorn, and with him strong Hartwel honour shar'd;
The dreadful Charles de Bloys, that at Rochdarren beat,
And on the royal seat, the countess Mountfort set.
In each place where they came so fortunate were ours.
" Then, Audley, most renown'd amongst those valiant powers,
That with the prince of Wales at conquer'd Poictiers fought;
Such wonders that in arms before both armies wrought;
The first that charg'd the French; and, all that dreadful day,
Through still renewing worlds of danger made his way;
The man that scorn'd to take a prisoner (through his pride)
But by plain down-right death the title to decide.
And after the retreat, that famous battle done,
Wherein rich spacious France was by the English won,
Five hundred marks in fee, that noblest prince bestow'd
For his so brave attempts, through his high courage show'd.

[5] Sir Walter Maney.
[6] Little Britain in France.
[7] Edward III., and the Black Prince.
[8] Bold Beauchamp; a proverb.

Which to his four esquires he freely gave[9], who there
Vy'd valour with their lord; and in despite of fear, [hell;
Oft fetch'd that day from death, where wounds gap'd wide as
And cries, and parting groans, whereas the Frenchmen fell,
Even made the victors grieve, so horrible they were.
" Our Dabridgecourt the next shall be rememb'red here,
At Poictiers who brake in upon the Alman horse
Through his too forward speed: but, taken by their force,
And after, by the turn of that so doubtful fight,
Being rescu'd by his friends in Poictiers' fearful sight,
Then like a lion rang'd about the enemy's host:
And where he might suppose the danger to be most,
Like lightning ent'red there, to his French foes' dismay,
To gratify his friends which rescu'd him that day. [do,
" Then Chandos: whose great deeds found fame so much to
That she was lastly forc'd, him for her ease to woo;
That minion of dread Mars, which almost overshone
All those before him were, and for him none scarce known,
At Cambray's sealed wall his credit first that won;
And by the high exploits in France by him were done,
Had all so over-aw'd, that by his very name
He could remove a siege: and cities where he came
Would at his summons yield. That man, the most belov'd,
In all the ways of war so skilful and approv'd,
The prince[10] at Poictiers chose his person to assist.
This stout Herculean stem, this noble martialist,
In battle 'twixt brave Bloys and noble Mountfort, try'd
At Array, then the right of Britain to decide,
Rag'd like a furious storm beyond the power of man,
Where valiant Charles was slain, and the stern English wan
The royal British rule to Mountfort's nobler name.
He took strong Tarryers in, and Anjou oft did tame.
Gavaches he regain'd, and us Rochmador got.
Where ever lay'd he siege that he invested not?
" As this brave warrior was, so no less dear to us,
The rival in his fame, his only æmulus,
Renown'd sir Robert Knowles, that in his glories shar'd,
His chivalry and oft in present perils dar'd;
As nature should with time, at once by these consent
To show, that all their store they idly had not spent.
He Vermandoise o'er-ran with skill and courage high:
Notoriously he plagu'd revolting Picardy:
That up to Paris walls did all before him win,
And dar'd her at her gates (the king that time within)
A man that all his deeds did dedicate to fame.
" Then those stout Percies, John, and Thomas, men of name.
The valiant Gourney, next, deservedly we grace,
And Howet, that with him assumes as high a place.
Strong Trivet, all whose ends at great adventures shot:
That conquer'd us Mount Pin, and castle Carcilot,
As famous in the French, as in the Belgic war;
Who took the lord Brimewe; and with the great Navarre,
In Papaloon, attain'd an everlasting praise.
" Courageous Carill next, than whom those glorious days
Produc'd not any spirit that through more dangers swam.
" That princely Thomas, next, the earl of Buckingham,
To Britany through France that our stout English brought,
Which under his command with such high fortune fought
As put the world in fear Rome from her cinders rose,
And of this earth again meant only to dispose.
" Thrice valiant Hackwood then, out-shining all the rest,
From London at the first a poor mean soldier prest
(That time but very young) to those great wars in France,
By his brave service there himself did so advance
That afterward, the heat of those great battles done
(In which he to his name immortal glory won)
Leading six thousand horse, let his brave guydon fly.
So, passing through east France, and ent'ring Lombardy,
By th' greatness of his fame, attain'd so high command,
That to his charge he got the white Italian band.
With Mountferato[11] then in all his wars he went:
Whose clear report abroad by Fame's shrill trumpet sent,
Wrought, that with rich rewards him Milan after won,
To aid her, in her wars with Mantua then begun;
By Barnaby[12], there made the Milanese's guide:
His daughter, who to him, fair Domina, affied.
For Gregory then the twelfth, he dangerous battles stroke,
And with a noble siege revolted Pavia took.
And there, as fortune rose, or as she did decline,
Now with the Pisan serv'd, then with the Florentine:
The use of th' English bows to Italy that brought;
By which he, in those wars, seem'd wonders to have wrought.
" Our Henry Hotspur next, for high achievement meet,
Who with the thund'ring noise of his swift coursers' feet,
Astunn'd the earth, that day, that he in Holmdon's strife
Took Douglas, with the earls of Angus, and of Fife.
And whilst those hardy Scots, upon the firm earth bled,
With his revengeful sword switch'd after them that fled.
" Then Calverly, which kept us Calais with such skill,
His honour'd room shall have our catalogue to fill:
Who, when th' rebellious French, their liberty to gain,
From us our ancient right unjustly did detain

[9] The honourable bounty of the lord Audley.
[10] The Black Prince.
[11] The marquess of Mountferato.
[12] Brother to Galeazo, viscount of Milan.

(T' let Bullen understand our just conceived ire)
Her suburbs, and her ships, sent up to Heaven in fire
Estaples then took, in that day she held her fair,
Whose merchandise he let his soldiers freely share;
And got us back Saint Mark's, which loosely we had lost.
" Amongst these famous men, of us deserving most,
In these of great'st report, we gloriously prefer,
For that his naval fight, John duke of Exeter;
The puissant fleet of Jean (which France to her did call)
Who mercilessly sunk, and slew her admiral.
" And one, for single fight, amongst our martial men,
Deserves remembrance here as worthily again;
Our Clifford, that brave, young, and most courageous squire:
Who thoroughly provok'd, and in a great desire
Unto the English name a high report to win,
Slew Bockmel hand to hand at castle Jocelin,
Suppos'd the noblest spirit that France could then produce.
" Now, forward to thy task proceed, industrious Muse,
To him, above them all, our power that did advance;
John duke of Bedford, styl'd the fire-brand to sad France:
Who to remove the foe from sieged Harflew, sent,
Affrighted them like death; and as at sea he went,
The huge French navy fir'd, when horrid Neptune roar'd,
The whilst those mighty ships out of their scuppers pour'd
Their traitorous clutt'red gore upon his wrinkled face.
He took strong Ivery in: and like his kingly race,
There down before Vernoyle the English standard stuck:
And having on his helm his conquering brother's luck,
Alanzon on the field and doughty Douglas laid,
Which brought the Scottish power unto the Dauphin's aid;
And with his fatal sword, gave France her fill of death,
Till wearied with her wounds, she gasping lay for breath.
" Then, as if powerful Heaven our part did there abet,
Still did one noble spirit, a noble spirit beget.
So, Salisbury arose; from whom, as from a source
All valour seem'd to flow, and to maintain her force.
From whom not all their forts could hold our treacherous foes.
Pontmelance he regain'd, which ours before did lose.
Against the envious French, at Cravent then came on,
As sometime at the siege of high-rear'd Ilion,
The gods descending, mix'd with mortals in the fight:
And in his leading, show'd such valour and such might,
As though his hand had held a more than earthly power;
Took Stuart in the field, and general Vantadour,
The French and Scottish force that day, which bravely led;
Where few at all escap'd, and yet the wounded fled.
Mount Aguilon, and Mouns, great Salisbury surpris'd:
What time (I think in Hell) that instrument[13] devis'd,
The first appear'd in France, as a prodigious birth
To plague the wretched world, sent from the envious Earth;
Whose very roaring seem'd the mighty round to shake,
As though of all again it would a chaos make.
This famous general then got Gwerland to our use,
And Malicorne made our's, with Loupland, and La Suise,
St. Bernard's Fort, St. Kales, St. Susan, Mayon, Lyle,
The Hermitage, Mountseure, Baugency, and Yanvile.
" Then he (in all her shapes that dreadful war had seen,
And that with danger oft so conversant had been,
As for her threats at last he seem'd not once to care,
And fortune to her face advent'rously durst dare)
The earl of Suffolk, Poole, the marshal that great day
At Agincourt, where France before us prostrate lay
(Our battles every where that Hector-like supply'd,
And march'd o'er murder'd piles of Frenchmen as they dy'd)
Invested Aubemerle, rich Cowcy making ours,
And at the Bishop's Pard o'erthrew the Dauphin's powers.
Through whose long time in war, his credit so increas'd,
That he supply'd the room of Salisbury deceas'd.
" In this our warlike rank, the two stout Astons then,
Sir Richard and sir John, so truly valiant men,
That ages yet to come shall hardly over-top 'em,
Umfrevil, Peachy, Franch, Montgomery, Felton, Popham.
All men of great command, and highly that deserv'd:
" Courageous Ramston next, so faithfully that serv'd
At Paris, and St. James de Beneon, where we gave
The French those deadly foils, that ages since deprave
The credit of those times, with these so wond'rous things,
" The memory of which, great Warwick forward brings.
Who (as though in his blood he conquest did inherit,
Or in the very name there were some secret spirit)
Being chosen for these wars in our great regent's place
(A deadly foe to France, like his brave Roman race)
The castilets of Loyre, of Maiet, and of Lund,
Mountdubilian, and the strong Pountorson beat to ground.
" Then he, above them all, himself that sought to raise,
Upon some mountain top, like a piramides;
Our Talbot, to the French so terrible in war,
That with his very name their babes they us'd to scare,
Took in the strong Lavall, and Main all over-ran,
As the betrayed Mons he from the marshal wan,
And from the treacherous foe our valiant Suffolk freed.
His sharp and dreadful sword made France so oft to bleed,
Till fainting with her wounds, she on her wreck did fall;
Took Ioing, where he hung her traitors on the wall;

[13] Great ordnance.

And with as fair success won Beaumont upon Oyse,
The new town in Esnoy, and Crispin in Valloyes:
Creile, with Saint Maxine's bridge; and at Auranche's aid,
Before whose batter'd walls the foe was strongly laid,
March'd in, as of the siege at all he had not known;
And happily reliev'd the hardly-gotten Roan:
Who at the very hint came with auspicious feet,
Whereas the traitorous French he miserably beat.
And having over-spread all Picardy with war,
Proud Burgaine to the field be lastly sent to dare,
Which with his English friends so oft his faith had broke:
Whose countries he made mourn in clouds of smould'ring smoke:
Then Guysors he again, then did Saint Denis rase:
"His parallel, with him, the valiant Scales we praise;
Which oft put sword to sword, and foot to foot did set:
And that the first alone the garland might not get,
With him hath hand in hand leap'd into danger's jaws;
And oft would forward put, where Talbot stood to pause;
Equality in fame, which with an equal lot,
Both at Saint Denis' siege, and batter'd Guysors got.
Before Pont-Orson's walls, who, when great Warwick lay
(And he with soldiers sent a foraging for prey)
Six thousand French o'erthrew with half their numb'red powers,
And absolutely made both Main and Anjou ours.
"To Willoughby the next, the place by turn doth fall;
Whose courage likely was to bear it from them all:
With admiration oft on whom they stood to look,
St. Vallery's proud gates that off the hinges shook:
In Burgundy that fore'd the recreant French to fly,
And beat the rebels down disordering Normandy:
That Amiens near laid waste (whose strengths her could not
And the perfidious French out of the country drave. [save)
"With these, another troop of noble spirits there sprung,
That with the foremost press'd into the warlike throng.
The first of whom we place that stout sir Philip Hall,
So famous in the fight against the count Saint Paul,
That Crotoy us regain'd: and in the conflict 'twixt
The English and the French, that with the Scot were mix'd,
On proud Charles Clermont won that admirable day.
"Strong Fastolph with this man compare we justly may,
By Salisbury who oft being seriously employ'd
In many a brave attempt, the general foe annoy'd;
With excellent success in Main and Anjou fought:
And many a bulwark there into our keeping brought;
And chosen to go forth with Vadamont in war,
Most resolutely took proud Renate duke of Barre.
"The valiant Draytons then, sir Richard and sir John,
By any English spirits yet hardly over-gone;
The fame they got in France, with costly wounds that bought:
In Gascony and Guyne, who oft and stoutly fought.
"Then, valiant Matthew Gough: for whom the English were
Much bound to noble Wales in all our battles there,
Or sieging or besieg'd that never fail'd our force,
Oft hazarding his blood in many a desperate course.
He beat the bastard Balme with his selected band,
And at his castle gate surpris'd him hand to hand,
And spite of all his power away him prisoner bare.
"Our hardy Burdet then with him we will compare,
Besieg'd within Saint James de Beneon, issuing out,
Crying 'Salisbury, Saint George,' with such a horrid shout,
That cleft the wand'ring clouds; and with his valiant crew
Upon the envied French like hungry lions flew,
And Arthur earl of Eure and Richmont took in fight:
Then following them (in heat) the army put to flight:
The Briton, French, and Scot, receiv'd a general sack,
As, flying, one fell still upon another's back;
Where our six hundred slew so many thousands more.
At our so good success that once a Frenchman swore
That God was wholly turn'd unto the English side,
And to assist the French the Devil had deny'd.
"Then here our Kerril claims his room amongst the rest,
Who justly if compar'd might match our very best.
He in our wars in France with our great Talbot oft,
With Willoughby and Scales, now down, and then aloft,
Endur'd the sundry turns of often varying fate;
At Clermont seiz'd the earl before his city gate,
Eight hundred faithless French who took or put to sword;
And, by his valour, twice to Artois us restor'd.
"In this our service then great Arundel doth ensue,
The marshal Bousack who in Beuvoys overthrew;
And, in despite of France and all her power, did win
The castles Darle, Nellay, Saint Lawrence, Bomelin;
Took Silly, and count Lore at Sellerin subdu'd,
Where with her owner's blood, her buildings he imbru'd:
Revolted Loveers sack'd, and manfully suppress'd
Those rebels that so oft did Normandy molest.
"As Poynings, such high praise in Guelderland that got,
On the Savoyan side, that with our English shot
Struck warlike Aisk, and Straule, when Flanders shook with fear.
"As Howard, by whose hand we so renowned were:
Whose great success at sea, much fam'd our English fleet:
That in a naval fight the Scottish Barton beat;
And setting foot in France, her horribly did fright:
(As if great Chandos' ghost, or feared Talbot's sp'rit
Had come to be their scourge, their fame again to earn)
Who having stoutly sack'd both Narbin and Devearne,
The castles of De Boyes, of Fringes, took us there,
Of Columburge, of Rew, of Dorlans, and Daveere;
In Scotland, and again the marches east to west,
Did with invasive war most terribly infest.
"A nobler of that name, the earl of Surrey then,
That famous hero fit both for the spear and pen
(From Flodden's doubtful fight, that forward Scottish king
In his victorious troop who home with him did bring)
Rebellious Ireland scourg'd, in Britany and wan
Us Morles. Happy time that bredd'st so brave a man!
"To Cobham, next, the place deservedly doth fall:
In France who them employ'd with our great admiral,
In his successful road blew Sellois up in fire,
Took Bottingham and Bruce, with Samkerke and Mansier.
"Our Peachy, nor our Carre, nor Thomas shall be hid,
That at the field of Spurres by Tirwyn stoutly did.
Sands, Guyldford, Palmer, Lyle, Fitzwilliams, and with them,
Brave Dacres, Musgrave, Bray, Coe, Wharton, Jerningham,
Great martialists, and men that were renowed far
At sea; some in the French, some in the Scottish war.
"Courageous Randolph then, that serv'd with great command,
Before Newhaven first, and then in Ireland.
The long-renown'd lord Gray, whose spirit we oft did try;
A man that with dread Mars stood in account most high.
Sir Thomas Morgan then, much fame to us that wan,
When in our maiden reign the Belgic war began:
Who with our friends the Dutch, for England stoutly stood,
When Netherland first learn'd to lavish gold and blood.
Sir Roger Williams next (of both which Wales might vaunt)
His martial compeer then, and brave commilitant:
Whose conflicts, with the French and Spanish manly fought,
Much honour to their names, and to the Britons brought.
"Th' lord Willoughby may well be reckon'd with the rest,
Inferior not a whit to any of our best;
A man so made for war, as though from Pallas sprung.
Sir Richard Bingham then our valiant men among,
Himself in Belgia well, and Ireland, who did bear;
Our only schools of war this later time that were.
As Stanley whose brave act at Zutphen's service done
Much glory to the day, and him his knighthood won.
"Our noblest Norris next, whose fame shall never die
Whilst Belgia shall be known; or there's a Britany:
In whose brave height of spirit, time seem'd as to restore
Those, who to th' English name such honour gain'd of yore.
"Great Essex of our peers the last that ere we knew;
The old world's heroes' lives who likeli'st did renew;
The soldier's only hope, who stoutly serv'd in France;
And on the towers of Cales as proudly did advance
Our English ensigns then, and made Iberia quake,
When as our warlike fleet rode on the surging lake,
T' receive that city's spoil, which set her batter'd gate
Wide ope, t' affrighted Spain to see her wretched state.
"Next Charles, lord Mountjoy, sent to Ireland to suppress
The envious rebel there; by whose most fair success,
The trowsed Irish led by their unjust Tyrone,
And the proud Spanish force were justly overthrown.
That still Kingsale shall keep and faithful record bear,
What by the English prowess was executed there.
"Then lived those valiant Veres, both men of great command
In our employments long: whose either martial hand
Reach'd at the highest wreath, it from the top to get,
Which on the proudest head, fame yet had ever set.
Our Dockwray, Morgan next, sir Samuel Bagnall, then
Stout Lambert, such as well deserve a living pen;
True martialists and knights, of noble spirit and wit.
"The valiant Cecil last, for great employment fit,
Deservedly in war the lat'st of ours that rose:
Whose honour every hour, and fame still greater grows."
When now the Kentish nymphs do interrupt her song,
By letting Medway know she tarried had too long
Upon this warlike troop, and all upon them laid,
Yet for their nobler Kent she nought or little said.
When as the pliant Muse, straight turning her about,
And coming to the land as Medway goeth out,
Saluting the dear soil, "O famous Kent," quoth she,
"What country hath this isle that can compare with thee,
Which hast within thyself as much as thou canst wish?
Thy conies, ven'son, fruit, thy sorts of fowl and fish:
As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy corn, thy wood:
Nor any thing doth want, that any where is good.
Where Thames-ward to the shore, which shoots upon the rise,
Rich Tenham undertakes thy closets to suffice
With cherries, which we say, the Summer in doth bring,
Wherewith Pomona crowns the plump and lustful Spring;
From whose deep ruddy cheek, sweet Zephyr kisses steals,
With their delicious touch his love-sick heart that heals.
Whose golden gardens seem th' Hesperides to mock:
Nor there the damson wants, nor dainty apricock,
Nor pippin, which we hold of kernel-fruits the king,
The apple-orange; then the savoury russetin:
The pear-main, which to France long ere to us was known,
Which careful fruit'rers now have denizen'd our own.

The renat: which though first it from the pippin came,
Grown through his pureness nice, assumes that curious name,
Upon the pippin stock, the pippin being set;
As on the gentle, which the gentle doth beget
(Both by the sire and dame being anciently descended)
The issue born of them, his blood hath much amended.
The sweeting, for whose sake the ploughboys oft make war:
The wilding, costard, then the well-known pom-water,
And sundry other fruits, of good, yet several taste,
That have their sundry names in sundry countries plac'd:
Unto whose dear increase the gardener spends his life,
With piercer, wimble, saw, his mallet, and his knife;
Oft covereth, oft doth bare the dry and moist'ned root,
As faintly they mislike, or as they kindly suit:
And their selected plants doth workman-like bestow,
That in true order they conveniently may grow;
And kills the slimy snail, the worm, and labouring ant,
Which many times annoy the graft and tender plant:
Or else maintains the plot much starved with the wet,
Wherein his daintiest fruits in kernels he doth set:
Or scrapeth off the moss, the trees that oft annoy."
But with these trifling things why idly do I toy,
Who any way the time intend not to prolong?
To those Thamisian isles now nimbly turns my song,
Fair Shepey and the Greane sufficiently supply'd,
To beautify the place where Medway shows her pride.
But Greane seems most of all the Medway to adore,
And Tenet standing forth to the Rutupian shore[14],
By mighty Albion plac'd till his return again
From Gaul; where after he by Hercules was slain.
For earth-born Albion, then great Neptune's eldest son,
Ambitious of the fame by stern Alcides won,
Would over (needs) to Gaul, with him to hazard fight,
Twelve labours which before accomplish'd by his might;
His daughters then but young (on whom was all his care)
Which Doris, Thetis' nymph, unto the giant bare:
With whom those isles he left; and will'd her for his sake,
That in their grandsire's court she much of them would make:
But Tenet, th'eld'st of three, when Albion was to go,
Which lov'd her father best, and loth to leave him so,
There at the giant raught; which was perceiv'd by chance:
This loving isle would else have follow'd him to France:
To make the channel wide that then he forced was,
Whereas (some say) before he us'd on foot to pass.
Thus Tenet being stay'd, and surely settled there,
Who nothing less than want and idleness could bear,
Doth only give herself to tillage of the ground.
With sundry sorts of grain whilst thus she doth abound,
She falls in love with Stour, which coming down by Wye,
And towards the goodly isle, his feet doth nimbly ply.
To Canterbury then as kindly he resorts,
His famous country thus he gloriously reports:
"O noble Kent," quoth he, "this praise doth thee belong,
The hard'st to be control'd, impatientest of wrong.
Who, when the Norman first with pride and horror sway'd,
Threw'st off the servile yoke upon the English laid;
And with a high resolve, most bravely did restore
That liberty so long enjoy'd by thee before.
Not suff'ring foreign laws should thy free customs bind,
Then only show'dst thyself of th' ancient Saxon kind,
Of all the English shires be thou surnam'd the free,
And foremost ever plac'd, when they shall reck'ned be.
And let this town, which chief of thy rich county is,
Of all the British sees be still metropolis."
Which having said, the Stour to Tenet him doth hie,
Her in his loving arms embracing by and by,
Into the mouth of Thames one arm that forth doth lay,
The other thrusting out into the Celtic sea.
Grim Goodwin all this while seems grievously to lower,
Nor cares he of a straw for Tenet, nor her Stour;
Still bearing in his mind a mortal hate to France
Since mighty Albion's fall by war's uncertain chance.
Who, since his wish'd revenge not all this while is had,
'Twixt very grief and rage is fall'n extremely mad;
That when the rolling tide doth stir him with her waves,
Straight foaming at the mouth, impatiently he raves,
And strives to swallow up the the sea-marks in his deep,
That warn the wand'ring ships out of his jaws to keep.
The surgeons of the sea do all their skill apply,
If possibly, to cure his grievous malady:
As Amphitrite's nymphs their very utmost prove,
By all the means they could, his madness to remove.
From Greenwich to these sands, some scurvy-grass do bring,
That inwardly apply'd 's a wondrous sovereign thing.
From Shepey, sea-moss some, to cool his boiling blood;
Some, his ill-season'd mouth that wisely understood,
Rob Dover's neighbouring cleeves of sampyre to excite,
His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite.
Now, Shepey, when she found she could no farther wade
After her mighty sire, betakes her to his trade,
With sheep-hook in her hand, her goodly flocks to heed,
And cherisheth the kind of those choice Kentish breed.
Of villages she holds as husbandly a port,
As any British isle that neighbourreth Neptune's court.

[14] Near Sandwich.

But Greane, as much as she her father that did love
(And, then the inner land, no farther could remove)
In such continual grief for Albion doth abide,
That almost under flood she weepeth every tide.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE NINETEENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, now over Thames makes forth,
Upon her progress to the North,
From Cauncy with a full carreer,
She up against the stream doth bear;
Where Waltham Forest's pride exprest,
She points directly to the east,
And shows how all those rivers strain
Through Essex, to the German main;
When Stour, with Orwel's aid prefers,
Our British brave sea-voyagers;
Half Suffolk in with them she takes,
Where of this song an end she makes.

BEAR bravely up my Muse, the way thou went'st before,
And cross the kingly Thames to the Essexian shore,
Stem up his tideful stream, upon that side to rise,
Where Cauney[1], Albion's child in-isled richly lies,
Which, though her lower scite doth make her seem but mean,
Of him as dearly lov'd as Shepey is or Greane,
And him as dearly lov'd; for when he would depart,
With Hercules to fight, she took it so to heart,
That falling low and flat, her blubber'd face to hide,
By Thames she well near is surrounded every tide:
And since of worldly state she never taketh keep,
But only gives her self, to tend and milk her sheep.
But Muse, from her so low, divert thy high-set song
To London-wards, and bring from Lea with thee along
The forests, and the floods, and most exactly show,
How these in order stand, how those directly flow:
For in that happy soil, doth pleasure ever won,
Through forests, where clear rills in wild meanders run;
Where dainty summer bowers, and arborets are made,
Cut out of bushy thicks, for coolness of the shade.
Fools gaze at painted courts, to th' country let me go,
To climb the easy hill, then walk the valley low:
No gold-embossed roofs, to me are like the woods;
No bed like to the grass, no liquor like the floods:
A city's but a sink, gay houses gaudy graves,
The Muses have free leave, to starve or live in caves.
But Waltham forest[2], still in prosperous estate,
As standing to this day (so strangely fortunate)
Above her neighbour nymphs, and holds her head aloft;
A turf beyond them all, so sleek and wond'rous soft,
Upon her setting side, by goodly London grac'd,
Upon the north by Lea, her south by Thames embrac'd.
Upon her rising point, she chanced to espy
A dainty forest-nymph of her society.
Fair Hatfield[3], which in height all other did surmount,
And of the Dryades held in very high account;
Yet in respect of her stood far out of the way,
Who doubting of herself, by others' late decay,
His sister's glory view'd with an astonish'd eye,
Whom Waltham wisely thus reproveth by and by.
"Dear sister, rest content, nor our declining rue,
What thing is in this world, that we can say is new;
The ridge and furrow shows, that once the crooked plough,
Turn'd up the grassy turf, where oaks are rooted now:
And at this hour we see, the share and coulter tear
The full corn-bearing glebe, where sometimes forests were;
And those but caitiffs are, which most do seek our spoil,
Who having sold our woods, do lastly sell our soil;
'Tis virtue to give place to these ungodly times,
When as the fost'red ill proceeds from others' crimes:
'Gainst lunatics, and fools, what wise folk spend their force?
For folly headlong falls, when it hath had the course:
And when God gives men up, to ways abhorr'd and vile,
Of understanding he deprives them quite, the while
They into error run, confounded in their sin,
As simple fowls in lime, or in the fowler's gin.
And for those pretty birds, that wont in us to sing,
They shall at last forbear to welcome in the spring,
When wanting where to perch, they sit upon the ground,
And curse them in their notes, who first did woods confound.

[1] An island lying in the Thames, on Essex side.
[2] The situation of Waltham forest.
[3] Hatfield forest, lying lower towards the east, between Stortford and Dunmow.

Dear sister Hatfield, then hold up thy drooping head,
We feel no such decay, nor is all succour fled:
For Essex is our dower, which greatly doth abound
With every simple good, that in the isle is found:
And though we go to wreck in this so general waste,
This hope to us remains, we yet may be the last."
When Hatfield taking heart, where late she sadly stood,
Sends little Roding forth, her best beloved flood;
Which from her christal font, as to enlarge her fame,
To many a village lends her clear and noble name,
Which as she wand'reth on, through Waltham holds her way,
With goodly oaken wreaths, which makes her wondrous gay;
But making at the last into the wat'ry marsh,
Where though the blady grass unwholesome be and harsh,
Those wreaths away she casts, which bounteous Waltham gave,
With bulrush, flags, and reed, to make her wondrous brave,
And herself's strength divides to sundry lesser streams,
So wantoning she falls into her sovereign Thames.
From whose vast beechy banks a rumour straight resounds,
Which quickly ran itself through the Essexian grounds,
That Crouch amongst the rest, a river's name should seek,
As scorning any more the nickname of a creek,
Well furnish'd with a stream, that from the fill to fall,
Wants nothing that a flood should be adorn'd withal.
On Benge's[4] batful side, and at her going out,
With Walnot, Foulnesse fair, near wat'red round about.
Two isles for greater state to stay her up that stand,
Thrust far into the sea, yet fixed to the land;
As nature in that sort them purposely had plac'd,
That she by sea and land, should every way be grac'd.
Some sea-nymphs and besides, her part (there were) that took,
As angry that their Crouch should not be call'd a brook;
And bade her to complain to Neptune of her wrong.
But whilst these grievous stirs thus happ'ned them among,
Choice Chelmer comes along, a nymph most neatly clear,
Which well near through the midst doth cut the wealthy shire,
By Dunmow gliding down to Chelmsford holds her chase,
To which she gives the name, which as she doth embrace
Clear Can comes tripping in, and doth with Chelmer close:
With whose supply (though small as yet) she greater grows.
She for old Maldon makes, where in her passing by,
She to remembrance calls that Roman colony,
And all those ominous signs her fall that did forego,
As that which most express'd their fatal overthrow,
Crown'd victory revers'd, fell down whereas she stood,
And the vast greenish sea, discolour'd like to blood.
Shrieks heard like people's cries, that see their deaths at hand,
The pourtraitures of men imprinted in the sand.
When Chelmer scarce arrives in her most wished bay,
But Blackwater comes in, through many a crooked way,
Which Pant was call'd of yore; but that, by time exil'd,
She Froshwell after hight, then Blackwater instyl'd,
But few such titles have the British floods among.
When Northey near at hand, and th' isle of Ousey rung
With shouts the sea-nymphs gave, for joy of their arrive,
As either of those isles in courtesy do strive,
To Thetis' darlings, which should greatest honour do
And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.
But Colne, which frankly lends fair Colchester her name,
(On all th' Essexian shore, the town of greatest fame)
Perceiving how they still in courtship did contend,
Quoth she, "Wherefore the time thus idly do you spend?
What is there nothing here, that you esteem of worth,
That our big-bellied sea, or our rich land brings forth?
Think you our oysters here, unworthy of your praise?
Pure Walfleet[5], which do still the daintiest palates please,
As excellent as those, which are esteemed most,
The Cyzic shells[6], or those on the Lucrinian coast;
Or cheese, which our fat soil to every quarter sends;
Whose tack the hungry clown, and ploughman so commends.
If you esteem not these as things above the ground,
Look under, where the urns of ancient times are found;
The Roman emp'rors' coins, oft digg'd out of the dust,
And warlike weapons, now consum'd with cankering rust;
The huge and massy bones[7], of mighty fearful men,
To tell the world's full strength, what creatures lived then;
When in her height of youth, the lusty fruitful earth
Brought forth her big-limb'd brood, even giants in their birth."
Thus spoke she, when from sea they suddenly do hear
A strong and horrid noise, which struck the land with fear;
For with their crooked trumps, his Tritons Neptune sent,
To warn the wanton nymphs, that they incontinent
Should straight repair to Stour, in Orwell's pleasant road;
For it had been divulg'd the ocean all abroad,
That Orwell and this Stour, by meeting in one bay,
Two, that each other's good intended every way,
Prepar'd to sing a song, that should precisely show,
That Medway[8], for her life, their skill could not outgo;

[4] The fruitfullest hundred of Essex.
[5] Walfleet oysters.
[6] Cyzicum is a city of Bithynia. — Lucrinia is a city of Apulia upon the Adriatic Sea; the oysters of which places were reckoned for great delicates with the Romans.
[7] The bones of giant-like people found in those parts.
[8] Medway, in the 18th song, reciteth the catalogue of the English warriors.

For Stour, a dainty flood, that duly doth divide
Fair Suffolk from this shire, upon her other side;
By Clare first coming in, to Sudbury doth show,
The even course she keeps; when far she doth not flow,
But Breton a bright nymph, fresh succour to her brings;
Yet is she not so proud of her superfluous springs,
But Orwell, coming in from Ipswich, thinks that she,
Should stand for it with Stour, and lastly they agree,
That since the Britons hence their first discoveries made,
And that into the east they first were taught to trade;
Besides, of all the roads, and havens of the east,
This harbour where they meet, is reckoned for the best.
Our voyages by sea, and brave discoveries known,
Their argument they make, and thus they sing their own:
"In Severn's late tun'd lay[9], that empress of the west,
In which great Arthur's acts are to the life express'd;
His conquests to the north, who Norway did invade,
Who Greenland, Iceland next, then Lapland lastly made
His awful empire's bounds, the Britons' acts among,
This godlike hero's deeds exactly have been sung;
His valiant people then, who to those countries brought,
Which many an age since that, our great'st discoveries thought.
This worthiest then of ours, our Argonauts[10] shall lead.
"Next Malgo, who again that conqueror's steps to tread,
Succeeding him in reign, in conquests so no less,
Plough'd up the frozen sea, and with as fair success,
By that great conqueror's claim, first Orkney over-ran;
Proud Denmark then subdu'd, and spacious Norway won,
Seiz'd Iceland for his own, and Gothland to each shore,
Where Arthur's full-sail'd fleet had ever touch'd before.
"And when the Britons' reign came after to decline,
And to the Cambrian hills their fate did them confine,
The Saxon swaying all, in Alfred's powerful reign,
Our English Octer put a fleet to sea again,
Of th' huge Norwegian hills and news did hither bring,
Whose tops are hardly wrought in twelve days' travelling.
But leaving Norway then a starboard, forward kept,
And with our English sails that mighty ocean swept,
Where those stern people won, whom hope of gain doth call,
In hulks with grappling hooks, to hunt the dreadful whale;
And great Duina[11] down from her first springing place,
Doth roll her swelling waves in churlish Neptune's face.
"Then Woolstan after him discovering Dantzic found,
Where Wexel's[12] mighty mouth is pour'd into the sound,
And towing up his stream, first taught the English oars,
The useful way of trade to those most gainful shores.
"And when the Norman stem here strong and potent grew,
And their successful sons did glorious acts pursue,
One Nicholas nam'd of Lyn, where first he breath'd the air,
Though Oxford taught him art, and well may hold him dear;
I' th' mathematics learn'd (although a friar profess'd)
To see those northern climes, with great desire possessed,
Himself he thither shipp'd, and skilful in the globe,
Took every several height with his true astrolobe;
The whirlpools[13] of the seas, and came to understand,
From the four cardinal winds, four indraughts that command;
Iut' any of whose falls, if th' wandering bark doth light,
It hurried is away with such tempestuous flight,
Into that swallowing gulph, which seems as it would draw
The very earth itself into th' infernal maw.
Four such immeasur'd pools, philosophers agree,
I' th' four parts of the world undoubtedly to be:
From which they have suppos'd, nature the winds doth raise,
And from them to proceed the flowing of the seas.
"And when our civil wars began at last to cease,
And these late calmer times of olive-bearing peace,
Gave leisure to great minds, far regions to descry;
That brave advent'rous knight, our sir Hugh Willoughby,
Shipp'd for the northern seas, 'mongst those congealed piles,
Fashion'd by lasting frosts, like mountains, and like isles,
(In all her fearfull'st shapes saw horror, whose great mind,
In lesser bounds than these, that could not be confin'd;
Adventur'd on those parts, where winter still doth keep
When most the icy cold had chain'd up all the deep)
In bleak Arzina's road his death near Lapland took,
Where Kegor from her scite, on those grim seas doth look.
"Two others follow then, eternal fame that won,
Our Chancellor, and with him, compare we Jenkinson;
For Russia both embark'd, the first arriving there,
Ent'ring Duina's mouth, up her proud stream did steer,
To Volga, to behold her pomp, the Russian state,
Muscovia measuring then; the other with like fate,
Both those vast realms survey'd, then into Bactria pass'd,
To Boghor's bulwark walls, then to the liquid waste,
Where Oxus rolleth down 'twixt his far distant shores,
And o'er the Caspian main, with strong untired oars,
Adventured to view rich Persia's wealth and pride,
Whose true report thereof, the English since have tried.
"With Fitch our Eldred next, deserv'dly placed is,
Both travelling to see the Syrian Tripolis.
The first of which (in this whose noble spirit was shown)
To view those parts, to us that were the most unknown,

[9] See the fourth song.
[10] Sea-voyagers.
[11] The great river of Russia.
[12] The greatest river of Dantzic.
[13] The greatest wonder of nature.

On thence to Ormus set, Goa, Cambaya, then,
To vast Zelabdim, thence to Echuvar, again
Cross's Ganges' mighty stream, and his large banks did view,
To Bacola went on, to Bengola, Pegu;
And for Mallaccan then, Zeiten, and Cochin cast,
Measuring with many a step, the great East-Indian waste.
" The other from that place, the first before had gone,
Determining to see the broad-wall'd Babylon,
Cross'd Euphrates, and row'd against his mighty stream;
Licia, and Gaza saw, with great Hierusalem,
And our dear Saviour's seat, bless'd Bethlem did behold,
And Jordan, of whose waves much is in Scripture told.
" Then Macham, who (through love to long adventures led)
Madera's wealthy isles, the first discovered,
Who having stole a maid, to whom he was affy'd,
Yet her rich parents still her marriage rites deny'd,
Put with her forth to sea, where many a danger pass'd,
Upon an isle of those, at length by tempest cast;
And putting in, to give his tender love some ease,
Which very ill had brook'd the rough and boist'rous seas;
And ling'ring for her health, within the quiet bay,
The mariners most false, fled with the ship away,
When as it was not long, but she gave up her breath;
When he whose tears in vain bewail'd her timeless death,
That their deserved rites her funeral could not have,
A homely altar built upon her honoured grave.
When with his folk but few, not passing two or three,
[14] There making them a boat, but rudely of one tree,
Put forth again to sea, where after many a flaw,
Such as before themselv.s, scarce mortal ever saw;
Nor miserable men could possibly sustain,
Now swallow'd with the waves, and then spew'd up again;
At length were on the coast of sun-burnt Afric thrown,
T' amaze that further world, and to amuse our own.
" Then Windham who new ways, for us and ours to try,
For great Morocco made, discovering Barbary. [sought,
" Lock, Towerson, Fenner next, vast Guinea forth that
And of her ivory home in great abundance brought.
" Th' East-Indian voy'ger then, the valiant Lancaster,
To Buona Esperance, Comara, Zanziber,
To Nicuba, as he to Gomerpolo went,
Till his strong bottom struck Mollucco's continent;
And sailing to Brazil another time he took
Olinda's chiefest town, and harbour Farnambuke,
And with their precious wood, sugar and cotton fraught,
It by his safe return into his country brought.
" Then Forbisher, whose fame flew all the ocean o'er,
Who to the north-west sought huge China's wealthy shore,
When nearer to the north, that wand'ring seaman set,
Where he in our hott'st months of June and July met
With snow, frost, hail, and sleet, and found stern winter strong,
With mighty isles of ice, and mountains huge and long.
Where as it comes and goes, the great eternal Light
Makes half the year still day, and half continual night.
Then for those bounds unknown, he bravely set again,
As he a sea-god were, familiar with the main.
" The noble Fenton next, and Jackman we prefer,
Both voyagers, that were with famous Forbisher.
" And Davies, three times forth that for the north-west made;
Still striving by that course, t' enrich the English trade;
And as he well deserv'd to his eternal fame,
There by a mighty sea, immortaliz'd his name.
" With noble Gilbert next, comes Hoard who took in hand,
To clear the course scarce known into the New-found land,
And view'd the plenteous seas, and fishful havens, where
Our neighbouring nations since have stor'd them every year.
" Then globe-engirdling Drake, the naval palm that won,
Who strove in his long course to emulate the sun;
Of whom the Spaniard us'd a prophecy to tell,
That from the British isles should rise a dragon fell,
That with his armed wings, should strike th' Iberian main,
And bring in after time much horror upon Spain.
This more than man (or what) this demi-god at sea,
Leaving behind his back, the great America,
Upon the surging main his well-stretch'd tacklings flew'd,
To forty-three degrees of north'ly latitude;
Unto that land before to th' Christian world unknown,
Which in his country's right he nam'd New Albion;
And in the western Ind, spite of the power of Spain,
He Saint Iago took, Domingo, Carthagene;
And leaving of his prowess, a mark in every bay,
Saint Augustine surpris'd, in Terra Florida.
" Then those that forth for sea, industrious Rawleigh wrought,
And them with every thing, fit for discovery fraught;
That Amadas, (whose name doth scarcely English sound)
With Barlow, who the first Virginia thoroughly found.
As Greenvile, whom he got to undertake that sea,
Three sundry times from hence, who touch'd Virginia.
(In his so rare a choice, it well approv'd his wit;
That with so brave a spirit, his turn so well could fit.)
O Greenvile, thy great name for ever be renown'd,
And borne by Neptune still, about this mighty round;
Whose naval conflict won thy nation so much fame,
And in th' Iberians bred fear of the English name. [lie,
" Nor should fame speak her loud'st, of Lane, she could not
Who in Virginia left, with th' English colony,

[14] The wonderful adventure of Macham.

Himself so bravely bare, amongst our people there,
That him they only lov'd, when others they did fear.
And from those barbarous, brute, and wild Virginians wan
Such reverence, as in him there had been more than man.
" Then he which favoured still such high attempts as these,
Rawleigh, whose reading made him skill'd in all the seas,
Imbark'd his worthy self, and his adventurous crew,
And with a prosperous sail to those fair countries flew,
Where Oronoque, as he, on in his course doth roll,
Seems as his greatness meant, grim Neptune to controul;
Like to a puissant king, whose realms extend so far,
That many a potent prince his tributaries are.
So are his branches seas, and in the rich Guiana,
A flood as proud as he, the broad-brimm'd Orellana;
And on the spacious firm Manoa's mighty seat,
The land (by nature's power) with wonders most replete.
" So Leigh, Cape Breton saw, and Ramea's isles again;
As Thompson undertook the voyage to New Spain:
And Hawkins not behind the best of these before,
Who hoisting sail, to seek the most remotest shore,
Upon that new-nam'd Spain, and Guiney sought his prize,
As one whose mighty mind small things could not suffice,
The son of this brave sire, who with his furrowing keel,
Long ere that time had touch'd the goodly rich Brazil.
" Courageous Ca'ndish then, a second Neptune here,
Whose fame fill'd every mouth, and took up every ear.
What man could in his time discourse of any seas,
But of brave Can'dish talk'd, and of his voyages;
Who through the South seas pass'd, about this earthly ball,
And saw those stars, to them that only rise and fall,
And with his silken sails, stain'd with the richest ore,
Dar'd any one to pass where he had been before.
" Count Cumberland, so hence to seek th' Azores sent,
And to the Western-Indies, to Porto Rico went,
And with the English power it bravely did surprise.
" Sir Robert Dudley then, by sea that sought to rise,
Hoist'd sails with happy winds to th' isles of Trinidado:
Paria then he passed, the islands of Granado;
As those of Sancta Cruz, and Porto Rico: then
Amongst the famous rank of our sea-searching men,
Is Preston sent to sea, with Summers forth to find,
Adventures in the parts upon the Western-Ind;
Porto Santo who surpris'd, and Coches, with the fort
Of Coro, and the town, when in submissive sort,
Cumana ransom crav'd, Saint James of Leon sack'd;
Jamaica went not free, but as the rest they wreck'd.
" Then Sherley, (since whose name such high renown hath
That voyage undertook, as they before had done: [won)
He Saint Iago saw, Domingo, Margarita,
By Terra-firma sail'd to th' islands of Jamaica,
Up Rio Dolce row'd, and with a prosperous hand,
Returning to his home, touch'd at the New-found land,
Where at Jamaica's isles, courageous Parker met
With Sherley, and along up Rio Dolce set,
Where bidding him adieu, on his own course he ran,
And took Campeche's town, the chief'st of Jucatan.
A frigate, and from thence did home to Britain bring,
With most strange tribute fraught, due to that Indian king."
At mighty Neptune's beck, thus ended they their song,
When as from Harwich all to Loving-land along,
Great claps and shouts were heard resounding to the shore,
Wherewith th' Essexian nymphs applaud their loved Stour,
From the Suffolcean side yet those with Stour prefer
Their princely Orwell praise, as much as th' other her:
For though clear Briton be rich Suffolk's from her spring,
Which Stour upon her way to Harwich down doth bring,
Yet Deben of herself a stout and stedfast friend,
Her succour to that sea, near Orwel's road doth send.
When Waueney to the north, rich Suffolk's only meere,
As Stour upon the north, from Essex parts this shire;
Lest Stour and Orwell thus might steal her nymphs away,
In Neptune's name commands, that here their force should stay:
For that herself and Yar, in honour of the deep,
Were purposed a feast in Loving-land to keep.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse that part of Suffolk sings,
That lies to Norfolk, and then brings
The bright Norfolcean nymphs, to guest
To Loving-land, to Neptune's feast;
To Ouze the less then down she takes,
Where she a flight at river makes:
And thence to Marsh-land she descends,
With whose free praise this song she ends.

From Suffolk rose a sound, through the Norfolcean shore
That ran itself, the like had not been heard before:
For he that doth of sea the powerful trident wield,
His Tritons made proclaim, a nymphall to be held
In honour of himself, in Loving-land, where he
The most selected nymphs appointed had to be.
Those seamaids that about his secret walks do dwell,
Which tend his mighty herds of whales and fishes fell,
As of the rivers those, amongst the meadows rank,
That play in every ford, and sport on every bank,
Were summon'd to be there, on pain of Neptune's hate:
For he would have his feast observ'd with god-like state.
When those Suffolcean floods that sided not with Stour,
Their streams but of themselves into the ocean pour,
As Or, through all the coast a flood of wondrous fame,
Whose honour'd fall begets a haven[1] of her name.
And Blyth a dainty brook, their speedy course do cast,
For Neptune with the rest, to Loving-land to haste:
When Waueney in her way, on this septentrial side,
That these two eastern shires doth equally divide,
From Laphamford leads on, her stream into the east,
By Bungey, then along by Beckles, when possest
Of Loving-land, 'bout which her limber arms she throws,
With Neptune taking hands, betwixt them who enclose,
And fler an island make, fam'd for her scite so far.
But leave her, Muse a while, and let us on with Yar,
Which Gariena some, some Hier, some Yar do name;
Who rising from her spring not far from Walsingham,
Through the Norfolcean fields seems wantonly to play,
To Norwich comes at length, towards Yarmouth on her way,
Where Wentsum from the south, and Bariden do bear
Up with her, by whose wealth she much is honour'd there,
To entertain her Yar, that in her state doth stand,
With towns of high'st account the fourth of all the land:
That hospitable place to the industrious Dutch,
Whose skill in making stuffs, and workmanship is such,
(For refuge hither come) as they our aid deserve,
By labour sore that live, whilst oft the English starve;
On roots and pulse that feed, on beef and mutton spare,
So frugally they live, not gluttons as we are.
But from my former theme, since thus I have digress'd
I'll borrow more of time, until my nymphs be dress'd:
And since these floods fall out so fitly in my way,
A little while to them I will convert my lay.
The colewort, colliflower, and cabbage in their season,
The rouncefall, great beans, and early ripening peason;
The onion, scallion, leek, which housewives highly rate;
Their kinsman garlic then, the poor man's Mithridate;
The savoury parsnip next, and carrot pleasing food;
The skirret (which some say) in sallads stirs the blood;
The turnip, tasting well to clowns in winter weather:
Thus in our verse we put, roots, herbs and fruits together.
The great moist pumpion then, that on the ground doth lie,
A purer of this kind, the sweet musk-mellon by;
Which dainty palates now, because they would not want,
Have kindly learnt to set, as yearly to transplant:
The radish somewhat hot, yet urine doth provoke;
The cucumber as cold, the heating artichoke;
The citrons, which our soil not eas'ly doth afford;
The rampion rare as that, the hardly gotten gourd.
But in these trivial things, Muse, wander not too long,
But now to nimble Yar, turn we our active song,
Which in her winding course, from Norwich to the main,
By many a stately seat lasciviously doth strain,
To Yarmouth till she come, her only christ'ned town,
Whose fishing thro' the realm doth her so much renown,
Where those that with their nets still haunt the boundless lake,
Her such a sumptuous feast of salted herrings make,
As they had robb'd the sea of all his former store,
And past that very hour, it could produce no more.
Her owneselves harbour here, when Yar doth hardly win,
But kindly she again saluted is by Thrin,
A fair Norfolcean nymph, which gratifies her fall.
Now are the Tritons heard to Loving-land to call,
Which Neptune's great commands, before them bravely bear,
Commanding all the nymphs of high account that were,
Which in fat Holland lurk among the queachy plashes,
Or play them on the sands, among the foamy washes,
As all the wat'ry brood which haunt the German deeps,
Upon whose briny curls, the dewy morning weeps,
To Loving-land to come, and in their best attires,
That meeting to observe, as now the time requires.
When Erix, Neptune's son by Venus, to the shore
To see them safely brought, their herald came before,
And for a mace, he held in his huge hand the horn
Of that so-much-esteem'd, sea-honouring unicorn.
Next Proto[2] wondrous swift, led all the rest the way,
Then she which makes the calms, the mild Cymodice[2],
With god-like Dorida[2], and Galatea[2] fair,
With dainty nets of pearl, cast o'er their braided hair:
Analiis[2] which the sea doth salt, and season'd keep,
And Batheas[2], most supreme and sovereign in the deep,
Brings Cyane[2], to the waves which that green colour gives;
Then Atmis[2], which in fogs and misty vapours lives;
Phrinax[2], the billows rough, and surges that bestrides,
And Rothion[2], that by her on the wild waters rides;
With Icthias[2], that of frye the keeping doth retain,
As Pholoë[2], most that rules the monsters of the main:
Which brought to bear them out, if any need should fall,
The dolphin, sea-horse, gramp, the wherlpoole, and the whale,
An hundred more besides, I readily could name,
With these, as Neptune will'd, to Loving-land that came.
These nymphs trick'd up in tyers, the sea-gods to delight,
Of coral of each kind, the black, the red, the white;
With many sundry shells, the scallop large and fair;
The cockle small and round, the periwinkle spare,
The oyster, wherein oft the pearl is found to breed,
The mussel, which retains that dainty orient seed:
In chains and bracelets made, with links of sundry twists,
Some worn about their waists, their necks, some on the wrists.
Great store of amber there, and jet they did not miss;
Their lips they sweet'ned had with costly ambergrease.
Scarcely the Nereids thus arrived from the seas,
But from the fresher streams the brighter Naides,
To Loving-land make haste with all the speed they may,
For fear their fellow-nymphs should for their coming stay.
Glico the running streams in sweetness still that keeps,
And Clymene which rules, when they surround their deeps.
Spio, in hollow banks, the waters that doth hide:
With Opis that doth bear them backward with the tide.
Semaia that for sights doth keep the water clear:
Zanthe their yellow sands, that maketh to appear,
Then Drymo for the oaks that shadow every bank,
Philodice, the boughs for garlands fresh and rank,
Which the clear Naides make them anadems withal,
When they are call'd to dance in Neptune's mighty hall.
Then Ligea, which maintains the birds' harmonious lays,
Which sing on rivers' banks amongst the slender sprays,
With Rhodia, which for them doth nurse the roseate sets,
Ioida, which preserves the azure violets.
Anthea, of the flowers, that hath the general charge,
And Syrinx of the reeds, that grow upon the marge.
Some of these lovely nymphs wore on their flaxen hair
Fine chaplets made of flags, that fully flower'd were:
With water-cans again, some wantonly them dight,
Whose larger leaf and flower, gave wonderful delight
To those that wistly view'd their beauties: some again,
That sovereign places held among the wat'ry train,
Of cat-tails made them crowns, which from the sedge doth grow,
Which neatly woven were, and some to grace the show,
Of lady-smocks most white, do rob each neighbouring mead,
Wherewith their looser locks most curiously they braid.
Now thus together come, they friendly do devise,
Some of light toys, and some of matters grave and wise.
But to break off their speech, her reed when Syrinx sounds,
Some cast themselves in rings, and fell to hornpipe rounds:
They ceasing, as again to others' turns it falls,
The lusty galiards tread, some others jigs, and braules.
This done, upon the bank together being set,
Proceeding in the cause, for which they thus were met,
In mighty Neptune's praise, these sea-born virgins sing:
"Let earth, and air," say they, "with the high praises ring,
Of Saturn by his Ops, the most renowned son,
From all the gods but Jove, the diadem that won,
Whose offspring wise and strong, dear nymphs, let us relate,
On mountains of vast waves, know he that sits in state,
And with his trident rules the universal stream,
To be the only sire of mighty Polypheme.
On fair Thoösa got old Phorcus' loved child,
Who in a feigned shape that god of sea beguil'd.
Three thousand princely sons, and lovely nymphs as we,
Were to great Neptune born, of which we sparing be:
Some by his goodly queen, some in his leman's bed;
Chryasor grim begot, on stern Medusa's head.
Swart Brontes, for his own so mighty Neptune takes,
One of the Cyclops strong, Jove's thunder-bolts that makes.
Great Neptune, Nelius got (if you for wisdom seek)
Who was old Nestor's sire, the grav'st and wisest Greek.
Or from this king of waves, of such thou lov'st to hear,
Of famous nations first, that mighty founders were;
Then Cadmus, who the plot of ancient Thebes contri'd,
From Neptune god of sea, his pedigree deriv'd,
By Agenor his old sire, who rul'd Phœnicia long:
So Inachus, the chief of Argives great and strong
Claim'd kindred of this king, and by some beauteous neice,
So did Pelasgus too, who peopled ancient Greece.
A world of mighty kings and princes I could name,
From our god Neptune sprung; let this suffice, his fame
Incompasseth the world; those stars which never rise,
Above the lower south, are never from his eyes:
As those again to him do every day appear,
Continually that keep the northern hemisphere;
Who, like a mighty king, doth cast his watched robe,
Far wider than the land, quite round about the globe.
Where is there one to him that may compared be,
That both the poles at once continually doth see,
And giant-like with heaven as often maketh wars;
The islands in his power as numberless as stars,

[1] Orford-haven.

[2] The virtual properties incident to waters, as well seas, as rivers, expressed by their names in the persons of nymphs, as hath been used by the ancients.

He washeth at his will, and with his mighty hands,
He makes the even shores, oft mountainous with sands:
Whose creatures, which observe his wide imperial seat,
Like his immeasur'd self, are infinite and great."

Thus ended they their song, and off th' assembly brake,
When quickly tow'rds the west the Muse her way doth take,
Whereas the swelling soil, as from one bank doth bring
This Waueney[3] sung before, and Ouse-the-less[3], whose spring
Towards Ouse-the-greater points, and down by Thetford glides,
Where the clear Thet receives, her glory that divides,
With her new-named town, as wondrous glad that she,
For frequency of late, so much esteem'd should be;
Where since these confluent floods, so fit for hawking lie,
And store of fowl entice skill'd falconers there to fly.

Now of a flight at Brooke shall my description be,
What subject can be found, that lies not fair for me.
Of simple shepherds now, my Muse exactly sings,
And then of courtly loves, and the affairs of kings.
Then in a buskin'd strain, the warlike spear and shield,
And instantly again of the disports of field;
What can this isle produce, that lies from my report,
Industrious Muse, proceed then to my hawking sport.

When making for the brook, the falconer doth espy,
One river, plash, or mere, where store of fowl doth lie,
Whence forced over land, by skilful falconer's trade,
A fair convenient flight, may easily be made.
He whistleth off his hawks, whose nimble pinions straight,
Do work themselves by turns, into a stately height;
And if that after check, the one or both do go,
Sometimes he them the lure, sometimes doth water show;
The trembling fowl that hear the jigging hawk-bells ring,
And find it is too late, to trust them to their wing,
Lie flat upon the flood, whilst the high-mounted hawks,
Then being lords alone, in their ethereal walks,
Aloft so bravely stir, their bells so thick that shake,
Which when the falconer sees, that scarce one plane they make;
The gallant'st birds, said he, that ever flew on wing,
And swears there is a flight, were worthy of a king.

Then making to the flood, to force the fowls to rise,
The fierce and eager hawks, down thrilling from the skies,
Make sundry cancelleers e'er they the fowl can reach,
Which then to save their lives, their wings do lively stretch.
But when the whizzing bells the silent air do cleave,
And that their greatest speed, them vainly do deceive;
And the sharp cruel hawks, they at their backs do view,
Themselves for very fear they instantly ineaw.[4]

The hawks get up again into their former place,
And ranging here and there, in that their airy race;
Still as the fearful fowl attempt to 'scape away,
With many a stouping brave, them in again they lay.
But when the falconers take their hawking poles in hand,
And crossing of the brook, do put it over land;
The hawk gives it a souse, that makes it to rebound;
Well near the height of man, sometimes, above the ground;
Oft takes a leg, or wing, oft takes away the head,
And oft from neck to tail, the back in two doth shread.
With many a wo ho ho, and jocund lure again,
When he his quarry makes upon the glassy plane.

But to my floods again; when as this Ouse-the-less,
Hath taken in clear Thet, with far more free access,
To Ouse-the-great she goes, her queen that cometh crown'd,
As such a river sits, so many miles renown'd;
And pointing to the north, her christal front she dashes,
Against the swelling sands of the surrounding washes;
And Neptune in her arms, so amply doth embrace,
As she would rob his queen, fair Thetis, of her place. [state,
Which when rich Marsh-land sees, lest she should lose her
With that fair river thus, she gently doth debate.

"Disdain me not, dear flood, in thy excessive pride,
There's scarcely any soil that sitteth by thy side,
Whose turf so batful is, or bears so deep a swath;
Nor is there any Marsh in all great Britain hath
So many goodly seats, or that can truly show,
Such rarities as I, so that all Marshes owe
Much honour to my name, for that exceeding grace,
With they receive by me, so sovereign in my place.
Though Rumney, as some say, for fineness of her grass,
And for her dainty scite, all others doth surpass;
Yet are those seas but poor, and rivers that confine,
Her greatness but mean rills, be they compar'd with mine.
Nor hardly doth she tythe th' abundant fowl and fish,
Which nature gives to me, as I myself can wish,
As Amphitrite oft, calls me her sweet and fair,
And sends the northern winds to curl my braided hair,
And makes the Washes stand, to watch and ward me still,
Lest that rough god of sea, on me should work his will.
Old Wisbitch to my grace, my circuit sits within,
And near my banks I have the neighbourhood of Lynn.
Both towns of strength and state, my profits still shall vent,
No marsh hath more of sea, none more of continent."
Thus Marsh-land ends her speech, as one that thoroughly knew,
What was her proper praise, and what was Ouse's due.

With that the zealous Muse, in her poetic rage,
To Walsingham would needs have gone a pilgrimage,
To view those farthest shores, whence little Niger flows,
Into the northern main, and see the glebe where grows,
That saffron (which men say) this land hath not the like,
All Europe that excels; but here she sail doth strike.
For that Apollo pluck'd her easily by the ear;
And told her in that part of Norfolk, if there were
Ought worthy of respect, it was not in her way,
When for the greater Ouse, her wing she doth display.

[3] The fountains of these rivers, not far asunder, yet one running northward, the other to the east.

[4] Lay the fowls again in water.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Now from New-market comes the Muse,
Whose spacious heath, she wistly views,
Those ancient ditches and surveys,
Which our first Saxons here did raise;
To Gogmagog then turns her tale,
And shows you Ring-tail's pleasant vale.
And to do Cambridge all her rites,
The Muses to her town invites.
And lastly, Ely's praise she sings,
An end which to this canto brings.

By this our little rest, thus having gotten breath,
And fairly in our way, upon New-market-heath;
That great and ancient ditch[1] which us expected long,
Inspired by the Muse, at her arrival song:
"O Time, what earthly thing with thee itself can trust,
When thou in thine own course art to thyself unjust!
Dost thou contract with death, and to oblivion give
Thy glories, after them, yet shamefully dar'st live?
O Time, had'st thou preserv'd, what labouring man hath done,
Thou long before this day, might'st to thyself have won
A deity with the gods, and in thy temple plac'd,
But sacrilegious thou, hast all great works defac'd;
For though the things themselves have suffer'd by thy theft,
Yet with thy ruins, thou, to ages might'st have left,
Those monuments who rear'd, and not have suffer'd thus
Posterity so much, t' abuse both thee and us.
I, by th' East Angles first, who from this heath arose,
The long'st and largest ditch, to check their Mercian foes;
Because my depth, and breadth, so strangely doth exceed
Men's low and wretched thoughts, they constantly decreed,
That by the devil's help, I needs must raised be,
Wherefore the Devil's-ditch they basely named me;
When ages long before, I bare Saint Edmond's name,
Because up to my side (some have supposed) came
The liberties bequeath'd to his most sacred shrine.
Therefore my fellow dykes, ye ancient friends of mine,
That out of earth were rais'd, by men whose minds were great,
It is no marvel, though oblivion do you treat
First, Flemditch next myself, that art of greatest strength,
That do'st extend thy course full seven large miles in length;
And thou the Fivemile call'd, yet not less dear to me,
With Brenditch, that again is shortest of the three,
Can you suppose yourselves at all to be respected,
When you may see my truth's bely'd, and so neglected;
Therefore dear Heath, live still in prosperous estate,
And let thy well-fleec'd flocks, from morn to evening late,
(By careful shepherds kept) rejoice thee with their praise,
And let the merry lark, with her delicious lays,
Give comfort to thy plains, and let me only lie,
(Though of the world contemn'd) yet gracious in thine eye."

Thus said, these ancient Dykes neglected in their ground,
Through the sad aged earth, sent out a hollow sound,
To gratulate her speech; when as we met again,
With one whose constant heart, with cruel love was slain;
Old Gogmagog, a hill of long and great renown,
Which near to Cambridge set, o'er-looks that learned town.
Of Balsham's pleasant hills, that by the name was known,
But with the monstrous times, he rude and barbarous grown,
A giant was become; for man he cared not,
And to the fearful name of Gogmagog had got:
Who long had borne good-will to most delicious Grant,
But doubting lest some god his greatness might supplant.
For as that dainty flood by Cambridge keeps her course,
He found the Muses left their old Bœotian source;
Resorting to her banks, and every little space,
He saw bright Phœbus gaze upon her crystal face,
And through th' exhaled fogs, with anger looked red,
To leave his loved nymph, when he went down to bed.
Wherefore this hill with love, being foully overgone;
And one day as he found the lovely nymph alone,
Thus woos her; "Sweeting mine, if thou mine own wilt be,
I've many a pretty gaud, I keep in store for thee;
A nest of broad-fac'd owls, and goodly ureinns too,
Nay, nymph take heed of me, when I begin to woo:

[1] The Devil's ditch.

And better yet than this, a bulchin two years old,
A curl'd-pate calf it is, and oft could have been sold:
And yet beside all this, I've goodly bear-whelps tway,
Full dainty for my joy, when she's dispos'd to play,
And twenty sows of lead, to make our wedding ring;
Besides, at Sturbridge fair, I'll buy thee many a thing:
I'll smouch thee every morn, before the sun can rise,
And look my manly face, in thy sweet glaring eyes."

Thus said, he smugg'd his beard, and stroked up his hair,
As one that for her love he thought had offered fair:
Which to the Muses, Grant did presently report,
Wherewith they many a year shall make them wondrous sport.

When Ringdale in herself, a most delicious dale,
Who having heard too long the barbarous mountain's tale,
Thus thinketh in herself, "Shall I be silenc'd, when
Rude hills and ditches, digg'd by discontented men,
Are aided by the Muse, their minds at large to speak,
Besides my sister vales supposing me but weak,
Judge meanly of my state," when she no longer staid,
But in her own behalf, thus to the other said.

"What though betwixt two shires[2], I be by fortune thrown,
That neither of them both can challenge me her own;
Yet am I not the less, nor less my fame shall be;
Your figures are but base, when they are set by me:
For nature in your shapes, notoriously did err,
But skilful was in me, cast pure orbicular.
Nor can I be compar'd so like to any thing,
By him that would express my shape, as to a ring:
For nature bent to sport, and various in her trade,
Of all the British vales, of me a circle made:
For in my very midst, there is a swelling ground,
About which Ceres' nymphs dance many a wanton round.
The frisking fairy there, as on the light air borne,
Oft run at barley-break upon the ears of corn;
And catching drops of dew in their lascivious chases,
Do cast the liquid pearl in one another's faces.
What they in largeness have, that bear themselves so high,
In my most perfect form, and delicacy, I,
For greatness of my grain, and fineness of my grass;
This isle scarce hath a vale, that Ringdale doth surpass."

When more she would have said, but suddenly there sprung,
A confident report, that through the country rung,
That Cam her daintiest flood, long since entitled Grant,
Whose fountain Ashwell crown'd, with many an upright plant,
In sallying on for Ouse, determin'd by the way,
To entertain her friends the Muses with a lay.
Wherefore to show herself ere she to Cambridge came,
Most worthy of that town to which she gives the name,
Takes in her second head, from Linton coming in,
By Shelford having slid, which straightway she doth win:
Than which, a purer stream, a delicater brook,
Bright Phœbus in his course, doth scarcely overlook.
Thus furnishing her banks; as sweetly she doth glide
Towards Cambridge, with rich meads laid forth on either side;
And with the Muses oft, did by the way converse:
Wherefore it her behoves, that something she rehearse,
The sisters that concern'd, who whisper'd in her ear,
Such things as only she, and they themselves should hear,
A wondrous learned flood: and she that had been long
(Though silent, in herself, yet) vexed at the wrong
Done to Apollo's priests, with heavenly fire infus'd,
Oft by the worthless world, unworthily abus'd:
With whom, in their behalf, hap ill, or happen well,
She meant to have a bout, even in despite of hell,
When humbly lowting low, her due obedience done,
Thus like a satyr she, deliberately begun.

"My invective," thus quoth she, "I only aim at you,
(Of what degree soe'er) ye wretched worldly crew,
In all your brainless talk, that still direct your drifts,
Against the Muses' sons, and their most sacred gifts,
That hate a poet's name, your vileness to advance,
For ever be you damn'd in your dull ignorance.
Slave, he whom thou dost think, so mean and poor to be,
Is more than half divine, when he is set by thee.
Nay more, I will avow, and justify him then,
He is a god, compar'd with ordinary men.
His brave and noble heart, here in a heaven doth dwell,
Above those worldly cares, that sinks such sots to hell;
A caitiff if there be yet viler than thyself,
If he through baseness light upon this worldly pelf,
The chimney-sweep, or he that in the dead of night,
Doth empty loathsome vaults, may purchase all your right;
When not the greatest king, should he his treasure rain,
The Muses' sacred gifts, can possibly obtain;
No, were the monarch of the universal Earth,
Except that gift from Heaven, be breath'd into his birth.
How transitory be those heaps of rotting mud,
Which only to obtain, ye make your chiefest good;
Perhaps to your fond sons, your ill-got goods you leave,
You scarcely buried are, but they your hopes deceive.
Have I not known a wretch, the purchase of whose ground,
Was valued to be sold, at threescore thousand pound;
That in a little time, in a poor thread-bare coat,
Hath walk'd fr[illegible] place to place, to beg a silly groat!
[illegible] kich

When nothing hath of yours, or your base broods been left,
Except poor widows' cries, to memorize your theft.
That curse the serpent got in Paradise for hire,
Descend upon you all, from him your devilish sire,
Groveling upon the earth, to creep upon your breast,
And lick the loathsome dust, like that abhorred beast.

"But leave these hateful herds, and let me now declare,
I' th' Heliconian fount, who rightly christ'ned are;
Not such as basely sooth the humour of the time,
And slubberingly patch up some slight and shallow rhyme,
Upon Parnassus' top, that strive to be install'd,
Yet never to that place were by the Muses call'd.
Nor yet our mimic apes, out of their bragging pride,
That fain would seem to be, what nature them deny'd;
Whose verses hobbling run, as with disjointed bones,
And make a viler noise, than carts upon the stones;
And these forsooth must be, the Muses' only heirs,
When they but bastards are, and foundlings none of theirs,
Enforcing things in verse for poetry unfit,
Mere filthy stuff, that breaks out of the sores of wit;
What poet recks the praise upon such antics heap'd,
Or envies that their lines, in cabinets are kept?
Though some fantastic fool promove their ragged rhymes,
And do transcribe them o'er, a hundred several times,
And some fond women wins, to think them wondrous rare,
When they lewd beggary trash, nay very gibb'rish are.
Give me those lines (whose touch the skilful ear to please)
That gliding flow in state, like swelling Euphrates,
In which things natural be, and not in falsely wrong;
The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full and strong;
Not bombasted with words, vain ticklish ears to feed,
But such as may content the perfect man to read.
What is of painters said, is of true poets rife,
That he which doth express things nearest to the life,
Doth touch the very point, nor needs he add thereto,
For that the utmost is, that art doth strive to do,

"Had Orpheus, whose sweet harp (so musically strung)
Enticed trees, and rocks, to follow him along;
Th' morality of which, is that his knowledge drew,
The stony, blockish rout, that nought but rudeness knew,
T' embrace a civil life, by his enticing lays;
Had he compos'd his lines, like many of these days,
Which to be understood, do take it in disdain,
Nay Œdipus may fail, to know what they would mean.
If Orpheus had so play'd, not to be understood,
Well might those men have thought the harper had been wood
Who might have sit him down, the trees and rocks among,
And been a verier block than those to whom he sung.

"O noble Cambridge then, my most beloved town,
In glory flourish still, to heighten thy renown;
In woman's perfect shape, still be thy emblem right,
Whose one hand holds a cup, the other bears a light.
Phocis bedew'd with drops, that from Parnassus fall,
Let Cirrha seek to her, nor be you least of all,
Ye fair Bœotian Thebes, and Thespia still to pay
My Cambridge all her rites; Cirrhea send this way.
O let the thrice-three maids their dews upon thee rain,
From Aganippa's fount, and hoof-plough'd Hippocrane.
Mount Pindus, thou that art the Muses' sacred place
In Thessaly; and thou, O Pimpla, that in Thrace
They chose for their own hill, then thou Parnassus high,
Upon whose by-clift top, the sacred company
About Apollo sit; and thou, O flood, with these
Pure Helicon, belov'd of the Pierides.
With Tempe, let thy walks, and shades, be brought to her,
And all your glorious gifts upon my town confer."

This said, the lovely Grant glides eas'ly on along,
To meet the mighty Ouse, which with her wat'ry throng,
The Cantabrigian fields had enter'd, taking in
Th' inisled Ely's earth, which strongly she doth win
From Grant's soft-neighbouring grounds, when as the fruitful isle,
Much wondering at herself, thought surely all this while,
That by her silence she had suffer'd too much wrong,
Wherefore in her self-praise, lo thus the island sung:

"Of all the Marshland isles, I Ely am the queen,
For winter each where sad, in me looks fresh and green.
The horse, or other beast, o'erweigh'd with his own mass
Lies wallowing in my fens, hid over head in grass;
And in the place where grows rank fodder for my neat,
The turf which bears the hay, is wond'rous needful peat:
My full and batt'ning earth needs not the ploughman's pains,
The rills which run in me, are like the branched veins
In human bodies seen; those ditches cut by hand,
From the surrounding meres, to win the measur'd land,
To those choice waters, I most fitly may compare,
Wherewith nice women use to blanch their beauties rare.
Hath there a man been born in me, that never knew
Of Watersey the Lame, or th' other call'd the New?
The Frithdike near'st my midst, and of another sort,
Whoever fish'd, or fowl'd, that cannot make report
Of sundry meres at hand, upon my western way,
As Ramsey-mere, and Ug, with the great Whittelsey;
Of the abundant store of fish and fowl that bred,
Which, whilst of Europe's isles Great Britain is the head,
No meres shall truly tell, in them, that at one draught,
More store of either kinds hath with the net been caught;

[2] This vale standeth part in Hertfordshire, part in Cambridgeshire.

Which though some petty isles do challenge them to be
Their own, yet must those isles likewise acknowledge me
Their sovereign. Nor yet let that islet Ramsey shame,
Altho' to Ramsey-mere she only gives the name;
Nor Huntingdon[3], to me though she extend her grounds,
Twit me that I at all usurp upon her bounds.
Those meres may well be proud, that I will take them in,
Which otherwise, perhaps, forgotten might have been.
Besides my tow'red fane[4], and my rich city'd seat,
With villages, and dorps, to make me most complete."
Thus broke she off her speech, when as the Muse a while,
Desirous to repose, and rest her with the isle,
Here consummates her song, and doth fresh courage take,
With war, in the next book, the Muses to awake.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, Ouse from her fountain brings
Along by Buckingham, and sings:
The earth that turned wood to stone,
And th' holy wells of Harlweston:
Then shows wherefore the fates do grant,
That she the civil wars should chant:
By Huntingdon she Waybridge meets,
And thence the German ocean greets.

INVENTION, as before, thy high-pitch'd pinions rouse,
Exactly to set down how the far-wand'ring Ouse,
Through the Bedfordian fields deliciously doth strain,
As holding on her course, by Huntingdon again,
How bravely she herself betwixt her banks doth bear,
Ere Ely she inisle, a goddess honour'd there; [sweet,
From Brackley breaking forth, through soils most heavenly
By Buckingham makes on, and crossing Watling-street,
She with her lesser Ouse, at Newport next doth twin,
Which from proud Chiltern near, comes eas'ly ambling in.
The brook which on her bank doth boast that earth alone;
(Which noted) of this isle, converteth wood to stone.
That little Asply's earth we anciently enstyle,
'Mongst sundry other things, a wonder of the isle:
Of which the lesser Ouse oft boasteth in her way,
As she herself with flowers doth gorgeously array.
Ouse having Ouleney past, as she were waxed mad,
From her first stayder course immediately doth gad;
And in meand'red gyres doth whirl herself about,
That, this way, here and there, back, forward, in, and out,
And like a wanton girl, oft doubling in her gate,
In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,
Through those rich fields doth run, till lastly, in her pride,
The shire's hospitious town, she in her course divide,
Where she her spacious breast in glorious breadth displays,
And varying her clear form a thousand sundry ways,
Streaks through the verdant meads; but far she hath not gone,
When Ivel, a clear nymph, from Shefford sallying on,
Comes deftly dancing in through many a dainty slade,
Crown'd with a goodly bridge, arriv'd at Bickleswade,
Encouraged the more her mistress to pursue,
In whose clear face the sun delights himself to view:
To mix herself with Ouse, as on she thus doth make,
And lovingly at last hath hapt to overtake;
She in her chrystal arms her sovereign Ouse doth cling,
Which flood in her ally, as highly glorying,
Shoots forward to St. Neot's, into those nether grounds,
Towards Huntingdon, and leaves the lov'd Bedfordian bounds.
Scarce is she ent'red yet upon this second shire,
Of which she sovereign is, but that two fountains clear,
At Harlweston near hand, th' one salt, the other sweet,
At her first entrance, thus her greatness gently greet:
"Once were we two fair nymphs, who fortunately prov'd,
The pleasures of the woods, and faithfully belov'd
Of two such sylvan gods, by hap that found us here;
For then their sylvan kind most highly honour'd were,
When this whole country's face was forestry, and we
Liv'd loosely in the weilds, which now thus peopled be.
Oft interchang'd we sighs, oft amorous looks we sent,
Oft whispering our dear loves, our thoughts oft did we vent
Amongst the secret shades, oft in the groves did play,
And in our sports, our joys and sorrows did bewray.
Oft cunningly we met, yet coyly then embrac'd,
Still languish'd in desire, yet liv'd we ever chaste.
'And,' quoth the saltish spring, 'as one day mine and I,
Set to recount our loves, from his more tender eye
The brinish tears dropp'd down on mine impierced breast,
And instantly therein so deeply were imprest,
That brackish I became: he finding me depriv'd,
Of former freshness quite, the cause from him deriv'd,
On me bestow'd this gift, my sweetness to requite,
That I should ever cure the dimness of the sight.'
'And,' quoth the fresher spring, 'the wood-god me that woo'd,
As one day by my brim, surpris'd with love, he stood,
On me bestow'd this gift, that ever after I
Should cure the painful itch, and loathsome leprosy.'"
Held on with this discourse, she on not far hath run,
But that she is arriv'd at goodly Huntingdon;
Where she no sooner views her darling and delight,
Proud Portholme[1], but became so ravish'd with the sight,
That she her limber arms lasciviously doth throw
About the islet's waist, who being embraced so,
Her flow'ry bosom shows to the enamour'd brook;
On which when as the Ouse amazedly doth look
On her brave damask'd breast, bedeck'd with many a flow'r,
(That grace this godly mead) as though the spring did pour
Her full abundance down, whose various dyes so thick,
Are intermix'd as they by one another stick,
That to the gazing eye that standeth far, they show
Like those made by the sun in the celestial bow.
But now t' advance this flood, the fates had brought to pass,
As she of all the rest the only river was;
That but a little while before that fatal war,
'Twixt that divided blood of York and Lancaster,
Near Harleswood, above in her Bedfordian trace,
By keeping back her stream, for near three furlongs' space,
Laying her bosom bare unto the public view;
Apparently was prov'd by that which did ensue,
In her prophetic self, those troubles to foresee:
Wherefore (even as her due) the destinies agree,
She should the glory have our civil fights to sing,
When swelling in her banks, from her abundant spring,
Her sober silence she now resolutely breaks,
In language fitting war, and thus to purpose speaks:
"With that most fatal field, I will not here begin,
Where Norman William, first the Conqueror, did win
The day at Hastings[2], where the valiant Harold slain,
Resign'd his crown, whose soil the colour doth retain,
Of th' English blood there shed, as th' earth still kept the scar:
Which since not ours begot, but an invasive war,
Amongst our home-fought fields, hath no description here.
"In Normandy nor that, that same day forty year,
That bastard William brought a conquest on this isle,
'Twixt Robert his eld'st son, and Henry, who, the while
His brother's warlike tents in Palestine were pight,
In England here usurp'd his eld'st-born brother's right;
Which since it foreign was, not struck within this land,
Amongst our civil fights here number'd shall not stand.
"But Lincoln battle now we as our first will lay,
Where Maud the empress stood to try the doubtful day,
With Stephen, when he here had well-near three years reign'd,
Where both of them their right courageously maintain'd,
And marshalling their troops, the king his person put
Into his well-arm'd main, of strong and valiant foot:
The wings that were his horse, in th' one of them he plac'd
Young Alan, that brave duke of Britain, whom he grac'd
With th' earls of Norfolk and Northampton, and with those,
He Mellent in that wing, and Warren did dispose.
The other no whit less, that this great day might sted;
The earl of Aubemerle, and valiant Ipres led.
The empress' powers again, but in two squadrons were;
The vaward Chester had, and Gloucester the rear;
Then were there valiant Welsh, and desperate men of ours,
That when supplies should want, might reinforce their powers.
The battles join, as when two adverse seas are dash'd
Against each other's waves, that all the plains were wash'd
With showers of sweltering blood, that down the furrows ran,
Ere it could be discern'd which either lost or won.
Earl Baldwin, and Fitzurse, those valiant knights, were seen
To charge the empress' horse, as though dread Mars had been
There in two sundry shapes; the day that beauteous was,
Twinkled as when you see the sun-beams in a glass,
That nimbly being stirr'd, flings up the trembling flame
At once, and on the earth reflects the very same.
With their resplendent swords, that glister'd 'gainst the sun;
The honour of the day, at length, the empress won.
King Stephen prisoner was, and with him many a lord,
The common soldiers put together to the sword.
"The next, the battle near St. Edmundsbury fought,
By our Fitz-empress' force, and Flemings hither brought
By th' earl of Le'ster, bent to move intestine strife,
For young king Henry's cause[3], crown'd in his father's life;
Which to his kingly sire much care and sorrow bred,
In whose defiance then that earl his ensigns spread,
Back'd by Hugh Bigot's power, the earl of Norfolk then,
By bringing to his aid the valiant Norfolk men.
'Gainst Bohun, England's great high constable, that sway'd
The royal forces, join'd with Lucy for his aid

[3] Though Ely be in part of Cambridgeshire, yet are these meres for the most part in Huntingdonshire.
[4] The town and church of Ely.

[1] A little island made by this river, lying near Huntingdon.
[2] In Sussex, near the sea.
[3] Henry the Second.

Chief justice, and with them the German powers, t' expel
The earls of Cornwal came, Glo'ster, and Arundell,
From Bury, that with them St. Edmund's banner bring,
Their battles in array: both wisely ordering
The armies chanc'd to meet upon the marshy ground,
Betwixt St. Edmund's town and Fornham, (fitly found)
The bellowing drums beat up a thunder for the charge,
The trumpets rend the air, the ensigns let at large,
Like waving flames far off, to either host appear:
The bristling pikes do shake, to threat their coming near;
All clouded in a mist they hardly could them view,
So shadow'd with the shafts from either side that flew.
The wings came wheeling in, at joining of whose forces,
The either part were seen to tumble from their horses,
Which empty put to rout, are paunch'd with gleaves and piles,
Lest else by running loose, they might disrank their files
The bill-men come to blows, that with the cruel thwacks,
The ground lay strew'd with male, and shreds of tatter'd jacks:
The plains like to a shop, look'd each where to behold,
Where heaps of mangled men on heaps lay to be sold;
Stern discontented war did never yet appear
With a more threat'ning brow, than it that time did there.
" O Leicester (alas!) in ill time wast thou won,
To aid this graceless youth, the most ungrateful son
Against his natural sire, who crown'd him in his days,
Whose ill-requited love did him much sorrow raise,
At Le'ster by this war against king Henry shew'd,
Upon so bad a cause, O courage ill bestow'd!
Who, had thy quarrel been, as thou thyself was skill'd
In brave and martial feasts, thou evermore had fill'd
This isle with thy high deeds, done in that bloody field:
But Bigot and this lord, inforc'd at length to yield
Them to the other part, when on that fatal plain,
Of th' English and the Dutch, ten thousand men lay slain.
" As for the second fight at Lincoln, betwixt those
Who sided with the French, by seeking to depose
Henry, the son of John, then young, and to advance
The dauphin Lewis, son to Philip king of France,
Which Lincoln castle, then most straitly did besiege;
And William Marshal, earl of Pembroke, for his liege,
(Who led the faithful lords) although so many there,
Or in the conflict slain, or taken prisoners were;
Yet but for a surprise, no field appointed fight,
'Mongst our set battles here, may no way claim a right.
" The field at Lewes then, by our third Henry fought,
Who Edward his brave son unto that conflict brought;
With Richard, then the king of Almain, and his son
Young Henry, with such lords as to his part he won,
With him their sovereign liege, their lives that durst engage.
And the rebellious league of the proud baronage.
By Simon Mountford, earl of Le'ster, their chief head,
And th' earl of Glo'ster, Clare, against king Henry led;
For th' ancient freedoms here that bound their lives to stand,
The aliens to expulse, who troubled all the land,
Whilst for this dreadful day, their great designs were meant;
From Edward, the young prince, defiances were sent
To Mountford's valiant sons, lord Henry, Sim, and Guy,
And calling unto him a herald, quoth he, ' Fly
To th' earl of Le'ster's tents, and publickly proclaim
Defiance to his face, and to the Mountford's name,
And say to his proud sons, say boldly thus from me;
That if they be the same, that they would seem to be,
Now let them in the field be by their band-rolls known,
Where, as I make no doubt, their valour shall be shown:
Which if they dare to do, and still uphold their pride,
There will we vent our spleens, where swords shall it decide.'
" To whom they thus reply'd, 'Tell that brave man of hope,
He shall the Mountfords find in th' head of all their troop,
To answer his proud braves; our bilbows be as good
As his, our arms as strong; and he shall find our blood
Sold at as dear a rate as his; and if we fall,
Tell him we'll hold so fast, his crown shall go withal.'
" The king into three fights his forces doth divide,
Of which his princely son[4] the vaward had to guide:
The second to the king of Almain, and his son,
Young Henry, he betook, in the third legion
Of knights, and men of arms, in person he appears.
" Into four several fights, the desperate barons theirs.
I' th' first those valiant youths, the sons of Le'ster, came,
Of leading of the which, lord Henry had the name:
The earl of Glo'ster brought the second battle on,
And with him the lords Mountchency, and Fitz-John:
The third wherein alone the Londoners were plac'd,
The stout lord Segrave led; the greatest, and the last,
Brave Leicester himself, with courage undertook.
The day upon the host affrightedly doth look,
To see the dreadful shock, their first encounter gave,
As though it with the roar, the thunder would outbrave.
Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been:
The Mountfords all in plumes, like ostriches were seen,
To beard him to his teeth, to th' work of death they go;
The crowds like to a sea seem'd waving to and fro.
Friend falling by his friend, together they expire:
He breath'd, doth charge afresh; he wounded, doth retire.
The Mountfords with the prince vie valour all the day,
Who should for knightly deeds excel, or he, or they,

[4] Prince Edward, afterward called Edward the First.

To them about his head, his glist'ring blade he throws,
They waft him with their swords, as long with equal shows:
Now Henry, Simon then, and then the youngest Guy,
Kept by his brothers back, thus stoutly doth reply,
' What though I be but young, let death me overwhelm,
But I will break my sword upon his plumed helm.'
The younger Bohun there, to high achievements bent,
With whom two other lords, Lucy and Hastings, went,
Which charging but too home, all sorely wounded were,
Whom living from the field, the barons strove to bear,
Being on their party fix'd; whilst still prince Edward spurs
To bring his forces up to charge the Londoners,
T' whom cruel hate he bare, and joining with their force,
Of heavy-armed foot, with his light northern horse,
He putting them to flight, four miles in chase them slew:
But ere he could return, the conquest wholly drew
To the stout barons' side: his father fled the field,
Into the abbey there, constrained thence to yield.
The lords Fitz-warren slain, and Wilton, that was then
Chief justice, (as some say) with them five thousand men:
And Bohun, that great earl of Her'ford, overthrown,
With Bardolfe, Somery, Patshul, and Percie known.
By their coat armours they, for barons, prisoners ta'en;
Though Henry wore the crown, great Le'ster yet did reign.
" Now for the conflict next, at Chesterfield that chanc'd
'Gainst Robert, that proud earl of Derby, who advanc'd
His ensigns 'gainst the king, (contrary to his oath)
Upon the barons' part, with the lord Deuell, both
Surpris'd by Henry prince of Almain, with his power,
By coming at so strange an unexpected hour:
And taking them unarm'd; since merely a defeat,
With our well-order'd fights, we will not here repeat.
" The fatal battle then at fertile Eusham struck,
Though with the self-same hands, not with the self-same luck:
For both the king and prince at Lewes prisoners taken,
By fortune were not yet so utterly forsaken;
But that the prince was got from Le'ster, and doth gather
His friends, by force of arms yet to redeem his father;
And th' earl of Glo'ster won, who thro' the Mountfords' pride
Disgrac'd, came with his power to the imperial side.
When now those lords, which late at Lewes won the day,
The sacrament receiv'd, their arms not down to lay,
Until the king should yield th' old charter to maintain.
King Henry and his son, prince Edward, swore again,
They would repeal those laws that were at Oxford made,
Or thro' this bloody war to their destruction wade.
But since the king remain'd in puissant Le'ster's power,
The remnant of his friends, whom death did not devour,
At Lewes' battle late, and durst his part partake,
The prince excites again, an army up to make,
Whom Roger Bigot, earl of Norfolk, doth assist,
England's high marshal then, and that great martialist,
Old Henry Bohun, earl of Her'ford, in this war,
Gray, Basset, and Saint-John, Lisle, Percy, Latimer,
All barons, which to him their utmost strengths do lay,
With many a knight for power their equal every way;
And William Valence, earl of Pembroke, who had fled
From Lewes' field to France, then with fresh succour sped.
Young Humphry Bohun still doth with great Le'ster go,
Who for his country's cause becomes his father's foe.
Fitz-John, Gray, Spencer, Strange, Rosse, Segrave, Vessey, Gifford,
Wake, Lucy, Vipont, Vaux, Clare, Marmion, Hastings, Clifford.
" In that black night before this sad and dismal day,
Were apparitions strange, as dread Heaven would bewray
The horrors to ensue, O most amazing sight!
Two armies in the air, discerned were to fight,
Which came so near to Earth, that in the morn they found
The print of horses' feet remaining on the ground,
Which came but as a show, the time to entertain,
'Till th' angry armies join'd, to act the bloody scene.
" Shrill shouts, and deadly cries, each way the air doth fill,
And not a word was heard from either side, but '
The father 'gainst the son, the brother 'gainst the
With gleaves, swords, bills, and pikes, were mund
another.
The full luxurious earth seems surfeited with blood,
Whilst in his uncle's gore th' unnatural nephew stood;
Whilst with their charged staves, the desperate horsemen meet,
They hear their kinsmen groan under their horses' feet.
Dead men, and weapons broke, do on the earth abound;
The drums, bedash'd with brains, do give a dismal sound.
Great Le'ster there expir'd, with Henry, his brave son,
When many a high exploit they in that day had done.
Scarce was there noble house, of which those times could tell,
But that some one thereof, on this, or that side fell;
Amongst the slaughter'd men, that there lay heap'd on piles,
Bohuns and Beauchamps were, Basets, and Mandeviles:
Segraves, and Saint-Johns sack, upon the end of all,
To give those of their names their Christian burial.
Ten thousand on both sides were ta'en and slain that day:
Prince Edward gets the goal, and bears the palm away.
" All Edward Longshank's time, her civil wars did cease,
Who strove his country's bounds by conquest to increase.
But in th' ensuing reign of his most riotous son,
As in his father's days, a second war begun;

When as the stubborn heirs of the stout barons dead,
Who, for their country's cause, their blood at Eusham shed,
Not able to endure the Spencers' hateful pride,
The father and the son, whose counsels then did guide
Th' inconsiderate king, conferring all his graces
On them who got all gifts, and bought and sold all places,
Them raising to debase the baronage the more
For Gaveston, whom they had put to death before.
Which urg'd too far, at length to open arms they brake,
And for a speedy war they up their powers do make.
" Upon king Edward's part, for this great action bent,
His brother Edmund came, the valiant earl of Kent,
With Richmond, Arundel, and Pembroke, who engage
Their powers, (three powerful earls) against the baronage.
" And on the barons' side, great master of the war,
Was Thomas (of the blood) the earl of Lancaster,
With Henry Bohun, earl of Hereford, his peer,
With whom (of great command and martialists) there were
Lyle, Darcy, Denville, Teis, Beach, Bradburne, Bernvile,
Knovile,
With Badlesmer, and Bercks, Fitz-William, Leyburne, Lovell,
Tuchet, and Talbot stout, do for the barons stand,
Mandute, and Mowbray, with great Clifford, that command
Their tenants to take arms, that with their landlords run;
With these went also Hugh, and Henry Willington:
Redoubted Damory, as Audley, Elmesbridge, Wither,
Earls, barons, knights, esquires, embodied all together,
At Burton upon Trent who having gather'd head,
Tow'rds them with all his power the king in person sped;
Who at his near approach (upon his march) descry'd,
That they against his power the bridge had fortify'd:
Which he, by strong assault, assays from them to win,
Where as a bloody fight doth instantly begin,
When he, to beat them off, assays them first by shot;
And they, to make that good, which they before had got,
Defend them with the like, like hailstones from the sky,
From cross-bows, and the long, the light-wing'd arrows fly:
But friended with the flood, the barons hold their strength,
Forcing the king by boats, and piles of wood at length,
T' attempt to land his force upon the other side.
The barons, that the more his stratagems defy'd,
Withstand them in the stream, when as the troubled flood,
(Within a little time) was turned all to blood;
And from the boats and bridge, the mangled bodies fell'd,
The poor affrighted fish, their wat'ry walks expell'd.
While at the bridge the fight still strongly doth abide,
The king had learn'd to know, that by a skilful guide,
He by a ford not far might pass his power of horse,
Which quickly he performs, which drave the barons' force
From the defended bridge, t' affront th' approaching foe,
Embattelling themselves, when to the shock they go,
(On both sides so assail'd) till th' water and the shore
Of one complexion were, distain'd with equal gore.
Oft forc'd to change their fights, being driven from their
ground,
That when, by their much loss, too weak themselves they
found,
Th' afflicted barons fly, yet still together keep.
The king his good success, not suff'ring so to sleep,
Pursues them with his power, which northward still do bear;
And seldom 'scapes a day, but he doth charge their rear:
Till come to Burrough-bridge, where they too soon were stay'd
By Andrew Herckley, earl of Carlisle, with fresh aid
Being lately thither come, king Edward's part to take.
The barons range their fights, still good their ground to make;
But with long marches tir'd, their wearied breath they draw,
After the deep'rat'st fight the sun yet ever saw.
Brave Bohun there was slain, and Lancaster forsaken
Of Fortune, is surpris'd; the barons prisoners taken.
" For these rebellions, stirs, commotions, uproars, here
In Richard Bourdeaux'[5] reign, that long so usual were;
As that the first by Straw, and Tyler, with their rout
Of rebels brought from Kent, most insolent and stout,
Surprising London, thought the island to subdue:
Some of which the mayor of London bravely slew:
Walworth, which won his name much honour by the deed:
They of Suffolk next, those rascals that succeed,
Under Litster[6] led about, their captain, who enstyl'd
Himself the commons' king, in hope to have exil'd
The gentry from those parts, by those that were his own,
By that brave bishop (then) of Norwich overthrown.
By such unruly slaves, and that in Essex rais'd
By Thomas, that stout duke of Glo'ster, strongly ceas'd,
As that at Radcot bridge, where the last named peer,
With four brave earls[7], his friends, encounter'd Robert Vere,
Then duke of Ireland call'd, by Richard so created,
And 'gainst those lords maintain'd, whom they most deadly
hated;
Since they but garboils were, in a deformed mass,
Nor ordered fitting war, we lightly overpass.
" I choose the battle next of Shrewsbury to chant,
Betwixt Henry the Fourth, the son of John of Gaunt,
And the stout Percies, Henry Hotspur and his eame
The earl of Wor'ster, who the rightful diadem
Had from king Richard reft, and heav'd up to his seat
This Henry whom (too soon) they found to be too great,
Him seeking to depose, and to the rule prefer
Richard's proclaimed heir, their cousin Mortimer,
Whom Owen Glendour then in Wales a prisoner stay'd,
Whom to their part they won, and thus their plot they laid,
That Glendour should have Wales, along as Severn went,
The Percies all the north, that lay beyond the Trent;
And Mortimer from thence the south to be his share;
Which Henry having heard, doth for the war prepare,
And down to Cheshire makes (where gathering powers they
were)
At Shrewsbury to meet, and doth affront them there:
With him his peerless son, the princely Henry, came,
With th' earl of Stafford, and of gentlemen of name,
Blunt, Shyrley, Clifton, men that very powerful were,
With Cockayne, Calverly, Massy, and Mortimer,
Gausell, and Wendsley, all in friends and tenants strong,
Resorting to the king still as he pass'd along;
Which in the open field before the ranged fights,
He, with his warlike son, there dubb'd his maiden knights.
" Th' earl Douglas for this day doth with the Percies stand,
To whom they Berwick gave, and in Northumberland
Some seigniories and holds, if they the battle got,
Who brought with him to field full many an angry Scot,
At Holmdon battle late that being overthrown,
Now on the king and prince hop'd to regain their own;
With almost all the power of Cheshire got together,
By Venables (there great) and Vernon muster'd thither.
The vaward of the king, great Stafford took to guide:
The vaward of the lords, upon the other side,
Consisted most of Scots, which joining, made such spoil,
As at the first constrain'd the English to recoil,
And almost broke their ranks, which when king Henry found,
Bringing his battle up, to reinforce the ground,
The Percies bring up theirs, again to make it good.
Thus whilst the either host in opposition stood,
Brave Douglass[8] with his spurs his furious courser strake,
His lance set in his rest, when desperately he brake
In, where his eye beheld th' imperial ensign pight,
Where soon it was his chance, upon the king to light,
Which in his full career he from his courser threw;
The next sir Walter Blunt, he with three other slew,
All armed like the king, which he dead sure accounted;
But after when he saw the king himself remounted:
'This hand of mine,' quoth he, 'four kings this day hath
slain,'
And swore out of the earth he thought they sprung again,
Or fate did him defend, at whom he only aim'd.
When Henry Hotspur, so with his high deeds inflam'd,
Doth second him again, and through such dangers press,
That Douglass' valiant deeds he made to seem the less,
As still the people cried, 'A Percy Espirance!'
The king, which saw then time, or never to advance
His battle in the field, which near from him was won,
Aided by that brave prince, his most courageous son,
Who bravely coming on, in hope to give them chase,
It chanc'd he with a shaft was wounded in the face;
Whom, when out of the fight, his friends would bear away,
He strongly it refus'd, and thus was heard to say:
'Time never shall report, prince Henry left the field,
When Harry Piercy staid, his trait'rous sword to wield.'
Now rage and equal wounds, alike inflame their bloods,
And the main battles join, as do two adverse floods
Met in some narrow arm, should'ring as they would shove
Each other from their path, or would their banks remove.
The king his trait'rous foes, before him down doth hew,
And with his hands, that day, near forty persons slew;
When conquest wholly turns to his victorious side,
His power surrounding all, like to a furious tide;
That Henry Hotspur dead upon the cold earth lies,
Stout Wor'ster taken was, and doughty Douglass flies.
Five thousand from both parts left dead upon the ground,
'Mongst whom the king's fast friend, great Stafford's corse was
found;
And all the knights there dubb'd the morning but before,
The evening's sun beheld there swelter'd in their gore.
" Here I at Bramham-moor the battle in should bring,
Of which earl Percy had the greatest managing,
With the lord Bardolfe there, against the country's power,
Fast cleaving to his friend, even to his utmost hour:
In Flanders, France, and Wales, who having been abroad
To raise them present powers, intending for a road
On England, for the hate he to king Henry bore;
His son and brother's blood augmenting it the more,
Which in his mighty spirit still rooted did remain,
By his too much default, whom he imputed slain
At Shrewsbury before, to whom if he had brought
Supplies, (that bloody field, when they so bravely fought)
They surely it had won; for which to make amends,
Being furnished with men, amongst his foreign friends,
By Scotland enter'd here, and with a violent hand
Upon those castles seiz'd within Northumberland,
His earldom, which the king, (who much his truth did doubt,
Had taken to himself, and put his people out)

[5] Richard the Second, born at Bourdeaux.
[6] John Litster, a dyer of Norwich.
[7] Warwick, Derby, Arundel, and Nottingham.
[8] The high courage of Douglass won him that addition of Doughty Douglass, which after grew to a proverb.

Toward Yorkshire coming on, where (soon repaid his own)
At Bramham's fatal moor, was foully overthrown:
Which, tho' it were, indeed, a long and mortal fight,
Where many men were maim'd, and many slain outright:
Where that courageous earl, all hopes there seeing past,
Amongst his murther'd troops (even) fought it to the last:
Yet for it was achiev'd by multitudes of men,
Which with Ralph Roksby rose, the sh'riff of Yorkshire then,
No well proportion'd fight, we of description quit,
Amongst our famous fields; nor will we here admit
That of that rakehell Cades, and his rebellious crew,
In Kent and Sussex rais'd, at Se'noak fight that slew
The Staffords with their power, that thither him pursu'd,
Who twice upon Black-heath, back'd with the commons rude,
Encamp'd against the king: then goodly London took,
There ransoming some rich, and up the prisons broke,
His sensual beastly will, for law that did prefer,
Beheaded the lord Say, then England's treasurer,
And forc'd the king to flight, his person to secure,
The Muse admits not here, a rabble so impure.

"But brings that battle on of that long dreadful war,
Of those two houses nam'd of York and Lancaster,
In fair Saint Alban's fought, most fatally betwixt
Richard then duke of York, and Henry call'd the Sixth,
For that ill gotten crown, which him his grandsire[9] left,
That likewise with his life, he from king Richard reft,
When underhand the duke doth but promove his claim,
Who from the elder son, the duke of Clarence came,
For which he raised arms, yet seem'd but to abet
The people, to pluck down the earl of Somerset,
By whom (as they gave out) we Normandy had lost,
And yet he was the man that only rul'd the roast.

"With Richard duke of York, (into his faction won)
Salisbury and Warwick came, the father and the son;
The Nevil's nobler name, that have renown'd so far.
So likewise with the king in this great action are,
The dukes of Somerset, and Buckingham, with these
Were thrice so many earls, their stout accomplices,
As Pembroke, great in power, and Stafford, with them stand,
With Devonshire, Dorset, Wilt, and fierce Northumberland,
With Sidley, Berns, and Ross, three barons with the rest,
When Richard duke of York, then marching from the west;
Towards whom, whilst with his power king Henry forward set,
Unluckily as 't happ'd, they at Saint Alban's met;
Where taking up the street, the buildings them enclose,
Where front doth answer front, and strength doth strength oppose;
Whilst like two mighty walls, they each to other stand,
And as one sinketh down under his enemy's hand,
Another thrusting in, his place doth still supply,
Betwixt them which the mangled bodies lie:
The stalls are overthrown with the unwieldy thrust,
The windows, with the shot, are shiver'd all to dust.
The winter's sleet or hail was never seen so thick,
As on the houses' sides the bearded arrows stick,
Where Warwick's courage first most comet-like appear'd,
Who, with words full of spirit, his fighting soldiers cheer'd;
And ever as he saw the slaughter of his men,
He with fresh forces fill'd the places up again.
The valiant Marchmen[10] thus the battle still maintain,
That when king Henry found on heaps his soldiers slain,
His great commanders calls, who when they sadly saw,
The honour of the day would to the Yorkists draw,
Their persons they put in, as for the last to stand;
The duke of Somerset, Henry Northumberland,
Of those brave warlike earls, the second of that name,
The earl of Stafford, son to th' duke of Buckingham,
And John lord Clifford then, which shed their noble gore
Under the castle's sign, (of which not long before,
A prophet bade the duke of Somerset beware)
With many a valiant knight, in death that had his share:
So much great English blood, for others' lawless guilt,
Upon so little ground before was never spilt.
Proud York hath got the goal; the king of all forsaken,
Into a cottage got, a woful prisoner taken.

"The battle of Blore-heath, the place doth next supply,
'Twixt Richard Nevil, that great earl of Salisbury,
Who with the duke of York, had at Saint Alban's late,
That glorious battle got with uncontrouled fate:
And James lord Audley stirr'd by that revengeful queen,
To stop him on his way, for the inveterate spleen
She bare him, for that still he with the Yorkists held,
Who coming from the north, (by sundry wrongs compell'd
To parley with the king) the queen that time who lay
In Staffordshire, and thought to stop him on his way,
That valiant Tuchet stirr'd, in Cheshire powerful then,
T' affront him in the field, where Cheshire gentlemen
Divided were, th' one part made valiant Tuchet strong,
The other with the earl rose as he came along,
Encamping both their powers, divided by a brook,
Whereby the prudent earl, this strong advantage took
For putting in the field his army in array,
Then making as (with speed) he meant to march away.

He caus'd a flight of shafts to be discharged first.
The enemy who thought that he had done his worst,
And cowardly had fled in a disorder'd rout,
Attempt to wade the brook, he wheeling (soon) about,
Set fiercely on that part, which then were passed over;
Their friends then in the rear, not able to recover
The other rising bank, to lend the vaward aid.
The earl, who found the plot take right that he had laid,
On those that forward press'd, as those that did recoil,
As hungry in revenge, there made a ravenous spoil:
There Dutton Dutton kills: a Done doth kill a Done;
A Booth a Booth; and Leigh by Leigh is overthrown;
A Venables, against a Venables doth stand;
A Troutbeck fighteth with a Troutbeck hand to hand;
There Molineux doth make a Molineux to die,
And Egerton, the strength of Egerton doth try.
O Cheshire wert thou mad, of thine own native gore
So much until this day thou never shedd'st before!
Above two thousand men upon the earth were thrown,
Of which the greatest part were naturally thine own.
The stout lord Audley slain, with many a captain there;
To Salisbury it sorts the palm away to bear.

"Then fair Northampton next, thy battle place shall take,
Which of th' imperial war, the third fought field doth make,
'Twixt Henry call'd our Sixth, upon whose party came,
His near and dear allies, the dukes of Buckingham,
And Somerset, the earl of Shrewsbury of account,
Stout Viscount Beaumont, and the young lord Egremount,
'Gainst Edward earl of March, son to the duke of York,
With Warwick, in that war, who set them all at work,
And Falconbridge with him, not much unlike the others,
A Nevil nobly born, his puissant father's brothers,
Who to the Yorkists' claim, had evermore been true,
And valiant Bourcher, earl of Essex, and of Eau.

"The king from out the town, who drew his foot and host
As willingly to give full field-room to his foes,
Doth pass the river Nen, near where it down doth run
From his first fountain's head, is near to Harborough,
Advised of a place, by nature strongly wrought,
Doth there encamp his power: the earl of March who sought
To prove by dint of sword, who should obtain the day,
From Towcester train'd on his powers in good array,
The vaward Warwick led, (whom no attempt could foil;
The middle March himself, and Falconbridge the rear.

"Now July enter'd was, and ere the restless sun
Three hours ascent had got, the dreadful fight was won
By Warwick, who a strait from viscount Beaumont broke,
Defeating him at first, by which he quickly broke
In, on th' imperial host, which with a furious charge
He forc'd upon the field, itself more to enlarge.
Now English bows, and bills, and battle-axes wade
Death up and down the field in ghastly sort doth stalk,
March in the flower of youth, like Mars himself doth bear;
But Warwick as the man, whom Fortune second to wear,
Did for him what he would, that wheresoe'er he goes,
Down like a furious storm, before him all he throws;
So Shrewbury again of Talbot's valiant strain,
(That fatal scourge of France) as stoutly doth maintain
The party of the king; so princely Somerset,
Whom th' other's knightly deeds, more eagerly doth whet,
Bears up with them again: by Somerset opposed
At last king Henry's host being on three parts enclosed,
And aids still coming in upon the Yorkists' side,
The summer being then at height of all her pride,
The husbandman, then hard upon his harvest bent,
But yet the cocks of hay, nor swaths of new-shorn grass,
Strew'd not the meads so thick, as mangled bodies there,
When nothing could be seen, but horror every where,
So that upon the banks, and in the stream of Nen,
Ten thousand well resolv'd, stout native Englishmen
Left breathless, with the rest great Buckingham is slain,
And Shrewsbury, whose loss those times did much complain,
Egremont, and Beaumont, both found dead upon the field,
The miserable king, inforc'd again to yield.

"Then Wakefield battle next, we in our bosom bring,
Fought by prince Edward, son to that oft conquering king,
And Richard duke of York, still struggling for the crown,
Whom Salisbury assists, the man with whose renown
The mouth of fame seem'd fill'd, there having with him brought
Some few selected Welsh, and southern gentlemen
A handful to those powers, with which prince Edward came,
Of which amongst the rest, the men of noblest name,
Where those two great-born dukes, which still his right maintain,
His cousin Somerset, and princely Exeter,
The earl of Wiltshire still, that on his part stuck close,
With those two valiant peers, lord Clifford, and lord Roos,
Who made their march from York to Wakefield, on the way
To meet the duke, who then at Sandal castle lay,
Whom at his (very) gate, into the field they drew,
Whose long expected powers not fully then prepar'd,
That March his valiant son, should to his succours bring,
Wherefore that puissant lord, by speedy mustering
His tenants and such friends, as he that time could get,
Five thousand in five days, in his battalion set

[9] Henry the Fourth.
[10] Men brought out of the marches of Wales.
[11] The river running by Northampton.

'Gainst their twice doubled strength; nor could the duke be
Till he might from the south be seconded with aid; [stay'd,
As in his martial pride, disdaining his poor foes,
So often us'd to win, he never thought to lose.
" The prince, which still provok'd th' incensed duke to fight,
His main battalion rang'd in Sandal's lofty sight,
In which he, and the duke's, were seen in all their pride:
And as York's powers should pass, he had on either side
Two wings in ambush laid, which at the place assign'd
His rearward should enclose, which, as a thing divin'd,
Just caught as he forecast; for scarce his army comes
From the descending banks, and that his rattling drums
Excite his men to charge; but Wiltshire with his force
Which were of light-arm'd foot, and Ross with his light horse,
Came in upon their backs, as from a mountain thrown,
In number to the duke's, by being four to one.
Even as a rout of wolves, when they by chance have caught
A beast out of the herd, which long time they have sought;
Upon him all at once courageously do set,
Him by the dewlaps some, some by the flank do get:
Some climbing to his ears, do never leave their hold,
Till falling on the ground, they have him as they would,
With many of his kind, which, when he us'd to wend,
What with their horns and hoofs, could then themselves defend.
Thus on their foes they fell, and down the Yorkists fall;
Red slaughter in her arms encompasseth them all.
The first of all the fights in this unnatural war,
In which blind Fortune smil'd on woful Lancaster.
" Here Richard, duke of York, down beaten, breath'd his last,
And Salisbury so long with conquest still that pass'd,
Inforced was to yield; Rutland a younger son
To the deceased duke, as he away would run,
(A child scarce twelve years old) by Clifford there surpris'd,
Who whilst he thought with tears his rage to have suffic'd,
By him was answer'd thus, ' Thy father hath slain mine,
And for his blood (young boy) I'll have this blood of thine,'
And stabb'd him to the heart: thus the Lancastrians reign,
The Yorkists in the field on heaps together slain.
" The battle at that cross, which to this day doth bear
The great and ancient name of th' English Mortimer,
The next shall here have place, betwixt that Edward fought,
Entitled earl of March, (revengefully that sought
To wreak his father's blood, at Wakefield lately shed,
But then he duke of York, his father being dead)
And Jasper Tudor earl of Pembroke, in this war,
That stood to underprop the house of Lancaster,
Half brother to the king, that strove to hold his crown,
With Wiltshire, whose high prowess had bravely beaten down
The Yorkists' swelling pride in that successful war
At Wakefield, whose great'st power of Welsh and Irish are.
The duke's were Marchers most, which still stuck to him close,
And meeting on the plain, by that forenamed cross;
As either general there for his advantage found,
(For wisely they survey'd the fashion of the ground)
They into one main fight their either forces make,
When to the duke of York (his spirits as to awake)
Three suns at once appear'd, all severally that shone,
Which in a little space were joined all in one,
Auspicious to the duke, as after it fell out,
Who with the weaker power, (of which he seem'd to doubt)
The proud Lancastrian part had quickly put to chase,
Where plainly it should seem, the genius of the place,
The very name of March should greatly favour there,
A title to this prince deriv'd from Mortimer:
To whom this trophy rear'd much honour'd had the soil.
The Yorkists here enrich'd with the Lancastrian spoil,
Are masters of the day; four thousand being slain,
The most of which were those, there standing to maintain
The title of the king. Where Owen Tudor's lot
Was to be taken then; who this young earl begot
On Katherine the bright queen, the fifth king Henry's bride,
Who too untimely dead, this Owen had affy'd.
But he a prisoner then, his son and Ormond fled,
At Hereford was made the shorter by the head;
When this most warlike duke, in honour of that sign,
Which of his good success so rightly did divine,
And thankful to high heaven, which of his cause had care,
Three suns for his device still in his ensign bare.
" The second battle now, St. Alban's, I record,
Struck 'twixt queen Marg'ret's power, to ransom back her lord,
Ta'en prisoner at that town, when there those factions fought,
Whom now the part of York had thither with them brought,
Whose force consisted most of southern men, being led
By Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, and the head
Of that proud faction then, stout Warwick still that sway'd,
In every bloody field (the Yorkists' only aid)
When either's power approach'd, and they themselves had fix'd,
Upon the south and north, the town them both betwixt,
Which first of all to take, the Yorkists had forecast,
Putting their vaward on, and their best archers plac'd
The market-sted about, and them so fitly laid,
That when the foe came up, they with such terror play'd
Upon them in the front, as forc'd them to retreat.
The northern mad with rage upon the first defeat,
Yet put for it again, to enter from the north,
Which when great Warwick heard, he sent his vaward forth,
T' oppose them in what place soe'er they made their stand,
Where in too fit a ground, a heath too near at hand,
Adjoining to the town, unluckily they light,
Where presently began a fierce and deadly fight.
But those of Warwick's part, which scarce four thousand were,
To th' vaward of the queen's, that stood so stoutly there,
Tho' still with fresh supplies from her main battle fed;
When they their courage saw so little them to stead,
Deluded by the long expectance of their aid,
By passages too strait, and close ambushments stay'd:
Their succours that foreslow'd, to flight themselves betake,
When after them again, such speed the northern make,
Being follow'd with the force of their main battle strong,
That this disorder'd rout, these breathless men among,
They enter'd Warwick's host, which with such horror struck
The southern, that each man began about to look
A way how to escape, that when great Norfolk cry'd,
' Now as you favour York, and his just cause, abide.'
And Warwick in the front even offer'd to have stood,
Yet neither of them both, should they have spent their blood,
Could make a man to stay, or look upon a foe:
Where Fortune, it should seem, to Warwick meant to show,
That she this tide of his could turn whene'er she would.
" Thus when they saw the day was for so little sold;
The king, which (for their ends) they to the field had brought,
Behind them there they leave, but as a thing of nought,
Which serv'd them to no use: who when his queen and son
There found in Norfolk's tent, the battle being done,
With many a joyful tear, each other they embrace;
And whilst blind Fortune look'd with so well pleas'd a face:
Their swords with the warm blood of Yorkists so embru'd,
Their foes but lately fled, courageously pursu'd.
" Now followeth that black scene, borne up so wondrous high,
That but a poor dumb show before a tragedy,
The former battles fought have seem'd to this to be;
O Towton, let the blood Palm-sunday spent on thee,
Affright the future times, when they the Muse shall hear
Deliver it so to them; and let the ashes there
Of forty thousand men, in that long quarrel slain,
Arise out of the earth, as they would live again,
To tell the man-like deeds, that bloody day were wrought
In that most fatal field, (with various fortunes fought)
'Twixt Edward duke of York, then late proclaimed king,
Fourth of that royal name, and him accompanying,
The Nevils, (of that war maintaining still the stream)
Great Warwick, and with him his most courageous eame,
Stout Falconbridge; the third a firebrand like the other,
Of Salisbury surnam'd, that Warwick's bastard brother.
Lord Fitzwalter, who still the Yorkists' power assists,
Blount, Wenlock, Dinham, knights approved martialists,
And Henry the late king, to whom they still durst stand,
His true as powerful friend, the great Northumberland,
With Westmoreland, his claim who ever did prefer
His kinsman Somerset, his chosen Exeter,
Dukes of the royal line, his faithful friends that were,
And little less than those, the earl of Devonshire,
Th' lord Dacres, and lord Wells, both wise and warlike wights,
With him of great command, Nevil and Trolop, knights.
" Both armies then on foot, and on their way set forth,
King Edward from the south, king Henry from the north.
The latter crowned king doth preparation make,
From Pomfret (where he lay) the passage first to take
O'er Aier at Ferrybridge, and for that service sends
A most selected troop of his well-chosen friends,
To make that passage good, when instantly began
The dire and om'nous signs, the slaughter that fore-ran.
For valiant Clifford there, himself so bravely quit,
That coming to the bridge (ere they could strengthen it)
From the Lancastrian power, with his light troop of horse,
And early in the morn defeating of their force,
The lord Fitzwalter slew, and that brave bastard son
Of Salisbury, themselves who into danger run:
For being in their beds, suspecting nought at all;
But hearing sudden noise, suppos'd some broil to fall
'Mongst their misgovern'd troops, unarmed rushing out,
By Clifford's soldiers soon encompassed about,
Where miserably slain: which when great Warwick hears,
As he had felt his heart transpersed through his ears,
To Edward, mad with rage, immediately he goes,
And with distracted eyes, in most stern manner shows
The slaughter of those lords; ' This day alone,' quoth he,
' Our utter ruin shall, or our sure rising be.'
When soon before the host, his glittering sword he drew,
And with relentless hands his sprightly courser slew,
' Then stand to me,' quoth he, ' who meaneth not to fly;
This day shall Edward win, or here shall Warwick die.'
" Which words by Warwick spoke, so deeply seem'd to sting
The much distemper'd breast of that courageous king,
That straight he made proclaim'd, that every fainting heart
From his resolved host had licence to depart:
And those that would abide the hazard of the fight,
Rewards and titles due to their deserved right:
And that no man, that day, a prisoner there should take;
For this the upshot was, that all must mar or make.
A hundred thousand men in both the armies stood,
That native English were: O worthy of your blood

What conquest had there been? but ensigns fly at large,
And trumpets every way sound to the dreadful charge.
Upon the Yorkists' part, there flew the ireful bear:
On the Lancastrian side, the cressant waving there.
The southern on this side, for York a Warwick cry;
A Percy for the right, the northern men reply.
The two main battles join, the four large wings do meet;
What with the shouts of men, and noise of horses' feet,
Hell through the troubled earth, her horrours seem'd to breathe;
A thunder heard above, an earthquake felt beneath:
As when the evening is with darkness overspread,
Her star-befreckled face with clouds enveloped.
You oftentimes behold the trembling lightning fly,
Which suddenly again, but turning of your eye,
Is vanished away, or doth so swiftly glide,
That with a trice it touch th' horizon's either side:
So through the smoke of dust, from ways, and fallows rais'd,
And breath of horse and men, that both together ceas'd,
The air on every part, sent by the glimmering sun,
The splendour of their arms doth by reflection run:
Till heaps of dying men, and those already dead,
Much hinder'd them would charge, and letted them that fled,
Beyond all wonted bounds, their rage so far extends,
That sullen night begins, before their fury ends.
Ten hours this fight endur'd, whilst still with murdering hands,
Expecting the next morn, the weak'st unconquer'd stands;
Which was no sooner come, but both begin again
To wreck their friends' dear blood, the former evening slain.
New battles are begun, new fights that newly wound,
Till the Lancastrian part, by their much less'ning found
Their long-expected hopes were utterly forlorn,
When lastly to the foe their recreant backs they turn.
Thy channel then, O Cock [12], was fill'd up with the dead
Of the Lancastrian side, that from the Yorkists fled,
That those of Edward's part, that had the rear in chase,
As though upon a bridge, did on their bodies pass.
That Wharfe to whose large banks thou contribut'st thy store,
Had her more crystal face discolour'd with the gore
Of forty thousand men, that up the number made,
Northumberland the great and Westmoreland there laid
Their bodies: valiant Wells, and Dacres there do leave
Their carcases, (whose hope too long did them deceive.)
Trolop and Nevil found massacred in the field,
The earl of Wiltshire forc'd to the stern foe to yield.
King Henry from fair York, upon this sad mischance,
To Scotland fled, the queen sail'd over into France,
The duke of Somerset, and Exeter do fly,
The rest upon the earth together breathless lie.

" Muse, turn thee now to tell the field at Hexam struck,
Upon the Yorkists' part, with the most prosp'rous luck
Of any yet before, where to themselves they gain'd
Most safety, yet their powers least damage there sustain'd,
'Twixt John lord Mountacute, that Nevil, who to stand
For Edward, gather'd had out of Northumberland
A sort of valiant men, consisting most of horse,
Which were again supply'd with a most puissant force,
Sent thither from the south, and by king Edward brought
In person down to York, to aid if that in ought
His general should have need, for that he durst not trust
The northern, which so oft to him had been unjust:
Whilst he himself at York, a second power doth hold,
To hear in this rough war, what the Lancastrians would.

" And Henry with his queen, who to their powers had got,
The lively daring French, and the light hardy Scot,
To enter with them here, and to their part do get,
Their faithful lov'd ally, the duke of Somerset,
And sir Ralph Percie, then most powerful in those parts,
Who had been reconcil d to Edward, but their hearts
Still with king Henry stay'd, to him and ever true,
To whom by this revolt, they many northern drew:
Sir William Tayiboys, (call'd of most) the earl of Kime,
With Hungerford, and Rosse, and Mullins, of that time
Barons of high account, with Nevil, Tunstall, Gray,
Hussy, and Findern, knights, bearing mighty sway.

" As forward with his force, brave Mountacute was set,
It happ'd upon his way at Hegly-moor he met
With Hungerford, and Rosse, and sir Ralph Percie, where
In sign of good success (as certainly it were)
They and their utmost force were quickly put to flight;
Yet Percie as he was a most courageous knight,
Ne'er budg'd till his last breath, but in the field was slain.
Proud of his first defeat, then marching forth again,
Towards Livells, a large waste, which other plains outbraves,
Whose verge fresh Dowell [13] still is wat'ring with her waves,
Whereas his posting scouts king Henry's power descry'd,
Tow'rds whom with speedy march this valiant general hy'd,
Whose haste there likewise had such prosperous event,
That luckless Henry yet had scarcely clear'd his tent,
His captains hardly set his battles, nor enlarg'd
Their squadrons on the field, but this great Nevil charg'd:
Long was this doubtful fight on either side maintain'd,
That rising whilst this falls, this losing whilst that gain'd:
The ground which this part got, and there as conquerors stood,
The other quickly gain, and firmly make it good,
To either as blind chance her favours will dispose;
So to this part it ebb'd, and to that side it flows.
At last, till whether 'twere that sad and horrid sight,
At Saxton that yet did their fainting spirits affright,
With doubt of second loss, and slaughter, or the aid
That Mountacute receiv'd; king Henry's power dismay'd
And giving up the day, dishonourably fled,
Whom with so violent speed the Yorkists followed,
That had not Henry spurr'd, and had a courser swift,
Besides a skilful guide, through woods and hills to shift,
He sure had been surpris'd, as they his henchmen took,
With whom they found his helm; with most disastrous luck,
To save themselves by flight, ne'er more did any strive,
And yet so many men ne'er taken were alive.

" Now Banbury we come thy battle to report,
And show th' efficient cause, as in what wondrous sort
Great Warwick was wrought in to the Lancastrian part,
When as that wanton king so vex'd his mighty heart:
Whilst in the court of France, that warrior he bestow'd,
(As potent here at home, as powerful else abroad)
A marriage to entreat with Bona bright and sheen,
Of the Savoyan blood, and sister to the queen,
Which whilst this noble earl negotiated there,
The widow lady Gray the king espoused here.
By which the noble earl in France who was disgrac'd,
(In England his revenge doth but too quickly haste)
T' excite the northern men doth secretly begin,
(With whom he powerful was) to rise, that coming in,
He might put in his hand, (which only he desir'd)
Which rising before York, were likely to have fir'd
The city, but repuls'd, and Holdorn them that led
Being taken, for the cause made shorter by the head.
Yet would not they desist, but to their captains drew
Henry the valiant son of John the lord Fitz-Hugh,
With Coniers that brave knight, whose valour they prefer,
With Henry Nevil, son to the lord Latimer,
By whose allies and friends, they every day grew strong,
And so in proud array tow'rds London march along.
Which when king Edward saw the world began to side
With Warwick, till himself he might of power provide,
To noble Pembroke sends, those rebels to withstand.
Six thousand valiant Welsh, who must'ring out of hand,
By Richard Herbert's aid, his brother doth them bring,
And for their greater strength (appointed by the king)
Th' lord Stafford (of his house) of Powick named then,
Eight hundred archers brought, the most selected men
The Marches could make out: these having Severn cross'd,
And up to Cotswold come, they heard the northern host,
Being at Northampton then, itself tow'rds Warwick way'd,
When with a speedy march, the Herberts that forlay'd
Their passage, charg'd their rear with near two thousand horse,
That the Lancastrian part suspecting all their force
Had follow'd them again, their army bring about,
Both with such speed and skill, that ere the Welsh got out,
By having charg'd too far, some of their vaward lost,
Beat to their army back; thus as these legions coast,
On Danemore they are met, indifferent for this war,
Whereas three easy hills that stand triangular,
Small Edgcoat overlook: on that upon the west
The Welsh encamp themselves; the northern them possess'd
Of that upon the south, whilst (by war's strange event)
Young Nevil, who would brave the Herberts in their tent,
Leading a troop of youth, (upon that fatal plain)
Was taken by the Welsh, and miserably slain,
Of whose untimely death, his friends the next day took
A terrible revenge, when Stafford there forsook
The army of the Welsh, and with his archers bade
Them fight that would for him; for that proud Pembroke had
Displac'd him of his inn, in Banbury, where he
His paramour had lodg'd; where since he might not be,
He backward shapes his course, and leaves the Herberts there,
T' abide the brunt of all: with outcries every where
The clamours, drums, and fifes to the rough charge do sound,
Together horse and man come tumbling to the ground:
Then limbs like boughs were lopp'd, from shoulders arms do fly,
They fight as none could 'scape, yet 'scape as none could die.
The ruffling northern lads, and the stout Welshmen try'd it;
Then head-pieces hold out, or brains must sore abide it.
The northern men 'St. George for Lancaster' do cry:
A Pembroke for the king,' the lusty Welsh reply;
When many a gallant youth doth desperately assay,
To do something that might be worthy of the day:
Where Richard Herbert bears into the northern press,
And with his pole-ax makes his way with such success,
That breaking thro' the ranks, he their main battle pass'd,
And quit it so again, that many stood aghast,
That from the higher ground beheld him wade the crowd,
As often ye behold in tempests rough and proud,
O'ertaken with a storm, some shell or little crea,
Hard labouring for the land, on the high-working sea,
Seems now as swallow'd up, then floating light and free
O' th' top of some high wave; then think that you it see
Quite sunk beneath that waste of waters, yet doth clear
The main, and safely gets some creek or harbour near:
So Herbert clear'd their host; but see th' event of war,
Some spials on the hill discerned had from far

[12] A little rivulet near to Towton, running into Wharfe.
[13] A little river near Hexam.

Another army come to aid the northern side,
When they which Clapham's craft, so quickly not espy'd,
Who with five hundred men about Northampton rais'd,
All discontented spirits, with Edward's rule displeas'd,
Displaying in the field great Warwick's dreaded bear:
The Welsh who thought the earl in person had been there,
Leading a greater power (dishearten'd) turn the back
Before the northern host, that quickly go to wreck.
Five thousand valiant Welsh are in the chase o'erthrown,
Which but an hour before had thought the day their own.
Their leaders (in the flight) the high-born Herberts ta'en,
At Banbury must pay for Henry Nevil slain.

"Now Stamford in due course, the Muse doth come to tell,
Of thine own named field, what in the fight befel,
Betwixt brave youthful Wells, from Lincolnshire that led
Near twenty thousand men, tow'rd London making head,
Against the Yorkists' power, great Warwick to abet,
Who with a puissant force prepared forth to set,
To join with him in arms, and jointly take their chance.
And Edward with his friends, who likewise do advance
His forces, to refel that desp'rate daring foe;
Who for he durst himself in open arms to show,
Nor at his dread command them down again would lay.
His father the lord Wells, who he suppos'd might sway
His so outrageous son, with his lov'd law-made brother,
Sir Thomas Dymock, thought too much to rule the other,
He strangely did to die, which so incens'd the spleen
Of this courageous youth, that he to wreak his teene
Upon the cruel king, doth every way excite
Him to an equal field, that come where they might smite
The battle: on this plain it chane'd their armies met:
They rang'd their several fights, which once in order set,
The loudly-brawling drums, which seemed to have fear'd
The trembling air at first, soon after were not heard,
For outcries, shrieks, and shouts, whilst noise doth noise confound.
No accents touch the ear, but such as death do sound:
In thirsting for revenge, whilst fury them doth guide:
As slaughter seems by turns to seize on either side.
The southern expert were, in all to war belong,
And exercise their skill, the Marchmen stout and strong,
Which to the battle stick, and if they make retreat,
Yet coming on again, the foe they back do beat,
And Wells for Warwick cry, and for the rightful crown;
The other call a York to beat the rebels down:
The worst that war could do, on either side she shows,
Or by the force of bills, or by the strength of bows;
But still by fresh supplies, the Yorkists' power increase:
And Wells, who sees his troops so overborne with press,
By hazarding too far into the boist'rous throng,
Encouraging his men the adverse troops among,
With many a mortal wound, his wearied breath expir'd:
Which sooner known to his, than his first hopes desir'd,
Ten thousand on the earth before them lying slain,
No hope left to repair their ruin'd state again,
Cast off their country's coats, to haste their speed away.
(Of them) which Loose-coat field is call'd (even) to this day.

"Since needsly I must stick upon my former text,
The bloody battle fought at Barnet followeth next,
'Twixt Edward, who before he settled was to reign,
By Warwick hence expuls'd; but here arriv'd again,
From Burgundy brought in munition, men, and pay,
And all things fit for war, expecting yet a day.
Whose brother George[14] came in, with Warwick that had stood,
Whom nature wrought at length t' adhere to his own blood.
His brother Richard duke of Glos'ter, and his friend
Lord Hastings, who to him their utmost powers extend:

"And Warwick, whose great heart so mortal hatred bore
To Edward, that by all the sacraments he swore,
Not to lay down his arms, until his sword had ras'd
That proud king from his seat, that so had him disgrac'd:
And marquis Mountacute, his brother, that brave stem
Of Nevil's noble stock, who joined had to them
The dukes of Somerset and Exeter, and take
The earl of Oxford in; the armies forward make,
And meeting on the plain, to Barnet very near,
That to this very day is called Gladmore there.

"Duke Richard to the field doth Edward's vaward bring;
And in the middle came that most courageous king.
With Clarence his reclaim'd, and brother then most dear;
His friend lord Hastings had the guiding of the rear,
(A man of whom the king most highly did repute.)

"On puissant Warwick's part, the marquis Mountacute
His brother and his friend the earl of Oxford led
The right wing; and the left, which most that day might sted,
The duke of Exeter; and he himself do guide
The middle fight (which was the army's only pride)
Of archers most approv'd, the best that he could get,
Directed by his friend the duke of Somerset.

"O sabbath ill bestow'd! O dreary Easter-day!
In which (as some suppose) the sun doth use to play,
In honour of that God for sinful man that dy'd,
And rose on that third day, that sun which now doth hide
His face in foggy mists; nor was that morning seen,
So that the space of ground those angry hosts between,
Was overshadow'd quite with darkness, which so cast
The armies on both sides, that they each other pass'd
Before they could perceive advantage where to fight;
Besides the envious mist so much deceiv'd their sight,
That where eight hundred men, which valiant Oxford brought,
Wore comets on their coats: great Warwick's force which thought
They had king Edward's been, which so with suns were drest,
First made their shot at them, who by their friends distrest,
Constrained were to fly, being scatter'd here and there.
But when this direful day at last began to clear,
King Edward then beholds that height of his first hopes,
Whose presence gave fresh life to his oft-fainting troops,
Prepar'd to scourge his pride, there daring to defy
His mercy, to the host proclaiming publicly
His hateful breach of faith, his perjury, and shame,
And what might make him vile; so Warwick heard that name
Of York, which in the field he had so oft advanc'd,
And to that glorious height, and greatness had enhanc'd,
Then cry'd against his pow'r, by those which oft had fled,
Their swift pursuing foe, by him not bravely led.
Upon the enemy's back, their swords bath'd in the gore
Of those from whom they ran, like heartless men before,
Which Warwick's nobler name injuriously defy'd,
Even as the ireful host then joined side to side.

"Where cruel Richard charg'd the earl's main battle, when
Proud Somerset therein, with his approved men,
Stood stoutly to the shock, and flang out such a flight
Of shafts, as well near seem'd t' eclipse the welcom'd light,
Which forc'd them to fall off, on whose retreat again,
That great battalion next approacheth the fair plain,
Wherein the king himself in person was to try,
Proud Warwick's utmost strength: when Warwick by and by
With his left wing came up, and charg'd so home and round,
That had not his light horse by disadvantageous ground
Been hinder'd, he had struck the heart of Edward's host
But finding his defeat, his enterprize so lost,
He his swift couriers sends, to will his valiant brother,
And Oxford, in command being equal to the other,
To charge with the right wing, who bravely up do bear;
But Hastings that before raught thither with his rear,
And with king Edward join'd, the host too strongly arm'd.
When every part with spoil, with rape, with fury charm'd,
Are prodigal of blood, that slaughter seems to swill
Itself in human gore, and every one cries 'Kill.'
So doubtful and so long the battle doth abide,
That those, which to and fro, 'twixt that and London ride,
That Warwick wins the day for certain news do bring,
Those following them again, said certainly the king,
Until great Warwick found his army had the worst,
And so began to faint, alighting from his horse,
In with the foremost puts, and wades into the throng:
And where he saw death stern'st, the murder'd troops among,
He ventures; as the sun in a tempestuous day,
With darkness threaten'd long, yet sometimes doth display
His cheerful beams, which scarce appear to the clear eye,
But suddenly the clouds, which on the winds do fly,
Do muffle him again within them, till at length
The storm (prevailing still with an unusual strength)
His clearness quite doth close, and shut him up in night:
So mighty Warwick fares in this outrageous fight.

"The cruel lions thus enclose the dreaded bear,
Whilst Mountacute, who strives (if any help there were)
To rescue his belov'd and valiant brother, fell:
The loss of two such spirits at once, time shall not tell;
The duke of Somerset and th' earl of Oxford fled,
And Exeter being left for one amongst the dead,
At length recovering life, by night escap'd away;
York never safely sat till this victorious day.

"Thus fortune to his end this mighty Warwick brings,
This puissant setter-up, and plucker-down of kings,
He who those battles won, which so much blood had cost,
At Barnet's fatal fight, both life and fortune lost.

"Now Tewksbury it rests, thy story to relate,
Thy sad and dreadful fight, and that most direful fate
Of the Lancastrian line, which happen'd on that day
Fourth of that fatal month, that still remember'd May:
'Twixt Edmund that brave duke of Somerset who fled
From Barnet's bloody field, (again there gathering head)
And marquis Dorset bound in blood to aid him there,
With Thomas Courtney earl of powerful Devonshire:
With whom king Henry's son, young Edward there was seen,
To claim his doubtless right, with that undaunted queen
His mother, who from France with succours came on land,
That day when Warwick fell at Barnet, which now stand
Their fortune yet to try upon a second fight.
And Edward who employ'd the utmost of his might,
The poor Lancastrian part (which he doth eas'ly feel,
By Warwick's mighty fall, already faintly reel)
By battle to subvert, and to extirp the line;
And for the present act, his army doth assign
To those at Barnet field so luckily that sped:
As Richard late did there, he here the vaward led,
The main the king himself, and Clarence took to guide;
The rearward as before by Hastings was supply'd.

"The army of the queen into three battles cast,
The first of which the duke of Somerset, and (fast

[14] George duke of Clarence.

To him) his brother John do happily dispose;
The second, which the prince for his own safety chose
The barons of St. John and Wenlock; and the third
To Courtney that brave earl of Devonshire referr'd.
Where in a spacious field they set their armies down;
Behind, hard at their backs, the abbey and the town,
To whom their foe must come, by often banks and steep,
Thro' quickset narrow lanes, cut out with ditches deep,
Repulsing Edward's power, constraining him to prove
By thund'ring cannon-shot, and culverin, to remove
Them from that chosen ground, so tedious to assail;
And with the shot came shafts, like stormy showers of hail:
The like they sent again, which beat the other sore,
Who with the ordnance strove the Yorkists to out-roar,
And still make good their ground, that whilst the pieces play,
The Yorkists hasting still to hand-blows, do assay
In strong and boist'rous crowds to scale the cumb'rous dikes;
But beaten down with bills, with pole-axes, and pikes,
Are forced to fall off; when Richard there that led
The vaward, saw their strength so little them to sted,
As he a captain was, both politic and good,
The stratagems of war, that rightly understood,
Doth seem as from the field his forces to withdraw.
His sudden, strange retire, proud Somerset that saw,
(A man of haughty spirit, in honour most precise;
In action yet far more adventurous than wise)
Supposing from the field for safety he had fled,
Straight giveth him the chase; when Richard turning head,
By his encounter let the desperate duke to know,
'Twas done to train him out, when soon began the show
Of slaughter every where; for scarce their equal forces
Began the doubtful fight, but that three hundred horses,
That out of sight, this while on Edward's part had stay'd,
To see that near at hand no ambushes were laid,
Soon charg'd them on the side, disord'ring quite their ranks,
Whilst this most warlike king had won the climbing banks
Upon the equal earth, and coming bravely in
Upon the adverse power, there likewise doth begin
A fierce and deadly fight, that the Lancastrian side,
The first and furious shock not able to abide
The utmost of their strength, were forced to bestow,
To hold what they had got; that Somerset below,
Who from the second force had still expected aid,
But frustrated thereof, even as a man dismay'd,
Scarce shifts to save himself, his battle overthrown;
But faring as a man that frantic had been grown,
With Wenlock happ'd to meet (preparing for his flight)
Upbraiding him with terms of baseness and despite,
That cow'rdly he had fail'd to succour him with men:
Whilst Wenlock with like words requiteth him again,
The duke (to his stern rage, as yielding up the reins)
With his too pond'rous ax dash'd out the baron's brains.
" The party of the queen in every place are kill'd,
The ditches with the dead confusedly are fill'd,
And many in the flight, i' th' neighbouring rivers drown'd,
Which with victorious wreaths the conquering Yorkists crown'd.
Three thousand of those men, on Henry's part that stood,
For their presumption paid the forfeit of their blood,
John marquis Dorset dead, and Devonshire that day
Drew his last vital breath, as in that bloody fray,
Delves, Hamden, Whittingham, and Leuknor, who had there
Their several brave commands, all valiant men that were,
Found dead upon the earth. Now all is Edward's own,
And through his enemies' tents he march'd into the town,
Where quickly he proclaims, to him that forth could bring
Young Edward, a large fee, and as he was a king,
His person to be safe. Sir Richard Crofts who thought
His prisoner to disclose, before the king then brought
That fair and goodly youth: whom when proud York demands,
Why thus he had presum'd by help of trait'rous hands
His kingdom to disturb, and impiously display'd
His ensigns: the stout prince as not a jot dismay'd
With confidence replies, To claim his ancient right,
Him from his grandsires left: by tyranny and might,
By him his foe usurp'd: with whose so bold reply,
Whilst Edward throughly vext, doth seem to thrust him by;
His second brother George, and Richard near that stood,
With many a cruel stab let out his princely blood;
In whom the line direct of Lancaster doth cease,
And Somerset himself surprised in the press;
With many a worthy man, to Glo'ster prisoners led,
There forfeited their lives: queen Margaret being fled
To a religious cell, (to Tewksbury too near)
Discover'd to the king, with sad and heavy cheer,
A prisoner was convey'd to London, woful queen,
The last of all her hopes, that buried now had seen.
" But of that outrage here, by that bold bastard son
Of Thomas Nevil, nam'd lord Falconbridge, which won,
A rude rebellious rout in Kent and Essex rais'd,
Who London here besieg'd, and Southwark having seiz'd,
Set fire upon the bridge; but when he not prevail'd,
The suburbs on the east he furiously assail'd:
But by the city's power was lastly put to flight:
Which being no set field, nor yet well order'd fight,
Amongst our battles here may no way reckon'd be.
" Then, Bosworth, here the Muse now lastly bids for thee,
Thy battle to describe, the last of that long war,
Entitled by the name of York and Lancaster;
'Twixt Henry Tudor earl of Richmond only left
Of the Lancastrian line, who by the Yorkists reft
Of liberty at home, a banish'd man abroad,
In Britany had liv'd; but late at Milford road,
Being prosperously arriv'd, though scarce two thousand strong,
Made out his way through Wales, where as he came along,
First Griffith great in blood, then Morgan next doth meet,
Him, with their several powers, as offering at his feet
To lay their lands, and lives; sir Rice ap Thomas then,
With his brave band of Welsh, most choice and expert men,
Comes lastly to his aid; at Shrewsbury arriv'd,
(His hopes so faint before, so happily reviv'd)
He on for England makes, and near to Newport town,
The next ensuing night setting his army down,
Sir Gilbert Talbot still for Lancaster that stood,
(To Henry near ally'd in friendship as in blood)
From th' earl of Shrewsbury his nephew (under age)
Came with two thousand men, in warlike equipage,
Which much his power increas'd; when easily setting on,
From Litchfield as the way leads forth to Atherston,
Brave Bourcher and his friend stout Hungerford, whose hopes
On Henry long had lain, stealing from Richard's troops,
(Wherewith they had been mix'd) to Henry do appear,
Which with a high resolve, most strangely seem'd to cheer
His oft appalled heart, but yet the man which most
Gave sail to Henry's self, and fresh life to his host,
The stout lord Stanley was, who for he had affy'd
The mother of the earl, to him so near ally'd:
The king who fear'd his truth, (which he to have compell'd)
The young lord Strange his son in hostage strongly held,
Which forc'd him to fall off, till he fit place could find,
His son-in-law to meet; yet he with him combin'd
Sir William Stanley, known to be a valiant knight,
T' assure him of his aid. Thus growing tow'rds his height,
A most selected band of Cheshire bowmen came
By sir John Savage led, besides two men of name:
Sir Brian Sanford, and sir Simon Digby, who
Leaving the tyrant king, themselves expressly show
Fast friends to Henry's part, which still his power increas'd;
Both armies well prepar'd, towards Bosworth strongly press'd,
And on a spacious moor, lying southward from the town,
Indifferent to them both, they set their armies down,
Their soldiers to refresh, preparing for the fight;
Where to the guilty king, that black fore-running night,
Appear the dreadful ghosts of Henry and his son,
Of his own brother George, and his two nephews done
Most cruelly to death; and of his wife and friend,
Lord Hastings, with pale hands prepar'd as they would rend
Him piece-meal; at which oft he roareth in his sleep.
" No sooner 'gan the dawn out of the east to peep,
But drums and trumpets chide the soldiers to their arms,
And all the neighbouring fields are cover'd with the swarms
Of those that came to fight, as those that came to see
(Contending for a crown) whose that great day should be.
" First, Richmond rang'd his fights, on Oxford and bestows
The leading, with a band of strong and sinewy bows
Out of the army pick'd; the front of all the field,
Sir Gilbert Talbot next, he wisely took to wield,
The right wing, with his strengths, most northern men that were;
And sir John Savage, with the power of Lancashire,
And Cheshire (chief of men) was for the left wing plac'd:
The middle battle he in his fair person grac'd;
With him the noble earl of Pembroke, who commands
Their countrymen the Welsh, (of whom it mainly stands,
For their great numbers found to be of greatest force)
Which but his guard of gleaves, consisted all of horse.
" Into two several fights the king contriv'd his strength,
And his first battle cast into a wondrous length,
In fashion of a wedge, in point of which he set
His archery, thereof and to the guidance let
Of John the noble duke of Norfolk, and his son
Brave Surrey: he himself the second bringing on,
Which was a perfect square; and on the other side,
His horsemen had for wings, which by extending wide,
The adverse seem'd to threat, with an unequal power.
The utmost point arriv'd of this expected hour,
He to lord Stanley sends, to bring away his aid;
And threats him by an oath, if longer he delay'd
His eldest son young Strange immediately should die,
To whom stout Stanley thus doth carelessly reply:
' Tell thou the king I'll come, when I fit time shall see;
I love the boy, but yet I have more sons than he.'
" The angry armies meet, when the thin air was rent,
With such re-echoing shouts, from either soldiers sent,
That flying o'er the field, the birds down trembling dropp'd,
As some old building long that hath been under propp'd,
When as the timber fails, by the unwieldy fall,
Even into powder beats, the roof, and rotten wall,
And with confused clouds of smouldering dust doth choke
The streets and places near; so through the misty smoke,
By shot and ordnance made, a thund'ring noise was heard.
When Stanley that this while his succours had deferr'd,
Both to the cruel king, and to the earl his son,
When once he doth perceive the battle was begun,

Brings on his valiant troops three thousand fully strong,
Which like a cloud far off, that tempest threaten'd long,
Falls on the tyrant's host which him with terror struck,
As also when he sees, he doth but vainly look
For succours from the great Northumberland, this while,
That from the battle scarce three quarters of a mile,
Stood with his power of horse, nor once was seen to stir:
When Richard (that th' event no longer would defer)
The two main battles mix'd, and that with wearied breath,
Some labour'd to their life, some labour'd to their death,
(There for the better fought) even with a spirit elate,
As one that inly scorn'd the very worst that fate
Could possibly impose, his lance set in his rest,
Into the thick'st of death, through threat'ning peril press'd,
To where he had perceiv'd the earl in person drew,
Whose standard-bearer he, sir William Brandon, slew,
The pile of his strong staff into his arm-pit sent;
When at a second shock, down sir John Cheney went,
Which scarce a lance's length before the earl was plac'd,
Until by Richmond's guard, environed at last,
With many a cruel wound, was through the body gride.
Upon this fatal field John duke of Norfolk dy'd;
The stout lord Ferrers fell, and Ratcliff, that had long
Of Richard's counsels been, found in the field among
A thousand soldiers that on both sides here were slain,
O Redmore, it then seem'd, thy name was not in vain,
When with a thousand's blood the earth was colour'd red.
Whereas th' imperial crown was set on Henry's head,
Being found in Richard's tent, as he it there did win;
The cruel tyrant stripp'd to the bare naked skin,
Behind a herald truss'd, was back to Le'ster sent,
From whence the day before he to the battle went.

"The battle then at Stoke, so fortunately struck,
(Upon king Henry's part, with so successful luck,
As never till that day he felt his crown to cleave
Unto his temples close, when Mars began to leave
His fury, and at last to sit him down was brought)
I come at last to sing, 'twixt that seventh Henry fought
With whom to this brave field the duke of Bedford came,
With Oxford his great friend, whose praise did him inflame
To all achievements great, that fortunate had been
In every doubtful fight, since Henry's coming in,
With th' earl of Shrewsbury, a man of great command,
And his brave son lord George, for him that firmly stand.

"And on the other side, John duke of Suffolk's son,
(John earl of Lincoln call'd) who this stern war begun,
Suborning a lewd boy, a false impostor, who
By Simonds a worse priest instructed what to do,
Upon him took the name of th' earl of Warwick, heir
To George the murther'd duke of Clarence, who (for fear
Lest some that favour'd York, might under-hand maintain)
King Henry in the Tower did a time detain.
Which practise set on foot [13], this earl of Lincoln sail'd
To Burgundy, where he with Margaret prevail'd,
Wife to that warlike Charles, and his most loved aunt,
Who vexed that a proud Lancastrian should supplant
The lawful line of York, whence she her blood deriv'd;
Wherefore for Lincoln's sake she speedily contriv'd,
And Lovel [16], that brave lord, before him sent to land
Upon the same pretence, to furnish them a band
Of Almains, and to them for their stout captain gave
The valiant Martin Swart, the man thought scarce to have
His match for martial feats, and sent them with a fleet
For Ireland, where she had appointed them to meet,
With Simonds that lewd clerk, and Lambert, whom they there
The earl of Warwick call'd, and publish'd every where
His title to the crown, in Dublin, and proclaim
Him England's lawful king, by the fifth Edward's name:
Then joining with the lord Fitzgerald [17], to their aid
Who many Irish brought, they up their anchors weigh'd,
And at the rocky pile of Fowdray [18] put to shore
In Lancashire; their power increasing more and more,
By soldiers sent them in from Broughton [19], for supply,
A knight that long had been of their confederacy;
Who making thence, direct their marches to the south.

"When Henry saw himself so far in danger's mouth,
From Coventry he came, still gathering up his host,
Made greater on his way, and doth the country coast,
Which way he understood his enemies must pass:
When after some few days (as it their fortune was)
At Stoke, a village near to Newark upon Trent,
Each in the other's sight pitch'd down their warlike tent.
Into one battle soon, the Almains had dispos'd
Their army in a place upon two parts enclos'd
With dells, and fenced dykes (as they were expert men).
And from the open fields king Henry's host again,
In three fair several fights came equally divided;
The first of which, and fitt'st, was given to be guided
By Shrewsbury, which most of soldiers choice consisted:
The others plac'd as wings, which ever as they listed,
Came up as need requir'd, or fell back as they found
Just cause for their retire; when soon the troubled ground,

[13] The duchess of Burgundy was sister to Edward the Fourth, and so was this earl's mother.
[16] The lord Francis Lovel. [17] The lord Thomas Geraldine.
[18] On the coast of Lancashire. [19] Sir Thomas Broughton.

On her black bosom felt the thunder, which awoke
Her genius, with the shock that violently shook
Her entrails, this sad day when there ye might have seen
Two thousand Almains stand, of which each might have been
A leader for his skill, which when the charge was hot,
That they could hardly see the very Sun for shot,
Yet they that motion kept that perfect soldiers should;
That most courageous Swart there might they well behold,
With most unusual skill that desperate fight maintain,
And valiant De-la-Pole, most like his princely strain,
Did all that courage could, or nobless might befit:
And Lovell that brave lord, behind him not a whit
For martial deeds that day: stout Broughton that had stood
With York (even) from the first, there lastly gave his blood
To that well-foughten field; the poor trowz'd Irish there,
Whose mantles stood for mail, whose skins for corselets were,
And for their weapons had but Irish skains and darts,
Like men that scorned death, with most resolved hearts,
Give not an inch of ground, but all in pieces hewn,
Where first they fought, they fell; with them was overthrown
The leader Gerald's hope, amidst his men that fought,
And took such part as they, whom he had hither brought.
This of that field be told, There was not one that fled,
But where he first was plac'd, there found alive or dead.
If in a foughten field a man his life should lose,
To die as these men did, who would not gladly choose,
Which full four thousand were." But in this tedious song,
The too laborious Muse hath tarried all too long.

As for the blacksmith's rout, who did together rise,
Encamping on Blackheath, t' annul the subsidies
By parliament then given, or that of Cornwall [20] call'd,
Enclosures to cast down, which over-much inthrall'd
The subject; or proud Ket's, who with the same pretence
In Norfolk rais'd such stirs, as but with great expense
Of blood was not appeas'd; or that begun in Lent
By Wyat [21] and his friends, the marriage to prevent,
That Mary did intend with Philip king of Spain:
Since these but riots were, nor fit the other's strain,
She here her battles ends; and as she did before,
So travelling along upon her silent shore,
Waybridge a neighbouring nymph, the only remnant left
Of all that forest kind, by time's injurious theft
Of all that tract destroy'd, with wood which did abound,
And former times had seen the goodliest forest ground,
This island ever had: but she so left alone,
The ruin of her kind, and no man to bemoan.
The deep entranced flood, as thinking to awake,
Thus from her shady bower she silently bespake:

"O flood in happy plight, which to this time remain'st,
As still along in state to Neptune's court thou strain'st;
Revive thee with the thought of those forepassed hours,
When the rough wood-gods kept, in their delightful bowers
On thy embroider'd banks, when now this country till'd
With villages, and by the labouring ploughman till'd,
Was forest, where the fir and spreading poplar grew.
O let me yet the thought of those past times renew,
When as that woody kind, in our umbrageous wild,
Whence every living thing save only they exil'd,
In this their world of waste, the sovereign empire sway'd.
O who would e'er have thought, that time could have decay'd
Those trees whose bodies seem'd by their so massy weight
To press the solid earth, and with their wond'rous height
To climb into the clouds, their arms so far to shoot,
As they in measuring were of acres, and their root,
With long and mighty spurns to grapple with the land,
As nature would have said, that they shall ever stand:
So that this place where now this Huntingdon is set,
Being an easy hill where mirthful hunters met,
From that first took the name." By this the Muse arrives
At Ely's isled marge, by having past St. Ives,
Unto the German sea she hasteth her along,
And here she shutteth up her two and twentieth song,
In which she quite hath spent her vigour, and must now,
As workmen often use, a while sit down and blow;
And after this short pause, tho' less'ning of her height,
Come in another key, yet not without delight.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-THIRD SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

From furious fights invention comes,
Deaf'ned with noise of rattling drums,
And in the Northamptonian bounds,
Shows Whittlewood's and Sacy's grounds.

[20] Michael Joseph with the Cornish rebels.
[21] Sir Thomas Wyat.

Then to Mount Helidon doth go,
(Whence Charwell, Leame, and Nen do flow)
The surface which of England sings,
And Nen down to the Washes brings;
Then whereas Welland makes her way,
Shows Rockingham her rich array:
A course at Kelmarsh then she takes,
Where she Northamptonshire forsakes.

On tow'rds the mid-lands now, th' industrious Muse doth make,
The Northamptonian earth, and in her way doth take
As fruitful every way, as those by nature, which
The husbandman by art, with compost doth enrich,
This boasting of herself; that walk her verge about,
And view her well within, her breadth and length throughout:
The worst foot of her earth is equal with their best,
With most abundant store, that highliest think them blest.
When Whittlewood betime th' unwearied Muse doth win
To talk with her a while; at her first coming in,
The forest thus that greets: "With more successful fate,
Thrive then thy fellow-nymphs, whose sad and ruinous state
We every day behold, if any thing there be,
That from this general fall, thee happily may free,
'Tis only for that thou dost naturally produce
More underwood and brake, than oak for greater use:
But when this ravenous age, of those hath us bereft,
Time wanting this our store shall seize what thee is left.
For what base avarice now enticeth men to do,
Necessity in time shall strongly urge them to;
Which each divining spirit most clearly doth foresee."
Whilst at this speech perplex'd, the forest seem'd to be,
A water-nymph, near to this goodly wood-nymph's side,
(As tow'rds her sovereign Ouse, she softly down doth slide)
Tea, her delightsome stream by Towcester doth lead;
And sporting her sweet self in many a dainty mead,
She hath not sallied far, but Sacy soon again
Salutes her; one much grac'd among the sylvan train:
One whom the queen of shades, the bright Diana oft
Hath courted for her looks, with kisses smooth and soft,
On her fair bosom lean'd, and tenderly embrac'd,
And call'd her, her dear heart, most lov'd, and only chaste:
Yet Sacy after Tea, her amorous eyes doth throw,
Till in the banks of Ouse the brook herself bestow.
Where in those fertile fields, the Muse doth hap to meet
Upon that side which sits the west of Watling-street,
With Helidon a hill[1], which though it be but small,
Compar'd with their proud kind, which we our mountains call;
Yet hath three famous floods, that out of him do flow,
That to three several seas, by their assistants go;
Of which the noblest, Nen, to fair Northampton hies,
By Oundle sallying on, then Peterborough plies,
Old Medhamsted[2]: where her the sea-maids entertain,
To lead her thro' the fen into the German main.
The second, Charwell is, at Oxford meeting Thames,
Is by his king convey'd into the Celtic streams.[3]
Then Leame as least, the last, to midland Avon hastes,
Which flood again itself, into proud Severn casts:
As on th' Iberian sea[4], herself great Severn spends;
So Leame the dower she hath, to that wide ocean lends.
But Helidon wax'd proud, the happy sire to be
To so renowned floods, as these fore-named three,
Besides the hill of note, near England's midst that stands,
Whence from his face, his back, or on his either hands,
The land extends in breadth, or lays itself in length.
Wherefore this hill, to show his state and natural strength,
The surface of this part, determineth to show,
Which we now England name, and through her tracts to go.
But being plain and poor, professeth not that height,
As falcon-like to soar, till less'ning to the sight.
But as the sundry soils, his style so alt'ring oft,
As full expressions fit, or verses smooth and soft,
Upon their several scites, as naturally to strain,
And wisheth that these floods, his tunes to entertain,
The air with halcyon calms, may wholly have possest,
As though the rough winds tir'd, were cas'ly laid to rest.
Then on the worth'est tract up tow'rds the mid-day's Sun,
His undertaken task, thus Helidon begun:
"From where the kingly Thames his stomach doth discharge,
To Devonshire, where the land her bosom doth enlarge;
And with the inland air her beauties doth relieve,
Along the Celtic sea, call'd oftentimes the Sleeve:
Altho' upon the coast the downs appear but bare,
Yet naturally within the countries woody are.
"Then Cornwal creepeth out into the western main,
As (lying in her eye) she pointed still at Spain:
Or as the wanton soil, dispos'd to lustful rest,
Had laid herself along on Neptune's amorous breast.
"With De'nshire, from the firm, that beak of land that fills,
What landskip lies in vales, and often rising hills,
So plac'd betwixt the French and the Sabrinian seas,
As on both sides adorn'd with many harb'rous bays,
Who for their trade to sea, and wealthy mines of tin,
From any other tract the praise doth clearly win. [rounds,
"From De'nshire by those shores, which Severn oft sur-
The soil far lower sits, and mightily abounds
With sundry sorts of fruits, as well-grown grass and corn,
That Somerset may say, her batt'ning moors do scorn
Our England's richest earth for burden should them stain;
And on the self-same tract, up Severn's stream again,
The vale of Eusham lays her length so largely forth,
As though she meant to stretch herself into the north,
Where still the fertile earth depressed lies and low,
Till her rich soil itself to Warwickshire do show.
"Hence somewhat south by east let us our course incline,
And from these setting shores so merely maritime,
The isle's rich inland parts, let's take with us along,
To set him rightly out, in our well-order'd song;
Whose prospects to the Muse their sundry scites shall show,
Where she, from place to place, as free as air shall flow,
Their superficies so exactly to descry,
Thro' Wiltshire, pointing how the plain of Salisbury
Shoots forth herself in length, and lays abroad a train
So large, as though the land serv'd scarcely to contain
Her vastness, north from her, himself proud Cotswould vaunts,
And casts so stern a look about him, that he daunts
The lowly vales, remote that sit with humbler eyes.
"In Berkshire, and from thence into the orient lies
That most renowned vale of White-horse, and by her,
So Buckingham again doth Ailesbury prefer,
With any English earth, along upon whose pale,
That mounting country then, which maketh her a vale,
The chalky Chilterne, runs with beeches crown'd about,
Through Bedfordshire that bears, till his bald front he shoot,
Into that foggy earth towards Ely, that doth grow
Much fenny, and surrounds with every little flow.
"So on into the east, upon the inland ground,
From where that crystal Colne most properly doth bound,
Rough Chilterne, from the soil, wherein rich London sits,
As being fair and flat it naturally befits
Her greatness every way, which holdeth on along
To the Essexian earth, which likewise in our song,
Since in one tract they lie, we here together take,
Altho' the several shires, by sundry soils, do make
It different in degrees; for Middlesex of sands
Her soil composed hath; so are th' Essexian lands,
Adjoining to the same, that sit by Isis' side,
Which London overlooks: but as she waxeth wide,
So Essex in her tides, her deep-grown marshes drowns,
And to enclosures cuts her drier upland grounds,
Which lately woody were, whilst men those woods did prize;
Whence those fair countries lie, upon the pleasant rise,
(Betwixt the mouth of Thames, and where Ouse roughly dashes
Her rude unwieldy waves, against the queachy washes)
Suffolk and Norfolk near, so named of their scites,
Adorned every way with wonderful delights,
To the beholding eye, that every where are seen,
Abounding with rich fields, and pastures fresh and green,
Fair havens to their shores, large heaths within them lie,
As nature in them strove to show variety.
"From Ely all along upon that eastern sea,
Then Lincolnshire herself, in state at length do lay,
Which for her batt'ning fens, her fish, and fowl, may have
Pre-eminence, as she that seemeth to out-brave
All other southern shires, whose head the washes feels,
Till wantonly she kick proud Humber with her heels.
"Up tow'rds the navel then, of England from her flank,
Which Lincolnshire we call, so levelled and lank,
Northampton, Rutland, then, and Huntingdon, which three
Do show by their full soils, all of one piece to be,
Of Nottingham a part, as Le'ster them is lent,
From Bever's batt'ning vale, along the banks of Trent.
So on the other side, into the sea again,
Where Severn tow'rds the sea from Shrewsbury doth strain,
'Twixt which and Avon's banks, (where Arden[5] when of old
Her bushy curled front, she bravely did uphold,
In state and glory stood) now of three several shires,
The greatest portions lie, upon whose earth appears
That mighty forest's foot, of Wor'stershire a part,
Of Warwickshire the like, which sometime was the heart
Of Arden, that brave nymph, yet woody here and there,
Oft intermix'd with heaths, whose sand and gravel bear
A turf more harsh and hard, where Stafford doth partake
In quality with those, as nature strove to make
Them of one self-same stuff, and mixture, as they lie,
Which likewise, in this tract, we here together tie.
"From these recited parts to th' north, more high and bleak,
Extended ye behold, the Moorland and the Peak,
From either's several scite, in either's mighty waste,
A sterner lowring eye, that every way do cast
On their beholding hills, and countries round about;
Whose soils, as of one shape, appearing clean throughout.
For Moreland, which with heath most naturally doth bear,
Her winter livery still in summer seems to wear;
As likewise doth the Peak, whose dreadful caverns found,
And lead mines, that in her do naturally abound,
Her superficies makes more terrible to show:
So from her natural fount, as Severn down doth flow,

[1] A hill not far from Daventry.
[2] The ancient name of Peterborough.
[3] The French sea.
[4] The Spanish sea.
[5] See song 13th.

The high Salopian hills lift up their rising sails:
Which country as it is the near'st ally'd to Wales,
In mountains, so it most is to the same alike.
" Now tow'rds the Irish seas a little let us strike,
Where Cheshire (as her choice) with Lancashire doth lie
Along th' unlevell'd shores: this former to the eye,
In her complexion shows black earth with gravel mix'd,
A wood-land and a plain indifferently betwixt,
A good fast-feeding grass, most strongly that doth breed:
As Lancashire no less excelling for her seed,
Although with heath, and fin, her upper parts abound;
As likewise to the sea, upon the lower ground,
With mosses, fleets, and fells, she shows most wild and rough,
Whose turf, and square cut peat, is fuel good enough.
So, on the north of Trent, from Nottingham above,
Where Sherwood her curl'd front into the cold doth shove,
Light forest land is found, to where the floating Don,
In making tow'rds the main, her Doncaster hath won,
Where Yorkshire's laid abroad, so many a mile extent,
To whom preceding times, the greatest circuit lent,
A province, then a shire, which rather seemeth: so
It incidently most variety doth show.
Here stony sterile grounds, there wondrous fruitful fields,
Here champain, and there wood, it in abundance yields:
Th' West-riding, and the North, be mountainous and high,
But tow'rds the German sea the East more low doth lie.
This isle hath not that earth of any kind elsewhere,
But on this part or that, epitomised here.
" Tow'rds those Scotch-Irish isles, upon that sea again,
The rough Virgivian call'd, that tract which doth contain
Cold Cumberland, which yet wild Westmoreland excels,
For roughness, at whose point lies rugged Fourness Fells,
Is fill'd with mighty moors, and mountains, which do make
Her wild superfluous waste, as Nature sport did take [dare
In heaths, and high-cleav'd hills, whose threat'ning fronts do
Each other with their looks, as though they would out-stare
The starry eyes of Heaven, which to out-face they stand.
" From these into the east, upon the other hand,
The bishopric, and fair Northumberland, do bear
To Scotland's bordering Tweed, which as the north elsewhere,
Not very fertile are, yet with a lovely face
Upon the ocean look; which kindly doth embrace
Those countries all along, upon the rising side,
Which for the batful glebe, by nature them deny'd,
With mighty mines of coal, abundantly are blest,
By which this tract remains renown'd above the rest:
For what from her rich womb, each harb'rous road receives."
Yet Helidon not here his lov'd description leaves,
Tho' now his darling springs desir'd him to desist;
But say all what they can, he'll do but what he list.
As he the surface thus, so likewise will he show,
The clownish blazons, to each country long ago,
Which those unletter'd times, with blind devotion lent,
Before the learned maids our fountains did frequent.
To show the Muse can shift her habit, and she now
Of Palatins that sung, can whistle to the plough;
And let the curious tax his clownry, with their skill
He recks not, but goes on, and say they what they will.
" Kent first in our account, doth to itself apply,"
Quoth he, " this blazon [6] first, 'Long tails and liberty.'
Sussex with Surrey say, 'Then let us lead home logs.'
As Hampshire long for her, hath had the term of 'hogs.'
So Dorsetshire of long, they 'Dorsers' us'd to call.
Cornwal and Devonshire cry, 'We'll wrestle for a fall.'
Then Somerset says, 'Set the bandog on the bull.'
And Glo'stershire again is blazon'd, 'Weigh thy wool.'
As Berkshire hath for hers, 'Let's to't, and toss the ball.'
And Wiltshire will for her, 'Get home and pay for all.'
Rich Buckingham doth bear the term of 'Bread and beef,
Where if you beat a bush, 'tis odds you start a thief.'
So Hertford blazon'd is, 'The club, and clouted shoon,'
Thereto, 'I'll rise betime, and sleep again at noon.'
When Middlesex bids, 'Up to Loudon let us go,
And when our market's done, we'll have a pot or two.'
As Essex hath of old been named, 'Calves and stiles,'
Fair Suffolk, 'Maids and milk,' and Norfolk, 'Many wiles.'
So Cambridge hath been call'd, 'Hold nets, and let us win;'
And Huntingdon, 'With stilts will stalk through thick and thin.'
Northamptonshire of long hath had this blazon, 'Love,
Below the girdle all, but little else above.'
An outcry Oxford makes, 'The scholars have been here,
And little though they paid, yet have they had good cheer.'
Quoth warlike Warwickshire, 'I'll bind the sturdy bear;'
Quoth Wors'tershire again, 'And I will squirt the pear.'
Then Staffordshire bids, 'Stay, and I will beet the fire,
And nothing will I ask, but goodwill, for my hire.'
'Bean-belly' Le'stershire her attribute doth bear,
And 'Bells and bag-pipes' next, belong to Lincolnshire.
Of 'Malt-horse,' Bedfordshire long since the blazon wan,
And little Rutlandshire is termed 'Raddleman.'
To Derby is assigned the name of 'Wool and lead,'
As Nottingham's of old (is common) 'Ale and bread.'
So Hereford for her says, 'Give me woof and warp,'
And Shropshire saith in her, 'That shins be ever sharp;

[6] The blazons of the shires.

Lay wood upon the fire, reach hither me my harp,
And whilst the black bowl walks, we merrily will carp.'
Old Cheshire is well known to be the 'Chief of men.'
'Fair women' doth belong to Lancashire again.
The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,
Have for their blazon had the 'Snaffle, spur, and spear.'"
Now Nen, extremely griev'd those barbarous things to hear,
By Helidon her sire, that thus deliver'd were:
For as his eld'st, she was to passed ages known,
Whom by Aufona's name the Romans did renown.
A word by them deriv'd of Avon, which of long
The Britons call'd her by, expressing in their tongue
The full and general name of waters: wherefore she
Stood much upon her worth, and jealous grew to be,
Lest things so low and poor, and now quite out of date,
Should happily impair her dignity and state.
Wherefore from him, her sire, immediately she hastes;
And as she forth her course to Peterborough casts,
She falleth in her way with Wredon, where, 'tis said,
Saint Werburg, princely born, a most religious maid,
From those peculiar fields, by prayer, the wild-geese drove,
Thence through the champain she lasciviously doth rove
Tow'rds fair Northampton, which, whilst Nen was Avon call'd,
Resum'd that happy name, as happily install'd
Upon her northern side[7], where taking in a rill,
Her long impoverish'd banks more plenteously to fill,
She flourishes in state, along the fruitful fields;
Where whilst her waters she with wondrous pleasure yields,
To Wellingborough[8] comes, whose fountains in she takes,
Which quickening her again, immediately she makes
To Oundle, which receives contractedly the sound
From Avondale, t' express that river's lowest ground:
To Peterborough thence she maketh forth her way,
Where Welland, hand in hand, goes on with her to sea;
When Rockingham, the Muse to her fair forest brings,
Thence lying to the north, whose sundry gifts she sings.
" O dear and dainty nymph, most gorgeously array'd,
Of all the Driades known, the most delicious maid,
With all delights adorn'd, that any way beseem
A sylvan, by whose state we verily may deem
A deity in thee, in whose delightful bowers
The fawns and fairies make the longest days but hours,
And joying in the soil, where thou assum'st thy seat,
Thou to thy handmaid haste, (thy pleasures to await)
Fair Benefield, whose care to thee doth surely cleave,
Which bears a grass as soft, as is the dainty sleave,
And thrumm'd so thick and deep, that the proud palmed deer
Forsake their closer woods, and make their quiet leir
In beds of platted fog, so eas'ly there they sit.
A forest and a chase in every thing so fit
This island hardly hath, so near ally'd that be,
Brave nymph, such praise belongs to Benefield and thee."
Whilst Rockingham was heard with these reports to ring,
The Muse by making on tow'rds Welland's ominous spring,
With Kelmarsh[9] there is caught, for coursing of the hare,
Which scorns that any place should with her plains compare:
Which in the proper terms the Muse doth thus report:
The man whose vacant mind prepares him to the sport,
The finder[10] sendeth out to seek out nimble Wat,
Which crosseth in the field, each furlong, every flat,
Till he this pretty beast upon the form hath found,
Then viewing for the course, which is the fairest ground,
The greyhounds forth are brought, for coursing then in case,
And choicely in the slip, one leading forth a brace;
The finder puts her up, and gives her coursers law.
And whilst the eager dogs upon the start do draw,
She riseth from her seat, as though on earth she flew,
Fore'd by some yelping cute[11] to give the greyhounds view,
Which are at length let slip, when gunning out they go,
As in respect of them the swiftest wind were slow,
When each man runs his horse, with fixed eyes and notes,
Which dog first turns the hare, which first the other coats[12],
They wrench her once or twice, ere she a turn will take,
What's offered by the first, the other good doth make;
And turn for turn again with equal speed they ply,
Bestirring their swift feet with strange agility:
A harden'd ridge or way, when if the hare do win,
Then, as shot from a bow, she from the dogs doth spin,
That strive to put her off, but when he cannot reach her,
This giving him a coat about again doth fetch her,
To him that comes behind, which seems the hare to bear;
But with a nimble turn she casts them both arrear:
Till oft, for want of breath, to fall to ground they make her,
The greyhounds both so spent, that they want breath to take her.
Here leave I whilst the Muse more serious things attends,
And with my course at hare, my canto likewise ends.

[7] Northampton, for Northavonton, the town upon the north of Avon.
[8] So called of his many wells or fountains.
[9] A place in the north part of Northamptonshire, excellent for coursing with greyhounds.
[10] The hare-finder.
[11] A cur.
[12] When one greyhound outstrips the other in the course.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fatal Welland from her springs,
This song to th' isle of Ely brings:
Our ancient English saints revives,
Then in an oblique course contrives,
The rarities that Rutland shows,
Which with this canto she doth close.

THUS way, to that fair fount of Welland hath us led,
At Nasby[1] to the north, where from a second head
Runs Avon, which along to Severn shapes her course;
But, pliant Muse, proceed, with our new-handled source,
Of whom, from ages past, a prophecy there ran,
(Which to this ominous flood much fear and reverence wan)
That she alone should drown all Holland, and should see
Her Stamford, which so much forgotten seems to be;
Renown'd for liberal arts, as highly honour'd there,
As they in Cambridge are, or Oxford ever were;
Whereby she in herself a holiness suppos'd,
That in her scantled banks, though wand'ring long enclos'd,
Yet in her secret breast a catalogue had kept
Of our religious saints, which though they long had slept,
Yet through the christen'd world, for they had won such fame
Both to the British first, then to the English name,
For their abundant faith, and sanctimony known,
Such as were hither sent, or naturally our own,
It much her genius griev'd, to have them now neglected,
Whose piety so much those zealous times respected.
Wherefore she with herself resolved, when that she
To Peterborough came, where much she long'd to be,
That in the wished view of Medhamsted, that town
Which he the great'st of saints doth by his name renown,
She to his glorious fane an off'ring as to bring,
Of her dear country's saints, the martyrologe would sing:
And therefore all in haste to Harborough she hy'd,
Whence Le'stershire she leaves upon the northward side,
At Rutland then arriv'd, where Stamford her sustains,
By Deeping drawing out, to Lincolnshire she leans,
Upon her bank by north, against this greater throng,
Northamptonshire to south still lies with her along,
And now approaching near to this appointed place,
Where she and Nen make show as though they would embrace;
But only they salute, and each holds on her way,
When holy Welland thus was wisely heard to say:

"I sing of saints, and yet my song shall not be fraught
With miracles by them, but feigned to be wrought,
That they which did their lives so palpably belie,
To times have much impeach'd their holiness thereby:
Though fools (I say) on them, such poor impostures lay,
Have scandal'd them to ours, far foolisher than they,
Which think they have by this so great advantage got
Their venerable names from memory to blot,
Which truth can ne'er permit; and thou that art so pure,
The name of such a saint that no way canst endure;
Know in respect of them to recompense that hate,
The wretch'dst thing, and thou have both one death and date:
From all vain worship too, and yet am I as free
As is the most precise. I pass not who he be.
Antiquity I love, nor by the world's despite
I cannot be remov'd from that my dear delight."
This spoke, to her fair aid her sister Nen she wins,
When she of all her saints, now with that man begins:

"The first that ever told Christ crucify'd to us,
(By Paul and Peter sent) just Aristobulus,
Renown'd in holy writ, a labourer in the word,
For that most certain truth opposing fire and sword,
By th' Britons murther'd here, so unbelieving then.
Next holy Joseph came, the mercifull'st of men,
The Saviour of mankind in sepulchre that laid,
That to the Britons was th' apostle; in his aid
Saint Duvian, and with him St. Fagan, both which were
His scholars, likewise left their sacred relics here:
All denizens of ours, t' advance the Christian state,
At Glastenbury long that were commemorate.
When Amphibial again our martyrdom began
In that most bloody reign of Diocl'sian:
This man into the truth that blessed Alban led,
(Our proto-martyr call'd) who, strongly discipled
In Christian patience, learnt his tortures to appease:
His fellow martyrs then, Stephen and Socrates,
At holy Alban's town, their festival should hold;
So of that martyr nam'd (which Ver'lam was of old).

[1] *The fountain of Welland.*

A thousand other saints, whom Amphibal had taught,
Flying the pagan foe, their lives that strictly sought,
Were slain where Litchfield is, whose name doth rightly sound,
(There of those Christians slain) Dead-field, or burying ground.

"Then for the Christian faith, two other here that stood,
And teaching, bravely seal'd their doctrine with their blood:
Saint Julius, and with him St. Aaron, have their room,
At Carleon suff'ring death by Diocl'sian's doom;
Whose persecuting reign tempestuously that rag'd,
'Gainst those here for the faith, their utmost that engag'd,
Saint Angule put to death, one of our holiest men,
At London, of that see, the godly bishop then
In that our infant church, so resolute was he.
A second martyr too grace London's ancient see,
Though it were after long, good Voadine, who reprov'd
Proud Vortiger, his king, unlawfully that lov'd
Another's wanton wife, and wrong'd his nuptial bed;
For which by that stern prince unjustly murdered,
As he a martyr dy'd, is sainted with the rest.
The third saint of that see (though only he confess'd)
Was Germanus, unto whom those times that reverence gave,
As he a place with them eternally shall have.
So Mellor may they bring, the duke of Cornwal's son,
By his false brother's hands, to death who being done
In hate of Christian fate, whose zeal lest time should taint,
As he a martyr was, they justly made a saint.

"Those godly Romans then (who as mine author saith)
Wan good king Lucius first t' embrace the Christian faith,
Fugatius, and his friend St. Damian, as they were
Made denizens of ours, have their remembrance here;
As two more (near that time Christ Jesus that confess'd,
And that most lively faith by their good works express'd)
Saint Eleuan, with his pheere St. Midwin, who, to win
The Britons, (come from Rome, where christen'd they had been)
Converted to the faith their thousands, whose dear grave,
That Glastenbury grac'd, there their memorial have.

"As they their sacred bones in Britain here bestow'd,
So Britain likewise sent her saints to them abroad:
Marsellus, that just man, who having gathered in
The scatter'd Christian flock, instructed that had been
By holy Joseph here; to congregate he wan
This justly named saint, this never-wearied man,
Next to the Germans preach'd, till (void of earthly fear)
By his courageous death, he much renown'd Trevere.

"Then of our native saints, the first that dy'd abroad;
Beatus next to him shall fitly be bestow'd,
In Switzerland who preach'd, whom there those paynims slew,
When greater in their place, though not in faith, ensue
Saint Lucius (call'd of us) the primer christen'd king,
Of th' ancient Britons then, who led the glorious ring
To all the Saxon race, that here did him succeed,
Changing his regal robe to a religious weed,
His rule in Britain left, and to Helvetia hy'd,
Where he a bishop liv'd, a martyr lastly dy'd.
As Constantine the Great, that godly emperor,
Here first the Christian church that did to peace restore,
Whose ever-blessed birth (as by the power divine)
The Roman empire brought into the British line,
Constantinople's crown, and th' ancient Britons' glory.
So other here we have to furnish up our story,
Saint Melon, well-near when the British church began,
(Even early in the reign of Rome's Valerian)
Here leaving us for Rome, from thence to Roan was call'd,
To preach unto the French, where soon he was install'd
Her bishop: Britain so may of her Gudwall vaunt,
Who first the Flemings taught, whose feast is held at Gaunt.
So others forth she brought to little Britain vow'd,
Saint Wenlock, and with him St. Sampson, both allow'd
Apostles of that place, the first the abbot sole
Of Tawrac, and the last sat on the see of Dole:
Where dying, Maglor then thereof was bishop made,
Sent purposely from hence that people to persuade
To keep the Christian faith: so Goluin gave we thither,
Who sainted being there, we set them here together.

"As of the weaker sex, that ages have enshrined
Amongst the British dames, and worthily divin'd;
The finder of the cross queen Helena doth lead,
Who, tho' Rome set a crown on her imperial head,
Yet in our Britain born, and bred up choicely here.
Emerita the next, king Lucius' sister dear,
Who in Helvetia with her martyr brother dy'd;
Bright Ursula the third, who undertook to guide
Th' eleven thousand maids to little Britain sent,
By seas and bloody men devoured as they went:
Of which we find these four have been for saints preferr'd,
(And with their leader still do live encalender'd)
Saint Agnes, Cordula, Odillia, Florence, which
With wondrous sumptuous shrines those ages did enrich
At Cullen, where their lives most clearly are exprest,
And yearly feasts observ'd to them and all the rest.

"But when it came to pass the Saxon powers had put
The Britons from these parts, and them o'er Severn shut,
The Christian faith with her, then Cambria had alone,
With those that it receiv'd (from this now England) gone,
Whose Cambro-britons so their saints as duly brought,
T' advance the Christian faith, effectually that wrought,

Their David, (one deriv'd of the royal British blood)
Who 'gainst Pelagius' false and damn'd opinions stood,
And turn'd Menenia's name to David's sacred see,
The patron of the Welsh deserving well to be:
With Cadock, next to whom comes Canock, both which were
Prince Brechan's sons, who gave the name to Brecknockshire;
The first a martyr made, a confessor the other.
So Clintanck, Brecknock's prince, as from one self-same
mother,
A saint upon that seat, the other doth ensue,
Whom for the Christian faith a pagan soldier slew.
" So bishops can she bring, of which her saints shall be,
As Asaph, who first gave that name unto that see;
Of Bangor, and may boast St. David, which her wan
Much reverence, and with these Owdock and Telean,
Both bishops of Landaff, and saints in their succession;
Two other following these, both in the same profession,
Saint Dubric, whose report old Carleon yet doth carry,
And Elery, in Northwales, who built a monastery,
In which himself became the abbot, to his praise,
And spent in alms and prayer the remnant of his days.
" But leaving these divin'd, to Decuman we come,
In Northwales who was crown'd with glorious martyrdom.
Justinian, as that man a sainted place deserv'd,
Who still to feed his soul, his sinful body starv'd:
And for that height in zeal, whereto he did attain,
There, by his fellow-monks, most cruelly was slain.
So Cambria, Beno bare; and Gildas, which doth grace
Old Bangor, and by whose learn'd writings we embrace
The knowledge of those times; the fruits of whose just pen,
Shall live for ever fresh with all truth-searching men.
" Then other, which for hers old Cambria doth aver,
Saint Senan, and with him we set St. Deiferre,
Then Tather will we take, and Chyned to the rest,
With Baruk, who so much the isle of Bardsey blest
By his most powerful prayer, to solitude that liv'd,
And of all wordly care his zealous soul depriv'd.
Of these, some lived not long, some wondrous aged were,
But in the mountains liv'd, all hermits here and there.
O more than mortal men, whose faith and earnest prayers,
Not only bare ye hence, but were those mighty stairs
By which you went to Heaven, and God so clearly saw,
As this vain earthly pomp had not the power to draw
Your elevated souls, but once, to look so low,
As those depressed paths, wherein base worldlings go.
What mind doth not admire the knowledge of these men?
But, zealous Muse, return unto thy task again.
" These holy men at home, as here they were bestow'd,
So Cambria had such too, as famous were abroad.
Sophy, king Gulick's son, of Northwales, who had seen
The sepulchre three times, and more, seven times had been
On pilgrimage at Rome, of Beneventum there
The painful bishop made; by him so place we here,
St. Macklove, from Northwales to little Britain sent,
That people to convert, who resolutely bent,
Of Athelney in time the bishop there became
Which her first title chang'd, and took his proper name.
So she her virgins had, and vow'd as were the best:
St. Keyne, prince Brechan's child, (a man so highly blest,
That thirty born to him all saints accounted were.)
St. Inthwar so apart shall with these other bear,
Who out of false suspect was by her brother slain;
Then Winifrid, whose name yet famous doth remain,
Whose fountain in Northwales entitled by her name,
For moss, and for the stones that be about the same,
Is sounded through this isle, and to this latter age,
Is of our Romists held their latest pilgrimage.
" But when the Saxons here so strongly did reside,
And surely seated once, as owners to abide;
When nothing in the world to their desire was wanting,
Except the Christian faith, for whose substantial planting,
St. Augustine from Rome was to this island sent:
And coming through large France, arriving first in Kent,
Converted to the faith king Ethelbert, till then
Unchristen'd that had liv'd, with all his Kentish men,
And of their chiefest town, now Canterbury call'd,
The bishop first was made, and on that see install'd.
Four other, and with him for knowledge great in name,
That in this mighty work of our conversion came,
Lawrence, Melitus then, with Justus, and Honorius,
In this great Christian work, all which had been laborious,
To venerable age each coming in degree,
Succeeded him again in Canterbury see,
As Peter born in France, with these and made our own,
And Pauline, whose great zeal was by his preaching shown.
The first to abbot's state, wise Austen did prefer,
And to the latter gave the see of Rochester;
All canoniz'd for saints, as worthy sure they were,
For 'stablishing the faith, which was received here.
Few countries where our Christ had e'er been preached then,
But sent into this isle some of their godly men.
From Persia led by zeal, so Ive this island sought,
And near our eastern fens a fit place finding, taught
The faith: which place from him alone the name derives,
And of that sainted man since called is St. Ives;
Such reverence to herself that time devotion wan.
" So sun-burnt Afric sent us holy Adrian,
Who preach'd the Christian faith here nine and thirty year,
An abbot in this isle, and to this nation dear,
That in our country two provincial synods call'd,
T' reform the church that time with heresies enthrall'd.
So Denmark Henry sent t' increase our holy store,
Who falling in from thence upon our northern shore
In th' isle of Cochet[2] liv'd, near to the mouth of Tyne,
In fasting as in prayer, a man so much divine,
That only thrice a week on homely cates he fed,
And three times in the week himself he silenced,
That in remembrance of this most abstemious man,
Upon his blessed death the Englishmen began,
By him to name their babes, which it so frequent brings,
Which name hath honour'd been by many English kings.
" So Burgundy to us three men most reverend bare,
Amongst our other saints, that claim to have their share,
Of which was Felix first, who in th' East-Saxon reign,
Converted to the faith king Sigbert: him again
Ensueth Anselm, whom Augusta sent us in,
And Hugh, whose holy life to Christ did many win,
By Henry[3] th' empress' son holp hither, and to have
Him wholly to be ours, the see of Lincoln gave.
" So Lombardy to us, our reverend Langfranck lent,
For whom into this land king William conqueror sent,
And Canterbury's see to his wise charge assign'd.
" Nor France to these for her's was any whit behind,
For Grimbald she us gave, (as Peter long before,
Who with St. Austen came to preach upon this shore)
By Alfred hither call'd, who him an abbot made,
Who by his godly life and preaching did persuade
The Saxons to believe the true and quick'ning word:
So after long again she likewise did afford
St. Osmond, whom the see of Salisbury doth own,
A bishop once of her's, and in our conquest known,
When hither to that end their Norman William came,
Remigius then, whose mind, that work of ours of fame,
Rich Lincoln minster shews, where he a bishop sat,
Which (it should seem) he built for men to wonder at.
So potent were the powers of churchmen in those days.
" Then Henry nam'd of Blois, from France who cross'd the seas,
With Stephen earl of Blois his brother, after king,
In Winchester's rich see, who him establishing,
He in those troublous times in preaching took such pain,
As he by them was not canonized in vain.
" As other countries here their holy men bestow'd;
So Britain likewise sent her saints to them abroad,
And into neighbouring France our most religious went,
St. Clare, that native was of Rochester in Kent,
At Volcasyne came vow'd the French instructing there,
So early ere the truth amongst them did appear,
That more than half a god they thought that reverend man.
Our Judock, so in France such fame our nation wan,
For holiness, where long an abbot's life he led
At Pontoise, and so much was honour'd, that being dead,
And after threescore years (their latest period dated)
His body taken up, was solemnly translated.
At Ceofrid, that sometime of Waremouth abbot was,
In his return from Rome, as he through France did pass
At Langres left his life, whose holiness even yet,
Upon his reverend grave, in memory doth sit.
St. Alkwin so for ours, we English boast again,
The tutor that became to mighty Charlemaigne,
That holy man, whose heart was so with goodness fill'd,
As out of zeal he wan that mighty king to build
That academy now at Paris, whose foundation
Thro' all the Christian world hath so renown'd that nation,
As well declares his wealth, that had the power to do it,
As his most lively zeal, persuading him unto it.
As Simon call'd the saint of Bourdeaux, which so wrought
By preaching there the truth, that happily he brought
The people of those parts from paganism, wherein
Their unbelieving souls so long had nuzzled been.
So in the Norman rule, two most religious were,
Amongst ours that in France dispersed here and there,
Preach'd to that nation long, St. Hugh, who born our own,
In our first Henry's rule sat on the see of Rohan,
Where reverenc'd he was long. St. Edmund so again,
Who banished from hence in our third Henry's reign,
There led an hermit's life near Pontoise, (where before
St. Judock did the like) whose honour to restore,
Religious Lewis there interr'd with wondrous cost,
Of whose rich funeral France deservedly may boast.
Then Main we add to these, an abbot here of ours,
To little Britain sent, employing all his powers
To bring them to the faith, which he so well effected,
That since he as a saint hath ever been respected.
" As these of ours in France, so had we those did show
In Germany, as well the Higher, as the Low,
Their faith: in Friesland first St. Boniface our best,
Who of the see of Mentz, while there he sat possest,
At Dockum had his death, by faithless Fristans slain,
Whose anniversaries there did after long remain.
So Wigbert, full of faith and heavenly wisdom, went
Unto the self-same place, as with the same intent;

[2] An islet upon the coast of Scotland, in the German sea.
[3] Henry II.

With Eglemond, a man as great with God as he;
As they agreed in life, so did their ends agree,
Both by Radbodius slain, who rul'd in Frisia then:
So in the sacred roll of our religious men,
In Frise that preach'd the faith we of St. Lullus read,
Who in the see of Mentz did Boniface succeed;
And Willihad that of Bren, that sacred seat supply'd,
So holy that him there, they haldy deify'd;
With Marchelme, and with him our Plechelme, holy men,
That to the Frises now, and to the Saxons then,
In Germany abroad the glorious gospel spread,
Who at their lives depart, their bodies gathered,
Were at old-Seell enshrin'd, their obiits yearly kept:
Such as on them have had as many praises heap'd,
That in their lives the truth as constantly confess'd,
As th' other that their faith by martyrdom express'd.
" In Frise, as these of ours, their names did famous leave,
Again so had we those as much renown'd in Cleve;
St. Swibert, and with him St. Willick, which from hence,
To Cleveland held their way, and in the truth's defence
Pawn'd their religious lives, and as they went together,
So one and self same place allotted was to either:
For both of them at Wert in Cleveland seated were,
St. Swibert bishop was, St. Willick abbot there.
" So Guelderland again shall our most holy bring,
As Edilbert the son of Edilbald the king
Of our South-Saxon rule, incessantly that taught
The Guelders, whose blest days unto their period brought,
Unto his reverend corpse, old Harlem harbour gave;
So Werenfrid again, and Otger both we have,
Who to those people preach'd, whose praise that country tells.
What nation names a saint for virtue that excels
St. German, who for Christ his bishopric forsook,
And in the Netherlands most humbly him betook,
From place to place to pass, the secrets to reveal,
Of our dear Saviour's death, and last of all to seal
His doctrine with his blood. In Belgia so abroad,
St. Wynock in like sort, his blessed time bestow'd,
Whose relics Wormshaultt (yet) in Flanders hath reserv'd.
" Of these, th' rebellious flesh (to win them Heaven) that
starv'd:
St. Menigold, a man, who in his youth had been
A soldier, and the French and German wars had seen,
A hermit last became, his sinful soul to save,
To whom good Arnulph, that most godly emperor, gave
Some ground not far from Liege, his hermitage to set,
Whose floor when with his tears he many a day had wet,
He for the Christian faith upon the same was slain:
So did th' Erwaldi there most worthily attain
Their martyrs glorious types, to Ireland first approv'd,
But after (in their zeal) as need requir'd remov'd,
They to Westphalia went, and as they brothers were,
So they, the Christian faith together preaching there,
Th' old pagan Saxons slew, out of their hatred deep
To the true faith, whose shrines brave Cullen still doth keep.
" So Adler one of ours, by England set apart
For Germany, and sent that people to convert,
Of Erford bishop made, there also had his end.
St. Liphard likewise to our martyrologe shall lend,
Who having been at Rome on pilgrimage to see,
The relics of the saints, supposed there to be,
Returning by the way of Germany, at last,
Preaching the Christian faith, as he through Cambray pass'd,
The pagan people slew, whose relics Huncourt hath:
These others so we had, which trod the self same path
In Germany, which she most reverently embrac'd.
St. John a man of ours, on Saltzburg's see was plac'd:
St. Willibald of E'st the bishop so became,
And Burchard English born, the man most great of name,
Of Wirtzburg bishop was, at Hohemburg that rear'd
The monast'ry, wherein he richly was interr'd.
" So Maestricht unto her St. Willibord did call,
And seated him upon her see episcopal,
As two St. Lebwins there amongst the rest are brought;
Th' one o'er Isell's banks the ancient Saxons taught:
At Over-Isell rests, the other did apply
The Guelders, and by them interr'd at Daventry.
St. Wynibald again, at Hydlemayne enjoy'd
The abbacy, in which his godly time employ'd
In their conversion there, which long time him withstood.
St. Gregory then, with us sprung of the royal blood,
And son to him whom we the elder Edward style,
Both court and country left, which he esteemed vile,
Which Germany receiv'd, where he at Mayniard led
A strict monastic life, a saint alive and dead.
" So had we some of ours for Italy were prest,
As well as these before, sent out into the east.
King Inas having done so great and wondrous things,
As well might be suppos'd the works of sundry kings,
Erecting beauteous fanes, and monuments so fair,
As monarchs have not since been able to repair,
Of many that he built, the least, in time when they
Have (by weak men's neglect) been fall'n into decay:
This realm by him enrich'd, he poverty profess'd,
In pilgrimage to Rome, where meekly he deceas'd.
As Richard the dear son to Lothar king of Kent,
When he his happy days religiously had spent;
And feeling the approach of his declining age,
Desirous to see Rome in holy pilgrimage,
Into thy country come, at Lucca left his life,
Whose miracles there done, yet to this day are rife.
The patron of that place, so Tuscany in thee,
At fair Mount-flascon still the memory shall be
Of holy Thomas there most reverently interr'd,
Who sometime to the see of Hereford preferr'd;
Thence travelling to Rome, in his return bereft
His life by sickness, there to thee his body left.
" Yet Italy gave not these honours all to them
That visited her Rome, but from Jerusalem,
Some coming back through thee, and yielding up their spirits,
On thy rich earth receiv'd their most deserved merits.
O Naples, as thine own, in thy large territory,
Tho' to our country's praise, yet to thy greater glory,
Even to this day the shrines religiously dost keep,
Of many a blessed saint which in thy lap doth sleep;
As Eleutherius, come from visiting the tomb,
Thou gav'st to him at Arke in thy Apulia room
To set his holy cell, where he an hermit dy'd,
Canonized her saint; so hast thou glorify'd
St. Gerard, one of ours, (above the former grac'd)
In such a sumptuous shrine at Galinaro plac'd;
At Sancto Padre so, St. Fulke hath ever fame,
Which from that reverend man 't should seem deriv'd the
name,
His relics there reserv'd; so holy Ardwin's shrine
Is at Ceprano kept, and honour'd as divine,
For miracles, that there by his strong faith were wrought.
'Mongst these selected men, the sepulchre that sought,
And in thy realm arriv'd, their blessed souls resign'd,
Our Bernard's body yet at Arpine we may find,
Until this present time, her patronizing saint.
" So countries more remote, with ours we did acquaint,
As Richard for the fame his holiness had won,
And for the wondrous things that thro' his prayers were done,
From this his native home into Calabria call'd,
And of St. Andrew's there the bishop was install'd,
For whom she hath profess'd much reverence to this land:
St. William with this man, a parallel may stand,
Thro' all the Christian world accounted so divine,
That travelling from hence to holy Palestine,
Desirous that most blest Jerusalem to see,
(In which the Saviour's self so oft vouchsaf'd to be)
Prior of that holy house by suffrages related,
To th' sepulchre of Christ, which there was dedicated;
To Tyre in Syria thence remov'd in little space,
And in less time ordain'd archbishop of that place;
That God inspired man, with heavenly goodness fill'd,
A saint amongst the rest deservedly is held.
" Yet Italy, nor France, nor Germany, those times
Employ'd not all our men, but into colder climes,
They wander'd thro' the world, their countries that forsook.
So Sigfrid sent from hence devoutly undertook
Those pagans wild and rude, of Gothia, to convert,
Who having labour'd long, with danger oft ingirt,
Was in his reverend age for his deserved fee,
By Olaus king of Goths, set on Vexovia's see.
To Norway, and to those great north-east countries far,
So Gotebald gave himself holding a Christian war
With paynims, nothing else but heathenish rites that knew.
As Suethia to herself these men most reverend drew,
St. Ulfrid of our saints as famous there as any,
Nor scarcely find we one converting there so many.
And Henry in those days of Oxsto bishop made,
The first that Swethen king, which ever did persuade,
On Finland to make war, to force them by the sword,
When nothing else could serve to hear the powerful word;
With Eskill thither sent, to teach that barbarous nation;
Who on the passion day, there preaching on the passion,
T' express the Saviour's love to mankind, taking pain,
By cruel paynims' hands was in the pulpit slain,
Upon that blessed day Christ died for sinful man,
Upon that day for Christ his martyr's crown he wan.
So David drawn from hence into those farther parts,
By preaching, who to pierce those paynims' harden'd hearts,
Incessantly proclaim'd Christ Jesus, with a cry
Against their heathen gods, and blind idolatry.
Into those colder climes to people beastly rude,
So others that were ours courageously pursu'd
The planting of the truth, in zeal three most profound,
The relish of whose names by likeliness of sound,
Both in their lives and deaths, a likeliness might show,
As Unaman we name, and Shunaman that go,
With Wynaman their friend, which martyr'd gladly were,
In Gothland, whilst they taught with Christian patience there.
" Nor those from us that went, nor those that hither came
From the remotest parts, were greater yet in name,
Than those residing here on many a goodly see,
(Great bishops in account, now greater saints that be)
Some such selected ones for piety and zeal,
As to the wretched world more clearly could reveal,
How much there might of God in mortal man be found
In charitable works, or such as did abound,
Which by their good success in after times were blest,
Were then related saints, as worthier than the rest.

" Of Canterbury here with those I will begin,
That first archbishop's see, on which there long had been
So many men devout, as rais'd that church so high,
Much reverence, and have won their holy hierarchy:
Of which he first that did with goodness so inflame
The hearts of the devout (that from his proper name)
As one (even) sent from God, the souls of men to save
The title unto him, of Deodat they gave.
The bishops Brightwald next, and Tatwin in we take,
Whom time may say, that saints it worthily did make;
Succeeding in that see directly even as they,
Here by the Muse are plac'd, who spent both night and day
By doctrine, or by deeds, instructing, doing good,
In raising them were fall'n, or strengthening them that stood.
" Then Odo the severe who highly did adorn
That see, (yet being of unchristen'd parents born,
Whose country Denmark was, but in East-England dwelt)
He being but a child, in his clear bosom felt
The most undoubted truth, and yet unbaptiz'd long;
But as he grew in years, in spirit so growing strong:
And as the Christian faith this holy man had taught,
He likewise for that faith in sundry battles fought.
So Dunstan as the rest arose through many secs,
To this arch-type at last ascending by degrees,
There by his power confirm'd, and strongly credit won,
To many wondrous things which he before had done.
To whom when (as they say) the Devil once appear'd,
This man so full of faith, not once at all afraid,
Strong conflicts with him had, in miracles most great.
As Egelnoth again much grac'd that sacred seat,
Who for his godly deeds surnamed was the Good,
Not boasting of his birth, tho' come of royal blood:
For that, nor at the first, a monk's mean cowl despis'd,
With winning men to God, who never was suffic'd,
These men before express'd; so Eadsine next ensues,
To propagate the truth, no toil that did refuse;
In Harold's time who liv'd, when William conqueror came,
For holiness of life, attain'd unto that fame,
That soldiers fierce and rude, that pity never knew,
Were suddenly made mild, as changed in his view.
This man with those before, most worthily related
Arch saints, as in their sees archbishops consecrated.
St. Thomas Becket then, which Rome did so much hery,
As to his christen'd name they added Canterbury;
There to whose sumptuous shrine the near succeeding ages,
So mighty off'rings sent, and made such pilgrimages,
Concerning whom, the world since then hath spent much breath,
And many questions made both of his life and death:
If he were truly just, he hath his right; if no,
Those times were much to blame, that have him reckon'd so.
" Then these from York ensue, whose lives have as much grac'd
That see, as these before in Canterbury plac'd:
St. Wilfrid of her saints, we then the first will bring,
Who twice by Egfrid's ire, the stern Northumbrian king,
Expuls'd his sacred seat, most patiently it bare,
The man for sacred gifts almost beyond compare.
Then Bosa next to him as meek and humble hearted,
As th' other full of grace, to whom great God imparted
His mercies sundry ways, as age upon him came.
And next him followeth John, who likewise bare the name
Of Beverley, where he most happily was born,
Whose holiness did much his native place adorn,
Whose vigils had by those devouter times' bequests
The ceremonies due to great and solemn feasts.
So Oswald of that seat, and Cedwall sainted were,
Both reverenc'd and renown'd archbishops living there
The former to that see, from Worcester transferr'd,
Deceased, was again at Worcester interr'd:
The other in that see a sepulchre they chose,
And did for his great zeal amongst the saints dispose,
As William by descent come of the conqueror's train,
Whom Stephen roling here did in his time ordain
Archbishop of that see, among our saints doth fall,
Deriv'd from those two seats, styl'd archiepiscopal.
" Next these arch-sees of ours, now London place doth take,
Which had those, of whom time saints worthily did make.
As Ceda, (brother to that reverend bishop Chad,
At Litchfield in those times, his famous seat that had)
Is sainted for that see amongst our reverend men,
From London tho' at length remov'd to Lestingen,
A monast'ry, which then he richly had begun.
Him Erkenwald ensues, th' East-English Offa's son,
His father's kingly court who for a crosier fled,
Whose works such fame him won for holiness, that dead,
Time him enshrin'd in Pauls, (the mother of that see)
Which with revenues large, and privileges he
Had wondrously endow'd; to goodness so affected,
That he those abbies great from his own power erected
At Chertsey near to Thames, and Barking famous long.
So Roger hath a room in these our sainted throng,
Who by his words and works so taught the way to Heaven,
As that great name to him sure was not vainly given.
" With Winchester again proceed we, which shall store
Us with as many saints, as any see (or more)
Of whom we yet have sung: as Heada there we have,
Who by his godly life, so good instructions gave,
As teaching that the way to make men to live well,
Example us assur'd, did preaching far excel.
Our Swithun then ensues, of him why ours I say,
Is that upon his feast, his dedicated day,
As it in harvest haps, so ploughmen note thereby,
Th' ensuing forty days be either wet or dry,
As that day falleth out, whose miracles may we
Believe those former times, he well might sainted be
" So Frithstan for a saint incalendar'd we find,
With Brithstan not a whit the holiest man behind,
Canoniz'd, of which two, the former for respect
Of virtues in him found, the latter did elect
To sit upon his see, who likewise dying there,
To Ethelbald again succeeding did appear,
The honour to a saint, as challenging his due,
These formerly express'd, then Elpheg doth ensue;
Then Ethelwald, of whom this alms-deed hath been told,
That in a time of dearth his church's plate he sold,
To relieve the needy poor; the church's wealth (quoth he)
May be again repair'd, but so these cannot be.
With these before express'd, so Britwald forth she brought,
By faith and earnest prayer his miracles that wrought,
That such against the faith, that were most stony-hearted,
By his religious life, have lastly been converted.
This man, when as our kings so much decayed were,
As 'twas suppos'd their line would be extinguish'd here,
Had in his dream reveal'd, to whom all doing Heaven
The scepter of this land in after-times had given;
Which in prophetic sort by him deliver'd was,
And as he stoutly spake, it truly came to pass.
" So other southern sees, here either less or more,
Have likewise had their saints, tho' not alike in store.
Of Rochester we have St. Ithamar, being then,
In those first times, first of our native Englishmen
Residing on that seat; so as an aid to her,
But singly sainted thus, we have of Chichester,
St. Richard, and with him St. Gilbert, which do stand
Enroll'd amongst the rest of this our mitred band,
Of whom such wondrous things for truths deliver'd are,
As now may seem to stretch our strait belief too far.
" And Cimbert, of a saint had the deserved right,
His yearly obiits long, done in the isle of Wight,
A bishop, as some say, but certain of what see
It scarcely can be prov'd, nor is it known to me.
" Whilst Sherburne was a see, and in her glory shone,
And Bodmin likewise had a bishop of her own,
Whose diocese that time contained Cornwal; these
Had as the rest their saints, derived from their sees:
The first her Adelm had, and Hamond, and the last
Had Patrock, for a saint that with the other pass'd;
That were it fit for us but to examine now
Those former times, these men for saints that did allow,
And from our reading urge, that others might as well
Related be for saints, as worthy every deal;
This scrutiny of ours, would clear that world thereby,
And show it to be void of partiality,
That each man holy call'd, was not canoniz'd here,
But such whose lives by death had trial many a year.
" That see at Norwich now establish'd (long not stirr'd)
At Eltham planted first, to Norwich then transferr'd
Into our beedroll here, her Humbert in doth bring,
(A counsellor that was to that most martyr'd king,
St. Edmund) who in their rude massacre then slain,
The title of a saint his martyrdom doth gain.
" So Hereford hath had on her cathedral seat,
Saint Leofgar, a man by martyrdom made great,
Whom Griffith prince of Wales, that town which did subdue,
(O most unhallow'd deed) unmercifully slew.
" So Wors'ter, (as those sees here sung by us before)
Hath likewise with her saints renown'd our native shore:
Saint Egwin as her eld'st, with Woolstan as the other,
Of whom she may be proud to say she was the mother,
The church's champions both for her that stoutly stood.
" Litchfield hath these no whit less famous, nor less good.
The first of whom is that most reverend bishop Chad,
In those religious times for holiness that had
The name above the best that lived in those days,
That stories have been stuft with his abundant praise;
Who on the see of York being formerly install'd,
Yet when back to that place St. Wilfrid was recall'd,
The seat to that good man he willingly resign'd,
And to the quiet closs of Litchfield him confin'd.
So Sexulf after him, then Owen did supply,
Her trine of reverend men renown'd for sanctity.
" As Lincoln to the saints our Robert Grosted lent,
A perfect godly man, most learn'd and eloquent,
Than whom no bishop yet walk'd in more upright ways,
Who durst reprove proud Rome in her most prosperous days,
Whose life, of that next age the justice well did show,
Which we may boldly say, for this we clearly know,
Had Innocent the Fourth the church's suffrage led,
This man could not at Rome have been canonized.
" Her sainted bishop John, so Ely adds to these,
Yet never any one of all our several sees
Northumberland, like thine, have to these times been blest,
Which sent into this isle so many men profest,

Whilst Hagustald had then a mother-church's style,
And Lindisferne of us now call'd the Holy-isle,
Was then a see before that Durham was so great,
And long ere Carlisle came to be a bishop's seat.
Aidan, and Finan both, most happily were found,
Northumberland, in thee, even whilst thou didst abound
With paganism, which them thy Oswin, that good king,
His people to convert, did in from Scotland bring:
As Etta likewise her's, from Malrorse that arose,
Being abbot of that place whom the Northumbers chose
The bishopric of Ferne, and Aygustald to hold.
And Cuthbert, of whose life such miracles are told,
As story scarcely can the truth thereof maintain,
Of th' old Scotch-Irish kings descended from the strain,
To whom since they belong, I from them here must swerve,
And till I thither come, their holiness reserve,
Proceeding with the rest that on those sees have shone,
As Edbert after these, born naturally our own.
The next which in that see St. Cuthbert did succeed,
His church then built of wood, and thatch'd with homely reed,
He builded up of stone, and covered fair with lead,
Who in St. Cuthbert's grave they buried, being dead,
As his sad people he at his departing will'd.
So Higbald after him a saint is likewise held,
Who when his proper see, as all the northern shore,
Were by the Danes destroy'd, he not dismay'd the more,
But making shift to get out of the cruel flame,
His clergy carrying forth, preach'd wheresoe'er he came.
" And Alwyn, who the church at Durham now begun,
Which place before that time was strangely overrun
With shrubs, and men for corn that plot had lately ear'd,
Where he that goodly fane to after ages rear'd,
And thither his late seat from Lindisferne[4] translated,
Which his cathedral church by him was consecrated.
" So Acca we account 'mongst those which have been call'd
The saints of this our see, which sat at Hagenstald,
Of which he bishop was, in that good age respected,
In calendars preserv'd, in th' catalogues neglected,
Which since would seem to show the bishops as they came:
Then Edilwald, which some (since) Ethelwoolph do name,
At Durham by some men supposed to reside
More rightly, but by some at Carlisle justify'd,
The first which rul'd that see, which Beauclerk[5] did prefer,
Much gracing him, who was his only confessor.
Nor were they bishops thus related saints alone;
Northumberland, but thou (besides) hast many a one,
Religious abbots, priests, and holy hermits then,
Canonized as well as thy great mitred men:
Two famous abbots first are in the rank of these,
Whose abbeys touch'd the walls of thy two ancient sees.
" Thy Roysil, (in his time the tutelage that had
Of Cuthbert, that great saint, whose hopes then but a lad,
Express'd in riper years how greatly he might merit)
The man who had from God a prophesying spirit,
Foretelling many things; and growing to be old,
His very hour of death was by an angel told.
At Malroys this good man his sainting well did earn,
Saint Oswald his again at holy Lindisferne,
With Ive, a godly priest, suppos'd to have his lere
Of Cuthbert, and with him was Herbert likewise there
His fellow-pupil long, who (as mine author saith)
So great opinion had of Cuthbert and his faith,
That at one time and place, he with that holy man
Desir'd of God to die, which by his prayer he wan.
" Our venerable Bede so forth that country brought,
And worthily so nam'd, who of those ages sought
The truth to understand, impartially which he
Deliver'd hath to time, in his records that we
Things left so far behind before us still may read,
'Mongst our canoniz'd sort, who called is St. Bede.
" A sort of hermits then, by thee to light are brought,
Who liv'd by alms, and prayer, the world respecting nought.
Our Edilwald the priest, in Fern, (now Holy-isle)
Which standeth from the firm to sea nine English mile,
Sat in his reverent cell, as, Godrick, thou canst show,
His head and beard as white as swan or driven snow,
At Finchall threescore years, a hermit's life to lead;
Their solitary way in thee did Alrick tread,
Who in a forest near to Carlisle, in his age,
Bequeath'd himself to his more quiet hermitage.
Of Wilgusse, so in thee, Northumberland, we tell,
Whose most religious life hath merited so well,
(Whose blood thou boast'st to be of thy most royal strain)
That Alkwin, master to that mighty Charlemaign,
In verse his legend writ, who of our holy men,
He him the subject chose for his most learned pen.
So Oswyn, one of thy dear country, thou canst show,
To whom, as for the rest for him, we likewise owe
Much honour to thy earth, this godly man that gave,
Whose reliques that great house of Lesting long did save,
To cinders till it sunk: so Benedict by thee,
We have amongst the rest, for saints that reckon'd be,
Of Wyremouth worshipp'd long, her patron buried there,
In that most goodly church, which he himself did rear.

Saint Thomas so to us, Northumberland, thou lent'st,
Whom up into the south, thou from his country sent'st
For sanctity of life, a man exceeding rare,
Who since that of his name so many saints there are,
This man from others more, that times might understand,
They to his christen'd name added Northumberland.
" Nor in one country thus our saints confined were,
But through this famous isle dispersed here and there:
As Yorkshire sent us in St. Robert to our store,
At Knarsborough most known, whereas he long before
His blessed time bestow'd; then one as just as he,
(If credit to those times attributed may be)
Saint Richard with the rest deserving well a room,
Which in that country once, at Hampool, had a tomb.
Religious Aired so, from Rydal we receive,
The abbot, who to all posterity did leave
The fruits of his stay'd faith, deliver'd by his pen.
Not of the least desert amongst our holiest men,
One Eusac then we had, but where his life he led,
That doubt I, but am sure he was canonized,
And was an abbot too, for sanctity much fam'd.
" Then Woolsey will we bring, of Westminster so nam'd,
And by that title known, in power and goodness great;
And meriting as well his sainting, as his seat.
So have we found three Johns, of sundry places here,
Of which (three reverend men) two famous abbots were.
The first St. Alban's show'd, the second Lewes had,
Another godly John, we to these former add,
To make them up a trine, (the name of saints that won)
Who was a Yorkshire man, and prior of Burlington.
" So Biren can we boast, a man most highly blest
With the title of a saint, whose ashes long did rest
At Dorchester, where he was honour'd many a day;
But of the place he held, books diversly dare say,
As they of Gilbert do, who founded those divines,
Monastics all that were, of him nam'd Gilbertines:
To which his order here, he thirteen houses built,
When that most thankful time, to show he had not spilt
His wealth on it in vain, a saint hath made him here,
At Sempringham enshrin'd, a town of Lincolnshire.
" Of sainted hermits then, a company we have,
To whom devouter times this veneration gave:
As Gwir in Cornwal kept his solitary cage,
And Neoth, by Hunstock there, his holy hermitage,
As Guthlake, from his youth, who liv'd a soldier long,
Detesting the rude spoils, done by the armed throng,
The mad tumultuous world contemptibly forsook,
And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook,
Free from all public crowds, in that low fenny ground.
As Bertiline again, was near to Stafford found:
Then in a forest there, for solitude most fit,
Blest in a hermit's life, by there enjoying it.
An hermit Arnulph so in Bedfordshire became,
A man austere of life, in honour of whose name,
Time after built a town, where this good man did live,
And did to it the name of Arnulphsbury give.
These men, this wicked world respected not a hair,
But true professors were of poverty and prayer.
" Amongst these men which times have honoured with the style
Of confessors, (made saints) so every little while,
Our martyrs have come in, who sealed with their blood
That faith which th' other preach'd, 'gainst them that it withstood;
As Alnoth, who had liv'd a herdsman, left his seat,
Tho' in the quiet fields, whereas he kept his neat,
And leaving that his charge, he left the world withal,
An anchorite and became, within a cloister'd wall
Enclosing up himself, in prayer to spend his breath,
But was too soon (alas!) by pagans put to death.
Then Woolstan, one of these, by his own kinsman slain
At Eusham, for that he did zealously maintain
The verity of Christ. As Thomas whom we call
Of Dover, adding monk, and martyr there withal;
For that the barbarous Danes he bravely did withstand,
From ransacking the church, when here they put on land,
By them was done to death, which rather he did choose,
Than see their heathen hands those holy things abuse.
" Two boys of tender age, those elder saints ensue,
Of Norwich William was, of Lincoln little Hugh,
Whom th' unbelieving Jews (rebellious that abide)
In mockery of our Christ at Easter crucify'd.
Those times would every one should their due honour have,
His freedom or his life, for Jesus Christ that gave.
" So Wiltshire with the rest her hermit Ulfrick hath
Related for a saint, so famous in the faith,
That sundry ages since, his cell have sought to find,
At Hasselburg, who had his obiits him assign'd.
" So had we many kings most holy here at home,
As men of meaner rank, which have attain'd that room:
Northumberland, thy seat with saints did us supply
Of thy religious kings; of which high hierarchy
Was Edwin, for the faith by heathenish hands enthrall'd,
Whom Penda which to him the Welsh Cadwallyn call'd,
Without all mercy slew: but he alone not dy'd
By that proud Mercian king, but Penda yet beside,
Just Oswald likewise slew, at Oswaldstree, who gave
That name unto that place, as though time meant to save

[4] An isle near to Scotland, lying into the German ocean, since that called Holy-island.
[5] Henry I.

His memory thereby, there suff'ring for the faith,
As one whose life deserv'd that memory in death.
So likewise in the roll of these Northumbrian kings,
With those that martyrs were, so forth that country brings
Th' anointed Oswin next, in Deira to ensue,
Whom Osway, that brute king of wild Bernitia slew:
Two kingdoms, which whilst then Northumberland remain'd
In greatness, were within her larger bounds contain'd:
This kingly martyr so, a saint was rightly crown'd.
As Alkmond one of her's (for sanctity renown'd,
King Alred's christen'd son, a most religious prince,
Whom, when the heathenish here by no means could convince
(Their paganism apace declining to the wane)
At Derby put to death, whom in a goodly fane,
Call'd by his glorious name his corpse the Christians laid.
What fame deserv'd your faith, (were it but rightly weigh'd)
You pious princes then, in godliness so great;
Why should not full-mouth'd Fame your praises oft repeat?
So Ethelwolph, her king, Northumbria notes again,
In martyrdom the next, tho' not the next in reign,
Whom his false subjects slew, for that he did deface
The heathenish Saxon gods, and bound them to embrace
The lively quick'ning faith, which then began to spread.
So for our Saviour Christ, as these were martyred:
There other holy kings were likewise, who confess'd,
Which those most zealous times have sainted with the rest:
King Alfred, that his Christ he might more surely hold,
Left his Northumbrian crown, and soon became encowl'd,
At Malroyse, in the land, whereof he had been king.
So Egbert to that prince, a parallel we bring,
To Oswoolph, his next heir, his kingdom that resign'd,
And presently himself at Lindisferne confin'd,
Contemning courtly state, which earthly fools adore:
So Ceonulph again as this had done before,
In that religious house, a cloister'd man became,
Which many a blessed saint hath honour'd with the name.

"Nor those Northumbrian kings the only martyrs were,
That in this sevenfold rule the sceptres once did bear,
But that the Mercian reign, which pagan princes long
Did terribly infest, had some her lords among,
To the true Christian faith much reverence which did add
Our martyrologe to help: so happily she had
Rufin, and Ulfad, sons to Wulphere, for desire
They had t' embrace the faith, by their most cruel sire
Were without pity slain, long ere to manhood grown,
Whose tender bodies had their burying rites at Stone.[6]
So Kenelm, that the king of Mercia should have been,
Before his first seven years he fully out had seen,
Was slain by his own guard, for fear lest waxing old,
That he the Christian faith undoubtedly would hold.
So long it was ere truth could paganism expel.

"Then Fremund, Offa's son, of whom times long did tell
Such wonders of his life and sanctity, who fled
His father's kingly court, and after meekly led
An hermit's life in Wales, where long he did remain
In penitence and prayer, till after he was slain
By cruel Osway's hands, the most invoterate foe
The Christian faith here found: so Ethelred shall go
With these our martyr'd saints, though only he confess'd,
Since he of Mercia was, a king who highly bless'd
Fair Bardney, where his life religiously he spent,
And meditating Christ, thence to his Saviour went.

"Nor our West-saxon reign was any whit behind
Those of the other rules, (their best) whose zeal we find
Amongst those sainted kings, whose fames are safeliest kept;
As Cedwal, on whose head such praise all times have heap'd,
That from a heathen prince, a holy pilgrim turn'd,
Repenting in his heart against the truth t' have spurn'd,
To Rome on his bare feet his patience exercis'd,
And in the Christian faith there humbly was baptiz'd.
So Ethelwoolph, who sat on Cedwal's ancient seat,
For charitable deeds, who almost was as great
As any English king, at Winchester enshrin'd,
A man amongst our saints, most worthily divin'd.
Two other kings as much our martyrologe may sted,
Saint Edward, and with him comes in St. Ethelred,
By Alfreda, the first, his stepmother, was slain,
That her most loved son, young Ethelbert, might reign:
The other in a storm, and deluge of the Dane,
For that he christen'd was, receiv'd his deadly bane;
Both which, with wondrous cost, the English did inter,
At Wynburn this first saint, the last at Winchester,
Where that West-saxon prince, good Alfred, buried was
Among our sainted kings, that well deserves to pass.

"Nor were these western kings of the old Saxon strain
More studious in those times, or stoutlier did maintain
The truth, than these of ours, the Angles of the east,
Their near'st and dear'st allies which strongly did invest
The island[7] with their name, of whose most holy kings,
Which justly have deserv'd their high canonizings,
Are Sigfrid, whose dear death him worthily had crown'd,
And Edmund, in his end, so wondrously renown'd,
For Christ's sake suffering death, by that blood-drowning Dane,
To whom those times first built that city[8] and that fane,

[6] A town in Staffordshire.
[7] A people of the Saxons, who gave the name to England, of Angles'-land.
[8] Saint Edmundsbury.

Whose ruins Suffolk yet can to her glory show,
When she will have the world of her past greatness know.
As Ethelbert again, allur'd with the report
Of more than earthly pomp, then in the Mercian court,
From the East-angles went, whilst mighty Offa reign'd;
Wherefore he christen'd was, and christian-like abstain'd
To idolatrise with them; fierce Quenred, Offa's queen,
Most treacherously him slew, out of th' inveterate spleen
She bare unto the faith; whom we a saint adore.
So Edwald, brother to St. Edmund, sung before,
A confessor we call, whom past times did inter
At Dorcester by Thame, (now in our calendar).

"Amongst those kingdoms here, so Kent account shall yield,
Of three of her best blood, who, in this Christian field,
Were mighty, of the which, king Ethelbert shall stand
The first; who having brought St. Augustine to land,
Himself first christened was, by whose example then
The faith grew after strong amongst his Kentish-men.
As Ethelbrit again, and Ethelred his pheere,
To Edbald, king of Kent, who natural nephews were,
For Christ there suff'ring death, assume them places high,
Amongst our martyr'd saints, commemorate at Wye.
To these two brothers, so two others come again,
And as of great descent in the South-sexian strain:
Arwaldi of one name, whom, ere king Cedwal knew
The true and lively faith, he tyrannously slew:
Who still amongst the saints have their deserved right,
Whose vigils were observ'd (long) in the isle of Wight.
Remember'd too the more, for being of one name,
As of th' East Saxon line, king Sebba so became
As most religious monk, at London, where he led
A strict retired life, a saint alive and dead.
Related for the like, so Edgar we admit,
That king, who over eight did solely monarch sit,
And with our holiest saints for his endowments great,
Bestow'd upon the church. With him we likewise seat
That sumptuous shrined king, good Edward, from the rest
Of that renowned name by confessor express'd.

"To these our sainted kings, remember'd in our song,
Those maids and widow'd queens, do worthily belong,
Encloister'd that became, and had the self-same style,
For fasting, alms, and prayer, renowned in our isle,
As those that forth to France and Germany we gave,
For holy charges there; but here first let us have
Our maid-made saints at home, as Hilderlie; with her
We Theorid think most fit, for whom those times aver,
A virgin, strictlier vow'd, hath hardly lived here.
Saint Wulfshild then we bring, all which of Berking were,
And reckon'd for the best, which most that house did grace,
The last of which was long the abbess of that place.
So Werburg, Wulphere's child, (of Mercia that had been
A persecuting king) by Erminelda his queen,
At Ely honour'd is, where her dear mother late
A recluse had remain'd, in her sole widow'd state;
Of which good Audry was king Ina's daughter bright,
Reflecting on those times so clear a vestal light,
As many a virgin-breast she fired with her zeal,
The fruits of whose strong faith, to ages still reveal
The glory of those times, by liberties she gave,
By which those eastern shires their privileges[9] have.
Of holy Audrie's too, a sister here we have,
Saint Withburg, who herself to contemplation gave,
At Deerham in her cell, where her due hours she kept,
Whose death with many a tear in Norfolk was bewept.

"And in that isle again, which beareth Ely's name,
At Ramsey, Merwin so a veiled maid became
Amongst our virgin-saints, where Elfled is enroll'd,
The daughter that is nam'd of noble Ethe's old,
A great East-Anglian earl, of Ramsey abbess long,
So of our maiden saints, the female sex among.
With Milburg, Mildred comes, and Milwid, daughters dear
To Mervald, who did then the Mercian sceptre bear.
At Wenlock, Milburg dy'd, (a most religious maid)
Of which great abbey she the first foundation laid:
And Thanet (as her saint) even to this age doth bery
Her Mildred. Milwid was the like at Canterbury.

"Nor in this utmost isle of Thanet may we pass
Saint Eadburg abbess there, who the dear daughter was
To Ethelbert her lord, and Kent's first christen'd king,
Who in this place most fitt'st we with the former bring,
Translated (as some say) to Flanders: but that I,
As doubtful of the truth, here dare not justify.

"King Edgar's sister so, St. Edith, place may have
With these our maiden-saints, who to her Powlsworth gave
Immunities most large, and goodly livings laid.
Which Modwen, long before, an holy Irish maid,
Had founded in that place with most devout intent.
As Eanswine, Eadwald's child, one of the kings of Kent,
At Folkstone found a place (given by her father there)
In which she gave herself to abstinence and prayer.

"Of the West-Saxon rule, born to three several kings,
Four holy virgins more the Muse in order brings:
Saint Ethelgive, the child to Alfred, which we find
Those more devouter times at Shaftsbury enshrin'd.
Then Tetta in we take, at Winburne on our way,
Which Cuthred's sister was, who in those times did sway

[9] St. Audrie's liberties.

On the West-Saxon seat, two other sacred maids,
As from their cradles vow'd to bidding of their beads.
Saint Cuthburg, and with her St. Quinburg, which we here
Succeedingly do set, both as they sisters were,
And abbesses again of Wilton, which we gather,
Our virgin-band to grace, both having to their father,
Religious Ina, red with those that rul'd the west,
Whose mother's sacred womb with other saints was blest,
As after shall be show'd: another virgin vow'd,
And likewise for a saint amongst the rest allow'd;
To th' elder Edward born, bright Eadburg, who for she
(As five related saints of that blest name that be)
Of Wilton abbess was, they her of Wilton styl'd:
Was ever any maid more merciful, more mild,
Or sanctimonious known? But, Muse, on in our song,
With other princely maids, but first with those that sprung
From Penda, that great king of Mercia; holy Tweed,
And Kinisdred, with these their sisters, Kinisweed,
And Eadburg, last, not least, at Godmanchester all
Encloister'd; and to these St. Tibba let us call,
In solitude to Christ, that set her whole delight,
In Godmanchester made a constant anchorite.
Amongst which of that house, for saints that reckon'd be,
Yet never any one more grac'd the same than she.
Deriv'd of royal blood, as th' other Elfled then,
Niece to that mighty king, our English Athelstan,
At Glastenbury shrin'd; and one as great as she,
Being Edward Out-law's child, a maid that liv'd to see
The Conqueror enter here, St. Christian, (to us known)
Whose life by her clear name divinely was foreshown.
" For holiness of life, that as renowned were,
And not less nobly born, nor bred, produce we here;
Saint Hilda, and St. Hien, the first of noble name,
At Strenshalt took her vow; the other sister came
To Colchester, and grac'd the rich Essexian shore:
Whose relics many a day the world did there adore.
And of our sainted maids, the number to supply,
Of Eadburg we allow, sometime at Ailesbury,
To Redwald then a king of the East-Angles born,
A vot'ress as sincere as she thereto was sworn.
Then Pandwine we produce, whom this our native isle,
As foreign parts much priz'd, and higher did enstyle
The holiest English maid, whose vigils long were held
In Lincolnshire; yet not St. Frideswid excell'd,
The abbess of an house in Oxford, of her kind
The wonder; nor that place could hope the like to find.
Two sisters so we have, both to devotion 'plete,
And worthily made saints; the elder Margarite,
Of Katesby abbess was, and Alice, as we read,
Her sister on that seat, did happily succeed
At Abington, which first receiv'd their living breath.
Then those Northumbrian nymphs, all veil'd, as full of faith,
That country sent us in, t' increase our virgin-band,
Fair Elfled, Oswald's child, king of Northumberland,
At Strenshalt that was veil'd. As 'mongst those many there,
O Ebba, whose clear fame time never shall outwear,
At Coldingham, far hence within that country plac'd;
The abbess, who to keep the veiled virgins chaste,
Which else thou fear'st the Danes would ravish, which pos-
sess'd
This isle; first of thyself, and then of all the rest,
The nose and upper lip from your fair faces carv'd,
And from pollution so your hallow'd house preserv'd.
Which when the Danes perceiv'd, their hopes so far deluded,
Setting the house on fire, their martyrdom concluded.
As Leofron, whose faith with others rightly weigh'd,
Shall show her not out-match'd by any English maid;
Who likewise when the Dane with persecution storm'd,
She here a martyr's part most gloriously perform'd.
Two holy maids again at Whitby were renown'd,
Both abbesses thereof, and confessors are crown'd;
St. Ethelfrid, with her St. Congill, as a pair
Of abbesses therein, the one of which by prayer
The wild-geese thence expell'd, that island which annoy'd,
By which their grass and grain was many times destroy'd,
Which fall from off their wings, nor to the air can get
From the forbidden place, till they be fully wet.
" As these within this isle in cloisters were enclos'd:
So we our virgins had to foreign parts expos'd;
As Eadburg, Ana's child, and Sethred born our own,
Were abbesses of Bridge, whose zeal to France was known:
And Ercongate again we likewise thither sent,
(Which Ercombert begot, some time a king of Kent)
A prioress of that place; Burgundosora bare
At Eureux the chaste rule; all which renowned are
In France, which as this isle of them may freely boast.
" So Germany some grac'd, from this their native coast.
St. Walburg here extract from th' royal English line,
Was in that country made abbess of Heydentine.
St. Tecla to that place at Ochenford they chose:
From Wynburne with the rest (in Dorsetshire) arose
Chaste Agatha, with her went Lioba along.
From thence, two not the least these sacred maids among,
At Biscopsen, by time encloister'd and became.
St. Lewen so attain'd an everliving name
For martyrdom, which she at Wynokebergin wan,
Maids seeming in their sex t' exceed the holiest man.
Nor had our virgins here for sanctity the prize,
But widow'd queens as well, that being godly wise,
Forsaking second beds, the world with them forsook,
To strict retired lives, and gladly them betook
To abstinence and prayer, and as sincerely liv'd.
As when the fates of life king Ethelwold depriv'd,
That o'er th' East-Angles reign'd, bright Heriswid his wife,
Betaking her to lead a strict monastic life,
Departing hence to France, receiv'd the holy veil,
And lived many a day encloister'd there at Cale.
Then Keneburg in this our sainted front shall stand,
To Alfred the lov'd wife, king of Northumberland,
Daughter to Penda, king of Mercia, who though he
Himself most heathenish were, yet liv'd that age to see
Four virgins, and this queen, his children consecrated
Of Godmanchester all, and after saints related.
" As likewise of this sex, with saints that doth us store,
Of the Northumbrian line so have we many more;
Saint Eanfled, widow'd left, by Osway reigning there,
At Strenshalt took her veil, as Ethelburg the pheere
To Edwin, (rightly nam'd) the holy, which possess'd
Northumber's sacred seat, herself that did invest
At Lymming far in Kent, which country gave her breath.
So Edeth as the rest after king Sethrick's death,
Which had the self-same rule, of Wilton abbess was,
Where two West-Saxon queens for saints shall likewise pass,
Which in the self-same house, saint Edeth did succeed,
Saint Ethelwid, which here put on her hallow'd weed,
King Alred's worthy wife, of Westsex; so again
Did Wilfrid, Edgar's queen, (so famous in his reign.)
Then Eadburg, Ana's wife, received as the other,
Who as a saint herself, so likewise was she mother
To two most holy maids, as we before have show'd,
At Wilton (which we say) their happy time bestow'd,
Tho' she of Barking was, a holy nun profess'd,
Who in her husband's time had reigned in the west:
Th' East-Saxon line again, so others to us lent,
As Sexburg, sometime queen to Ercombert of Kent,
Tho' Ina's loved child, and Audrey's sister known,
Which Ely in those days did for her abbess own.
Nor to St. Osith we less honour ought to give,
King Sethred's widow'd queen, who (when death did deprive
Th' Essexian king of life) became enroll'd at Chich,
Whose shrine to her there built, the world did long enrich.
Two holy Mercian queens so widow'd, saints became,
For sanctity much like, not much unlike in name.
King Wulphere's widow'd pheere, queen Ermineld, whose
life
At Ely is renown'd, and Ermenburg, the wife
To Merualdreigning there, a saint may safely pass,
Who to three virgin-saints the virtuous mother was,
The remnant of her days, religiously that bare,
Immonaster'd in Kent, where first she breath'd the air.
King Edgar's mother so, is for a saint preferr'd,
Queen Algyve, who (they say) at Shipston was interr'd.
So Edward Outlaw's wife, St. Agatha, we bring,
By Salomon begot, that great Hungarian king;
Who when she saw the wrong to Edgar, her dear son,
By cruel Harold first, then by the Conqueror done,
Depriv'd his rightful crown, no hope it to recover,
A vestal habit took, and gave the false world over.
Saint Maud here not the least, though she be set the last,
And scarcely over-match'd by any that is past,
Our Beauclerk's queen, and born to Malcolm, king of Scots,
Whose sanctity was seen to wipe out all the spots
Were laid upon her life, when she her cloyster fled,
And chastely gave herself to her lov'd husband's bed,
Whom likewise for a saint those reverend ages chose,
With whom we at this time our catalogue will close."
Now Rutland all this time, who held her highly wrong'd
That she should for the saints thus strangely be prolong'd,
As that the Muse such time upon their praise should spend,
Sent in her ambling Wash, fair Welland to attend
At Stamford, which her stream doth eas'ly overtake,
Of whom her mistress flood seems wondrous much to make;
For that she was alone the darling and delight
Of Rutland, ravish'd so with her beloved sight,
As in her only child's, a mother's heart may be:
Wherefore that she the least, yet fruitfull'st shire should see,
The honourable rank she had amongst the rest,
The ever-labouring Muse her beauties thus express'd.
" Love not thyself the less, altho' the least thou art,
What thou in greatness want'st, wise nature doth impart
In goodness of thy soil; and more delicious mould,
Surveying all this isle, the Sun did ne'er behold.
Bring forth that British vale, and be it ne'er so rare,
But Catmus with that vale, for richness shall compare:
What forest nymph is found, how brave soe'er she be,
But Lyndeld shows herself as brave a nymph as she?
What river ever rose from bank, or swelling hill,
Than Rutland's wand'ring Wash, a delicater rill?
Small shire that can produce to thy proportion good,
One vale of special name, one forest, and one flood.
O Catmus, thou fair vale, come on in grass and corn,
That Bever ne'er be said thy sisterhood to scorn,
And let thy Ocham boast, to have no little grace,
That her the pleased fates did in thy bosom place,

And Lyfield, as thou art a forest, live so free,
That every forest nymph may praise the sports in thee.
And down to Welland's course, O Wash, run ever clear,
To honour, and to be much honour'd by this shire."
And here my canto ends, which kept the Muse so long,
That it may rather seem a volume than a song.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Tow'rds Lincolnshire our progress laid,
We through deep Holland's ditches wade,
Fowling, and fishing in the fen;
Then come we next to Kestiven,
And bringing Wytham to her fall,
On Lindsey light we last of all,
Her scite and pleasures to attend,
And with the isle of Axholme end.

Now in upon thy earth, rich Lincolnshire, I strain,
At Deeping, from whose street the plenteous ditches drain,
Hemp bearing Holland's fen, at Spalding that do fall
Together in their course, themselves as emptying all
Into one general sewer, which seemeth to divide
Low Holland from the high, which on their eastern side
Th' inbending ocean holds, from the Norfolcian lands,
To their more northern point, where Wainfleet drifted stands,
Do shoulder out those seas, and Lindsey bids her stay,
Because to that fair part, a challenge she doth lay.
From fast and firmer earth, whereon the Muse of late
Trod with a steady foot, now with a slower gait, [wade,
Through quicksands, beach, and ouze, the Washes she must
Where Neptune every day doth powerfully invade
The vast and queachy soil, with hosts of wallowing waves,
From whose impetuous force, that who himself not saves,
By swift and sudden flight, is swallow'd by the deep,
When from the wrathful tides the foaming surges sweep,
The sands which lay all naked, to the wide heaven before,
And turneth all to sea, which was but lately shore,
From this our southern part of Holland, called the Low,
Where Crowland's ruins yet, (tho' almost buried) show
Her mighty founder's power, yet his more christian zeal
She, by the Muse's aid, shall happily reveal
Her sundry sorts of fowl, from whose abundance she
Above all other tracts may boast herself to be
The mistress, and (indeed) to sit without compare,
And for no worthless soil should in her glory share,
From her moist seat of flags, of bulrushes and reed,
With her just proper praise, thus Holland doth proceed:
"Ye Acherusian fens, to mine resign your glory,
Both that which lies within the goodly territory
Of Naples, as that fen Thesposia's earth upon,
Whence that infernal flood, the smutted Acheron,
Shoves forth her sullen head, as thou most fatal fen,
Of which Hetruria tells, the wat'ry Thrasimen,
In history altho' thou highly seem'st to boast,
That Hannibal by thee o'erthrew the Roman host.
I scorn th' Ægyptian fen, which Alexandria shows,
Proud Mareotis, should my mightiness oppose;
Or Scythia, on whose face the sun doth hardly shine,
Should her Meotis think to match with this of mine,
That cover'd all with snow continually doth stand.
I stinking Lerna hate, and the poor Libyan sand.
Marica[1], that wise nymph to whom great Neptune gave
The charge of all his shores, from drowning them to save,
Abideth with me still upon my service press'd,
And leaves the looser nymphs to wait upon the rest:
In summer giving earth from which I square my peat[2],
And faster feedings by for deer, for horse, and neat.
My various fleets for fowl, O who is he can tell,
The species that in me for multitudes excel!
The duck and mallard first, the falconer's only sport,
(Of river-flights the chief, so that all other sort
They only green-fowl term) in every mere abound,
That you would think they sat upon the very ground.
Their numbers being so great, the waters covering quite,
That rais'd, the spacious air is darken'd with their flight;
Yet still the dangerous dykes, from shot do them secure,
Where they from flash to flash, like the full epicure
Want, as they lov'd to change their diet every meal;
And near to them you see the lesser dibbling teal
In bunches[3], with the first that fly from mere to mere,
As they above the rest were lords of earth and air.

[1] A nymph supposed to have the charge of the shore.
[2] Fuel cut out of the marsh.
[3] The word in falconry for a company of teal.

The gossander with them my goodly fens do show,
His head as ebon black, the rest as white as snow,
With whom the widgeon goes, the golden-eye, the smeath,
And in odd scatter'd pits, the flags and reeds beneath;
The coot, bald, else clean black, that whiteness it doth bear
Upon the forehead star'd, the water hen doth wear
Upon her little tail, in one small feather set.
The water-woosel next, all over black as jet,
With various colours, black, green, blue, red, russet, white,
Do yield the gazing eye as variable delight,
As do those sundry fowls, whose several plumes they be.
The diving dobchick, here amongst the rest you see,
Now up, now down again, that hard it is to prove,
Whether under water most it liveth, or above:
With which last little fowl, (that water may not lack;
More than the dobchick doth, and more doth love the brack[4])
The puffin we compare, which coming to the dish,
Nice palates hardly judge, if it be flesh or fish.
"But wherefore should I stand upon such toys as these,
That have so goodly fowls, the wand'ring eye to please.
Here in my vaster pools, as white as snow or milk,
(In water black as Styx) swims the wild swan, the ilke,
Of Hollanders so term'd, no niggard of his breath,
(As poets say of swans, who only sing in death)
But oft as other birds, is heard his tunes to roat,
Which like a trumpet comes, from his long arched throat,
And tow'rds this wat'ry kind, about the flashes brim,
Some cloven-footed are, by nature not to swim.
There stalks the stately crane, as tho' he march'd in war,
By him that hath the hern, which (by the fishy car)
Can fetch with their long necks, out of the rush and reed,
Snigs, fry, and yellow frogs, whereon they often feed:
And under them again, (that water never take,
But by some ditches' side, or little shallow lake
Lie dabbling night and day) the palate-pleasing snite,
The bidcock, and like them the redshank, that delight
Together still to be in some small reedy bed,
In which these little fowls in summer's time were bred.
The buzzing bitter sits, which through his hollow bill,
A sudden bellowing sends, which many times doth fill
The neighbouring marsh with noise, as though a bull did roar;
But scarcely have I yet recited half my store:
And with my wondrous flocks of wild-geese come I then,
Which look as though alone they peopled all the fen,
Which here in winter time, when all is overflow'd,
And want of solid sward enforceth them abroad,
Th' abundance then is seen, that my full fens do yield,
That almost through the isle, do pester every field.
The barnacles with them, which wheresoe'er they breed,
On trees, or rotten ships, yet to my fens for feed
Continually they come, and chief abode do make,
And very hardly forc'd my plenty to forsake:
Who almost all this kind do challenge as mine own,
Whose like, I dare aver, is elsewhere hardly known.
For sure, unless in me, no one yet ever saw
The multitudes of fowl, in mooting time they draw.
From which to many a one much profit doth accrue.
"Now such as flying feed, next these I must pursue;
The sea-meaw, sea-pye, gull, and curlew, here do keep,
As searching every shoal, and watching every deep,
To find their floating fry, with their sharp-piercing sight,
Which suddenly they take, by stooping from their height.
The cormorant then comes, (by his devouring kind)
Which flying o'er the fen, immediately doth find
The Fleet best stor'd of fish, when from his wings at full,
As though he shot himself into the thicken'd skull,
He under water goes, and so the shoal pursues,
Which into creeks do fly, when quickly he doth choose
The fin that likes him best, and rising, flying feeds.
The ospray oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
But (betwixt him and them by an antipathy)
Turning their bellies up as though their deaths they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw.
"The toiling fisher here is tewing of his net:
The fowler is employ'd his limed twigs to set.
One underneath his horse, to get a shoot doth stalk;
Another over dykes upon his stilts doth walk:
There other with their spades, the peats are squaring out,
And others from their cars, are busily about,
To draw out sedge and reed, for thatch and stover fit,
That whosoever would a landskip rightly hit,
Beholding but my fens, shall with more shapes be stor'd,
Than Germany, or France, or Tuscan can afford:
And for that part of me, which men high Holland call,
Where Boston seated is, by plenteous Wytham's fall,
I peremptory am, large Neptune's liquid field
Doth to no other tract the like abundance yield.
For that of all the seas environing this isle,
Our Irish, Spanish, French, howe'er we them enstyle,
The German is the great'st, and it is only I,
That do upon the same with most advantage lie.
What fish can any shore, or British sea-town, show,
That's eatable to us, that it doth not bestow
Abundantly thereon? the herring, king of sea,
The faster-feeding cod, the mackrel brought by May,

[4] Salt-water.

The dainty sole, and plaice, the dab, as of their blood;
The conger finely sous'd, hot summer's coolest food;
The whiting known to all, a general wholesome dish;
The gurnet, rochet, mayd, and mullet, dainty fish;
The haddock, turbot, bert, fish nourishing and strong;
The thornback, and the scate, provocative among:
The weaver, which although his prickles venom be,
By fishers cut away, which buyers seldom see:
Yet for the fish he bears, 'tis not accounted bad;
The sea-flounder is here as common as the shad;
The sturgeon cut to keggs, (too big to handle whole)
Gives many a dainty bit out of his lusty jowl.
Yet of rich Neptune's store, whilst thus I idly chat,
Think not that all betwixt the wherpool, and the sprat,
I go about the name, that were to take in hand,
The atomy to tell, or to cast up the sand;
But on the English coast, those most that usual are,
Wherewith the stalls from thence do furnish us for fare;
Amongst whose sundry sorts, since thus far I am in,
I'll of our shell-fish speak, with these of scale and fin:
" The sperm-increasing crab, much cooking that doth ask,
The big-legg'd lobster, fit for wanton Venus' task,
Voluptuaries oft take rather than for food,
And that, the same effect which worketh in the blood,
The rough long oyster is, much like the lobster limb'd:
The oyster hot as they, the mussel often trimm'd
With orient pearl within, as thereby Nature show'd,
That she some secret good had on that shell bestow'd:
The scallop cordial judg'd, the dainty wilk and limp,
The periwincle, prawn, the cockle, and the shrimp,
For wanton women's tastes or for weak stomachs bought."
When Kestiven this while that certainly had thought,
Her tongue would ne'er have stopt, quoth she, " O how I hate,
Thus of her foggy fens to hear rude Holland prate,
That with her fish and fowl here keepeth such a coil,
As her unwholesome air, and more unwholesome soil,
For these of which she boasts, the more might suffer'd be,
When those her feather'd flocks she sends not out to me,
Wherein clear Witham they, and many a little brook,
(In which the sun itself may well be proud to look)
Have made their flesh more sweet by my refined food,
From that so rammish taste of her most fulsome mud,
When the toil'd cater home them to the kitchen brings,
The cook doth cast them out, as most unsavoury things.
Besides, what is she else, but a foul woosy marsh,
And that she calls her grass, so blady is, and harsh,
As cuts the cattle's mouths, constrain'd thereon to feed,
So that my poorest trash, which mine call rush and reed.
For litter scarcely fit, that to the dung I throw,
Doth like the penny grass, or the pure clover show,
Compared with her best: and for her sundry fish,
Of which she freely boasts, to furnish every dish.
Did not full Neptune's fields so furnish her with store,
Those in the ditches bred, within her muddy moor,
Are of so earthy taste, as that the ravenous crow
Will rather starve, thereon her stomach than bestow.
" From Stamford as along my tract toward Lincoln strains,
What shire is there can show more valuable veins
Of soil than is in me? or where can there be found
So fair and fertile fields, or sheep-walks near so sound?
Where doth the pleasant air resent a sweeter breath?
What country can produce a delicater heath,
Than that which her fair name from Ancaster[5] doth hold?
Through all the neighbouring shires, whose praise shall still be told,
Which Flora in the spring doth with such wealth adorn,
That Bever needs not much her company to scorn,
Though she a vale lie low, and this a heath sit high,
Yet doth she not alone allure the wond'ring eye
With prospect from each part, but that her pleasant ground
Gives all that may content the well-breath'd horse and hound:
And from the Britons yet to show what then I was,
One of the Roman ways near through my midst did pass:
Besides to my much praise, there hath been in my mould
Their painted pavements found, and arms of perfect gold.
They near the Saxons' reign, that in this tract did dwell,
All other of this isle, for that they would excel
For churches every where, so rich and goodly rear'd
In every little dorp, that after-times have fear'd
T' attempt so mighty works; yet one above the rest,
In which it may be thought, they strove to do their best,
Of pleasant Grantham is, that Pyramis so high,
Rear'd (as it might be thought) to overtop the sky,
The traveller that strikes into a wondrous maze,
As on his horse he sits, on that proud height to gaze."
When Wytham that this while a list'ning ear had laid,
To hearken (for herself) what Kestiven had said,
Much pleas'd with this report, for that she was the earth
From whom she only had her sweet and season'd birth,
From Wytham[6] which that name derived from her springs,
Thus as she trips along, this dainty riv'let sings:
" Ye easy ambling streams, which way soe'er you run,
Or tow'rds the pleasant rise, or tow'rds the mid-day sun:
By which (as some suppose by use that have them try'd)
Your waters in their course are neatly purify'd.

[5] Ancaster heath. [6] A town so called.

Be what you are, or can, I not your beauties fear,
When Neptune shall command the Naiades t' appear.
In river what is found, in me that is not rare:
Yet for my well-fed pikes, I am without compare. [source,
" From Wytham, mine own town, first water'd with my
As to the eastern sea, I hasten on my course,
Who sees so pleasant plains, or is of fairer seen,
Whose swains in shepherds' gray, and girls in Lincoln[7] green?
Whilst some the rings of bells, and some the bag-pipes ply,
Dance many a merry round; and many a hydegy.
I envy, any brook should in my pleasure share,
Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare.
" No land floods can me force to over-proud a height;
Nor am I in my course, too crooked, or too streight:
My depths fall by descents, too long nor yet too broad,
My fords with pebbles, clear as orient pearls, are strow'd;
My gentle winding banks, with sundry flowers are dress'd,
The higher rising heaths hold distance with my breast."
Thus to her proper song, the burthen still she bare;
" Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare."
By this to Lincoln come, upon whose lofty scite,
Whilst wistly Wytham looks with wonderful delight
Enamour'd of the state, and beauty of the place,
That her of all the rest especially doth grace.
Leaving her former course, in which she first set forth,
Which seemed to have been directly to the north:
She runs her silver front into the muddy fen,
Which lies into the east, in her deep journey, when
Clear Ban a pretty brook, from Lindsey coming down,
Delicious Wytham leads to holy Botulph's[8] town,
Where proudly she puts in amongst the great resort,
That their appearance make in Neptune's wat'ry court.
Now Lindsey all this while, that duly did attend,
Till both her rivals thus had fully made an end
Of their so tedious talk, when lastly she replies:
" Lo, bravely here she sits, that both your states defies.
Fair Lincoln is mine own, which lies upon my south,
As likewise to the north great Humber's swelling mouth
Encircles me, 'twixt which in length I bravely lie:
O who can me the best, before them both deny?
Nor Britain in her bounds, scarce such a tract can show,
Whose shore like to the back of a well-bended bow,
The ocean beareth out, and every where so thick,
The villages and dorps upon my bosom stick,
That it is very hard for any to define,
Whether upland most I be, or most am maritime.
What is there that complete can any country make,
That in large measure I, (fair Lindsey) not partake,
As healthy heaths, and woods, fair dales, and pleasant hills,
All water'd, here and there, with pretty creeping rills,
Fat pasture, mellow glebe, and of that kind what can
Give nourishment to beast, or benefit to man,
As Kestiven doth boast, her Wytham so have I,
My Ancum, (only mine) whose fame as far doth fly,
For fat and dainty eels, as hers doth for her pike[9],
Which makes the proverb up, the world hath not the like.
From Razin her clear springs, where first she doth arrive,
As in an even course, to Humber forth doth drive,
Fair Barton she salutes, which from her scite out-braves
Rough Humber, when he strives to show his sternest waves.
" Now for my bounds[10] to speak, few tracts (I think) there
(And search through all this isle) to parallel with me: [be,
Great Humber holds me north, (as I have said before)
From whom (even) all along, upon the eastern shore,
The German ocean lies; and on my southern side,
Clear Wytham in her course, me fairly doth divide
From Holland; and from thence the Fosdyke is my bound,
Which our first Henry cut from Lincoln, where he found,
Commodities by Trent, from Humber to convey:
So nature the clear Trent doth fortunately lay,
Toward me on the west, though farther I extend,
And in my larger bounds do largely comprehend
Full Axholme, (which those near the fertile do enstyle)
Which Idle, Don, and Trent, embracing make an isle.
" But wherefore of my bounds, thus only do I boast,
When that which Holland seems to vaunt her on the most,
By me is overmatch'd; the fowl which she doth breed,
She in her foggy fens, so moorishly doth feed,
That physic oft forbids the patient them for food,
But mine more airy are, and make fine spirits and blood;
For near this batt'ning isle in me is to be seen,
More than on any earth, the plover gray, and green,
The corn-land loving quail, the daintiest of our bits,
The rail, which seldom comes, but upon rich men's spits:
The puet, godwit, stint, the palate that allure,
The miser, and do make a wasteful epicure:
The knot, that called was Canutus' bird of old,
Of that great king of Danes, his name that still doth hold,
His appetite to please, that far and near was sought,
For him (as some have said) from Denmark hither brought
The dotterel, which we think a very dainty dish,
Whose taking makes such sport, as man no more can wish;

[7] Lincoln anciently dyed the best green of England.
[8] Botulph's town, contractedly Boston.
[9] Wytham eel, and Ancum pike, in all the world there is nonesyke. [10] The bounds of Kestiven.

For as you creep, or cowr, or lie, or stoop, or go,
So marking you (with care) the apish bird doth do,
And acting every thing, doth never mark the net,
Till he be in the snare, which men for him have set.
The big-bon'd bustard then, whose body bears that size,
That he against the wind must run, e'er he can rise:
The shoulder, which so shakes the air with saily wings,
That ever as he flies, you still would think he sings.
These fowls, with other soils, although they frequent be,
Yet are they found most sweet and delicate in me."

Thus while she seems t' extol in her peculiar praise,
The Muse which seem'd too slack, in these too low-pitch'd lays
For nobler height prepares, her oblique course, and casts
A new book to begin, an end of this she hastes.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Three shires at once this song assays,
By various and unusual ways.
At Nottingham first coming in,
The vale of Bever doth begin;
Tow'rds Le'ster then her course she holds,
And sailing o'er the pleasant Oulds,
She fetcheth Soare down from her springs,
By Charnwood, which to Trent she brings,
Then shows the braveries of that flood,
Makes Sherwood sing her Robin Hood;
Then rouses up the aged Peak,
And of her wonders makes her speak:
Thence Darwin down by Derby tends,
And at her fall, to Trent, it ends.

Now scarcely on this tract the Muse had entrance made,
Inclining to the south, but Bever's batt'ning slade
Receiveth her to guest, whose coming had too long
Put off her rightful praise, when thus herself she sung.

"Three shires[1] there are" (quoth she) "in me their parts that claim,
Large Lincoln, Rutland rich, and th' north's eye Nottingham.
But in the last of these since most of me doth lie,
To that my most lov'd shire myself I must apply.

"Not Eusham that proud nymph, although she still pretend
Herself the first of vales, and though abroad she send
Her awful dread command, that all should tribute pay
To her as our great queen; nor White-horse, though her clay
Of silver seem to be, new melted, nor the vale
Of Aisbury, whose grass seems given out by tale,
For it so silken is, nor any of our kind,
Or what, or where they be, or howsoe'er inclin'd,
Me Bever[2] shall outbrave, that in my state do scorn,
By any of them all (once) to be overborne,
With theirs, do but compare the country where I lie,
My Hill, and Oulds will say, they are the island's eye.
Consider next my scite, and say it doth excel;
Then come unto my soil, and you shall see it swell
With every grass and grain, that Britain forth can bring:
I challenge any vale, to show me but that thing
I cannot show to her, (that truly is mine own)
Besides I dare thus boast, that I as far am known,
As any of them all; the south their names doth sound,
The spacious north doth me, that there is scarcely found
A roomth for any else, it is so fill'd with thine,
Which but a little wants of making me divine:
Nor barren am of brooks, for that I still retain
Two neat and dainty rills, the little Snyte, and Deane,
That from the lovely Oulds, their beauteous parent sprung
From the Leicestrian fields, come on with me along,
Till both within one bank, they on my north are meint,
And where I end, they fall, at Newark, into Trent."

Hence wand'ring as the Muse delightfully beholds
The beauty of the large, and goodly full-flock'd Oulds,
She on the left hand leaves old Leicester, and flies,
Until the fertils earth glut her insatiate eyes,
From rich to richer still, that riseth her before,
Until she come to cease upon the head of Soare,
Where Fosse[3], and Watling[3] cut each other in their course
At Sharnford[4], where at first her soft and gentle source,
To her but shallow banks, beginneth to repair,
Of all this beauteous isle, the delicatest air:
Whence softly sallying out, as loth the place to leave,
She Sence a pretty rill doth courteously receive:

For Swift, a little brook, which certainly she thought
Down to the banks of Trent would safely her have brought,
Because their native springs so nearly were ally'd,
Her sister Soare forsook, and wholly her apply'd
To Avon, as with her continually to keep,
And wait on her along to the Sabrinian deep.

Thus with her handmaid Sence, the Soare doth eas'ly slide
By Leicester, where yet her ruins show her pride,
Demolish'd many years, that of the great foundation
Of her long buried walls, men hardly see the station;
Yet of some pieces found, so sure the cement looks
The stones, that they remain like perdurable rocks:
Where whilst the lovely Soare, with many a dear embrace,
Is solacing herself with this delightful place,
The forest[5], which the name of that brave town doth bear,
With many a goodly wreath crowns her disheveil'd hair,
And in her gallant green, her lusty livery shows
Herself to this fair flood, which mildly as she flows,
Reciprocally likes her length and breadth to see,
As also how she keeps her fertile purlieus free:
The herds of fallow deer she on the lawns doth feed,
As having in herself to furnish every need.
But now since gentle Soare such leisure seems to take,
The Muse in her behalf this strong defence doth make,
Against the neighbour floods, for that which tax her so,
And her a channel call, because she is so slow.
The cause is that she lies upon so low a flat,
Where nature most of all befriended her in that,
The longer to enjoy the good she doth possess:
For had those (with such speed that forward seem to press)
So many dainty meads, and pastures theirs to be,
They then would wish themselves to be as slow as she,
Who well may be compar'd to some young tender maid,
Ent'ring some prince's court, which is for pomp array'd,
Who led from room to room amazed is to see
The furnitures and states, which all imbroideries be,
The rich and sumptuous beds, with tester covering plumes,
And various as the sutes, so various the perfumes,
Large galleries, where piece with piece doth seem to strive,
Of pictures done to life, landscape, and perspective,
Thence goodly gardens sees, where antique statues stand
In stone and copper, cut by many a skilful hand,
Where every thing to gaze, her more and more entices,
Thinking at once she sees a thousand paradises,
Goes softly on, as though before she saw the last,
She long'd again to see, what she had slightly past:
So the enticing soil the Soare along doth lead,
As wond'ring in herself, at many a spacious mead;
When Charnwood from the rocks salutes her wished sight,
(Of many a wood-god woo'd) her darling and delight,
Whose beauty whilst that Soare is pausing to behold
Clear Wreaking coming in, from Waltham on the Ould,
Brings Eye, a pretty brook, to bear her silver train,
Which on by Melton make, and tripping o'er the plain,
Here finding her surpris'd with proud Mount-sorrel's sight,
By quickening of her course, more eas'ly doth invite
Her to the goodly Trent, where as she goes along
By Loughborough, she thus of that fair forest sung.

"O Charnwood, be thou call'd the choicest of thy kind,
The like in any place, what flood hath happ'd to find?
No tract in all this isle, the proudest let her be,
Can show a sylvan nymph, for beauty like to thee:
The satyrs, and the fawns, by Dian set to keep,
Rough hills, and forest holts, were sadly seen to weep,
When thy high-palmed harts, the sport of bows and hounds,
By gripple borderers' hands, were banished thy grounds.
The Driades that were wont about thy lawns to rove,
To trip from wood to wood, and scud from grove to grove,
On Sharpley[6] that were seen, and Chadman's[6] aged rocks,
Against the rising sun, to braid their silver locks;
And with the harmless elves, on heathy Bardon's[7] height,
By Cynthia's colder beams to play them night by night,
Exil'd their sweet abode, to poor bare commons fled,
They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks are dead.
Who will describe to life, a forest, let him take
Thy surface to himself, nor shall he need to make
Another form at all, where oft in thee is found
Fine sharp but easy hills, which reverently are crown'd
With aged antique rocks, to which the goats and sheep,
(To him that stands remote) do softly seem to creep,
To gnaw the little shrubs, on their steep sides that grow;
Upon whose other part, on some descending brow,
Huge stones are hanging out, as though the down would drop,
Where under growing oaks, on their old shoulders prop
The others' hoary heads, which still seem to decline,
And in a dimble near, (even as a place divine,
For contemplation fit) an ivy-cieled bower,
As nature had therein ordain'd some sylvan power;
As men may very oft at great assemblies see,
Where many of most choice, and wond'red beauties be:
For stature one doth seem the best away to bear;
Another for her shape, to stand beyond compare;
Another for the fine composure of a face:
Another short of these, yet for a modest grace

[1] The vale of Bever bordereth upon three shires.
[2] Not a more pleasant vale in all Great Britain than Bever.
[3] The two famous ways of England. See the thirteenth song.
[4] A little village at the rising of Soare.
[5] Leicester forest.
[6] Two mighty rocks in the forest.
[7] A hill in the forest.

Before them all preferr'd; amongst the rest yet one,
Adjudg'd by all to be, so perfect paragon,
That all those parts in her together simply dwell,
For which the other do so severally excel.
My Charnwood like the last, hath in herself alone,
What excellent can be in any forest shown."
On whom when thus the Soare had these high praises spent,
She easily slid away into her sovereign Trent,
Who having wander'd long, at length began to leave
Her native country's bounds, and kindly doth receive
The lesser Thame, and Mess, the Mess a dainty rill,
Near Charnwood rising first, where she begins to fill
Her banks, which all her course on both sides do abound
With heath and finny olds, and often gleeby ground,
Till Croxal's fertile earth doth comfort her at last,
When she is entering Trent; but I was like t' have past
The other Sence, whose source doth rise not far from hers,
By Ancor, that herself to famous Trent prefers.
The second of that name, allotted to this shire[8],
A name but hardly found in any place but here;
Nor is to many known, this country that frequent.
But Muse return at last, attend the princely Trent,
Who straining on in state, the north's imperious flood,
The third of England call'd, with many a dainty wood
Being crown'd, to Burton comes, to Needwood where she shows
Herself in all her pomp; and as from thence she flows,
She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin clear,
Darwin, whose fount and fall are both in Derbyshire;
And of those thirty floods, that wait the Trent upon,
Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.
Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontrol'd she ranges,
Her often varying form, as variously and changes.
First Erwash, and then Lyne, sweet Sherwood sends her in;
Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had been,
Saluted from the north, with Nottingham's proud height,
So strongly is surpris'd, and taken with the sight,
That she from running wild, but hardly can refrain,
To view in how great state, as she along doth strain,
That brave exalted seat beholdeth her in pride,
As how the large-spread meads upon the other side,
All flourishing in flowers, and rich embroideries dress'd,
In which she sees herself above her neighbours bless'd.
As wrap'd with the delights, that her this prospect brings,
In her peculiar praise, lo thus the river sings:
"What should I care at all, from what my name I take,
That thirty doth import, that thirty rivers make;
My greatness what it is, or thirty abbeys great,
That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did seat:
Or thirty kinds of fish that in my streams do live,
To me this name of Trent did from that number give.
What reck I? let great Thames, since by his fortune he
Is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be;
From Isis, and old Thame, his pedigree derive:
And for the second place, proud Severn that doth strive,
Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud mountain sprung,
Plinillimon, whose praise is frequent them among,
As of that princely maid, whose name she boasts to bear,
Bright Sabrin, whom she holds as her undoubted heir,
Let these imperious floods draw down their long descent
From these so famous stocks, and only say of Trent,
That Moreland's barren earth me first to light did bring,
Which though she be but brown, my clear complexion'd spring
Gain'd with the nymphs such grace, that when I first did rise,
The Naiades on my brim, danc'd wanton hydagies,
And on her spacious breast, (with heaths that doth abound)
Encircled my fair fount with many a lusty round:
And of the British floods, though but the third I be,
Yet Thames and Severn both in this come short of me,
For that I am the mere of England, that divides
The north part from the south, on my so either sides,
That reckoning how these tracts in compass be extent,
Men bound them on the north, or on the south of Trent;
Their banks are barren sands, if but compar'd with mine,
Through my perspicuous breast, the pearly pebbles shine:
I throw my chrystal arms along the flowery vallies,
Which lying sleek and smooth as any garden-allies,
Do give me leave to play, whilst they do court my stream,
And crown my winding banks with many an anadem:
My silver-scaled skulls about my streams do sweep,
Now in the shallow fords, now in the falling deep:
So that of every kind, the new-spawn'd numerous fry
Seem in me as the sands that on my shore do lie.
The barbel, than which fish a braver doth not swim,
Nor greater for the ford within my spacious brim,
Nor (newly taken) more the curious taste doth please;
The greling, whose great spawn is big as any pease,
The pearch with pricking fins, against the pike prepar'd,
As nature had thereon bestow'd this stronger guard,
His daintiness to keep, (each curious palate's proof)
From his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the ruffe,
His very near ally, and both for scale and fin,
In taste, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin;
The pretty slender dare, of many call'd the dace,
Within my liquid glass, when Phœbus looks his face,
Oft swiftly as he swims, his silver belly shows,
But with such nimble sleight, that ere ye can disclose
His shape, out of your sight like lightning he is shot,
The trout by nature mark'd with many a crimson spot,
As though she curious were in him above the rest,
And of fresh-water fish, did note him for the best;
The roach, whose common kind to every flood doth fall:
The chub, (whose neater name) which some a chevin call,
Food to the tyrant pike, (most being in his power)
Who for their numerous store he most doth them devour;
The lusty salmon then, from Neptune's watery realm,
When as his season serves, stemming my tideful stream,
Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes,
(For whom the fisher then all other game forsakes)
Which bending of himself to th' fashion of a ring,
Above the forced weares, himself doth nimbly fling,
And often when the net hath dragg'd him safe to land,
Is seen by natural force to 'scape his murderer's hand;
Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatness interlarded,
Of many a liquorish lip, that highly is regarded,
And Humber, to whose waste I pay my wat'ry store,
Me of her sturgeons sends, that I thereby the more
Should have my beauties grac'd with something from him sent:
Not Ancum's silver'd eel, excelleth that of Trent;
Tho' the sweet smelling smelt be more in Thames than me,
The lampry, and his lesse[9], in Severn general be;
The flounder smooth and flat, in other rivers caught
Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not thought:
The dainty gudgeon, loche, the minnow, and the bleake,
Since they but little are, I little need to speak
Of them, nor doth it fit me much of those to reck,
Which every where are found in every little beck;
Nor of the crayfish here, which creeps amongst my stones,
From all the rest alone, whose shell is all his bones;
For carp, the tench, and breame, my other store among,
To lakes and standing pools, that chiefly do belong,
Here scouring in my fords, feed in my waters clear,
Are muddy fish in ponds to that which they are here."
From Nottingham near which this river first begun,
This song, she the mean while, by Newark having run,
Receiving little Snyte, from Bever's batt'ning grounds,
At Gainsborough goes out, where the Lincolnian bounds.
Yet Sherwood all this while, not satisfied to show
Her love to princely Trent, as downward she doth flow,
Her Meden and her Man, she down from Mansfield sends
To Iddle for her aid, by whom she recommends
Her love to that brave queen of waters, her to meet,
When she tow'rds Humber comes, do humbly kiss her feet,
And clip her till she grace great Humber with her fall.
When Sherwood somewhat back the forward Muse doth call;
For she was let to know, that Soare had in her song
So chanted Charnwood's worth, the rivers that along,
Amongst the neighbouring nymphs, there was no other lays,
But those which seem'd to sound of Charnwood and her praise:
Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much disdain'd,
(As one that had both long, and worthily maintain'd
The title of the great'st, and bravest of her kind)
To fall so far below one wretchedly confin'd
Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts compar'd:
Wherefore she as a nymph that neither fear'd nor car'd
For ought to her might chance, by others' love or hate,
With resolution arm'd against the power of fate,
All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king
Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court,
Whose praise the forest thus doth pleasantly report:
"The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin bath been laid,
How he hath cousen'd them, that him would have betray'd:
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguis'd,
And cunningly escap'd, being set to be surpris'd.
In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and little John;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his out-laws and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill,
The warbling Echoes wak'd from every dale and hill:
Their bauldrics set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man;
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft,

[8] Two rivers of one name in one shire.

[9] The lamparne.

At marks full forty score, they us'd to prick, and rove,
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin:
Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for feather,
With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave, there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the poor:
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay:
The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game:
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here and there
Amongst the forest wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew."

Of merry Robin Hood, and of his merrier men,
The song had scarcely ceas'd, when as the Muse again
Wades Erwash [10], (that at hand) on Sherwood's setting side
The Nottinghamian field, and Derbian doth divide,
And northward from her springs haps Scardale forth to find,
Which like her mistress Peake, is naturally inclin'd
To thrust forth ragged cleeves, with which she scatter'd lies
As busy nature here could not herself suffice,
Of this oft-altering earth the sundry shapes to show,
That from my entrance here doth rough and rougher grow,
Which of a lowly dale, although the name it bear,
You by the rocks might think, that it a mountain were
From which it takes the name of Scardale, which express'd,
Is the hard vale of rocks, of Chesterfield possess'd,
By her which is instyled: where Rother from her rist,
Ibber, and Crawley hath, and Gunno, that assist
Her weaker wand'ring stream tow'rds Yorkshire as she wends
So Scardale tow'rds the same, that lovely Iddle sends,
That helps the fertile seat of Axholme to insle:
But to th'unwearied Muse the Peak appears the while,
A wither'd beldam long, with bleared wat'rish eyes,
With many a bleak storm dimm'd, which often to the skies
She cast, and oft to th' earth bow'd down her aged head,
Her meagre wrinkled face, being sullied still with lead,
Which sitting in the works, and poring o'er the mines,
Which she out of the ore continually refines:
For she a chymist was, and nature's secrets knew,
And from amongst the lead, she antimony drew,
And chrystal there congeal'd, (by her instyled flowers)
And in all medicines knew their most effectual powers.
The spirits that haunt the mines, she could command and tame,
And bind them as she list in Saturn's dreadful name:
She mill-stones from the quarrs, with sharpen'd picks could get,
And dainty whet-stones make, the dull-edg'd tools to whet.
Wherefore the Peake as proud of her laborious toil,
As others of their corn, or goodness of their soil,
Thinking the time was long, till she her tale had told,
Her wonders one by one, thus plainly doth unfold:

"My dreadful daughters born, your mother's dear delight:
Great Nature's chiefest work, wherein she show'd her might:
Ye dark and hollow caves, the portraitures of Hell,
Where fogs and misty damps continually do dwell;
O ye my lovely joys, my darlings, in whose eyes,
Horrour assumes her seat, from whose abiding flies
Thick vapours, that like rugs still hang the troubled air,
Ye of your mother Peake the hope and only care:
O thou my first and best, of thy black entrance nam'd
The Devil's-Arse, in me, O be thou not asham'd,
Nor think thyself disgrac'd or hurt thereby at all,
Since from thy horrour first men us'd thee so to call:
For as amongst the Moors, the jettiest black are deem'd
The beautifull'st of them; so are your kind esteem'd
The more ye gloomy are, more fearful and obscure,
(That hardly any eye your sternness may endure)
The more ye famous are, and what name men can hit,
That best may ye express, that best doth ye befit:
For he that will attempt thy black and darksome jaws,
In midst of summer meets with winter's stormy flaws,
Cold dews that overhead from thy foul roof distil,
And meeteth underfoot with a dead sullen rill,
That Acheron itself a man would think he were
Immediately to pass, and staid for Charon there;
Thy floor, dread cave, yet flat, tho' very rough it be
With often winding turns: then come thou next to me,
My pretty daughter Poole, my second loved child,
Which by that noble name was happily instyl'd,
Of that more generous stock, long honour'd in this shire,
Of which amongst the rest, one being outlaw'd here,

[10] A river parting the two shires.

For his strong refuge took this dark and uncouth place,
An heir-loom ever since, to that succeeding race:
Whose entrance tho' depress'd below a mountain steep,
Besides so very straight, that who will see't, must creep
Into the mouth thereof, yet being once got in,
A rude and ample roof doth instantly begin
To raise itself aloft, and whoso doth intend
The length thereof to see, still going must ascend
On mighty slippery stones, as by a winding stair,
Which of a kind of base dark alabaster are,
Of strange and sundry forms, both in the roof and floor,
As nature show'd in thee, what ne'er was seen before.
For Elden thou my third, a wonder I prefer
Before the other two, which perpendicular
Div'st down into the ground, as if an entrance were
Through earth to lead to Hell, ye well might judge it here
Whose depth is so immense, and wondrously profound,
As that long line which serves the deepest sea to sound,
Her bottom never wrought, as tho' the vast descent,
Through this terrestrial globe directly pointing went
Our Antipodes to see, and with her gloomy eyes,
To gloat upon those stars, to us that never rise;
That down into this hole if that a stone ye throw,
An acre's length from thence, (some say that) ye may go,
And coming back thereto, with a still list'ning ear,
May here a sound as tho' that stone then falling were.

"Yet for her caves, and holes, Peake only not excels,
But that I can again produce those wondrous wells
Of Buxton, as I have, that most delicious fount,
Which men the second bath of England do account,
Which in the primer reigns, when first this well began
To have her virtues known unto the blest saint Anne [11]
Was consecrated then, which the same temper hath,
As that most dainty spring, which at the famous Bath
Is by the cross instyl'd, whose fame I much prefer,
In that I do compare my daintiest spring to her,
Nice sicknesses to cure, as also to prevent,
And supple their clear skins, which ladies oft frequent;
Most full, most fair, most sweet, and most delicious source.
To this a second fount [12], that in her natural course,
As mighty Neptune doth, so doth she ebb and flow.
If some Welsh shires report, that they the like can show,
I answer those, that her shall so no wonder call,
So far from any sea, not any of them all.
My caves and fountains thus deliver'd you, for change,
A little hill [13] I have, a wonder yet more strange,
Which though it be of light and almost dusty sand,
Unalter'd with the wind, yet doth it firmly stand;
And running from the top, although it never cease,
Yet doth the foot thereof, no whit at all increase.
Nor is it at the top, the lower or the less,
As nature had ordain'd, that so its own excess,
Should by some secret way within itself ascend,
To feed the falling back; with this yet doth not end
The wonders of the Peake, for nothing that I have,
But it a wonder's name doth very justly crave;
A forest such have I, (of which when any speak
Of me they it instyle, The forest of the Peake)
Whose hills do serve for brakes, the rocks for shrubs and trees,
To which the stag pursu'd, as to the thicket flees;
Like it in all this isle, for sternness there is none,
Where nature may be said to show you groves of stone,
As she in little there, had curiously compil'd
The model of the vast Arabian stony wild.
Then as it is suppos'd, in England that there be
Seven wonders: to myself so have I here in me,
My seven before rehears'd, allotted me by fate,
Her greatness as therein ordain'd to imitate."

No sooner had the Peake her seven proud wonders sung,
But Darwin from her fount, her mother's hills among,
Through many a crooked way, oppos'd with envious rocks,
Comes tripping down tow'rds Trent, and sees the goodly flocks
Fed by her mother Peake; and herds, (for horn and hair,
That hardly are put down by those of Lancashire,)
Which on her mountains' sides, and in her bottoms, graze,
On whose delightful course, whilst Unknidge stands to gaze,
And look on her his fill, doth on his tiptoes get,
He Nowstoll plainly sees, which likewise from the set,
Salutes her, and like friends, to Heaven-hill far away,
Thus from their lofty tops, were plainly heard to say:

"Fair hill, be not so proud of thy so pleasant scite,
Who for thou giv'st the eye such wonderful delight,
From any mountain near, that glorious name of Heaven,
Thy bravery to express, was to thy greatness given,
Nor cast thine eye so much on things that be above:
For sawest thou as we do, our Darwin, thou would'st love
Her more than any thing, that so doth thee allure;
When Darwin that by this her travel could endure,
Takes Now into her train, (from Nowstoll her great sire,
Which shows to take her name) with many a winding gyre.
Then wand'ring through the wilds, at length the pretty Wye,
From her black mother Poole, her nimbler course doth ply
Tow'rds Darwin, and along from Bakewell with her brings
Lathkell, a little brook, and Headford, whose poor springs
But hardly them the name of riverets can afford;
When Burbrook with the strength, that nature hath her stor'd

[11] St. Anne of Buxton. [12] Tideswell. [13] Sandy-hill.

Although but very small, yet much doth Darwin stead.
At Worksworth on her way, when from the mines of lead,
Brown Ecclesborne comes in, then Amber from the east,
Of all the Derbian nymphs of Darwin lov'd the best,
(A delicater flood from fountain never flow'd)
Then coming to the town, on which she first bestow'd
Her natural British name[14], her Derby, so again,
Her, to that ancient seat doth kindly entertain,
Where Marten-brook, although an easy shallow rill,
There offereth all she hath, her mistress' banks to fill,
And all too little thinks that was on Darwin spent;
From hence as she departs, in travelling to Trent,
Back goes the active Muse, tow'rds Lancashire amain,
Where matter rests enough her vigour to maintain,
And to the northern hills shall lead her on along,
Which now must wholly be the subject of my song.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The circuit of this shire express'd,
Erwell, and Ribble, then contest;
The Muse next to the mosses flies,
And to fair Wyre herself applies,
The fishy Lun then doth she bring,
The praise of Lancashire to sing,
The isle of Man maintains her plea,
Then falling eastward from that sea,
On rugged Furnesse, and his fells,
Of which this canto lastly tells.

Scarce could the labouring Muse salute this lively shire,
But straight such shouts arose from every moss and mere,
And rivers rushing down with such unusual noise,
Upon their pebbly shoals, seem'd to express their joys,
That Mersey (in her course which happily confines
Brave Cheshire from this tract, two county palatines)
As ravish'd with the news, along to Le'rpoole ran,
That all the shores which lie to the Vergivian[1],
Resounded with the shouts, so that from creek to creek,
So loud the Echoes cry'd, that they were heard to shriek
To Furnesse ridged front, whereas the rocky pile
Of Foudra is at hand, to guard the out-laid isle
Of Walney, and those gross and foggy fells awoke;
Thence flying to the east, with their reverberance shook
The clouds from Pendle's head, (which as the people say,
Prognosticates to them a happy Halcyon day)
Rebounds on Blackstonedge, and there by falling fills
Fair Mersey, making in from the Derbeian hills.
But whilst the active Muse thus nimbly goes about,
Of this large tract to lay the true dimensions out,
The neat Lancastrian nymphs, for beauty that excel,
That for the hornpipe round do bear away the bell;
Some that about the banks of Erwell make abode
With some that have their seat by Ribble's silver road,
In great contention fell, (that mighty difference grew)
Which of those floods deserv'd to have the sovereign due;
So that all future spleen, and quarrels to prevent,
That likely was to rise about their long descent,
Before the neighbouring nymphs their right they mean to plead,
And first thus for herself the lovely Erwell said:
"Ye, lasses," quoth this flood, "have long and blindly err'd,
That Ribble before me so falsely have preferr'd,
That am a native born, and my descent do bring
From ancient gentry here, when Ribble from her spring,
An alien known to be, and from the mountains rude
Of Yorkshire getting strength, here boldly dares intrude
Upon my proper earth, and through her mighty fall,
Is not asham'd herself of Lancashire to call:
Whereas of all the nymphs that carefully attend
My mistress Mersey's state, there's none that doth transcend
My greatness with her grace, which doth me so prefer,
That all is due to me, which doth belong to her.
For though from Blackstonedge the Taume come tripping down
And from that long-ridg'd rock, her father's high renown,
Of Mersey thinks from me, the place alone to win,
With my attending brooks, yet when I once come in,
I out of count'nance quite do put the nymph, for note,
As from my fountain I tow'rds mightier Mersey float,
First Roch, a dainty rill, from Rochdale, her dear dame,
Who honour'd with the half of her stern mother's name,
Grows proud: yet glad herself into my banks to get,
Which Spodden from her spring, a pretty rivulet,
As her attendant brings, when Irck adds to my store,
And Medlock to their much, by lending somewhat more,
At Manchester do meet, all kneeling to my state,
Where brave I show myself; then with a prouder gait,
Tow'rds Mersey making on, great Chatmosse at my fall,
Lies full of turf, and marle, her unctuous mineral,
And blocks as black as pitch, (with boring augers found)
There at the general flood supposed to be drown'd.
Thus chief of Mersey's train, away with her I run,
When in her prosperous course she wat'reth Warrington,
And her fair silver load in Le'rpoole down doth lay,
A road none more renown'd in the Vergivian sea.
Ye lusty lasses then, in Lancashire that dwell,
For beauty that are said to bear away the bell,
Your country's hornpipe, ye so mincingly that tread,
As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry-red;
In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings tell,
That Erwell every way doth Ribble far excel."
Her well-disposed speech had Erwell scarcely done,
But swift report therewith immediately doth run
To the Vergivian shores, among the mosses deep,
Where Alt a neighbouring nymph for very joy doth weep,
That Symond's wood, from whence the flood assumes her spring,
Excited with the same, was loudly heard to ring;
And over all the moors, with shrill re-echoing sounds,
The drooping fogs to drive from those gross wat'ry grounds,
Where those that toil for turf, with peating spades do find
Fish living in that earth (contrary to their kind)
Which but that Pontus, and Heraclia likewise shows,
The like in their like earth, that with like moisture flows,
And that such fish as these, had not been likewise found,
Within far firmer earth, the Paphlagonian ground,
A wonder of this isle this well might have been thought.
But Ribble that this while for her advantage wrought,
Of what she had to say, doth well herself advise,
And to brave Erwell's speech, she boldly thus replies:
"With that, whereby the most thou think'st me to disgrace,
That I an alien am, (not rightly of this place)
My greatest glory is, and Lancashire therefore,
To nature for my birth, beholding is the more;
That Yorkshire, which all shires for largeness doth exceed,
A kingdom to be call'd, that well deserves (indeed)
And not a fountain hath, that from her womb doth flow
Within her spacious self, but that she can bestow;
To Lancaster yet lends me Ribble, from her store,
Which adds to my renown, and makes her bounty more.
From Penigent's proud foot, as from my source I slide,
That mountain my proud sire, in height of all his pride,
Takes pleasure in my course, as in his first-born flood:
And Ingleborow hill of that Olympian brood,
With Pendle, of the north the highest hills that be,
Do wistly me behold, and are beheld of me,
These mountains make me proud, to gaze on me that stand:
So Long-ridge, once arriv'd on the Lancastrian land,
Salutes me, and with smiles, me to his soil invites,
So have I many a flood, that forward me excites,
As Hodder, that from home attends me from my spring;
Then Caldor, coming down from Blackstonedge, doth bring
Me eas'ly on my way to Preston, the great'st town,
Wherewith my banks are blest; where at my going down
Clear Darwen on along me to the sea doth drive,
And in my spacious fall no sooner I arrive,
But Savock to the north, from Longridge making way,
To this my greatness adds, when in my ample bay,
Swart Dulas coming in, from Wiggin with her aids,
Short Taud, and Dartow small, two little country maids,
(In those low wat'ry lands, and moory mosses bred,
Do see me safely laid in mighty Neptune's bed;
And cutting in my course, even through the very heart
Of this renowned shire, so equally it part,
As Nature should have said, 'Lo, thus I meant to do;
This flood divides this shire thus equally in two.'
Ye maids, the hornpipe then, so mincingly that tread,
As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry-red;
In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings tell,
That Ribble every way, your Erwell doth excel."
Here ended she again, when Merton's moss and mere,
With Ribble's sole reply so much revived were,
That all the shores resound the river's good success,
And wondrous joy there was all over Anderness[2],
Which straight convey'd the news into the upper land,
Where Pendle[3], Penigent[3], and Ingleborow[3] stand
Like giants, and the rest do proudly overlook;
Or Atlas-like as though they only undertook
To underprop high Heav'n, or the wide welkin dar'd,
Who in their Ribble's praise (be sure) no speeches spar'd;
That the loud sounds from them down to the forests fell,
To Bowland brave in state, and Wyersdale which as well
As any sylvan nymphs their beauteous scites may boast,
Whose echoes sent the same all round about the coast,
That there was not a nymph to jollity inclin'd,
Or of the woody brood, or of the wat'ry kind,
But at their fingers' ends, they Ribble's song could say,
And perfectly the note upon the bag-pipe play.

[14] Darwin, of the British Doure Guin, which is white water.

[1] The Irish Sea.

[2] A part of Lancashire.

[3] The highest hills betwixt Trent and Berwick. See the twenty-eighth song.

That Wyre, when once she knew how well these floods had
(When their reports abroad in every place was spread) [sped,
It vex'd her very heart their eminence to see,
Their equal (at the least) who thought herself to be,
Determines at the last to Neptune's court to go,
Before his ample state, with humbleness to show
The wrongs she had sustain'd by her proud sisters' spite,
And off'ring them no wrong, to do her greatness right;
Arising but a rill at first from Wyersdale's lap,
Yet still receiving strength from her full mother's pap,
As down to Seaward she, her curious course doth ply,
Takes Caldor coming in to bear her company.
From Woolfcrag's cliffy foot, a hill to her at hand,
By that fair forest known, within her verge to stand.
So Bowland from her breast sends Brock her to attend,
As she a forest is, so likewise doth she send
Her child, on Wyersdale's flood, the dainty Wyre to wait,
With her assisting rills, when Wyre is once replete:
She in her crooked course to seaward softly slides,
Where Pellin's mighty moss, and Merton's, on her sides
Their boggy breasts out-lay, and Skipton down doth crawl
To entertain this Wyre, attained to her fall:
When whilst each wand'ring flood, seem'd settled to admire,
First Erwell, Ribble then, and last of all this Wyre,
That mighty wagers would have willingly been laid.
(But that these matters were with much discretion stay'd)
Some broils about these brooks had surely been begun.
When Coker a coy nymph, that clearly seems to shun
All popular applause, who from her christal head,
In Wyresdale, near where Wyre is by her fountain fed,
That by their natural birth they seem (indeed) to twin,
Yet for her sister's pride she careth not a pin;
Of none, and being help'd, she likewise helpeth none,
But to the Irish sea goes gently down alone
Of any undisturb'd, till coming to her sound,
Endanger'd by the sands, with many a lofty bound,
She leaps against the tides, and cries to christal Lon,
The flood that names the town, from whence the shire begun
Her title first to take, and loudly tells the flood,
"That if a little while she thus but trifling stood,
These petty brooks would be before her still preferr'd."
Which the long wand'ring Lon, with good advisement heard,
As she comes ambling on from Westmoreland, where first
Arising from her head, amongst the mountains nurs'd
By many a pretty spring, that hourly getting strength,
Arriving in her course in Lancashire at length,
To Lonsdale shows herself, and lovingly doth play
With her dear daughter Dale, which her frim cheek doth lay
To her clear mother's breast, as mincingly she traces,
And oft embracing her, she oft again embraces,
And on her darling smiles, with every little gale.
When Lac the most lov'd child of this delicious Dale,
And Wemming on the way, present their either's spring.
Next them she Henbourne hath, and Robourne, which do bring
Their bounties in one bank, their mistress to prefer,
That she with greater state may come to Lancaster,
Of her which takes the name, which likewise to the shire,
The sovereign title lends, and eminency, where
To give to this her town, what rightly doth belong,
Of this most famous shire, our Lun thus frames her song,
"First that most precious thing, and pleasing most to man,
Who from him (made of earth) immediately began,
His she-self woman, which the goodliest of this isle
This country hath brought forth, that much doth grace my style;
Why should those ancients else, which so much knowing were,
When they the blazons gave to every several shire,
Fair women as mine own, have titled due to me?
Besides, in all this isle, there no such cattle be,
For largeness, horn and hair, as those of Lancashire;
So that from every part of England far and near,
Men haunt her marts for store, as from her race to breed.
And for the third, wherein she doth all shires exceed,
Be those great race of hounds, the deepest mouth'd of all
The other of this kind, which we our hunters call,
Which from their bellowing throats upon a scent so roar,
That you would surely think that the firm earth they tore
With their wide yawning chaps, or rent the clouds in sunder,
As though by their loud cry they meant to mock the thunder.
Besides, her natives have been anciently esteem'd,
For bowmen near our best, and ever have been deem'd
So loyal, that the guard of our preceding kings,
Of them did most consist; but 'yet mongst all these things
Even almost ever since the English crown was set
Upon the lawful head of our Plantagenet,
In honour, next the first, our dukedom was allow'd,
And always with the great'st revenues was endow'd:
And after when it hapt, France conquering Edward's blood
Divided in itself, here for the garland stood;
The right Lancastrian line, it from York's issue bore;
The red rose our brave badge, which in their helmets wore
In many a bloody field, at many a doubtful fight,
Against the house of York, which bore for theirs the white.
"And for my self there's not the Tivy[4], nor the Wye,
Nor any of those nymphs that to the southward lie,

[4] See song sixth.

For salmon me excels; and for this name of Lun[5],
That I am christen'd by, the Britons it begun,
Which fulness doth import, of waters still increase:"
To Neptune lowting low, when crystal Lun doth cease,
And Conder coming in, conducts her by the hand,
Till lastly she salute the point of Sunderland[6],
And leaves our dainty Lun to Amphitrite's care.
So blyth and bonny now the lads and lasses are,
That ever as anon the bag-pipe up doth blow,
Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
And at each pause they kiss, was never seen such rule
In any place but here, at bonfire, or at Yule;
And every village smokes at wakes with lusty cheer,
Then hey they cry for Lun, and hey for Lancashire;
That one high hill was heard to tell it to his brother,
That instantly again to tell it to some other:
From hill again to vale, from vale to hill it went,
The high-lands they again, it to the lower sent,
The mud-exhausted meres, and mosses deep among,
With the report thereof each road and harbour rung
The sea-nymphs with their song, so great a coil do keep,
They cease not to resound it over all the deep,
And acted it each day before the isle of Man,
Who like an empress sits in the Vergivian,
By her that hath the Calf[7], long Walney, and the Pyle,
As hand-maids to attend on her their sovereign isle,
To whom, so many though the Hebrides do show,
Acknowledge, that to her they due subjection owe:
With corn and cattle stor'd, and what for hers is good.
(That we nor Ireland need, nor scorn her neighbourhood
Her midst with mountains set, of which, from Sceafel's[8] heigh
A clear and perfect eye, the weather being bright,
(Be Neptune's visage ne'er so terrible and stern)
The Scotch, the Irish shores, and the English may discern;
And what an empire can, the same this island brings
Her pedigrees to show her right successive kings,
Her chronicles and can as easily rehearse,
And with all foreign parts to have had free commerce;
Her municipal laws and customs very old,
Belonging to her state, which strongly she doth hold.
This island, with the song of Lun is taken so,
As she hath special cause before all other, who
For her bituminous turf, squar'd from her mossy ground,
And trees far under earth, (by daily digging found,)
As for the store of oats, which her black glebe doth bear,
In every one of these resembling Lancashire,
To her she'll stoutly stick, as to her nearest kin,
And cries the day is ours, brave Lancashire doth win.
But yet this isle of Man more seems not to rejoice
For Lancashire's good luck, nor with a louder voice
To sound it to the shores; than Furnesse whose stern face,
With mountains set like warts, which nature as a grace
Bestow'd upon this tract, whose brows do look so stern,
That when the nymphs of sea did first her front discern,
Amazedly they fled, to Amphitrite's bower,
Her grim aspect to see, which seem'd to them so sour,
As it malign'd the rule which mighty Neptune bare,
Whose fells to that grim god, most stern and dreadful are,
With hills whose hanging brows, with rocks about are bound,
Whose weighty feet stand fix'd in that black beachy ground.
Whereas those scatter'd trees, which naturally partake,
The fatness of the soil (in many a slimy lake,
Their roots so deeply soak'd) send from their stocky bough,
A soft and sappy gum, from which those tree-geese grow,
Call'd barnacles by us, which like a jelly first
To the beholder seem, then by the fluxure nurs'd,
Still great and greater thrive, untill you well may see
Them turn'd to perfect fowls, when dropping from the tree
Into the merey pond, which under them doth lie,
Wax ripe, and taking wing, away in flocks do fly;
Which well our ancients did among our wonders place:
Besides by her strong scite, she doth receive this grace,
Before her neighbouring tracts, (which Furnesse well may
That when the Saxons here their forces first did plant, [vaunt)
And from the inner land the ancient Britons drave,
To their distress'd estate it no less succour gave,
Than the trans-Severn'd hills, which their old stock yet stores,
Which now we call the Welsh, or the Cornubian shores.
What country lets ye see those soils within her seat
But she in little hath, what it can show in great?
As first without herself at sea to make her strong,
(Yet howsoe'er expos'd, doth still to her belong)
And fence her farthest point, from that rough Neptune's rag
The isle of Walney lies, whose longitude doth swage
His fury when his waves on Furnesse seem to war,
Whose crooked back is arm'd with many a rugged scarr[9]
Against his boist'rous shocks, which this defensive isle
Of Walney still assail, that she doth scorn the while,
Which to assist her hath the Pyle of Foulira set,
And Fulney at her back, a pretty insulet,
Which all their forces bend, their Furnesse safe to keep:
But to his inner earth, divert we from the deep,

[5] Llun, in the British, fulness.
[6] A part of Lancashire jutting out into the Irish sea.
[7] The Calf of Man, a little island.
[8] A mountain in the isle of Man.
[9] A scarr is a rock.

Where those two mighty meres, out-stretch'd in length do wander,
The lesser Thurston nam'd, the famouser Wynander,
So bounded with her rocks, as nature would descry
By her how those great seas Mediterranean lie.
To seaward then she hath her sundry sands again,
At that of Dudden fist, then Levin, lastly Ken,
Of three bright Naiades nam'd, as Dudden on the West,
That Cumberland cuts off from this shire, doth invest
Those sands with her proud style, when Levin from the fells,
Besides her natural source, with the abundance swells,
Which those two mighty meres, upon her either side
Contribute by recourse, that out of very pride,
She leaves her ancient name, and Fosse herself doth call,
Till coming to the sands, even almost at her fall,
On them her ancient style she liberally bestows.
Upon the east from these, clear Ken her beauty shows,
From Kendal coming in, which she doth please to grace,
First with her famous type, then lastly in her race,
Her name upon those sands doth liberally bequeath,
Whereas the Muse a while may sit her down to breath,
And after walk along tow'rds Yorkshire on her way,
On which she strongly hopes to get a noble day.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Invention hence her compass steers,
Towards York the most renown'd of shires.
Makes the three Ridings in their stories,
Each severally to show their glories.
Ouse for her most lov'd city's sake,
Doth her duke's title undertake;
His floods then Humber welcomes in,
And shows how first he did begin.

THE Muse from Blackstonedge, no whit dismay'd at all,
With sight of the large shire, on which she was to fall,
(Whose forest, hills, and floods, then long for her arrive
From Lancashire, that look'd her beauties to contrive)
Doth set herself to sing, of that above the rest
A kingdom that doth seem a province at the least
To them that think themselves no simple shires to be;
But that wherein the world her greatness most may see,
And that which doth this shire before the rest prefer,
Is of so many floods, and great, that rise from her.
Except some silly few out of her verge that flow,
So near to other shires, that it is hard to know,
If that their springs be hers, or others them divide,
And those are only found upon her setting side.
Use be it noted well, remarkable to all.
That those from her that flow, in her together fall.
Nor can small praise beseem so beauteous brooks as these,
For from all other nymphs these be the Naiades,
In Amphitrite's bower, that princely places hold,
To whom the orks of sea dare not to be so bold,
As rudely once to touch, and wheresoe'er they come,
The Tritons with their trumps proclaim them public room.
Now whiles the Muse prepares these floods along to lead,
The wide West-riding first, desires that she may plead
The right that her belongs, which of the Muse she wins,
When with the course of Don, thus she her tract begins.
"Thou first of all my floods, whose banks do bound my south,
And off'rest up thy stream to mighty Humber's mouth,
Of yew [1], and climbing elm, that crown'd with many a spray,
From thy clear fountain first through many a mead dost play,
Till Rother, whence the name of Rotheram first begun.
At that her christ'ned town doth lose her in my Don,
Which proud of her recourse, tow'rds Doncaster doth drive,
Her great'st and chiefest town, the name that doth derive
From Don's near bordering banks, when holding on her race,
She dancing in and out, indenteth Hatfield Chase,
Whose bravery hourly adds new honours to her bank:
When Sherwood sends her in slow liddle, that made rank
With her profuse excess, she largely it bestows
On Marshland, whose swoln womb with such abundance flows,
As that her batt'ning breast, her fatlings sooner feeds,
And with more lavish waste, than oft the grazier needs:
Whose soil, as some report, that be her borderers note,
With th' water under earth undoubtedly doth float:
For when the waters rise, it risen doth remain
High whilst the floods are high, and when they fall again,
It falleth; but at last, when as my lively Don,
Along by Marshland's side, her lusty course hath run,

[1] Much yew and elm upon the bank of Don.

The little wand'ring Went, won by the loud report
Of the magnific state, and height of Humber's court,
Draws on to meet with Don, at her approach to Aire:
Now speak I of a flood, who thinks there's none should dare
(Once) to compare with her, suppos'd by her descent,
The darling daughter born of lofty Penigent,
Who from her father's foot, by Skipton down doth scud,
And leading thence to Leeds, that delicatest flood,
Takes Caldor coming in by Wakefield, by whose force,
As from a lusty flood, much strengthen'd in her course;
But Caldor as she comes, and greater still doth wax,
And travelling along by heading-Halifax [2],
Which Horton once was call'd, but of a virgin's hair,
(A martyr that was made, for chastity, that there
Was by her lover slain) being fast'ned to a tree:
The people that would needs it should a relic be,
It Halifax since nam'd, which in the northern tongue,
Is holy hair: but thence as Caldor comes along,
It chanc'd she in her course on Kirkbey [3] cast her eye,
Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief, doth lie,
Beholding fitly too before how Wakefield stood,
She doth not only think of lusty Robin Hood,
But of his merry man, the pindar of the town,
Of Wakefield, George-a-Green, whose fames so far are blown,
For their so valiant fight, that every free man's song,
Can tell you of the same, quoth she, be talk'd on long,
For ye were merry lads, and those were merry days;
When Aire to Caldor calls, and bids her come her ways,
Who likewise to her help, brings Hebden, a small rill:
Thus Aire holds on her course tow'rds Humber, till she fill
Her fall with all the wealth that Don can her afford,
Quoth the West-riding, "Thus with rivers am I stor'd."
"Next guide I on my Wharfe, the great'st in her degree,
And that I well may call the worthiest of the three,
Who her full fountain takes from my waste western wild,
(Whence all but mountaineers, by nature are exil'd)
On Langstrethdale, and lights at th' entrance of her race,
When keeping on her course, along through Barden Chase,
She watereth Wharfdale's breast, which proudly bears her name;
For by that time she's grown a flood of wond'rous fame,
When Washbrook with her wealth her mistress doth supply;
Thus Wharf [4] in her brave course embracing Wetherby,
Small Cock, a sullen brook comes to her succour then,
Whose banks receiv'd the blood of many thousand men,
On sad Palm-Sunday slain, that Towton-field we call,
Whose channel quite was chok'd with those that there did fall,
That Wharfe discolour'd was with gore, that then was shed,
The bloodiest field betwixt the White Rose, and the Red,
Of well near fifteen fought in England first and last: [haste,
"But whilst the goodly Wharfe doth thus tow'rds Humber
From Warnside hill not far, outflows the nimble Nyde,
Through Nydersdale along, as neatly she doth glide
Tow'rds Knaresburgh on her way, a pretty little rill,
Call'd Kebeck, stows her stream, her mistress' banks to fill,
To entertain the Whafe where that brave forest [5] stands,
Entitled by the town, who with upreared hands
Makes signs to her of joy, and doth with garlands crown
The river passing by; but Wharfe that hasteth down
To meet her mistress Ouse, her speedy course doth hye;
Dent, Rother, Rivel, Gret, so on me set have I,
Which from their fountains there all out of me do flow,
Yet from my bounty I on Lancashire bestow,
Because my rising soil doth shut them to the west:
But for my mountains I will with the isle contest,
All other of the north in largeness shall exceed,
That ages long before it finally decreed,
That Ingleborow hill, Pendle [6], and Penigent,
Should named be the high'st betwixt our Tweed and Trent.
My hills, brave Whelpston then, thou Whanside, and thou Cam,
Since I West-riding still your only mother am;
All that report can give, and justly is my due,
I as your natural dam share equally with you;
And let me see a hill that to the north doth stand,
The proudest of them all, that dare but lift a hand
O'er Penigent to peere; not Skiddo that proud mount,
Although of him so much, rude Cumberland account,
Not Cheviot, of whose height Northumberland doth boast
Albania [7] to survey; nor those from coast to coast
That well near run in length, that row of mountains tall,
By th' name of th' English Alps, that our most learned call;
As soon shall those, or these remove out of their place,
As by their lofty looks, my Penigent outface:
Ye thus behold my hills, my forests, dales, and chases
Upon my spacious breast: note too how nature places
Far up into my west, first Langstrethdale doth lie,
And on the bank of Wharfe, my pleasant Bardon by,
With Wharfdale hard by her, as taking hand in hand:
Then lower tow'rds the sea brave Knarsborough doth stand,
As higher to my north, my Niddersdale by Nyde,
And Bishop's-dale above upon my setting side.

[2] Beheading, which we call Halifax law.
[3] Robin Hood's burying-place.
[4] See to the twenty-second song.
[5] Knarsborough forest.
[6] Pendle hill is near upon the verge of this tract, but standeth in Lancashire.
[7] Scotland.

Marshland, and Hatfield Chase, my eastern part do bound,
And Barnsdale there doth butt on Don's well-water'd ground:
And to my great disgrace, if any shall object
That I no wonder have that's worthy of respect
In all my spacious tract, let them (so wise) survey
My Ribble's rising banks, their worst, and let them say;
At Giggleswick where I a fountain can you show,
That eight times in a day is said to ebb and flow,
Who sometime was a nymph, and in the mountains high
Of Craven, whose blue heads for caps put on the sky,
Amongst th' Oreads[8] there, and sylvans made abode,
(It was ere human foot upon those hills had trod)
Of all the mountain kind and since she was most fair,
It was a satyr's chance to see her silver hair
Flow loosely at her back, as up a cliff she clame,
Her beauties noting well, her features, and her frame,
And after her he goes; which when she did espy,
Before him like the wind, the nimble nymph doth fly,
They hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale they drive;
To take her he doth strain, t' outstrip him she doth strive,
Like one his kind that knew, and greatly fear'd his rape,
And to the topic gods[9] by praying to escape,
They turn'd her to a spring, which as she then did pant,
When wearied with her course, her breath grew wondrous scant:
Even as the fearful nymph, then thick and short did blow,
Now made by them a spring, so doth she ebb and flow.
And near the stream of Nyde, another spring have I,
As well as that, which may a wonder's place supply,
Which of the form it bears, men Dropping-well do call,
Because out of a rock, it still in drops doth fall,
Near to the foot whereof it makes a little pon,
Which in as little space converteth wood to stone;
Chevin, and Kilnsey Crags, were they not here in me,
In any other place right well might wonders be,
For their gigantic height, that mountains do transcend:
But such are frequent here," and thus she makes an end.

When Your[10] thus having heard the genius of this tract,
Her well-deserved praise so happily to act,
This river in herself that was extremely loth,
The other to defer, since that she was to both
Indifferent, straightly wills West-riding there to cease;
And having made a sign to all the wat'ry prease
For silence, which at once, when her command had won,
The proud North-riding thus for her great self begun.

"My sovereign flood," quoth she, "in nature thou art bound
T' acknowledge me of three to be the worthiest ground:
For note of all those floods, the wild West-riding sends,
There's scarcely any one thy greatness that attends,
Till thou hast passed York, and drawest near thy fall;
And when thou hast no need of their supplies at all,
Then come they flatt'ring in, and will thy followers be;
So as you oftentimes these wretched worldlings see,
That whilst a man is poor, although some hopes depend
Upon his future age, yet there's not one will lend
A farthing to relieve his sad distressed state,
Not knowing what may yet befal him; but when fate
Doth pour upon his head his long expected good,
Then shall you see those slaves, aloof before that stood,
And would have let him starve, like spaniels to him crouch,
And with their glavering lips, his very feet to touch:
So do they by the Your; whereas the floods in me,
That spring and have their course, (even) given thy life to thee:
For till that thou and Swale, into one bank do take,
Meeting at Borough-bridge, thy greatness there to make:
Till then the name of Ouse thou art not known to owe,
A term in former times the ancients did bestow
On many a full-bank'd flood; but for my greater grace,
These floods of which I speak, I now intend to trace
From their first springing founts, beginning with the Your
From Morvil's mighty foot which rising, with the power,
That Bant from Sea-mere brings, her somewhat more doth fill,
Near Bishop's-dale at hand, when Cover, a clear rill,
Next cometh into Your, whereas that lusty chase
For her lov'd Cover's sake, doth lovingly embrace
Your as she yields along, amongst the parks and groves,
In Middleham's amorous eye, as wand'ringly she roves,
At Rippon meets with Skell, which makes to her amain,
Whom when she hath receiv'd into the nymphish train,
(Near to the town[11] so fam'd for colts there to be bought,
For goodness far and near, by horsemen that are sought)
Fore-right upon her way she with a merrier gale,
To Borough-bridge makes on, to meet her sister Yale
(A wondrous holy flood (which name she ever hath)
For when the Saxons first receiv'd the Christian faith,
Paulinus of old York, the zealous bishop then,
In Swale's abundant stream christen'd ten thousand men,
With women and their babes, a number more beside,
Upon one happy day, whereof she boasts with pride)
Which springs not far from whence Your hath her silver head;
And in her winding banks along my bosom led,
As she goes swooping by, to Swaledale whence she springs,
That lovely name she leaves, which forth a forest brings,

[8] Nymphs of the mountains.

[9] The supposed genius of the place.

[10] Your, the chiefest river of Yorkshire, who after her long course, by the confluence of other floods, gets the name of Ouse.

[11] Rippon fair.

The vallies' style that bears, a braver sylvan maid
Scarce any shire can show, when to my river's aid, [guide,
Come Barney, Arske, and Marske, their sovereign Swale to
From Applegarth's wide waste, and from New Forest side,
Whose fountains by the fawns, and satyrs, many a year,
With youthful greens were crown'd, yet could not stay them there,
But they will serve the Swale, which in her wand'ring course,
A nymph nam'd Holgat hath, and Risdale, all whose force,
Small though (Got wot) it be, yet from their southern shore,
With that salute the Swale, as others did before,
At Richmond and arrive, which much doth grace the flood,
For that her precinct long amongst the shires hath stood:
But Yorkshire wills the same her glory to resign.
When passing thence the Swale, this minion flood of mine
Next takes into her train, clear Wiske, a wanton girl,
As though her watery path were pav'd with orient pearl,
So wondrous sweet she seems, in many a winding gyre,
As though she gambols made, or as she did desire,
Her labyrinth-like turns, and mad meander'd trace,
With marvel should amaze, and coming doth imbrace
North-Alerton, by whom her honour is increas'd,
Whose liberties include a county at the least,
To grace the wand'ring Wiske, then well upon her way,
Which by her count'nance thinks to carry all the sway;
When having her receiv'd, Swale bonny Colbeck brings,
And Willowbeck with her, two pretty rivellings,
And Bedall bids along, then almost at the Ouse,
Who with these rills enrich'd begins herself to rouse.
When that great forest-nymph fair Gautress on her way,
She sees to stand prepar'd, with garlands fresh and gay
To deck up Ouse, before herself to York she show,
So out of my full womb the Fosse doth likewise flow,
That meeting thee at York, under the city's side,
Her glories with thyself doth equally divide,
The east part watering still, as thou dost wash the west,
By whose embraces York abundantly is blest,
So many rivers I continually maintain,
As all those lesser floods that into Darwin strain,
Their fountains find in me, the Ryedale naming Rye,
Foss, Rycal, Hodbeck, Dow, with Semen, and them by
Clear Costwy, which herself from Blackmore in doth bring,
And playing as she slides through shady Pickering,
To Darwent homage doth; and Darwent that divides
The East-riding and me, upon her either sides,
Although that to us both, she most indifferent be,
And seemeth to affect her equally with me,
From my division yet her fountain doth derive,
And from my Blackmore here her course doth first contrive.
Let my dimensions then be seriously pursu'd,
And let Great Britain see in my brave latitude,
How in the high'st degree by nature I am grac'd;
For tow'rds the Craven hills, upon my west are plac'd
New-forest, Applegarth, and Swaledale, Dryades all,
And lower towards the Ouse, if with my floods ye fall,
The goodly Gautress keeps chief of my sylvan kind,
There stony Stanmore view, bleak with the sleet and wind,
Upon this eastern side, so Ryedale dark and deep,
Amongst whose groves of yore, some say that elves did keep
Then Pickering, whom the fawns beyond them all adore,
By whom not far away lies large-spread Blackmore,
The Cleveland north from these, a state that doth maintain,
Leaning her lusty side to the great German main,
Which if she were not here confined thus in me,
A shire even of herself might well be said to be.

"Nor less hath Pickering Leigh her liberty than this;
North-Alerton a shire so likewise reckon'd is:
And Richmond of the rest, the greatest in estate,
A county justly call'd, that them accommodate;
So I North-Riding am, for spaciousness renown'd,
Our mother Yorkshire's eld'st, who worthily is crown'd
The queen of all the shires, on this side Trent, for we,
The Ridings, several parts of her vast greatness be,
In us, so we again have several seats, whose bounds
Do measure from their sides so many miles of grounds,
That they are called shires; like to some mighty king,
May Yorkshire be compar'd, (the lik'st of any thing)
Who hath kings that attend, and to his state retain,
And yet so great, that they have under them again
Great princes, that to them be subject, so have we
Shires subject unto us, yet we her subjects be;
Although these be enough sufficiently to show,
That I the other two for bravery quite out-go:
Yet look ye up along into my setting side,
Where Teis first from my bounds rich Dunelm[12] doth divide.
And you shall see those rills, that with their watery prease,
Their most beloved Teis so plenteously increase,
The clear yet lesser Lune, the Bauder, and the Gret,
All out of me do flow; then turn ye from the set,
And look but tow'rds the rise, upon the German main,
Those rarities and see, that I in me contain;
My Scarborough, which looks as though in Heaven it stood,
To those that lie below, from th' Bay of Robin Hood,
Even to the fall of Teis; let me but see the man,
That in one tract can show the wonders that I can;

[12] The bishopric of Durham.

Like Whitby's self I think, there's none can show but I,
O'er whose attractive earth there may no wild geese fly,
But presently they fall from off their wings to ground:
If this no wonder be, where's there a wonder found?
And stones like serpents there, yet may ye more behold,
That in their natural gyres are up together roll'd.
The rocks by Moul-grave too, my glories forth to set,
Out of their cranny'd cleves, can give you perfect jet,
And upon Huntcliphab, you every where may find,
(As though nice nature lov'd to vary in this kind)
Stones of a spheric form of sundry mickles fram'd,
That well they globes of stone, or bullets might be nam'd
For any ordnance fit: which broke with hammers' blows.
Do headless snakes of stone, within their rounds enclose.
Mark Gisborough's gay scite, where nature seems so nice,
As in the same she makes a second paradise,
Whose soil embroider'd is, with so rare sundry flowers,
Her large oaks so long green, as summer there her bowers
Had set up all the year, her air for health refin'd,
Her earth with allom veins most richly intermin'd.
In other places these might rarities be thought,
So common but in me, that I esteem as nought.
Then could I reckon up my Ricall, making on
By Ryedale, towards her dear-lov'd Darwent, who's not gone
Far from her pearly springs, but under ground she goes;
As up towards Craven hills, I many have of those,
Amongst the cranny'd cleves, that through the cavern creep,
And dimbles hid from day, into the earth so deep,
That oftentimes their sight the senses doth appal,
Which for their horrid course, the people Helbecks call,
Which may for aught I see, be with my wonders set,
And with much marvel seen: that I am not in debt
To none that neigboureth me; nor ought can they me lend."
When Darwent bade her stay, and there her speech to end,
For that East-riding call'd, her proper cause to plead:
For Darwent a true nymph, a most impartial maid,
And like to both ally'd, doth will the last should have
That privilege, which time to both the former gave,
And wills th' East-riding men, in her own cause to speak,
Who mildly thus begins; "Although I be but weak,
To those two former parts, yet what I seem to want
In largeness, for that I am in my compass scant;
Yet for my scite I know, that I them both excel;
For mark me how I lie, ye note me very well,
How in the east I reign, (of which my name I take)
And my broad side do bear up to the German lake,
Which bravely I survey: then turn ye and behold
Upon my pleasant breast, that large and spacious Ould
Of York that takes the name, that with delighted eyes,
When he beholds the sun out of the seas to rise,
With pleasure feeds his flocks, for which he scarce gives place
To Cotswold, and for what becomes a pastoral grace,
Doth go beyond him quite; then note upon my south,
How all along the shore, to mighty Humber's mouth,
Rich Holderness I have, excelling for her grain,
By whose much plenty I, not only do maintain
Myself in good estate, but shires far off that lie,
Up Humber that to Hull, come every day to buy,
To me beholden are; besides, the neigbouring towns,
Upon the verge whereof, to part her and the Downs,
Hull down to Humber hastes, and takes into her bank
Some less but lively rills, with waters waxing rank,
She Beverley salutes, whose beauties so delight
The fair enamour'd flood, as ravish'd with the sight,
That she could ever stay, that gorgeous fane[13] to view,
But that the brooks and bourns so hotly her pursue,
To Kingston and convey, whom Hull doth newly name,
Of Humber-bord'ring Hull, who hath not heard the fame:
And for great Humber's self, I challenge him for mine:
For whereas Fowlwy first, and Shelfleet do combine,
By meeting in their course, so courteously to twine,
'Gainst whom on th' other side, the goodly Trent comes in,
From that especial place, great Humber hath his reign,
Beyond which he's mine own: so I my course maintain,
From Kilnsey's pyle-like point, along the eastern shore,
And laugh at Neptune's rage, when loudl'est he doth roar,
Till Flamborough jut forth into the German sea."
And as th' East-riding more yet ready was to say,
Ouse in her own behalf doth interrupt her speech,
And of th' imperious land doth liberty beseech.
Since she had passed York, and in her wand'ring race,
By that fair city's scite, received had such grace,
She might for it declaim, but more to honour York,
She who suppos'd the same to be her only work,
Still to renown those dukes, who strongly did pretend
A title to the crown, as those who did descend
From them that had the right, doth this oration make,
And to up-hold their claim, thus to the floods she spake:
"They very idly err, who think that blood then spilt,
In that long-lasting war, proceeded from the guilt
Of the proud Yorkists' part: for let them understand,
That Richard duke of York, whose brave and martial hand
The title undertook by tyranny and might,
Sought not t' attain the crown, but from successful right,
Which still up-held his claim, by which his valiant son,
Great Edward earl of March, the garland after won:
For Richard duke of York, at Wakefield battle slain,
Who first that title broach'd, in the sixth Henry's reign,
From Edmond, a fifth son of Edward, did descend,
That justly he thereby no title could pretend,
Before them come from Gaunt, well known of all to be,
The fourth to Edward born, and therefore a degree
Before him to the crown: but that which did prefer
His title, was the match with dame Anne Mortimer,
Of Roger earl of March the daughter, that his claim,
From Clarence the third son of great king Edward came,
Which Anne derived alone, the right before all other,
Of the delapsed crown, from Philip her fair mother,
Daughter and only heir of Clarence, and the bride
To Edmond Earl of March; this Anne her daughter ty'd
In wedlock to the earl of Cambridge, whence the right
Of Richard, as I said, which fell at Wakefield fight,
Descended to his son, brave Edward after king,
(Henry the Sixth depos'd) thus did the Yorkists bring
Their title from a strain, before the line of Gaunt,
Whose issue they by arms did worthily supplant."
By this the Ouse perceiv'd great Humber to look grim;
(For evermore she hath a special eye to him)
As tho' he much disdain'd each one should thus be heard,
And he their only king until the last deferr'd,
At which he seem'd to frown; wherefore the Ouse off breaks,
And to his confluent floods, thus mighty Humber speaks:
"Let Trent her tribute pay, which from their several founts,
For thirty floods of name, to me her king that counts,
Be much of me belov'd, brave river; and from me,
Receive those glorious rites that fame can give to thee.
And thou marsh-drowning Don, and all those that repair
With thee, that bring'st to me thy easy ambling Aire,
Embodying in one bank: and Wharfe, which by thy fall
Dost much augment my Ouse, let me embrace you all;
My brave West-riding brooks, your king you need not scorn,
Proud Naiades neither ye, North-riders that are born;
My yellow-sanded Your, and thou my sister Swale,
That dancing come to Ouse, thro' many a dainty dale,
Do greatly me enrich, clear Darwent driving down
From Cleveland; and thou Hull, that highly dost renown
Th' East-riding by thy rise, do homage to your king,
And let the sea-nymphs thus of mighty Humber sing;
That full an hundred floods my wat'ry court maintain,
Which either of themselves, or in their greater's train,
Their tribute pay to me; and for my princely name
From Humber King of Hunns, as anciently it came;
So still I stick to him: for from that eastern king
Once in me drown'd, as I my pedigree do bring:
So his great name receives no prejudice thereby;
For as he was a king, so know ye all that I
Am king of all the floods, that north of Trent do flow;
Then let the idle world no more such cost bestow,
Nor of the muddy Nile so great a wonder take,
Though with her bellowing fall she violently make
The neighbouring people deaf; nor Ganges so much praise,
That where he narrowest is, eight miles in broadness lays
His bosom; nor so much hereafter shall be spoke
Of that (but lately found) Guianian Oronoque,
Whose cataract a noise so horrible doth keep,
That it even Neptune frights; what flood comes to the deep,
Than Humber that is heard more horribly to roar?
For when my Higre comes[14], I make my either shore
Even tremble with the sound, that I afar do send."
No sooner of this speech had Humber made an end,
But the applauding floods sent forth so shrill a shout,
That they were eas'ly heard all Holderness about,
Above the beachy brack, amongst the marshes rude,
When the East-riding her oration to conclude,
Goes on: "My sisters boast that they have little shires
Their subjects, I can show the like of mine for theirs;
My Howdon[15] hath as large a circuit, and as free,
On Ouse, and Humber's banks, and as much graceth me,
My latitude compar'd with those that me oppugn:
Not Richmond nor her like, that doth to them belong,
Doth grace them more than this doth me, upon my coast;
And for their wondrous things whereof so much they boast,
Upon my eastern side, which juts upon the sea,
Amongst the white-scalp'd cleeves this wonder see they may,
The mullet, and the awke my fowlers there do find,
Of all Great Britain brood, birds of the strangest kind,
That building in the rocks, being taken with the hand,
And cast beyond the cliff that pointeth to the land,
Fall instantly to ground, as though it were a stone,
But put out to the sea, they instantly are gone,
And fly a league or two before they do return,
As only by that air, they on their wings were borne.
Then my prophetic spring at Veipsey, I may show,
That some years is dry'd up, some years again doth flow;
But when it breaketh out with an immoderate birth
It tells the following year of a penurious dearth."
Here ended she her speech, the Ridings all made friends,
And from my tired hand, my labour'd canto ends.

[13] The church of Beverley.

[14] The roaring of the waters at the coming in of the tide.

[15] A liberty in the East-riding.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-NINTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse the bishopric assays,
And to her fall sings down the Teis,
Then takes she to the dainty Wer,
And with all braveries fitted her.
Tyne tells the victories by us got,
In foughten fields against the Scot.
Then through Northumberland she goes,
The floods and mountains doth dispose;
And with their glories doth proceed,
Not staying till she come to Tweed.

THE Muse this largest shire of England having sung,
Yet seeing more than this did to her task belong,
Looks still into the north, the bishopric[1] and views,
Which with an eager eye, whilst wistly she pursues,
Teis as a bordering flood, (who thought herself divine)
Confining in her course that county Palatine,
And York the greatest shire, doth instantly begin
To rouse herself: quoth she, "Doth every rillet win
Applause for their small worths, and I that am a queen,
With those poor brooks compar'd? shall I alone be seen
Thus silently to pass, and not be heard to sing?
When as two countries are contending for my spring:
For Cumberland, to which the Cumri gave the name,
Accounts it to be hers, Northumberland the same,
Will need'sly hers should be, for that my spring doth rise,
So equally 'twixt both, that he were very wise,
Could tell which of these two, me for her own may claim.
But as in all these tracts, there's scarce a flood of fame,
But she some valley hath, which her brave name doth bear:
My Teisdale nam'd of me, so likewise have I here,
At my first setting forth, through which I nimbly slide;
Then Yorkshire which doth lie upon my setting side,
Me Lune and Bauder lends, as in the song before
Th' industrious Muse hath show'd: my Dunelmenian shore,
Sends Huyd to help my course, with some few other becks
Which time (as it should seem) so utterly neglects,
That they are nameless yet; then do I bid adieu,
To Bernard's battled towers, and seriously pursue
My course to Neptune's court, but as forthright I run,
The Skern, a dainty nymph, saluting Darlington,
Comes in to give me aid, and being proud and rank,
She chanc'd to look aside, and spieth near her bank,
Three black and horrid pits, which for their boiling heat,
(That from their loathsome brims do breathe a sulpherous sweat)
Hell kettles rightly call'd, that with the very sight,
This water-nymph, my Skern, is put in such a fright,
That with unusual speed, she on her course doth haste,
And rashly runs herself into my widen'd waist,
In pomp I thus approach great Amphitrite's state."
But whilst Teis undertook her story to relate,
Wer waxeth almost wood, that she so long should stand,
Upon those lofty terms, as though both sea and land
Were ty'd to hear her talk: quoth Wer, "What would'st thou say,
Vain-glorious bragging brook, hadst thou so clear a way
T' advance thee as I have, hadst thou such means and might,
How would'st thou then exult? O then to what a height
Wouldst thou put up thy price; hadst thou but such a trine
Of rillets as I have, which naturally combine,
Their springs thee to beget, as those of mine do me,
In their consenting sounds that do so well agree?
As Kellop coming in from Kellop-Law her sire,
A mountain much in fame, small Wellop doth require
With her to walk along, which Burdop with her brings.
Thus from the full conflux of these three several springs
My greatness is begot, as nature meant to show
My future strength and state; then forward do I flow
Through my delicious dale, with every pleasure rife,
And Wyresdale still may stand with Teisdale for her life:
Comparing of their scites, then casting on my course,
So satiate with th' excess of my first natural source,
As petty bourns and becks, I scorn but once to call,
Wascrop a wearish girl, of name the first of all,
That I vouchsafe for mine, until that I arrive
At Auckland, where with force me forward still to drive,
Clear Gauntless gives herself, when I begin to gad,
And whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,
I change my posture oft, to many a snaky gyre,
To my first fountain now, as seeming to retire:
Then suddenly again I turn my wat'ry trail,
Now I indent the earth, and then I it engrail
With many a turn and trace, thus wand'ring up and down,
Brave Durham I behold, that stately seated town,
That Dunholme height of yore (even) from a desert won,
Whose first foundation zeal and piety begun,
By them who thither first St. Cuthbert's body brought,
To save it from the Danes, by fire and sword that sought
Subversion of those things that good and holy were,
With which beloved place, I seem so pleased here,
As that I clip it close, and sweetly hug it in
My clear and amorous arms, as jealous time should win
Me farther off from it, as our divorce to be.
Hence like a lusty flood most absolutely free,
None mixing then with me, as I do mix with none,
But scorning a colleague, nor near me any one,
To Neptune's court I come; for note along the strand,
From Hartlepoole (even) to the point of Sunderland,
As far as Wardenlaws[2] can possibly survey;
There's not a flood of note hath entrance to the sea."
Here ended she her speech, when as the goodly Tyne,
(Northumberland that parts from this shire Palatine)
Which patiently had heard, look as before the Wer
Had taken up the Teis, so Tyne now takes up her,
For her so tedious talk, "Good Lord," quoth she, "had I
No other thing wherein my labour to employ,
But to set out myself, how much (well) could I say,
In mine own proper praise, in this kind every way
As skilful as the best; I could if I did please,
Of my two fountains tell, which of their sundry ways,
The South and North are nam'd, entitled both of Tyne,
As how the prosperous springs of these two floods of mine
Are distant thirty miles, how that the South-Tyne nam'd
From Stanmore takes her spring, for mines of brass that's fam'd,
How that nam'd of the north, is out of Wheel-fell sprung,
Amongst these English Alps, which as they run along,
England and Scotland here impartially divide.
How South-Tyne setting out from Cumberland is ply'd
With Hartley which her hastes, and Tippal that doth strive,
By her more sturdy stream, the Tyne along to drive,
How th' Allans, th' East and West, their bounties to her bring,
Two fair and full-brimm'd floods, how also from her spring,
My other North-nam'd Tyne, thro' Tindale maketh in,
Which Shele her hand-maid hath, and as she hastes to twin
With th' other from the south, her sister, how clear Rhead,
With Perop comes prepar'd, and Cherlop, me to lead,
Through Ridsdale on my way, as far as Exham, then
Dowell me homage doth, with blood of Englishmen,
Whose stream was deeply dy'd in that most cruel war
Of Lancaster and York. Now having gone so far,
Their strengths me their dear Tyne, do wondrously enrich,
As how clear Darwent draws down to Newcastle, which
The honour hath alone to entertain me there,
As of those mighty ships, that in my mouth I bear,
Fraught with my country coal, of this Newcastle nam'd,
For which both far and near, that place no less is fam'd
Than India for her mines; should I at large declare
My glories, in which time commands me to be spare,
And I but slightly touch, which stood I to report,
As freely as I might, ye both would fall too short
Of me; but know, that Tyne hath greater things in hand:
For, to trick up ourselves, whilst trifling thus we stand
Bewitch'd with our own praise, at all we never note,
How the Albanian floods now lately set afloat,
With th' honour to them done, take heart and loudly cry
Defiance to us all, on this side Tweed that lie;
And hark the high-brow'd hills aloud begin to ring,
With sound of things that Forth prepared is to sing:
When once the Muse arrives on the Albanian shore,
And therefore to make up our forces here before
The onset they begin, the battles we have got,
Both on our earth and theirs, against the valiant Scot,
I undertake to tell; then, Muses, I entreat
Your aid, whilst I these fights in order shall repeat.
"When mighty Malcolm here had with a violent hand,
(As he had oft before) destroy'd Northumberland,
In Rufus' troubled reign, the warlike Mowbray then,
This earldom that possess'd, with half the power of men,
For conquest which that king from Scotland hither drew,
At Alnwick in the field their armies overthrew;
Where Malcolm and his son, brave Edward both were found:
Slain on that bloody field: so on the English ground,
When David king of Scots, and Henry his stern son,
Entitled by those times, the earl of Huntingdon,
Had forag'd all the north, beyond the river Teis,
In Stephen's troubled reign, in as tumultuous days
As England ever knew, the archbishop of York,
Stout Thurstan, and with him join'd in that warlike work,
Ralph (both for wit and arms) of Durham bishop then
Renown'd, that called were the valiant clergymen,

[1] The bishopric of Durham.

[2] A mountain on that part of the shire.

With th' earl of Aubemerle, Especk, and Peverell, knights,
And of the Lacies two, oft try'd in bloody fights,
'Twixt Allerton and York, the doubtful battle got,
On David and his son, whilst of th' invading Scot
Ten thousand strew'd the earth, and whilst they lay to bleed,
Ours follow'd them that fled, beyond our sister Tweed.
And when Fitz-empress[3] next in Normandy, and here,
And his rebellious sons in high combustions were,
William the Scottish king, taking advantage then,
And entering with an host of eighty thousand men,
As far as Kendal came, where captains then of ours,
Which aid in Yorkshire rais'd, with the Northumbrian powers,
His forces overthrew, and him a prisoner led. [sped,

" So Longshanks, Scotland's scourge, him to that country
Provoked by the Scots, that England did invade,
And on the borders here such spoil and havoc made,
That all the land lay waste betwixt the Tweed and me.
This most courageous king, from them his own to free,
Before proud Berwick set his puissant army down,
And took it by strong siege, since when that warlike town
As cautionary long the English after held.
But tell me, all ye floods, when was there such a field
By any nation yet, as by the English won,
Upon the Scottish power, as that of Halidon:
Seven earls, nine hundred horse, and of foot-soldiers more,
Near twenty thousand slain, so that the Scottish gore
Ran down the hill in streams (even) in Albania's sight.
By our third Edward's prowess, that most renowned knight,
As famous was that fight of his against the Scot,
As that against the French, which he at Cressy got,
And when that conquering king did afterward advance
His title, and had past his warlike powers to France,
And David king of Scots here enter'd to invade,
To which the king of France did that false lord persuade,
Against his given faith, from France to draw his bands,
To keep his own at home, or to fill both his hands
With war in both the realms: was ever such a loss,
To Scotland yet befell, as that at Nevil's-cross,
Where fifteen thousand Scots their souls at once forsook,
Where stout John Copland then king David prisoner took
I' th' head of all his troops, that bravely there was seen.
When English Philip, that brave Amazonian queen,
Encouraging her men from troop to troop did ride,
And where our clergy had their ancient valour try'd:
Thus often coming in, they have gone out too short.
And next to this the fight of Nesbit I report,
When Hebborn that stout Scot, and his had all their hire,
Which int' our marches came, and with invasive fire
Our villages laid waste, for which defeat of ours,
When doughty Douglas came with the Albanian powers,
At Holmdon do but see, the blow our Hotspur gave
To that bold daring Scot, before him how he drave
His army, and with shot of our brave English bows
Did wound them on the backs, whose breasts were hurt with blows,
Ten thousand put to sword, with many a lord and knight,
Some prisoners, wounded some, some others slain outright,
And ent'ring Scotland then, all Tividale o'erran.

" Or who a braver field than th' earl of Surrey wan,
Where their king James the Fourth himself so bravely bore,
That since, that age wherein he liv'd, nor those before,
Yet never such a king in such a battle saw,
Amongst his fighting friends, where whilst he breath could draw,
He bravely fought on foot, where Flodden hill was strew'd
With bodies of his men, well-near to mammocks hew'd,
That on the mountain's side they covered near a mile,
Where those two valiant earls of Lennox and Argyle,
Were with their sovereign slain, abbots, and bishops there,
Which had put armour on, in hope away to bear
The victory with them, before the English fell.

" But now of other fields, it fits the Muse to tell,
As when the noble duke of Norfolk made a road
To Scotland, and therein his hostile fire bestow'd
On well-near thirty towns, and staying there so long,
Till victual waxed weak, the winter waxing strong,
Returning over Tweed his booties home to bring,
Which to the very heart did vex the Scottish king,
The fortune of the duke extremely that did grudge,
Remaining there so long, and doing there so much,
Thinking to spoil and waste in England, as before
The Englishmen had done on the Albanian shore,
And gathering up his force, before the English fled
To Scotland's utmost bounds, thence into England sped,
When that brave bastard son of Dacres, and his friend,
John Musgrave, which had charge the marches to attend,
With Wharton, a proud knight, with scarce four hundred horse,
Encountering on the plain with all the Scottish force,
Thence from the field with them, so many prisoners brought,
Which in that furious fight were by the English caught,
That there was scarce a page or lackey but had store,
Earls, barons, knights, esquires, two hundred there and more,
Of ordinary men seven hundred made to yield,
There scarcely hath been heard, of such a foughten field,

[3] Henry II.

That James the Fifth to think, that but so very few,
His universal power so strangely should subdue,
So took the same to heart, that it abridg'd his life;
Such foils by th' English given, amongst the Scots were rife.

" These on the English earth, the Englishmen did gain;
But when their breach of faith did many times constrain
Our nation to invade, and carry conquests in
To Scotland; then behold what our success hath been,
Even in the latter end of our eighth Henry's days,
Who Seymour sent by land, and Dudley sent by seas,
With his full forces then, O Forth! then didst thou bear
That navy on thy stream, whose bulk was fraught with fear,
When Edinburgh and Leith into the air were blown
With powder's sulphurous smoke, and twenty towns were thrown
Upon the trampled earth, and into ashes trod;
As int' Albania when he made a second road,
In our sixth Edward's days, when those two martial men,
Which conquer'd there before, were thither sent again;
But for their high deserts with greater titles grac'd,
The first created duke of Somerset, the last
The earl of Warwick made, at Musselborough field,
Where many a doughty Scot that did disdain to yield,
Was on the earth laid dead, where as for five miles' space
In length, and four in breadth, the English in the chase,
With carcases of Scots, strew'd all their natural ground,
The number of the slain were fourteen thousand found,
And fifteen hundred more ta'en prisoners by our men.

" So th' earl of Sussex next to Scotland sent again,
To punish them by war, which on the borders here,
Not only robb'd and spoil'd, but that assistants were
To those two puissant earls, Northumberland, who rose
With Westmoreland his peer, suggested by the foes
To great Eliza's reign, and peaceful government;
Wherefore that puissant queen him to Albania sent,
Who fifty rock-rear'd piles and castles having cast
Far lower than their scites, and with strong fires defac'd
Three hundred towns, their wealth, with him worth carrying brought
To England over Tweed." When now the floods besought
The Tyne to hold her tongue, when presently began
A rumour, which each where through all the country ran,
Of this proud river's speech, the hills and floods among,
And Lowes, a forest-nymph, the same so loudly sung,
That it thro' Tyndale straight, and quite through Ridsdale ran,
And sounded shriller there, than when it first began,
That those high Alpine hills, as in a row they stand,
Receiv'd the sounds, which thus went on from hand to hand.

The high-rear'd Red-squire first, to Aumond hill it told,
When Aumond great therewith, nor for his life could hold,
To Kembelspeth again the business but relate,
To Black-Brea he again, a mountain holding state
With any of them all, to Cocklaw he it gave;
And Cocklaw it again, to Cheviot, who did rave
With the report thereof, he from his mighty stand
Resounded it again through all Northumberland,
That White-squire lastly caught, and it to Berwick sent,
That brave and warlike town, from whence incontinent,
The sound from out the south, into Albania came,
And many a lusty flood, did with her praise inflame,
Affrighting much the Forth, who from her trance awoke,
And to her native strength her presently betook,
Against the Muse should come to the Albanian coast.

But Pictswall all this while, as though he had been lost,
Not mention'd by the Muse, began to fret and fume,
That every petty brook thus proudly should presume
To talk; and he whom first the Romans did invent,
And of their greatness yet the long'st-liv'd monument,
Should thus be over-trod; wherefore his wrong to wreak,
In their proud presence thus, doth aged Pictswall speak:

" Methinks that Offa's-ditch in Cambria should not dare
To think himself my match, who with such cost and care
The Romans did erect, and for my safeguard set
Their legions, from my spoil the prowling Pict to let,
That often inroads made, our earth from them to win,
By Adrian beaten back, so he to keep them in,
To sea from east to west, began me first a wall
Of eighty miles in length, 'twixt Tyne and Eden's fall;
Long making me tilley were, and long did me maintain.
Nor yet that trench which tracts the western Wiltshire plain,
Of Woden, Wansdyke call'd, should parallel with me,
Comparing our descents, which shall appear to be
Mere upstarts, basely born; for when I was in hand
The Saxon had not then set foot upon this land,
Till my declining age, and after many a year,
Of whose poor petty kings, those the small labours were.
That on Newmarket-heath[4] made up as though but now,
Who for the Devil's work the vulgar dare avow,
Tradition telling none, who truly it began,
Where many a reverend book can tell you of my man,
And when I first decay'd, Severus going on,
What Adrian built of turf, he builded new of stone;
And after many a time, the Britons me repair'd,
To keep me still in plight, nor cost they ever spar'd.

[4] See song 21.

Towns stood upon my length, where garrisons were laid,
Their limits to defend; and for my greater aid,
With turrets I was built where centinels were plac'd,
To watch upon the Pict; so me my makers grac'd
With hollow pipes of brass, along me still that went,
By which they in one fort still to another sent,
By speaking in the same, to tell them what to do,
And so from sea to sea could I be whisper'd thro':
Upon my thickness three march'd eas'ly breast to breast,
Twelve foot was I in height, such glory I possess'd."
Old Pictswall with much pride thus finishing his plea,
Had in his utmost course attain'd the eastern sea,
Yet there was hill nor flood once heard to clap a hand;
For the Northumbrian nymphs had come to understand:
That Tyne exulting late o'er Scotland in her song,
(Which over all that realm report had loudly rung)
The Caledonian Forth[5] so highly had displeas'd,
And many another flood, which could not be appeas'd,
That they had vow'd revenge, and proclamation made,
That in a learned war the foe they would invade,
And like stout floods stand free from this supputed shame,
Or conquer'd give themselves up to the English name:
Which these Northumbrian nymphs, with doubt and terrour struck,
Which knew they from the foe for nothing were to look,
But what by skill they got, and with much care should keep,
And therefore they consult by meeting in the deep,
To be deliver'd from the ancient enemies' rage,
That they would all upon a solemn pilgrimage
Unto the Holy-isle, the virtue of which place,
They knew could very much avail them in this case:
For many a blessed saint in former ages there,
Secluded from the world, to abstinence and prayer
Had given up themselves, which in the German main,
And from the shore not far, did in itself contain
Sufficient things for food, which from those holy men,
That to devotion liv'd, and sanctimony then,
It Holy-isle was call'd, for which they all prepare,
As I shall tell you how, and what their number are,
With those the farthest off, the first I will begin,
As Pont, a peerless brook, brings Blyth, which putteth in
With her, then Wansbeck next in wading to the main,
Near Morpeth meets with Font, which followeth in her train;
Next them the little Lyne alone doth go along,
When Cocket cometh down, and with her such a throng,
As that they seem to threat the ocean; for with her
Comes Ridley, Ridland next, with Usway, which prefer
Their fountains to her flood, who for her greater fame,
Hath at her fall an isle, call'd Cocket of her name,
As that great Neptune should take notice of her state;
Then Alne by Alnwick comes, and with as proud a gait,
As Cocket came before, for whom at her fair fall,
(In bravery as to show, that she surpass'd them all)
The famous isle of Ferne, and Staples aptly stand,
And at her coming forth, do kiss her christal hand.
Whilst these resolv'd upon their pilgrimage, proceed,
Till for the love she bears to her dear mistress Tweed,
Of Bramish leaves the name, by which she hath her birth;
And though she keep her course upon the English earth,
Yet Bowbent, a bright nymph, from Scotland coming in,
To go with her to Tweed, the wanton flood doth win.
Though at this headstrong stream, proud Flodden from his height
Doth daily seem to fret, yet takes he much delight
Her loveliness to view, as on to Tweed she strains,
Where whilst this mountain much for her sweet sake sustains,
This canto we conclude, and fresh about must cast,
Of all the English tracts, to consummate the last.

POLY-OLBION.

THE THIRTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of Westmoreland the Muse now sings,
And fetching Eden from her springs,
Sets her along, and Kendal then
Surveying, beareth back again;
And climbing Skidow's lofty hill,
By many a river, many a rill,
To Cumberland, where in her way,
She Copland calls, and doth display
Her beauties, back to Eden goes,
Whose floods and fall she aptly shows.

YET cheerly on, my Muse, no whit at all dismay'd,
But look aloft tow'rds Heaven, to him whose powerful aid
Hath led thee on thus long, and through so sundry soils,
Steep mountains, forests rough, deep rivers, that thy toils
Most sweet refreshings seem, and still the comfort sent,
Against the bestial rout, and boorish rabblement
Of those rude vulgar sots, whose brains are only slime,
Born to the doting world, in this last iron time,
So stony, and so dull, that Orpheus, which (men say)
By the enticing strains of his melodious lay,
Drew rocks, and aged trees, to whither he would please;
He might as well have mov'd the universe as these;
But leave this fry of Hell in their own filth defil'd,
And seriously pursue the stern Westmerian wild,
First ceasing in our song, the south part of the shire,
Where Westmoreland to west[1], by wide Wynander mere,
The Eboracean fields her to the rising bound,
Where Can first creeping forth, her feet hath scarcely found,
But gives that dale her name, where Kendal town doth stand,
For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the land.
Then keeping on her course, though having in her train,
But Sput, a little brook, then Winster doth retain,
Tow'rds the Vergivian sea, by her two mighty falls,
(Which the brave Roman tongue, her Catadupæ calls)
This eager river seems outrageously to roar,
And counterfeiting Nile, to deaf the neighbouring shore,
To which she by the sound apparently doth show,
The season foul or fair, as then the wind doth blow:
For when they to the north the noise do eas'liest hear,
They constantly aver the weather will be clear;
And when they to the south, again they boldly say,
It will be clouds or rain the next approaching day.
To the Hibernic gulf, when soon the river hastes,
And to these queachy sands, from whence herself she casts,
She likewise leaves her name, as every place where she
In her clear course doth come, by her should honour'd be.
But back into the north from hence our course doth lie,
As from this fall of Can, still keeping in our eye,
The source of long-liv'd Lun[2], I long-liv'd do her call;
For of the British floods, scarce one amongst them all,
Such state as to herself, the destinies assign,
By christ'ning in her course a county Palatine;
For Luncaster, so nam'd, the fort upon the Lun,
And Lancashire the name from Lancaster begun:
Yet tho' she be a flood, such glory that doth gain,
In that the British crown doth to her state pertain,
Yet Westmoreland alone not only boasts her birth,
But for her greater good the kind Westmerian earth
Clear Burbeck her bequeaths, and Barrow to attend
Her grace, till she her name to Lancaster do lend.
With all the speed we can, to Cumberland we hie
(Still longing to salute the utmost Albany)
By Eden, issuing out of Husseat-Moruill hill,
And pointing to the north, as then a little rill,
There simply takes her leave of her sweet sister Swale,
Born to the self-same sire, but with a stronger gale,
Tow'rds Humber hies her course, but Eden making on,
Thro' Malerstrang hard by, a forest woe begone
In love with Eden's eyes, of the clear Naiades kind,
Whom thus the wood-nymph greets: "What passage shall thou find,
My most beloved brook, in making to thy bay,
That wand'ring art to wend through many a crooked way,
Far under hanging hills, through many a cragged strait,
And few the wat'ry kind, upon thee to await,
Opposed in thy course with many a rugged cliff,
Besides the northern winds against thy stream so stiff,
As by main strength they meant to stop thee in thy course,
And send thee eas'ly back to Moruill to thy source.
O my bright lovely Brook, whose name doth bear the sound
Of God's first garden-plot, th' imparadised ground,
Wherein he placed man, from whence by sin he fell.
O little blessed Brook, how doth my bosom swell
With love I bear to thee! the day cannot suffice
For Malerstrang to gaze upon thy beauteous eyes."
This said, the forest rubb'd her rugged front the while;
Clear Eden looking back, regrets her with a smile,
And simply takes her leave, to get into the main;
When Below, a bright nymph, from Stanmore down doth strain
To Eden, as along to Appleby she makes,
Which passing, to her train, next Troutbeck in she takes,
And Levenant than these a somewhat lesser rill,
When Glenkwin greets her well, and happily to fill,
Her more abundant banks, from Ulls, a mighty meer
On Cumberland's confines, comes Eymot neat and clear,
And Loder doth allure, with whom she hapes to meet,
Which at her coming in, doth thus her mistress greet:
Quoth she, "Thus for myself I say, that where I swell
Up from my fountain first, there is a tiding-well,
That daily ebbs and flows, (as writers do report)
The old Euripus doth, or in the self-same sort,
The Venedocian[4] fount, or the Demetian[4] spring,
Or that which the cold Peak doth with her wonders bring,
Why should not Loder then, her mistress Eden please,
With this, as other floods delighted are with these."
When Eden, though she seem'd to make unusual haste,
About clear Loder's neck yet lovingly doth cast

[5] The great river on which Edinburgh standeth.

[1] See song 27. [2] See song 27. [3] See song 5. 10. 27.

Her oft enfolding arms, as Westmoreland she leaves,
Where Cumberland again as kindly her receives.
Yet up her wat'ry hands, to Winfield forest holds
In her rough woody arms, which amorously enfolds
Clear Eden coming by, with all her wat'ry store,
In her dark shades, and seems her parting to deplore.
But southward sallying hence, to those sea-bordering sands,
Where Duden driving down to the Lancastrian lands,
This Cumberland cuts out, and strongly doth confine
This meeting there with that, both merely maritime,
Where many a dainty rill out of her native dale,
To the Vergivian makes, with many a pleasant gale;
As Eske her farth'st, so first, a coy-bred Cumbrian lass,
Who cometh to her road, renowned Ravenglass,
By Devock driven along, (which from a large-brimm'd lake,
To hie her to the sea, with greater haste doth make)
Meets Nyte, a nimble brook, their rendezvous that keep
In Ravenglass, when soon into the bluish deep
Comes Irt, of all the rest, though small, the richest girl,
Her costly bosom strew'd with precious orient pearl,
Bred in her shining shells, which to the dew doth yawn,
Which dew they sucking in, conceive that lusty spawn,
Of which when they grow great, and to their fulness swell,
They cast, which those at hand there gathering, dearly sell.
This clear pearl-paved Irt, Bleng to the harbour brings,
From Copland coming down, a forest-nymph, which sings
Her own praise, and those floods, their fountains, that derive
From her, which to extol, the forest thus doth strive:
"Ye northern Dryades[4], all adorn'd with mountains steep,
Upon whose hoary heads cold winter long doth keep,
Where often rising hills, deep dales and many make,
Where many a pleasant spring, and many a large-spread lake
Their clear beginnings keep, and do their names bestow
Upon those humble vales, through which they eas'ly flow;
Whereas the mountain nymphs, and those that do frequent
The fountains, fields, and groves, with wondrous merriment,
By moon-shine, many a night, do give each other chase,
At hood-wink, barley-break, at tick, or prison-base,
With tricks, and antique toys, that one another mock,
That skip from crag to crag, and leap from rock to rock.
Then, Copland, of this tract a corner, I would know,
What place can there be found in Britain, that doth show
A surface more austere, more stern from every way,
That who doth it behold, he cannot choose but say,
'Th' aspect of these grim hills, these dark and misty dales,
From clouds scarce ever clear'd, with the strong'st northern gales,
Tell in their mighty roots, some mineral there doth lie,
The island's general want, whose plenty might supply:'
Wherefore as some suppose of copper mines in me,
I Copper-land was call'd, but some will have't to be
From the old Britons brought, for Cop they use to call
The tops of many hills, which I am stor'd withal.
Then Eskdale, mine ally, and Niterdale so nam'd,
Of floods from you that flow, as Borowdale most fam'd,
With Wasdale walled in, with hills on every side,
Hows'ever ye extend within your wastes so wide,
For th' surface of a soil, 'A Copland, Copland,' cry,
Till to your shouts the hills with echoes all reply."
Which Copland scarce had spoke, but quickly every hill,
Upon her verge that stands, the neighbouring vallies fill;
Helvillon from his height, it through the mountains threw,
From whom as soon again, the sound Dunbalrase drew,
From whose stone trophied head, it on to Wendross went,
Which tow'rds the sea again, resounded it to Dent,
That Brodwater therewith within her banks astound,
In sailing to the sea, told it in Egremound,
Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with echoes loud and long,
Did mightily commend old Copland for her song.
Whence soon the Muse proceeds, to find out fresher springs,
Where Darwent her clear fount from Borowdale that brings,
Doth quickly cast herself into an ample lake,
And with Thurl's mighty meer, between them two do make
An island[5], which the name from Darwent doth derive,
Within whose secret breast nice Nature doth contrive
That mighty copper-mine, which not without its veins,
Of gold and silver found, it happily obtains
Of royalty the name, the richest of them all
That Britain bringeth forth, which royal she doth call.
Of Borowdale her dam, of her own named isle,
As of her royal mines, this river proud the while,
Keeps on her course to sea, and in her way doth win
Clear Coker, her compeer, which at her coming in,
Gives Coker-mouth the name, by standing at her fall,
Into fair Darwent's banks, when Darwent there withal,
Runs on her wat'ry race, and for a greater fame,
Of Neptune doth obtain a haven of her name.
When of the Cambrian hills, proud Skidow that doth show
The high'st, respecting whom, the other be but low,
Perceiving with the floods, and forests, how it far'd,
And all their several tales substantially had heard,
And of the mountain kind, as of all other he
Most like Parnassus-self that is suppos'd to be,
Having a double head, as hath that sacred mount,
Which those nine sacred nymphs held in so high account,
Bethinketh of himself what he might justly say,
When to them all he thus his beauties doth display.
"The rough Hibernian sea I proudly overlook,
Amongst the scatter'd rocks, and there is not a nook,
But from my glorious height into its depth I pry,
Great hills far under me, but as my pages lie;
And when my helm of clouds upon my head I take,
At very sight thereof, immediately I make
Th' inhabitants about tempestuous storms to fear,
And for fair weather look, when as my top is clear;
Great Fourness mighty Fells I on my south survey:
So likewise on the north, Albania makes me way,
Her countries to behold, when Scurfel[6] from the sky,
That Anadale doth crown, with a most amorous eye,
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threat'ning me with clouds, as I oft threat'ning him:
So likewise to the east, that row of mountains tall,
Which we our English Alps may very aptly call,
That Scotland here with us, and England do divide,
As those, whence we them name upon the other side,
Do Italy, and France, these mountains here of ours,
That look far off like clouds, shap'd with embattel'd towers,
Much envy my estate, and somewhat higher be,
By lifting up their heads, to stare and gaze at me.
Clear Darwent dancing on, I look at from above,
As some enamour'd youth, being deeply struck in love,
His mistress doth behold, and every beauty notes;
Who as she to her fall, through fells and vallies floats,
Oft lifts her limber self above her banks to view,
How my brave by-clift top, doth still her course pursue.
O all ye topic gods, that do inhabit here,
To whom the Romans did those ancient altars rear,
Oft found upon those hills, now sunk into the soils,
Which they for trophies left of their victorious spoils,
Ye Genii of these floods, these mountains, and these dales,
That with poor shepherds' pipes and harmless herdsmen's tales
Have often pleased been, still guard me day and night,
And hold me Skidow still, the place of your delight."
This speech by Skidow spoke, the Muse makes forth again,
Tow'rds where the in-born floods, clear Eden entertain,
To Cumberland com'n in, from the Westmerian wastes,
Where as the readiest way to Carlisle, as she casts,
She with two wood-nymphs meets, the first is great and wild,
And westward forest height; the other but a child,
Compared with her phere, and Inglewood is call'd,
Both in their pleasant scites, most happily install'd.
What Sylvan is there seen, and be she ne'er so coy,
Whose pleasures to the full, these nymphs do not enjoy,
And like Diana's self, so truly living chaste?
For seldom any tract, doth cross their their way less waste,
With many a lusty leap, the shagged satyrs show
Them pastime every day, both from the meres below,
And hills on every side, that neatly hem them in;
The blushing morn to break but hardly doth begin,
But that the ramping goats, swift deer, and harmless sheep,
Which there their owners know, but no man hath to keep,
The dales do overspread, by them like motley made;
But westward of the two, by her more widen'd slade,
Of more abundance boasts, as of those mighty mines,
Which in her verge she hath: but that whereby she shines,
Is her two dainty floods, which from two hills do flow,
Which in herself she hath, whose banks do bound her so
Upon the north and south, as that she seems to be
Much pleased with their course, and takes delight to see
How Eline upon the south, in sallying to the sea
Confines her: on the north how Wampul on her way,
Her purlieus wondrous large, yet limiteth again,
Both falling from her earth into the Irish main.
No less is Westward proud of Waver, nor doth win
Less praise by her clear spring, which in her course doth twin
With Wiz, a neater nymph scarce of the wat'ry kind;
And though she be but small, so pleasing Waver's mind,
That they entirely mix'd, the Irish seas embrace,
But earnestly proceed in our intended race.
At Eden now arriv'd, whom we have left too long,
Which being com'n at length, the Cumbrian hills among,
As she for Carlisle coasts, the floods from every where,
Prepare each in their course, to entertain her there,
From Skidow her tall sire, first Cauda clearly brings
In Eden all her wealth; so Petterell from her springs,
(Not far from Skidow's foot, whence dainty Cauda creeps)
Along to overtake her sovereign Eden sweeps,
To meet that great concourse, which seriously attend
That dainty Cumbrian queen; when Gilsland down doth send
Her riverets to receive queen Eden in her course,
As Irthing coming in from her most plenteous source,
Through many a cruel crag, though she be forc'd to crawl,
Yet working forth her way to grace herself withal,
First Pultrosse is her page, then Gelt she gets her guide,
Which springeth on her south, on her septentrion side,
She crooked Cambec calls, to wait on her along,
And Eden overtakes amongst the wat'ry throng.
To Carlisle being come, clear Bruscath beareth in,
To greet her with the rest, when Eden as to win

[4] Nymphs of the forest. [5] The isle of Darwent. [6] A hill in Scotland.

Her grace in Carlisle's sight, the court of all her state,
And Cumberland's chief town, lo thus she doth dilate.
"What giveth more delight, brave city, to thy seat,
Than my sweet lovely self? a river so complete,
With all that Nature can a dainty flood endow,
That all the northern nymphs me worthily allow
Of all their Naiades kind the neatest, and so far
Transcending, that oft times they in their amorous war,
Have offered by my course, and beauties to decide
The mastery, with her most vaunting in her pride,
That mighty Roman fort[7], which of the Picts we call,
But by them near those times was styl'd Severus' wall,
Of that great emperor nam'd, which first that work began,
Betwixt the Irish sea, and German ocean,
Doth cut me in his course near Carlisle, and doth end
At Boulnesse, where myself I on the ocean spend.
And for my country here, (of which I am the chief
Of all her wat'ry kind) know that she lent relief
To those old Britons once, when from the Saxons they
For succour hither fled, as far out of their way,
Amongst her mighty wilds, and mountains freed from fear,
And from the British race, residing long time here,
Which in their genuine tongue, themselves did Kimbri name,
Of Kimbri-land, the name of Cumberland first came;
And in her praise be't spoke, this soil whose best is mine,
That fountain bringeth forth, from which the southern Tyne,
(So nam'd, for that of North another hath that style)
This to the eastern sea, that makes forth many a mile,

[7] See to the 29th song.

Her first beginning takes, and Vent, and Alne doth lend,
To wait upon her forth; but farther to transcend
To these great things of note, which many countries call
Their wonders, there is not a tract amongst them all,
Can show the like to mine, as the less Salkeld, near
To Eden's bank, the like is scarcely any where:
Stones seventy-seven stand, in manner of a ring,
Each full ten foot in height, but yet the strangest thing,
Their equal distance is, the circle that compose,
Within which other stones lie flat, which do enclose
The bones of men long dead, (as there the people say;)
So near to Loder's spring, from thence not far away,
Be others nine foot high, a mile in length that run,
The victories for which those trophies were begun,
From dark oblivion thou, O Time, should'st have protected;
For mighty were their minds, them thus that first erected:
And near to this again, there is a piece of ground,
A little rising bank, which of the table round,
Men in remembrance keep, and Arthur's table name."
But whilst these more and more, with glory her inflame,
Supposing of herself in these her wonders great,
All her attending floods, fair Eden do entreat,
To lead them down to sea, when Leven comes along,
And by her double spring, being mighty them among,
There overtaketh Esk, from Scotland that doth hie,
Fair Eden to behold, who meeting by and by,
Down from these western sands into the sea do fall,
Where I this canto end, as also therewithal
My England do conclude, for which I undertook
This strange Herculean toil, to this my thirtieth book.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

1570—1626.

DAVIES is one of the worthies of Wiltshire. He was born in 1570, at Chicksgrove, a hamlet in the parish of Tetbury, and was the third son of a country lawyer. His mother was of the Bennett family, in the same county. In the fifteenth year of his age he was admitted commoner of Queen's College, Oxford; in the eighteenth he removed to the Middle Temple, when he incurred censure for some early irregularities, and whence he was expelled, after he had been called to the bar, for quarrelling with Richard Martin, and beating him in the Hall. He was, however, restored in 1601, by favour of the Lord Keeper Ellesmere; and took his seat in parliament, the same year, as member for Corfe Castle. The dedication of his poem on the Immortality of the Soul bears date in the following year. Such a poem obtained immediately, in those days, the notice which it deserved; and when, on the death of Elizabeth, the author accompanied Lord Hunsdon into Scotland, James inquired "if he was *Nosce* Teipsum," embraced him, and promised him his favour. The merited reproach of promoting unworthy favourites has clung to the memory of James the First; but it ought to be remembered also, that the most able and illustrious men of his age were distinguished by his favour.

In 1603 Davies was sent to Ireland as solicitor-general; made attorney-general soon afterwards; and being appointed one of the judges of assize, at a time when a guard of six or seven score foot, and fifty or sixty horse, was necessary for his protection on the circuit, deserved the praise of the government as "a faithful and well deserving servant of His Majesty." He was knighted in 1607. In 1612 he published his very able "Discovery of the true Causes why Ireland had never been entirely subdued." Soon afterwards he was made king's sergeant; elected for the county of Fermanagh; and, after a warm contest between the Protestant and Romish members, was chosen speaker of the first Irish House of Commons formed by a general representation. He published the first Reports of Cases which were ever made public in Ireland; and the preface to this volume is said to be the best that was ever prefixed to a law book.

Sir John Davies left Ireland in 1616; sat in parliament for Newcastle-under-Line; and was to have been appointed Lord Chief Justice in 1626, when an apoplectic stroke put an end to his mortal existence on the night of the 7th of December.

He had published a collected edition of his poems in 1622. Nahum Tate, by Lord Dorset's recommendation, republished them at the end of the century, giving thus better proof of his judgement in poetry than can be found in his own works. They were published also by Thomas Davies, the bookseller, to whom our early poets owe much, and were first included in a general collection of our poets by Dr. Anderson.

He married Lady Eleanor Touchet, daughter of George Lord Audley, Earl of Castlehaven. Sir Archibald Douglas was her second husband, and she is said to have been an uncomfortable wife to both; this, however, was her misfortune rather than her fault, the evidence of her craziness being public and notorious. Sir John Davies had by this unhappy marriage an idiot son, and a daughter who married Ferdinando Lord Hastings, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon. It may be regretted that he did not leave representatives who would have thought it a duty and an honour to publish all that could be collected of his writings; thus erecting the best and most enduring monument to his memory.

Davenant has evidently formed his style upon that of Sir John Davies.

ON

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

To that clear majesty which in the North
Doth, like another sun, in glory rise.
Which standeth fix'd, yet spreads her heav'nly worth;
Loadstone to hearts, and loadstar to all eyes.
Like heav'n in all, like earth to this alone,
That tho' great states by her support do stand,
Yet she herself supported is of none,
But by the finger of th' Almighty's hand.

To the divinest and the richest mind,
Both by Art's purchase, and by Nature's dow'r,
That ever was from heaven to earth confin'd,
To shew the utmost of a creature's pow'r:

To that great spring, which doth great kingdoms move;
The sacred spring, whence right and honour streams,
Distilling virtue, shedding peace and love,
In every place, as Cynthia sheds her beams:

I offer up some sparkles of that fire,
Whereby we reason, live, and move, and be;
These sparks by nature evermore aspire,
Which makes them now to such a highness flee.

Fair soul, since to the fairest body join'd,
You give such lively life, such quick'ning pow'r;
And influence of such celestial kind,
As keeps it still in youth's immortal flower:

As where the sun is present all the year,
And never doth retire his golden ray,
Needs must the spring be everlasting there,
And every season like the month of May.

O! many, many years may you remain
A happy angel to this happy land;
Long, long may you on earth our empress reign,
Ere you in heaven a glorious angel stand.

Stay long (sweet spirit) ere thou to heaven depart,
Who mak'st each place a heaven wherein thou art.

HER MAJESTY'S
Devoted Subject
And Servant,
JOHN DAVIES.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHY did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind;

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
Of the first parents, all the rules of good,
So that their skill infus'd, did pass all arts
That ever were, before, or since the flood;

And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,
And (as an eagle can behold the sun)
Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near,
As th' intellectual angels could have done:

E'en then to them the spirit of lies suggests,
That they were blind, because they saw not ill,
And breath'd into their incorrupted breasts
A curious wish, which did corrupt their will.

For that same ill they straight desir'd to know;
Which ill, being naught but a defect of good,
In all God's works the Devil could not show,
While man their lord in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to do the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,
Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.

E'en so by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought knowledge they did error find,
Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did;
And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see
Those wretched shapes of misery and woe,
Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty,
Which then their own experience made them know.

But then grew reason dark, that she no more
Could the fair forms of good and truth discern;
Bats they became, that eagles were before;
And this they got by their desire to learn.

But we, their wretched offspring, what do we?
Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid?
Whilst with fond fruitless curiosity,
In books profane we seek for knowledge hid.

What is this knowledge? but the sky-stol'n fire,
For which the thief[1] still chain'd in ice doth sit?
And which the poor rude satyr[2] did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it.

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain,
Which when Jove's guest[3] embrac'd, he monsters got?
Or the false pails[4], which oft being fill'd with pain,
Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it? but the fiery coach
Which the youth[5] sought, and sought his death withal?
Or the boy's[6] wings, which when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament:

What can we know? or what can we discern?
When error choaks the windows of the mind;
The divers forms of things, how can we learn,
That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

When reason's lamp, which (like the sun in sky)
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct, and dead:

How can we hope, that through eye and ear,
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high,
Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his weakness such:
"Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much."

[1] Prometheus. [2] See Æsop's Fables.
[3] Ixion. [4] Danaïdes. [5] Phaëton. [6] Icarus.

For this the wisest of all moral men [know,
Said, he knew nought, but that he nought did
And the great mocking-master mock'd not then,
When he said, Truth was buried deep below.

For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own soul understands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious brain,
When, Know thyself, his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that and this,
When of herself she can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do:
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade;
We leech-craft learn, but others cure with it;
We interpret laws, which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
Not seeing itself when other things it sees?

No, doubtless; for the mind can backward cast
Upon herself, her understanding's light,
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the fable of the lady fair,
Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow,
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
And saw herself transform'd she wist not how:

At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd;
At last with terror she from thence doth fly,
And loathes the wat'ry glass wherein she gaz'd,
And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth die:

E'en so man's soul which did God's image bear,
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all sights her own sight least endure:

For e'en at first reflection she espies
Such strange chimeras, and such monsters there,
Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

And as the man loves least at home to be,
That hath a sluttish house haunted with sprites;
So she impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself, and in strange things delights.

For this few know themselves: for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain,
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if Affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire:

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's inmost part;
As bees in storms back to their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear;
Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air:
So working seas settle and purge the wine;
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair:
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill:
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
I know my sense is mock'd in ev'ry thing:
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

OF THE SOUL OF MAN,

AND THE

IMMORTALITY THEREOF.

The lights of heav'n (which are the world's fair eyes)
Look down into the world, the world to see;
And as they turn or wander in the skies,
Survey all things that on this centre be.

And yet the lights which in my tow'r do shine,
Mine eyes, which view all objects nigh and far,
Look not into this little world of mine,
Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since Nature fails us in no needful thing,
Why want I means my inward self to see?
Which sight the knowledge of myself might bring,
Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That Pow'r, which gave me eyes the world to view,
To view myself infus'd an inward light,
Whereby my soul, as by a mirror true,
Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sun-beams in the air do shine;
So the best soul, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine.

O Light, which mak'st the light, which makes the day!
Which set'st the eye without, and mind within,
'Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true form how can my spark discern,
Which, dim by nature, art did never clear?
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,
Are ignorant both what she is, and where.

One thinks the soul is air; another fire;
Another blood, diffus'd about the heart;
Another saith, the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies;
Physicians hold that they complexions be;
Epicures make them swarms of atomies,
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one general soul fills every brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in every star;
And others think the name of soul is vain,
And that we only well-mixt bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary;
And thus they vary in judgment of her seat;
For some her chair up to the brain do carry,
Some thrust it down into the stomach's heat:

Some place it in the root of life, the heart;
Some in the river, fountain of the veins;
Some say, she's all in all, and all in ev'ry part;
Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom shew
While with their doctrines they at hazard play;
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they.

For no craz'd brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the soul, so vain and fond a thought;
But some among these masters have been found,
Which in their schools the self-same thing have taught.

God only wise, to punish pride of wit,
Among men's wits hath this confusion wrought,
As the proud tow'r whose points the clouds did hit,
By tongues' confusion was to ruin brought.

But (thou) which didst man's soul of nothing make,
And when to nothing it was fallen again,
"To make it new, the form of man didst take;
"And God with God, becam'st a man with men."

Thou that hast fashion'd twice this soul of ours,
So that she is by double title thine,
Thou only know'st her nature and her pow'rs,
Her subtle form thou only canst define.

To judge herself, she must herself transcend,
As greater circles comprehend the less;
But she wants pow'r, her own pow'rs to extend,
As fetter'd men cannot their strength express.

But thou bright morning star, thou rising sun,
Which in these later times hast brought to light
Those mysteries, that, since the world begun,
Lay hid in darkness and eternal night.

Thou (like the sun) dost with an equal ray
Into the palace and the cottage shine,
And shew'st the soul, both to the clerk and lay,
By the clear lamp of oracle divine.

This lamp, through all the regions of my brain,
Where my soul sits, doth spread such beams of grace,
As now, methinks, I do distinguish plain
Each subtle line of her immortal face.

The soul a substance, and a spirit is,
Which God himself doth in the body make,
Which makes the man, for every man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.

And though this spirit be to th' body knit,
As an apt means her pow'rs to exercise,
Which are life, motion, sense, and will, and wit,
Yet she survives, although the body dies.

Sect. I.

THAT THE SOUL IS A THING SUBSISTING BY ITSELF WITHOUT THE BODY.

She is a substance, and a real thing,
Which hath itself an actual working might,
Which neither from the senses' power doth spring,
Nor from the body's humours temper'd right.

She is a vine, which doth no propping need,
To make her spread herself, or spring upright;
She is a star, whose beams do not proceed
From any sun, but from a native light.

For when she sorts things present with things past,
And thereby things to come doth oft foresee;
When she doth doubt at first, and choose at last,
These acts her own [1], without her body be.

[1] That the soul hath a proper operation without the body.

When of the dew, which th' eye and ear do take,
From flow'rs abroad, and bring into the brain,
She doth within both wax and honey make:
This work is hers, this is her proper pain.

When she from sundry acts, one skill doth draw;
Gathering from divers fights one art of war;
From many cases, like one rule of law;
These her collections, not the senses are.

When in th' effects she doth the causes know;
And seeing the stream, thinks where the spring doth rise;
And seeing the branch, conceives the root below:
These things she views without the body's eyes.

When she, without a Pegasus, doth fly
Swifter than lightning's fire from east to west;
About the centre, and above the sky,
She travels then, although the body rest.

When all her works she formeth first within,
Proportions them, and sees their perfect end;
Ere she in act doth any part begin,
What instruments doth then the body lend?

When without hands she doth thus castles build,
Sees without eyes, and without feet doth run;
When she digests the world, yet is not fill'd:
By her own pow'rs these miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, divides, compounds,
Considers virtue, vice, and general things;
And marrying divers principles and grounds,
Out of their match a true conclusion brings.

These actions in her closet, all alone,
(Retir'd within herself) she doth fulfil;
Use of her body's organs she hath none,
When she doth use the pow'rs of wit and will.

Yet in the body's prison so she lies,
As through the body's windows she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise,
By gathering notes out of the world's great book.

Nor can herself discourse or judge of aught,
But what the sense collects, and home doth bring;
And yet the pow'rs of her discoursing thought,
From these collections is a diverse thing.

For though our eyes can nought but colours see,
Yet colours give them not their pow'r of sight:
So, though these fruits of sense her objects be,
Yet she discerns them by her proper light.

The workman on his stuff his skill doth shew,
And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill:
Kings their affairs do by their servants know,
But order them by their own royal will.

So, though this cunning mistress, and this queen,
Doth, as her instruments the senses use,
To know all things that are felt, heard, or seen;
Yet she herself doth only judge and choose.

E'en as a prudent emperor, that reigns
By sovereign title over sundry lands,
Borrows, in mean affairs, his subjects' pains,
Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands:

But things of weight and consequence indeed,
Himself doth in his chamber then debate;
Where all his counsellors he doth exceed,
As far in judgment as he doth in state.

Or as the man whom princes do advance,
Upon their gracious mercy-seat to sit,
Doth common things of course and circumstance,
To the reports of common men commit:

But when the cause itself must be decreed,
Himself in person in his proper court,
To grave and solemn hearing doth proceed,
Of ev'ry proof, and ev'ry by-report.

Then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,
And milk and honey from his tongue doth flow:
Happy are they that still are in his sight,
To reap the wisdom which his lips doth sow.

Right so the soul, which is a lady free,
And doth the justice of her state maintain:
Because the senses ready servants be,
Attending nigh about her court, the brain:

By them the forms of outward things she learns,
For they return into the fantasie,
Whatever each of them abroad discerns,
And there enroll it for the mind to see.

But when she sits to judge the good and ill,
And to discern betwixt the false and true,
She is not guided by the senses' skill,
But doth each thing in her own mirror view.

Then she the senses checks, which oft do err,
And e'en against their false reports decrees;
And oft she doth condemn what they prefer;
For with a pow'r above the sense, she sees.

Therefore no sense the precious joys conceives,
Which in her private contemplations be;
For then the ravish'd spirit th' senses leaves,
Hath her own pow'rs, and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are sweet, and full of skill,
When on the body's instruments she plays;
But the proportions of the wit and will,
Those sweet accords are even th' angels' lays.

These tunes of reason are Amphion's lyre,
Wherewith he did the Theban city found:
These are the notes wherewith the heavenly choir,
The praise of him which made the heaven doth sound.

Then her self-being nature shines in this,
That she performs her noblest works alone:
"The work, the touch-stone of the nature is;
And by their operations things are known."

Sect. II.

That the soul is more than a perfection, or reflection of the sense.

Are they not senseless then, that think the soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enroll;
A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it then that doth the sense accuse,
Both of false judgment, and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
Which oft in torment of the sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets' spheres not much asunder:
What tells us then the distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the thunder:
What tells us then they both together are?

When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r,
Sense saith, they're crows: what makes us think them men?
When we in agues think all sweet things sour,
What makes us know our tongue's false judgment then?

What pow'r was that, whereby Medea saw,
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better course;
When her rebellious sense did so withdraw
Her feeble pow'rs, that she pursu'd the worse?

Did sense persuade Ulysses not to hear
The mermaid's songs which so his men did please,
That they were all persuaded, through the ear,
To quit the ship and leap into the seas?

Could any pow'r of sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right hand with courage stout?
Could sense make Marius sit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless, in man there is a nature found,
Beside the senses, and above them far; [drown'd,
"Though most men being in sensual pleasures
It seems their souls but in their senses are."

If we had nought but sense, then only they [sound:
Should have sound minds, which have their senses
But wisdom grows, when senses do decay;
And folly most in quickest sense is found.

If we had nought but sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp than we;
As having sense's apprehensive might
In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discoursing pow'r,
Which doth in us the erring sense correct;
Therefore the bee did suck the painted flow'r,
And birds, of grapes, the cunning shadow peck'd.

Sense outsides knows, the soul through all things sees:
Sense, circumstance; she doth the substance view:
Sense sees the bark, but she the life of trees;
Sense hears the sounds, but she the concords true.

But why do I the soul and sense divide,
When sense is but a pow'r, which she extends;
Which being in divers parts diversify'd,
The divers forms of objects apprehends?

This power spreads outward, but the root doth grow
In th' inward soul, which only doth perceive;
For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,
Than glasses know what faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
Though our eyes open be, we cannot see:
And if one pow'r did not both see and hear,
Our sights and sounds would always double be.

Then is the soul a nature, which contains
The pow'r of sense, within a greater pow'r;
Which doth employ and use the sense's pains,
But sits and rules within her private bow'r.

Sect. III.

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMOURS OF THE BODY.

If she doth then the subtle sense excel,
How gross are they that drown her in the blood?
Or in the body's humours temper'd well;
As if in them such high perfection stood?

As if most skill in that musician were,
Which had the best, and best tun'd instrument?
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
Had pow'r to make the painter excellent?

Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will?
Why doth not health bring wisdom still with it?
Why doth not sickness make men brutish still?

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water find?
What alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
The quintessence of these out of the mind?

If th' elements which have nor life, nor sense,
Can breed in us so great a pow'r as this,
Why give they not themselves like excellence,
Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the body's quality,
Then she would be with it sick, maim'd, and blind:
But we perceive where these privations be,
An healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted mind.

If she the body's nature did partake,
Her strength would with the body's strength decay:
But when the body's strongest sinews slake,
Then is the soul most active, quick, and gay.

If she were but the body's accident,
And her sole being did in it subsist,
As white in snow, she might herself absent,
And in the body's substance not be miss'd.

But it on her, not she on it depends;
For she the body doth sustain and cherish;
Such secret pow'rs of life to it she lends,
That when they fail, then doth the body perish.

Since then the soul works by herself alone,
Springs not from sense, nor humours well agreeing,
Her nature is peculiar, and her own;
She is a substance, and a perfect being.

Sect. IV.

THAT THE SOUL IS A SPIRIT.

But though this substance be the root of sense,
Sense knows her not, which doth but bodies know:
She is a spirit, and heav'nly influence,
Which from th' fountain of God's spirit doth flow.

She is a spirit, yet not like air or wind;
Nor like the spirits about the heart or brain;
Nor like those spirits which alchymists do find,
When they in ev'ry thing seek gold in vain.

For she all natures under heaven doth pass, [do see,
Being like those spirits, which God's bright face
Or like himself, whose image once she was,
Though now (alas!) she scarce his shadow be.

For of all forms, she holds the first degree,
That are to gross, material bodies knit;
Yet she herself is bodiless, and free;
And though confin'd, is almost infinite.

Were she a body [1], how could she remain
Within this body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
And in our narrow breasts contained be?

All bodies are confin'd within some place,
But she all place within herself confines:
All bodies have have their measure and their space;
But who can draw the soul's dimensive lines?

No body can at once two forms admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the soul ten thousand forms do sit,
And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

All bodies are with other bodies fill'd,
But she receives both heav'n and earth together:
Nor are their forms by rash encounter spill'd,
For there they stand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor can her wide embracements filled be;
For they that most and greatest things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity,
As streams enlarg'd, enlarge the channel's space.

All things receiv'd, do such proportion take,
As those things have, wherein they are receiv'd:
So little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

Then what vast body must we make the mind,
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas, and
And yet each thing a proper place doth find, [lands;
And each thing in the true proportion stands?

Doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to spirits, by sublimation strange;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;
Which to her proper nature she transforms,
To bear them light on her celestial wings.

This doth she, when, from things particular,
She doth abstract the universal kinds,
Which bodiless and immaterial are,
And can be only lodg'd within our minds.

And thus from divers accidents and acts,
Which do within her observation fall,
She goddesses and pow'rs divine abstracts;
As Nature, Fortune, and the Virtues all.

[1] That it cannot be a body.

Again; how can she sev'ral bodies know,
If in herself a body's form she bear?
How can a mirror sundry faces show,
If from all shapes and forms it be not clear?

Nor could we by our eyes all colours learn,
Except our eyes were of all colours void;
Nor sundry tastes can any tongue discern,
Which is with gross and bitter humours cloy'd.

Nor can a man of passions judge aright,
Except his mind be from all passions free:
Nor can a judge his office well acquit,
If he possess'd of either party be.

If, lastly, this quick pow'r a body were,
Were it as swift as in the wind or fire,
(Whose atoms do the one down side-ways bear,
And th' other make in pyramids aspire.)

Her nimble body yet in time must move,
And not in instants thro' all places slide:
But she is nigh and far, beneath, above,
In point of time, which thought cannot divide:

She's sent as soon to China, as to Spain;
And thence returns, as soon as she is sent:
She measures with one time, and with one pain,
An ell of silk, and heav'n's wide spreading tent.

As then the soul a substance hath alone,
Besides the body in which she's confin'd;
So hath she not a body of her own,
But is a spirit, and immaterial mind.

Since body and soul have such diversities,
Well might we muse, how first their match began;
But that we learn, that he that spread the skies,
And fix'd the earth, first form'd the soul in man.

This true Prometheus first made man of earth,
And shed in him a beam of heav'nly fire;
Now in their mothers' wombs, before their birth,
Doth in all sons of men their souls inspire.

And as Minerva is in fables said,
From Jove, without a mother, to proceed;
So our true Jove, without a mother's aid,
Doth daily millions of Minervas breed.

Sect. V.

ERRONEOUS OPINIONS OF THE CREATION OF SOULS.

Then neither from eternity before,
Nor from the time, when time's first point begun,
Made he all souls, which now he keeps in store;
Some in the moon, and others in the sun:

Nor in a secret cloister doth he keep
These virgin spirits, 'till their marriage-day;
Nor locks them up in chambers, where they sleep,
Till they awake within these beds of clay.

Nor did he first a certain number make,
Infusing part in beasts and part in men;
And, as unwilling further pains to take,
Would make no more than those he framed then.

So that the widow soul, her body dying,
Unto the next born body married was;
And so, by often changing, and supplying,
Men's souls to beasts, and beasts' to men did pass.

(These thoughts are fond; for since the bodies born
Be more in number far than those that die,
Thousands must be abortive and forlorn,
Ere others' deaths to them their souls supply:)

But as God's handmaid, Nature, doth create
Bodies in time distinct and order due;
So God gives souls the like successive date,
Which himself makes, in bodies formed new:

Which himself makes of no material thing;
For unto angels he no pow'r hath giv'n
Either to form the shape, or stuff to bring
From air or fire, or substance of the heav'n.

Nor herein doth he Nature's service use:
For tho' from bodies she can bodies bring,
Yet could she never souls from souls traduce,
As fire from fire, or light from light doth spring.

Sect. VI.

THAT THE SOUL IS NOT EX TRADUCE.

Alas! that some who were great lights of old,
And in their hands the lamp of God did bear!
Some rev'rend fathers did this error hold,
Having their eyes dimm'd with religious fear.

OBJECTION.

For when (say they) by rule of faith we find,
That ev'ry soul unto her body knit,
Brings from the mother's womb the sin of kind,
The root of all the ill she doth commit:

How can we say that God the soul doth make,
But we must make him author of her sin?
Then from man's soul she doth beginning take,
Since in man's soul corruption did begin.

For if God make her first, he makes her ill,
(Which God forbid our thoughts should yield unto;)
Or makes the body her fair form to spill,
Which, of itself, it had not power to do.

Not Adam's body, but his soul did sin,
And so herself unto corruption brought;
But our poor soul corrupted is within,
Ere she had sinn'd either in act or thought.

And yet we see in her such pow'rs divine,
As we could gladly think from God she came:
Fain would we make him author of the wine,
If for the dregs we could some other blame.

ANSWER.

Thus these good men with holy zeal were blind,
When on the other part the truth did shine:
Whereof we do clear demonstrations find,
By light of nature, and by light divine.

None are so gross as to contend for this,
That souls from bodies may traduced be;
Between whose natures no proportion is,
When root and branch in nature still agree.

But many subtle wits have justify'd,
That souls from souls spiritually may spring;
Which (if the nature of the soul be try'd)
Will e'en in nature prove as gross a thing.

Sect. VII.

REASONS DRAWN FROM NATURE.

For all things made, are either made of nought,
Or made of stuff that ready made doth stand:
Of nought no creature ever formed aught,
For that is proper to th' Almighty's hand.

If then the soul another soul do make,
Because her pow'r is kept within a bound,
She must some former stuff, or matter take;
But in the soul there is no matter found.

Then if her heav'nly form do not agree
With any matter which the world contains,
Then she of nothing must created be;
And to create, to God alone pertains.

Again, if souls do other souls beget,
'Tis by themselves, or by the body's pow'r:
If by themselves, what doth their working let,
But they might souls engender ev'ry hour?

If by the body, how can wit and will
Join with the body only in this act,
Since when they do their other works fulfil,
They from the body do themselves abstract.

Again, if souls of souls begotten were,
Into each other they should change and move:
And change and motion still corruption bear;
How shall we then the soul immortal prove?

If, lastly, souls do generation use,
Then should they spread incorruptible seed,
What then becomes of that which they do lose,
When th' act of generation do not speed?

And tho' the soul could cast spiritual seed,
Yet would she not, because she never dies;
For mortal things desire their like to breed,
That so they may their kind immortalize.

Therefore the angels, sons of God are nam'd,
And marry not, nor are in marriage giv'n:
Their spirits and ours are of one substance fram'd,
And have one father, e'en the Lord of heaven;

Who would at first, that in each other thing,
The earth and water living souls should breed,
But that man's soul, whom he would make their king,
Should from himself immediately proceed.

And when he took the woman from man's side,
Doubtless himself inspir'd her soul alone:
For 'tis not said, he did man's soul divide,
But took flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone.

Lastly, God being made man for man's own sake,
And being like man in all, except in sin,
His body from the virgin's womb did take;
But all agree, God form'd his soul within.

Then is the soul from God; so Pagans say,
Which saw by nature's light her heav'nly kind;
Naming her kin to God, and God's bright ray,
A citizen of heav'n, to earth confin'd.

But now I feel, they pluck me by the ear,
Whom my young Muse so boldly termed blind!
And crave more heav'nly light, that cloud to clear;
Which makes them think God doth not make the mind.

Sect. VIII.

REASONS FROM DIVINITY

God doubtless makes her, and doth make her good,
And grafts her in the body, there to spring;
Which, though it be corrupted flesh and blood,
Can no way to the soul corruption bring:

Yet is not God the author of her ill,
Though author of her being, and being there:
And if we dare to judge our Maker's will,
He can condemn us, and himself can clear.

First, God from infinite eternity,
Decreed what hath been, is, or shall be done;
And was resoly'd, that ev'ry man should be,
And in his turn his race of life should run:

And so did purpose all the souls to make,
That ever have been made, or ever shall;
And that their being they should only take
In human bodies, or not be at all.

Was it then fit that such a weak event
(Weakness itself, the sin and fall of man)
His counsel's execution should prevent,
Decreed and fix'd before the world began?

Or that one penal law by Adam broke,
Should make God break his own eternal law;
The settled order of the world revoke,
And change all forms of things which he foresaw?

Could Eve's weak hand, extended to the tree,
In sunder rend that adamantine chain,
Whose golden links effects and causes be; [main?
And which to God's own chair doth fix'd re-

O could we see how cause from cause doth spring!
How mutually they link'd and folded are!
And hear how oft one disagreeing string
The harmony doth rather make than mar!

And view at once how death by sin is brought;
And how from death a better life doth rise!
How this God's justice, and his mercy taught!
We this decree would praise, as right and wise.

But we that measure times by first and last,
The sight of things successively do take,
When God on all at once his view doth cast,
And of all times doth but one instant make.

All in himself, as in a glass, he sees;
For from him, by him, thro' him, all things be:
His sight is not discoursive, by degrees;
But seeing th' whole, each single part doth see.

He looks on Adam, as a root, or well,
And on his heirs, as branches, and as streams:
He sees all men, as one man, though they dwell
In sundry cities, and in sundry realms.

And as the root and branch are but one tree,
And well and stream do but one river make;
So, if the root and well corrupted be,
The stream and branch the same corruption take.

So, when the root and fountain of mankind
Did draw corruption, and God's curse, by sin;
This was a charge, that all his heirs did bind,
And all his offspring grew corrupt therein.

And as when th' hand doth strike, the man offends
(For part from whole, law severs not in this)
So Adam's sin to the whole kind extends;
For all their natures are but part of his.

Therefore this sin of kind, not personal,
But real and hereditary was;
The guilt thereof, and punishment to all,
By course of nature and of law doth pass.

For as that easy law was giv'n to all,
To ancestor and heir, to first and last;
So was the first transgression general;
And all did pluck the fruit, and all did taste.

Of this we find some footsteps in our law,
Which doth her root from God and Nature take;
Ten thousand men she doth together draw,
And of them all one corporation make;

Yet these, and their successors, are but one;
And if they gain or l[illegible] their liberties,
They harm or profit not t[illegible]selves alone,
But such as in succeeding times shall rise.

And so the ancestor, and all his heirs,
Though they in number pass the stars of heav'n,
Are still but one; his forfeitures are theirs,
And unto them are his advancements giv'n:

His civil acts do bind and bar them all;
And as from Adam, all corruption take,
So, if the father's crime be capital,
In all the blood, law doth corruption make.

Is it then just with us, to disinherit
Th' unborn nephews, for the father's fault;
And to advance again, for one man's merit,
A thousand heirs that have deserved nought?

And is not God's decree as just as ours,
If he, for Adam's sin, his sons deprive
Of all those native virtues, and those pow'rs,
Which he to him and to his race did give?

For, what is this contagious sin of kind,
But a privation of that grace within,
And of that great rich dowry of the mind,
Which all had had, but for the first man's sin?

If then a man, on light conditions, gain
A great estate to him and his for ever;
If wilfully he forfeit it again,
Who doth bemoan his heir or blame the giver?

So, though God make the soul good, rich, and fair,
Yet when her form is to the body knit,
Which makes the man, which man is Adam's heir,
Justly forthwith he takes his grace from it:

And then the soul, being first from nothing brought,
When God's grace fails her, doth to nothing fall;
And this declining proneness unto nought,
Is e'en that sin that we are born withal.

Yet not alone the first good qualities,
Which in the first soul were, deprived are;
But in their place the contrary do rise,
And real spots of sin her beauty mar.

Nor is it strange that Adam's ill desert
Should be transferr'd unto his guilty race,
When Christ his grace and justice doth impart
To men unjust, and such as have no grace.

Lastly, the soul were better so to be
Born slave to sin, than not to be at all;
Since (if she do believe) one sets her free,
That makes her mount the higher for her fall.

Yet this the curious wits will not content;
They yet will know (since God foresaw this ill)
Why his high providence did not prevent
The declination of the first man's will.

If by his word he had the current stay'd
Of Adam's will, which was by nature free,
It had been one, as if his word had said,
I will henceforth, that man no man shall be.

For what is man without a moving mind,
Which hath a judging wit, and choosing will?
Now, if God's pow'r should her election bind,
Her motions then would cease and stand all still.

And why did God in man this soul infuse,
But that he should his Maker know and love?
Now, if love be compell'd, and cannot choose,
How can it grateful or thank-worthy prove?

Love must free-hearted be, and voluntary;
And not inchanted, or by fate constrain'd:
Nor like that love, which did Ulysses carry
To Circe's isle, with mighty charms enchain'd.

Besides, were we unchangeable in will,
And of a wit that nothing could misdeem;
Equal to God, whose wisdom shineth still,
And never errs, we might ourselves esteem.

So that if man would be unvariable,
He must be God, or like a rock or tree;
For e'en the perfect angels were not stable,
But had a fall more desperate than we.

Then let us praise that pow'r, which makes us be
Men as we are, and rest contented so;
And, knowing that man's fall was curiosity,
Admire God's counsels, which we cannot know.

And let us know that God the maker is
Of all the souls, in all the men that be;
Yet their corruption is no fault of his,
But the first man's that broke God's first decree.

Sect. IX.

WHY THE SOUL IS UNITED TO THE BODY.

This substance, and this spirit of God's own making,
Is in the body plac'd, and planted here,
"That both of God, and of the world partaking,
Of all that is, man might the image bear."

God first made angels bodiless, pure minds;
Then other things, which mindless bodies be;
Last, he made man, th' horizon 'twixt both kinds,
In whom we do the world's abridgment see.

Besides, this world below did need one wight,
Which might thereof distinguish ev'ry part;
Make use thereof, and take therein delight;
And order things with industry and art:

Which also God might in his works admire,
And here beneath yield him both pray'r and praise;
As there, above, the holy angels choir
Doth spread his glory forth with spiritual lays.

Lastly, the brute, unreasonable wights,
Did want a visible king, o'er them to reign:
And God himself thus to the world unites,
That so the world might endless bliss obtain.

Sect. X.

IN WHAT MANNER THE SOUL IS UNITED TO THE BODY.

But how shall we this union well express?
Nought ties the soul, her subtlety is such;
She moves the body, which she doth possess;
Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein, as in a tent;
Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit;
Nor as the spider in his web is pent;
Nor as the wax retains the print in it;

Nor as a vessel water doth contain;
Nor as as one liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain;
Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread:

But as the fair and cheerful morning light
Doth here and there her silver beams impart,
And in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent air, in all and ev'ry part:

Still resting whole, when blows the air divide;
Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted;
Throughout the air, her beams dispersing wide;
And when the air is toss'd, not interrupted;

So doth the piercing soul the body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
Indivisible, incorruptible still;
Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the sun above the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the air below;
So from th' Eternal Light the soul doth spring,
Though in the body she her pow'rs do show.

Sect. XI.

HOW THE SOUL EXERCISES HER POWERS IN THE BODY.

But as the world's sun doth effect beget
Diff'rent in divers places ev'ry day;
Here autumn's temperature, there summer's heat;
Here flow'ry spring-tide, and there winter gray:

Here ev'n, there morn; here noon, there day, there night,
Melts wax, dries clay, makes flow'rs, some quick, some dead;
Makes the Moor black, the European white,
Th' American tawny, and th' East Indian red:

So in our little world, this soul of ours
Being only one, and to one body ty'd,
Doth use, on divers objects, divers powers;
And so are her effects diversify'd.

Sect. XII.

THE VEGETATIVE POWER OF THE SOUL.

Her quick'ning power in ev'ry living part,
Doth as a nurse, or as a mother serve;
And doth employ her economic art,
And busy care, her household to preserve.

Here she attracts, and there she doth retain;
There she decocts, and doth the food prepare;
There she distributes it to ev'ry vein,
There she expels what she may fitly spare.

This pow'r to Martha may compared be,
Who busy was, the household things to do;
Or to a Dryas, living in a tree:
For e'en to trees this pow'r is proper too.

And though the soul may not this pow'r extend
Out of the body, but still use it there;
She hath a pow'r which she abroad doth send,
Which views and searcheth all things ev'ry where.

Sect. XIII.

THE POWER OF SENSE.

This pow'r is sense, which from abroad doth bring
The colour, taste, and touch, and scent, and sound,
The quantity and shape of ev'ry thing
Within earth's centre, or heav'n's circle found.

This pow'r, in parts made fit, fit objects takes;
Yet not the things, but forms of things receives;
As when a seal in wax impression makes,
The print therein, but not itself, it leaves.

And though things sensible be numberless,
But only five the sense's organs be;
And in those five, all things their forms express,
Which we can touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see.

These are the windows, thro' the which she views
The light of knowledge, which is life's load-star:
"And yet while she these spectacles doth use,
Oft worldly things seem greater than they are."

Sect. XIV.

SEEING.

First, the two eyes, which have the seeing pow'r,
Stand as one watchman, spy or centinel,
Being plac'd aloft, within the head's high tow'r:
And tho' both see, yet both but one thing tell.

These mirrors take into their little space
The forms of moon, and sun, and ev'ry star,
Of ev'ry body, and of ev'ry place,
Which with the world's wide arms embraced are:

Yet their best object, and their noblest use,
Hereafter in another world will be,
When God in them shall heavenly light infuse,
That face to face they may their Maker see.

Here are they guides, which do the body lead,
Which else would tumble in eternal night:
Here in this world they do much knowledge read,
And are the casements which admit most light:

They are her furthest reaching instrument,
Yet they no beams unto their objects send;
But all the rays are from their objects sent,
And in the eyes with pointed angles end.

If th' objects be far off, the rays do meet
In a sharp point, and so things seem but small;
If they be near, their rays do spread and fleet,
And make broad points, that things seem great withal.

Lastly, nine things to sight required are;
The pow'r to see, the light, the visible thing,
Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too far,
Clear space and time, the form distinct to bring.

Thus see we how the soul doth use the eyes,
As instruments of her quick pow'r of sight:
Hence doth th' arts' optic, and fair painting rise;
Painting which doth all gentle minds delight.

Sect. XV.

HEARING.

Now let us hear how she the ears employs:
Their office is, the troubled air to take;
Which in their mazes forms a sound or noise,
Whereof herself doth true distinction make.

These wickets of the soul are plac'd on high,
Because all sounds do lightly mount aloft;
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delay'd with turns and windings oft.

For should the voice directly strike the brain,
It would astonish and confuse it much;
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
That it the organ may more gently touch.

As streams, which with their winding banks do play,
Stopp'd by their creeks, run softly thro' the plain;
So in th' ear's labyrinth the voice doth stray,
And doth with easy motion touch the brain.

This is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense:
For e'en the ears of such as have no skill,
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence;
And, knowing not what's good, yet find the ill.

And though this sense first gentle music found,
Her proper object is the speech of men:
But that speech chiefly which God's heralds sound,
When their tongues utter what his spirit did pen.

Our eyes have lids, our ears still ope we see,
Quickly to hear how ev'ry tale is prov'd:
Our eyes still move, our ears unmoved be; [mov'd.
That though we hear quick, we be not quickly

Thus by the organs of the eye and ear,
The soul with knowledge doth herself endue:
"Thus she her prison may with pleasure bear,
Having such prospects, all the world to view."

These conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,
But th' other three attend the body still;
For by their services the soul doth find
What things are to the body good or ill.

Sect. XVI.

TASTE.

The body's life with meats and air is fed;
Therefore the soul doth use the tasting pow'r
In veins, which through the tongue and palate spread,
Distinguish ev'ry relish, sweet and sour.

This is the body's nurse; but since man's wit
Found th' art of cook'ry to delight his sense,
More bodies are consum'd and kill'd with it,
Than with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

Sect. XVII.

SMELLING.

Next, in the nostrils she doth use the smell:
As God the breath of life in them did give;
So makes he now this pow'r in them to dwell,
To judge all airs, whereby we breathe and live.

This sense is also mistress of an art,
Which to soft people sweet perfumes doth sell;
Though this dear art doth little good impart,
"Since they smell best, that do of nothing smell."

And yet good scents do purify the brain,
Awake the fancy, and the wits refine:
Hence old Devotion incense did ordain,
To make men's spirits apt for thoughts divine.

Sect. XVIII.

FEELING.

Lastly, the feeling pow'r, which is life's root,
Through ev'ry living part itself doth shed
By sinews, which extend from head to foot,
And, like a net, all o'er the body spread.

Much like a subtle spider, which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on ev'ry side.

By touch, the first pure qualities we learn,
Which quicken all things, hot, cold, moist, and dry;
By touch, hard, soft, rough, smooth, we do discern;
By touch, sweet pleasure and sharp pain we try.

Sect. XIX.

OF THE IMAGINATION, OR COMMON SENSE.

These are the outward instruments of sense;
These are the guards, which ev'ry thing must pass,
Ere it approach the mind's intelligence,
Or touch the fantasy, wit's looking-glass.

And yet these porters, which all things admit,
Themselves perceive not, nor discern the things:
One common pow'r doth in the forehead sit,
Which all their proper forms together brings.

For all those nerves, which spirits of sense do bear;
And to those outward organs spreading go,
United are, as in a centre, there;
And there this pow'r those sundry forms doth know.

Those outward organs present things receive;
This inward sense doth absent things retain;
Yet strait transmits all forms she doth perceive,
Unto a higher region of the brain.

Sect. XX.

FANTASY.

Where fantasy, near hand-maid to the mind,
Sits, and beholds, and doth discern them all;
Compounds in one, things diff'rent in their kind;
Compares the black and white, the great and small.

Besides, those single forms she doth esteem,
And in her balance doth their values try;
Where some things good, and some things ill do seem,
And neutral some, in her fantastic eye.

This busy pow'r is working day and night;
For when the outward senses rest do take,
A thousand dreams, fantastical and light,
With flutt'ring wings, do keep her still awake.

Sect. XXI.

SENSITIVE MEMORY.

Yet always all may not afore her be;
Successively she this and that intends;
Therefore such forms as she doth cease to see,
To Memory's large volume she commends.

This ledger-book lies in the brain behind,
Like Janus' eye, which in his poll was set:
The laymen's tables, storehouse of the mind;
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here sense's apprehension end doth take;
As when a stone is into water cast,
One circle doth another circle make,
Till the last circle touch the bank at last.

Sect. XXII.

THE PASSION OF THE SENSE.

But though the apprehensive pow'r do pause,
The motive virtue then begins to move;
Which in the heart below doth passions cause,
Joy, grief, and fear, and hope, and hate, and love.

These passions have a free commanding might,
And divers actions in our life do breed;
For all acts done without true reason's light,
Do from the passion of the sense proceed.

But since the brain doth lodge the pow'rs of sense,
How makes it in the heart those passions spring?
The mutual love, the kind intelligence
'Twixt heart and brain, this sympathy doth bring.

From the kind heat which in the heart doth reign,
The spirits of life do their beginning take;
These spirits of life ascending to the brain,
When they come there, the spirits of sense do make.

These spirits of sense, in fantasy's high court,
Judge of the forms of objects, ill or well;
And so they send a good or ill report
Down to the heart, where all affections dwell.

If the report be good, it causeth love,
And longing hope, and well assured joy:
If it be ill, then doth it hatred move,
And trembling fear, and vexing griefs annoy.

Yet were these natural affections good,
(For they which want them blocks or devils be)
If reason in her first perfection stood,
That she might nature's passions rectify.

Sect. XXIII.

LOCAL MOTION.

Besides, another motive-power doth 'rise
Out of the heart, from whose pure blood do spring
The vital spirits; which, born in arteries,
Continual motion to all parts do bring.

This makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire:
This holds the sinews like a bridle's reins;
And makes the body to advance, retire,
To turn, or stop, as she them slacks or strains.

Thus the soul tunes the body's instruments,
These harmonies she makes with life and sense;
The organs fit are by the body lent,
But th' actions flow from the soul's influence.

Sect. XXIV.

THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF THE SOUL.

But now I have a will, yet want a wit,
T' express the working of the wit and will;
Which, though their root be to the body knit,
Use not the body, when they use their skill.

These pow'rs the nature of the soul declare,
For to man's soul these only proper be:
For on the earth no other wights there are
That have these heav'nly powers, but only we.

Sect. XXV.

WIT, REASON, UNDERSTANDING, OPINION, JUDGMENT, WISDOM.

The Wit, the pupil of the soul's clear eye,
And in man's world the only shining star,
Looks in the mirror of the fantasy,
Where all the gath'rings of the senses are.

From thence this pow'r the shapes of things abstracts,
And them within her passive part receives,
Which are enlight'ned by that part which acts;
And so the forms of single things perceives.

But after, by discoursing to and fro,
Anticipating, and comparing things,
She doth all universal natures know,
And all effects into their causes brings.

When she rates things, and moves from ground to ground,
The name of Reason she obtains by this:
But when by reason she the truth hath found,
And standeth fix'd, she Understanding is.

When her assent she lightly doth incline
To either part, she is Opinion's light:
But when she doth by principles define
A certain truth, she hath true Judgment's sight.

And as from senses reason's work doth spring,
So many reasons understanding gain;
And many understandings knowledge bring;
And by much knowledge, Wisdom we obtain.

So, many stairs we must ascend upright,
Ere we attain to wisdom's high decree:
So doth this earth eclipse our reason's light,
Which else (in instants) would like angels see.

Sect. XXVI.

INNATE IDEAS IN THE SOUL.

Yet hath the soul a dowry natural,
And sparks of light, some common things to see;
Not being a blank where naught is writ at all,
But what the writer will, may written be.

For nature in man's heart her laws doth pen,
Prescribing truth to wit, and good to will;
Which do accuse, or else excuse all men,
For ev'ry thought or practice, good or ill:

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
Making the world, and all therein, their food;
As fire so spreads, as no place holdeth it,
Being nourish'd still with new supplies of wood

And though these sparks were almost quench'd wit sin,
Yet they whom that just One hath justify'd,
Have them increas'd with heav'nly light within,
And like the widow's oil, still multiply'd.

Sect. XXVII.

THE POWER OF WILL, AND RELATION BETWEEN THE WIT AND WILL.

And as this wit should goodness truly know,
We have a will, which that true good should choose
Though will do oft (when wit false forms doth shew)
Take ill for good, and good for ill refuse.

Will puts in practice what the wit deviseth:
Will ever acts, and wit contemplates still:
And as from wit the pow'r of wisdom riseth,
All other virtues daughters are of will.

Will is the prince, and wit the counsellor,
Which doth for common good in council sit;
And when wit is resolv'd, will lends her pow'r
To execute what is advis'd by wit.

Wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth controul
Of fancy's court the judgments false and vain;
Will holds the royal sceptre in the soul,
And on the passions of the heart doth reign,

Will is as free as any emperor,
Naught can restrain her gentle liberty:
No tyrant, nor no torment, hath the pow'r
To make us will, when we unwilling be.

Sect. XXVIII.

THE INTELLECTUAL MEMORY.

To these high pow'rs a store-house doth pertain,
Where they all arts and gen'ral reasons lay;
Which in the soul, e'en after death, remain,
And no Lethean flood can wash away.

Sect. XXIX.

THE DEPENDENCY OF THE SOUL'S FACULTIES UPON EACH OTHER.

This is the soul, and these her virtues be;
Which, though they have their sundry proper ends,
And one exceeds another in degree,
Yet each on other mutually depends.

Our wit is giv'n Almighty God to know;
Our will is giv'n to love him, being known:
But God could not be known to us below, [shewn.
But by his works, which through the sense are

And as the wit doth reap the fruits of sense,
So doth the quick'ning pow'r the senses feed:
Thus while they do their sundry gifts dispense,
"The best the service of the least doth need.

Ev'n so the king his magistrates do serve;
Yet commons feed both magistrates and king:
The commons' peace the magistrates preserve,
By borrow'd pow'r, which from the prince doth spring.

The quick'ning power would be, and so would rest:
The sense would not be only, but be well:
But wit's ambition longeth to the best,
For it desires in endless bliss to dwell.

And these three pow'rs three sorts of men do make;
For some, like plants, their veins do only fill;
And some, like beasts, their senses' pleasure take;
And some, like angels, do contemplate still.

Therefore the fables turn'd some men to flow'rs,
And others did with brutish forms invest,
And did of others make celestial pow'rs,
Like angels, which still travel, yet still rest.

Yet these three pow'rs are not three souls, but one;
As one and two are both contained in three;
Three being one number by itself alone,
A shadow of the blessed Trinity.

Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!

Oh! what a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire!
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine:
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except (like thee) it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath rais'd man, since God a man became;
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Nor hath he giv'n these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend;
The soul, though made in time, survives for ay;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

Sect. XXX.

THAT THE SOUL IS IMMORTAL, PROVED BY SEVERAL REASONS.

Her only end is never-ending bliss;
Which is, the eternal face of God to see;
Who, last of ends, and first of causes is;
And to do this, she must eternal be.

How senseless then, and dead a soul hath he,
Which thinks his soul doth with his body die;
Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
That he might sin with more security?

For though these light and vicious persons say,
Our soul is but a smoke, or airy blast,
Which, during life, doth in our nostrils play,
And when we die, doth turn to wind at last:

Although they say, "Come, let us eat and drink;
Our life is but a spark, which quickly dies;"
Though thus they say, they know not what to think;
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no heretics desire to spread
Their light opinions, like these epicures;
For so their stagg'ring thoughts are comforted,
And other men's assent their doubt assures.

Yet though these men against their conscience strive,
There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
Which cannot be extinct, but still revive; [beasts.
That though they would, they cannot quite be

But whoso makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himself therein,
His soul's eternity shall clearly find,
Though th' other beauties be defac'd with sin.

REASON I.

Drawn from the Desire of Knowledge.

First, in man's mind we find an appetite
To learn and know the truth of ev'ry thing,
Which is co-natural, and born with it,
And from the essence of the soul doth spring.

With this desire, she hath a native might
To find out ev'ry truth, if she had time;
Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,
And by degrees from cause to cause to climb.

But since our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry eagle through the wind;
Or as a ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leave no print behind:

Of which swift little time so much we spend,
While some few things we through the sense do strain,
That our short race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principles of skill attain.

Or God (who to vain ends hath nothing done)
In vain this appetite and pow'r hath giv'n;
Or else our knowledge, which is here begun,
Hereafter must be perfected in heav'n.

God never gave a pow'r to one whole kind,
But most part of that kind did use the same:
Most eyes have perfect sight, though some be blind;
Most legs can nimbly run, though some be lame.

But in this life no soul the truth can know
So perfectly, as it hath pow'r to do:
If then perfection be not found below,
An higher place must make her mount thereto.

REASON II.

Drawn from the Motion of the Soul.

Again, how can she but immortal be,
When with the motions of both will and wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests, till she attain to it?

Water in conduit pipes can rise no higher
Than the well-head from whence it first doth spring:
Then since to eternal God she doth aspire,
She cannot be but an eternal thing.

"All moving things to other things do move,
Of the same kind which shews their nature such:"
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins [1],
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains:

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make:
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake:

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views:

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heav'nly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health?
Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall, [gay:
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh and
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all;
But pleas'd with none, doth rise and soar away:

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
And never rests, till it the first attain:
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends;
But never stays, till it the last do gain.

Now God the truth, and first of causes is;
God is the last good end, which lasteth still;
Being Alpha and Omega nam'd for this;
Alpha to wit, Omega to the will.

Since then her heavenly kind she doth display,
In that to God she doth directly move;
And on no mortal thing can make her stay,
She cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this first true cause, and last good end,
She cannot here so well and truly see;
For this perfection she must yet attend,
Till to her Maker she espoused be.

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
Though she to all do lend a gentle ear:

[1] The soul compared to a river.

Yet can she love a foreign emperor,
Whom of great worth and pow'r she hears to be,
If she be woo'd but by ambassador,
Or but his letters, or his pictures see:

For well she knows, that when she shall be brought
Into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign;
Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,
Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin soul on earth doth stay,
She woo'd and tempted in ten thousand ways,
By these great pow'rs, which on the earth bear sway;
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise:

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
These do by fits her fantasy possess;
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness;

But if upon the world's Almighty King
She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
Who by his picture drawn in every thing,
And sacred messages, her love hath sought;

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much;
This honey tasted still, is ever sweet;
The pleasure of her ravish'd thought is such,
As almost here she with her bliss doth meet:

But when in heaven she shall his essense see,
This is her sov'reign good, and perfect bliss;
Her longing, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be;
Her joys are full, her motions rest in this:

There is she crown'd with garlands of content;
There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink:
That presence doth such high delights present,
As never tongue could speak, nor heart could think.

REASON III.

From Contempt of Death in the better sort of Spirits.

For this, the better souls do oft despise
The body's death, and do it oft desire;
For when on ground the burthen'd balance lies,
The empty part is lifted up the higher:

But if the body's death the soul should kill,
Then death must needs against her nature be;
And were it so, all souls would fly it still,
For nature hates and shuns her contrary.

For all things else, which Nature makes to be,
Their being to preserve are chiefly taught;
And though some things desire a change to see,
Yet never thing did long to turn to naught.

If then by death the soul were quenched quite,
She could not thus against her nature run;
Since ev'ry senseless thing, by Nature's light,
Doth preservation seek, destruction shun.

Nor could the world's best spirits so much err,
If Death took all, that they should all agree,
Before this life their honour to prefer;
For what is praise to things that nothing be?

Again, if by the body's prop she stand;
If on the body's life, her life depend,
As Meleager's on the fatal brand,
The body's good she only would intend:

We should not find her half so brave and bold,
To lead it to the wars, and to the seas,
To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
When it might feed with plenty, rest with ease.

Doubtless, all souls have a surviving thought,
Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
But if we think of being turn'd to naught,
A trembling horror in our souls we find.

REASON IV.

From the Fear of Death in wicked Souls.

And as the better spirit, when she doth bear
A scorn of death, doth shew she cannot die;
So when the wicked soul death's face doth fear,
E'en then she proves her own eternity.

For when Death's form appears, she feareth not
An utter quenching or extinguishment;
She would be glad to meet with such a lot,
That so she might all future ill prevent.

But she doth doubt what after may befal;
For nature's law accuseth her within,
And saith, "'Tis true what is affirm'd by all,
That after death there is a pain for sin."

Then she who hath been hoodwink'd from her birth,
Doth first herself within Death's mirror see;
And when her body doth return to earth,
She first takes care, how she alone shall be.

Whoever sees these irreligious men,
With burthen of a sickness weak and faint,
But hears them talking of religion then,
And vowing of their souls to ev'ry saint?

When was there ever cursed atheist brought
Unto the gibbet, but he did adore
That blessed pow'r, which he had set at nought,
Scorn'd and blasphemed all his life before?

These light vain persons still are drunk and mad,
With surfeitings and pleasures of their youth;
But at their death they are fresh, sober, sad;
Then they discern, and then they speak the truth.

If then all souls, both good and bad, do teach,
With gen'ral voice, that souls can never die;
'Tis not man's flattering gloss, but Nature's speech,
Which, like God's oracles, can never lie.

REASON V.

From the general Desire of Immortality.

Hence springs that universal strong desire,
Which all men have of immortality:
Not some few spirits unto this thought aspire;
But all men's minds in this united be.

Then this desire of Nature is not vain,
"She covets not impossibilities;
Fond thoughts may fall into some idle brain,
But one assent of all is ever wise."

From hence that gen'ral care and study springs,
That launching, and progression of the mind,
Which all men have so much of future things,
That they no joy do in the present find.

From this desire, that main desire proceeds,
Which all men have surviving fame to gain,
By tombs, by books, by memorable deeds;
For she that this desires, doth still remain.

Hence, lastly, springs care of posterities,
For things their kind would everlasting make:
Hence is it, that old men do plant young trees,
The fruit whereof another age shall take.

If we these rules unto ourselves apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind,
All these true notes of immortality
In our heart's tables we shall written find.

REASON VI.

From the very Doubt and Disputation of Immortality.

And though some impious wits do questions move,
And doubt if souls immortal be, or no;
That doubt their immortality doth prove,
Because they seem immortal things to know.

For he who reasons on both parts doth bring,
Doth some things mortal, some immortal call;
Now, if himself were but a mortal thing,
He could not judge immortal things at all.

For when we judge, our minds we mirrors make:
And as those glasses which material be,
Forms of material things do only take;
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see:

So when we God and angels do conceive,
And think of truth, which is eternal too;
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,
Which if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly shew,
They should the name of reasonable bear;
For without reason, none could reason know:

So when the soul mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternal things she doubts can move,
She proofs of her eternity doth bring,
Ev'n when she strives the contrary to prove.

For ev'n the thought of immortality,
Being an act done without the body's aid,
Shews, that herself alone could move and be,
Although the body in the grave were laid.

Sect. XXXI.

THAT THE SOUL CANNOT BE DESTROYED.

And if herself she can so lively move,
And never need a foreign help to take;
Then must her motion everlasting prove,
"Because herself she never can forsake."

But though corruption cannot touch the mind,
By any cause [1] that from itself may spring,
Some outward cause fate hath perhaps design'd,
Which to the soul may utter quenching bring.

Perhaps her cause may cease [2], and she may die:
God is her cause, his word her maker was;
Which shall stand fix'd for all eternity,
When heav'n and earth shall like a shadow pass.

Perhaps some thing repugnant to her kind,
By strong antipathy, the soul may kill;
But what can be contrary to the mind,
Which hold all contraries in concord still?

She lodgeth heat, and cold, and moist, and dry,
And life and death, and peace and war together;
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lie,
Yet neither troubleth nor disturbeth either.

Perhaps for want of food, the soul may pine [3]:
But that were strange, since all things bad and good;
Since all God's creatures, mortal and divine;
Since God himself is her eternal food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,
And so are subject to mortality;
But truth, which is eternal, feeds the mind;
The tree of life, which will not let her die.

Yet violence, perhaps, the soul destroys [4],
As lightning, or the sun-beams, dim the sight;
Or as a thunder-clap, or cannon's noise,
The pow'r of hearing doth astonish quite:

But high perfection to the soul it brings,
T' encounter things most excellent and high;
For, when she views the best and greatest things,
They do not hurt, but rather clear the eye.

Besides, as Homer's gods 'gainst armies stand,
Her subtle form can through all dangers slide:
Bodies are captive, minds endure no band:
"And will is free, and can no force abide."

But, lastly, time perhaps at last hath pow'r [5]
To spend her lively pow'rs, and quench her light;
But old god Saturn, which doth all devour,
Doth cherish her, and still augment her might.

Heav'n waxeth old, and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And time itself, in time shall cease to move;
Only the soul survives, and lives for ay.

"Our bodies, ev'ry footstep that they make,
March towards death, until at last they die:
Whether we work or play, or sleep or wake,
Our life doth pass, and with Time's wings doth fly."

But to the soul, time doth perfection give,
And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still;
And makes her in eternal youth to live,
Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill.

[1] Her cause ceaseth not.
[2] She hath no contrary.
[3] She cannot die for want of food.
[4] Violence cannot destroy her.
[5] Time cannot destroy her.

The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth;
The more she feeds, her strength doth more increase:
And what is strength, but an effect of youth,
Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease?

Sect. XXXII.

Objections against the immortality of the soul, with their respective answers.

But now these Epicures begin to smile,
And say, my doctrine is more safe than true;
And that I fondly do myself beguile,
While these receiv'd opinions I ensue.

Objection I.

For, what, say they, doth not the soul wax old?
How comes it then that aged men do dote;
And that their brains grow sottish, dull, and cold,
Which were in youth the only spirits of note?

What? are not souls within themselves corrupted?
How can their idiots then by nature be?
How is it that some wits are interrupted,
That now they dazzled are, now clearly see?

Answer.

These questions make a subtil argument
To such as think both sense and reason one;
To whom nor agent, from the instrument,
Nor pow'r of working, from the work is known.

But they that know that wit can shew no skill,
But when she things in sense's glass doth view,
Do know, if accident this glass do spill,
It nothing sees, or sees the false for true.

For, if that region of the tender brain,
Where th' inward sense of fantasy should sit,
And th' outward senses gatherings should retain;
By nature, or by chance, become unfit:

Either at first uncapable it is,
And so few things, or none at all receives;
Or marr'd by accident, which haps amiss:
And so amiss it ev'ry thing perceives.

Then, as a cunning prince that useth spies,
If they return no news, doth nothing know;
But if they make advertisement of lies,
The prince's counsels all awry do go:

Ev'n so the soul to such a body knit,
Whose inward senses undisposed be;
And to receive the forms of things unfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This makes the idiot, which hath yet a mind,
Able to know the truth, and choose the good;
If she such figures in the brain did find,
As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a phrensy do possess the brain,
It so disturbs and blots the forms of things,
As fantasy proves altogether vain,
And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds:
Then doth it fly the good, and ill pursue;
Believing all that this false spy propounds.

But purge the humours, and the rage appease,
Which this distemper in the fancy wrought;
Then shall the wit, which never had disease,
Discourse, and judge discreetly, as it ought.

So, though the clouds eclipse the sun's fair light,
Yet from his face they do not take one beam;
So have our eyes their perfect pow'r of sight,
Ev'n when they look into a troubled stream.

Then these defects in sense's organs be,
Not in the soul, or in her working might:
She cannot lose her perfect pow'r to see, [light.
Though mists and clouds do choke her window

These imperfections then we must impute,
Not to the agent, but the instrument:
We must not blame Apollo, but his lute,
If false accords from her false strings be sent.

The soul in all hath one intelligence;
Though too much moisture in an infant's brain,
And too much dryness in an old man's sense,
Cannot the prints of outward things retain:

Then doth the soul want work, and idle sit,
And this we childishness and dotage call;
Yet hath she then a quick and active wit,
If she had stuff and tools to work withal:

For, give her organs fit, and objects fair;
Give but the aged man the young man's sense;
Let but Medea Æson's youth repair,
And strait she shows her wonted excellence.

As a good harper stricken far in years,
Into whose cunning hands the gout doth fall,
All his old crotchets in his brain he bears,
But on his harp plays ill, or not at all.

But if Apollo takes his gout away,
That he his nimble fingers may apply;
Apollo's self will envy at his play,
And all the world applaud his minstrelsy.

Then dotage is no weakness of the mind,
But of the sense; for if the mind did waste,
In all old men we should this wasting find,
When they some certain term of years had pass'd;

But most of them, e'en to their dying hour,
Retain a mind more lively, quick, and strong,
And better use their understanding pow'r,
Than when their brains were warm, and limbs were young.

For, though the body wasted be and weak,
And though the leaden form of earth it bears;
Yet when we hear that half dead body speak,
We oft are ravish'd to the heav'nly spheres.

Objection II.

Yet say these men, if all her organs die,
Then hath the soul no pow'r her pow'rs to use:
So, in a sort, her pow'rs extinct do lie,
When unto act she cannot them reduce.

And if her pow'rs be dead, then what is she?
For since from ev'ry thing some pow'rs do spring;
And from those pow'rs, some acts proceeding be;
Then kill both pow'r and act, and kill the thing.

ANSWER.

Doubtless, the body's death, when once it dies,
The instruments of sense and life doth kill;
So that she cannot use those faculties,
Although their root rest in her substance still.

But (as the body living) wit and will
Can judge and choose, without the body's aid;
Though on such objects they are working still,
As through the body's organs are convey'd:

So, when the body serves her turn no more,
And all her senses are extinct and gone,
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,
In heav'nly contemplations, all alone.

So, if one man well on the lute doth play,
And have good horsemanship, and learning's skill,
Though both his lute and horse we take away,
Doth he not keep his former learning still?

He keeps it, doubtless, and can use it too;
And doth both th' other skills in pow'r retain;
And can of both the proper actions do,
If with his lute or horse he meet again.

So though the instruments (by which we live,
And view the world,) the body's death do kill;
Yet with the body they shall all revive,
And all their wonted offices fulfil.

OBJECTION III.

But how, till then, shall she herself employ?
Her spies are dead, which brought home news before:
What she hath got, and keeps, she may enjoy,
But she hath means to understand no more.

Then what do those poor souls, which nothing get?
Or what do those which get, and cannot keep?
Like bucklers bottomless, which all out-let;
Those souls, for want of exercise, must sleep.

ANSWER.

See how man's soul against itself doth strive:
Why should we not have other means to know?
As children, while within the womb they live,
Feed by the navel: here they feed not so.

These children, if they had some use of sense,
And should by chance their mother's talking hear,
That in short time they shall come forth from thence,
Would fear their birth, more than our death we fear.

They would cry out, "If we this place shall leave,
Then shall we break our tender navel strings:
How shall we then our nourishment receive,
Since our sweet food no other conduit brings?"

And if a man should to these babes reply,
That into this fair world they shall be brought,
Where they shall view the earth, the sea, the sky,
The glorious sun, and all that God hath wrought:

That there ten thousand dainties they shall meet,
Which by their mouths they shall with pleasure take;
Which shall be cordial too as well as sweet;
And of their little limbs tall bodies make:

This world they'd think a fable, e'en as we
Do think the story of the golden age;
Or as some sensual spirits 'mongst us be,
Which hold the world to come, a feigned stage:

Yet shall these infants after find all true,
Though then thereof they nothing could conceive:
As soon as they are born, the world they view,
And with their mouths the nurses' milk receive.

So when the soul is born (for death is naught
But the soul's birth, and so we should it call),
Ten thousand things she sees beyond her thought;
And in an unknown manner, knows them all.

Then doth she see by spectacles no more,
She hears not by report of double spies;
Herself in instants doth all things explore;
For each thing's present, and before her lies.

OBJECTION IV.

But still this crew with questions me pursues:
If souls deceas'd (say they) still living be,
Why do they not return, to bring us news
Of that strange world, where they such wonders see?

ANSWER.

Fond men! if we believe that man do live
Under the zenith of both frozen poles,
Though none come thence, advertisement to give,
Why bear we not the like faith of our souls?

The soul hath here on earth no more to do,
Than we have business in our mother's womb:
What child doth covet to return thereto,
Although all children first from thence do come?

But as Noah's pigeon, which return'd no more,
Did show, she footing found, for all the flood;
So when good souls, departed through Death's door,
Come not again, it shows their dwelling good.

And doubtless, such a soul as up doth mount,
And doth appear before her Maker's face,
Holds this vile world in such a base account,
As she looks down and scorns this wretched place.

But such as are detruded down to hell,
Either for shame, they still themselves retire;
Or ty'd in chains, they in close prison dwell,
And cannot come, although they much desire.

OBJECTION V.

Well, well, say these vain spirits, though vain it is
To think our souls to heav'n or hell do go;
Politic men have thought it not amiss,
To spread this lie, to make men virtuous so.

ANSWER.

Do you then hink this moral virtue good?
I think you do, ev'n for your private gain;
For commonwealths by virtue ever stood,
And common good the private doth contain.

If then this virtue you do love so well,
Have you no means, her practice to maintain;
But you this lie must to the people tell,
That good souls live in joy, and ill in pain?

Must virtue be preserved by a lie?
Virtue and truth do ever best agree;
By this it seems to be a verity,
Since the effects so good and virtuous be.

For, as the Devil the father is of lies,
So vice and mischief do his lies ensue:
Then this good doctrine did not he devise;
But made this lie, which saith, it is not true.

For, how can that be false, which ev'ry tongue
Of ev'ry mortal man affirms for true?
Which truth hath in all ages been so strong,
As, load-stone like, all hearts it ever drew.

For, not the Christian, or the Jew alone,
The Persian, or the Turk, acknowledge this;
This mystery to the wild Indian known,
And to the cannibal and Tartar is.

This rich Assyrian drug grows ev'ry where;
As common in the north as in the east:
This doctrine doth not enter by the ear,
But of itself is native in the breast.

None that acknowledge God, or providence,
Their soul's eternity did ever doubt;
For all religion taketh root from hence,
Which no poor naked nation lives without.

For since the world for man created was,
(For only man the use thereof doth know)
If man do perish like a wither'd grass,
How doth God's wisdom order things below?

And if that wisdom still wise ends propound,
Why made he man, of other creatures, king;
When (if he perish here) there is not found
In all the world so poor and vile a thing?

If death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
Since for our service all things else were wrought;
That daws, and trees, and rocks should last so long,
When we must in an instant pass to naught.

But bless'd be that Great Pow'r, that hath us bless'd
With longer life than heav'n or earth can have;
Which hath infus'd into our mortal breast
Immortal pow'rs not subject to the grave.

For though the soul do seem her grave to bear,
And in this world is almost bury'd quick,
We have no cause the body's death to fear;
For when the shell is broke, out comes a chick.

Sect. XXXIII.

THREE KINDS OF LIFE ANSWERABLE TO THREE POWERS OF THE SOUL.

For as the soul's essential pow'rs are three;
The quick'ning pow'r, the pow'r of sense and reason;
Three kinds of life to her designed be,
Which perfect these three pow'rs in their due season.

The first life in the mother's womb is spent,
Where she the nursing pow'r doth only use;
Where, when she finds defect of nourishment,
Sh' expels her body, and this world she views.

This we call birth; but if the child could speak,
He death would call it; and of nature plain,
That she would thrust him out naked and weak,
And in his passage pinch him with such pain.

Yet out he comes, and in this world is plac'd,
Where all his senses in perfection be;
Where he finds flow'rs to smell, and fruits to taste,
And sounds to hear, and sundry forms to see.

When he hath pass'd some time upon the stage,
His reason then a little seems to wake;
Which though she spring when sense doth fade with age,
Yet can she here no perfect practice make.

Then doth aspiring soul the body leave,
Which we call death; but were it known to all,
What life our souls do by this death receive,
Men would it birth or jail-deliv'ry call.

In this third life, reason will be so bright,
As that her spark will like the sun-beams shine,
And shall of God enjoy the real sight,
Being still increas'd by influence divine.

Sect. XXXIV.

THE CONCLUSION.

O IGNORANT poor man! what dost thou bear
Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast?
What jewels, and what riches hast thou there?
What heav'nly treasure in so weak a chest?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood:
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace:
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quick'ning pow'r with surfeitings:
Mar not her sense with sensuality:
Cast not her wit on idle things:
Make not her free will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against her nature is;
Think it a birth: and when thou go'st to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see;
Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more;
Now when thou dy'st, thou canst not hood-wink'd be.

And thou, my soul, which turn'st with curious eye,
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of overweening, and compare
Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train:
Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name:
Use all thy pow'rs, that blessed pow'r to praise,
Which gives thee pow'r to be, and use the same.

ORCHESTRA;

OR,

A POEM EXPRESSING THE ANTIQUITY AND EXCELLENCY OF DANCING.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PENELOPE AND ONE OF HER WOOERS.

Not finished.

TO THE PRINCE.

Sir, whatsoever you are pleas'd to do,
It is your special praise, that you are bent,
And sadly set your princely mind thereto:
Which makes you in each thing so excellent.

Hence is it, that you came so soon to be
A man at arms, in ev'ry point aright;
The fairest flow'r of noble chivalry;
And of Saint George's band, the bravest knight.

And hence it is, that all your youthful train
In activeness, and grace, you do excel,
When you do courtly dancings entertain,
Then dancing's praise may be presented well.

To you, whose action adds more praise thereto,
Than all the Muses with their pens can do.

ORCHESTRA;

OR,

A POEM ON DANCING.[1]

Where lives the man that never yet did hear
Of chaste Penelope, Ulysses' queen?
Who kept her faith unspotted twenty year,
Till he return'd that far away had been,
And many men, and many towns had seen:
Ten year at siege of Troy he ling'ring lay,
And ten year in the midland sea did stray.

Homer, to whom the Muses did carouse
A great deep cup with heav'nly nectar fill'd,
The greatest, deepest cup in Jove's great house,
(For Jove himself had so expressly will'd)
He drank off all, nor let one drop be spill'd;
Since when, his brain that had before been dry,
Became the well-spring of all poetry.

Homer doth tell in his abundant verse,
The long laborious travels of the man,
And of his lady too he doth rehearse,
How she illudes with all the art she can,
Th' ungrateful love which other lords began:
For of her lord, false fame had long since sworn,
That Neptune's monsters had his carcass torn.

All this he tells, but one thing he forgot,
One thing most worthy his eternal song,
But he was old, and blind, and saw it not,
Or else he thought he should Ulysses wrong,
To mingle it his tragic acts among:
Yet was there not in all the world of things,
A sweeter burthen for his Muse's wings.

The courtly love Antinous did make,
Antinous that fresh and jolly knight,
Which of the gallants that did undertake
To win the widow, had most wealth and might,
Wit to persuade, and beauty to delight.
The courtly love he made unto the queen,
Homer forgot as if it had not been.

Sing then Terpsichore, my light Muse sing
His gentle art, and cunning courtesy:
You, lady, can remember ev'ry thing,
For you are daughter of queen Memory;
But sing a plain and easy melody:
For the soft mean that warbleth but the ground,
To my rude ear doth yield the sweetest sound.

One only night's discourse I can report,
When the great torch-bearer of heav'n was gone
Down in a mask unto the Ocean's court,
To revel it with Thetis all alone;
Antinous disguised and unknown,
Like to the spring in gaudy ornament,
Unto the castle of the princess went.

The sov'reign castle of the rocky isle,
Wherein Penelope the princess lay,
Shone with a thousand lamps, which did exile
The shadows dark, and turn'd the night to day,
Not Jove's blue tent, what time the sunny ray
Behind the bulwark of the earth retires,
Is seen to sparkle with more twinkling fires.

That night the queen came forth from far within,
And in the presence of her court was seen;
For the sweet singer Phemius did begin
To praise the worthies that at Troy had been;
Somewhat of her Ulysses she did ween.
In his grave hymn the heav'nly man would sing,
Or of his wars, or of his wandering.

Pallas that hour with her sweet breath divine
Inspir'd immortal beauty in her eyes,
That with celestial glory she did shine,
Brighter than Venus when she doth arise
Out of the waters to adorn the skies;
The wooers all amazed do admire,
And check their own presumptuous desire.

Only Antinous, when at first he view'd
Her star-bright eyes that with new honour shin'd,
Was not dismay'd, but therewithal renew'd
The nobleness and splendour of his mind;
And as he did fit circumstances find,
Unto the throne he boldly did advance,
And with fair manners woo'd the queen to dance.

[1] Sir John Harrington has writ an epigram in commendation of this poem. See the 2d Book, Epig. 67., at the end of his Translation of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, folio.

It is a great pity, and to be lamented by the poetical world, that so very ingenious a poem should be left unfinished, or, what is more likely, that the imperfect part should be lost; for in all probability he completed it, being written in his youth, in queen Elizabeth's reign, as appears from the conclusion.

" Goddess of women, sith your heav'nliness
Hath now vouchsaf'd itself to represent
To our dim eyes, which though they see the less,
Yet are they bless'd in their astonishment,
Imitate Heaven, whose beauties excellent
Are in continual motion day and night,
And move thereby more wonder and delight.

" Let me the mover be, to turn about
Those glorious ornaments, that youth and love
Have fix'd in you, ev'ry part throughout,
Which if you will in timely measure move,
Not all those precious gems in heav'n above
Shall yield a sight more pleasing to behold,
With all their turns and tracings manifold."

With this the modest princess blush'd and smil'd
Like to a clear and rosy eventide;
And softly did return this answer mild:
" Fair sir, you needs must fairly be deny'd,
Where your demand cannot be satisfy'd:
My feet which only nature taught to go,
Did never yet the art of footing know.

" But why persuade you me to this new rage?
(For all disorder and misrule is new)
For such misgovernment in former age
Our old divine forefathers never knew;
Who if they liv'd, and did the follies view
Which their fond nephews make their chief affairs,
Would hate themselves that had begot such heirs."

" Sole heir of virtue and of beauty both,
Whence cometh it," Antinous replies,
" That your imperious virtue is so loth
To grant your beauty her chief exercise?
Or from what spring doth your opinion rise,
That dancing is a frenzy and a rage,
First known and us'd in this new-fangled age?

" Dancing[2] (bright lady) then began to be,
When the first seeds whereof the world did spring,
The fire, air, earth, and water did agree,
By Love's persuasion, Nature's mighty king,
To leave their first disorder'd combating;
And in a dance such measure to observe,
As all the world their motion should preserve.

" Since when they still are carried in a round,
And changing come one in another's place,
Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,
But ev'ry one doth keep the bounded space
Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace:
This wondrous miracle did Love devise,
For dancing is Love's proper exercise.

" Like this, he fram'd the gods' eternal bow'r,
And of a shapeless and confused mass,
By his through piercing and digesting pow'r,
The turning vault of heaven formed was:
Whose starry wheels he hath so made to pass,
As that their movings do a music frame,
And they themselves still dance unto the same.

" Or if this (all) which round about we see,
(As idle Morpheus some sick brains have taught)
Of undivided motes compacted be,
How was this goodly architecture wrought?
Or by what means were they together brought?
They err, that say they did concur by chance,
Love made them meet in a well order'd dance.

[2] The antiquity of dancing.

" As when Amphion with his charming lyre
Begot so sweet a syren of the air,
That with her rhetoric made the stones conspire
The ruin of a city to repair,
(A work of wit and reason's wise affair:) [taught
So Love's smooth tongue, the motes such measure
That they join'd hands, and so the world was wrought.

" How justly then is dancing termed new,
Which with the world in point of time begun;
Yea Time itself, (whose birth Jove never knew,
And which indeed is elder than the Sun)
Had not one moment of his age outrun,
When out leap'd Dancing from the heap of things,
And lightly rode upon his nimble wings.

" Reason hath both her pictures in her treasure,
Where time the measure of all moving is;
And dancing is a moving all in measure;
Now if you do resemble that to this,
And think both one, I think you think amiss:
But if you judge them twins, together got,
And Time first born, your judgment erreth not.

" Thus doth it equal age with age enjoy,
And yet in lusty youth for ever flow'rs,
Like Love his sire, whom painters make a boy,
Yet is he eldest of the heav'nly pow'rs;
Or like his brother Time, whose winged hours
Going and coming will not let him die,
But still preserve him in his infancy."

This said; the queen, with her sweet lips, divine,
Gently began to move the subtle air,
Which gladly yielding, did itself incline
To take a shape between those rubies fair;
And being formed, softly did repair
With twenty doublings in the empty way,
Unto Antinous' ears, and thus did say:

" What eye doth see the heav'n but doth admire
When it the movings of the heav'ns doth see?
Myself, if I to heav'n may once aspire,
If that be dancing, will a dancer be:
But as for this your frantic jollity,
How it began, or whence you did it learn,
I never could with reason's eye discern."

Antinous answer'd: " Jewel of the earth,
Worthy you are that heav'nly dance to lead;
But for you think our Dancing base of birth,
And newly born but of a brain-sick head,
I will forthwith his antique gentry read;
And, for I love him, will his herald be,
And blaze his arms, and draw his pedigree.

"When Love had shap'd this world, this great fair wight,
That all wights else in this wide womb contains,
And had instructed it to dance aright[3],
A thousand measures with a thousand strains,
Which it should practise with delightful pains,
Until that fatal instant should revolve,
When all to nothing should again resolve.

" The comely order and proportion fair
On ev'ry side, did please his wand'ring eye,
Till glancing through the thin transparent air,
A rude disorder'd rout he did espy
Of men and women, that most spitefully
Did one another throng, and crowd so sore,
That his kind eye in pity wept therefore.

[3] The original of dancing.

" And swifter than the lightning down he came,
Another shapeless chaos to digest,
He will begin another world to frame,
(For Love till all be well will never rest)
Then with such words as cannot be express'd,
He cuts the troops, that all asunder fling,
And ere they wist, he casts them in a ring.

" Then did he rarefy the element,
And in the centre of the ring appear,
The beams that from his forehead spreading went,
Begot an horrour and religious fear
In all the souls that round about him were;
Which in their ears attentiveness procures,
While he, with such like sounds, their minds allures.

" ' How doth Confusion's mother, headlong Chance[4],
Put Reason's noble squadron to the rout?
Or how should you that have the governance
Of Nature's children, heav'n and earth throughout,
Prescribe them rules, and live yourselves without?
Why should your fellowship a trouble be,
Since man's chief pleasure is society?

" ' If sense hath not yet taught you, learn of me
A comely moderation and discreet,
That your assemblies may well order'd be:
When my uniting pow'r shall make you meet,
With heav'nly tunes it shall be temper'd sweet;
And be the model of the world's great frame,
And you Earth's children, Dancing shall it name.

" ' Behold the world how it is whirled round,
And for it is so whirl'd, is named so;
In whose large volume many rules are found
Of this new art, which it doth fairly show:
For your quick eyes in wand'ring to and fro
From east to west, on no one thing can glance,
But if you mark it well, it seems to dance.

" ' First you see fix'd in this huge mirror blue
Of trembling lights [5], a number numberless;
Fix'd they are nam'd, but with a name untrue,
For they all move, and in a dance express
That great long year that doth contain no less
Than threescore hundreds of those years in all,
Which the sun makes with his course natural.

" ' What if to you these sparks disorder'd seem,
As if by chance they had been scatter'd there?
The gods a solemn measure do it deem,
And see a just proportion ev'ry where,
And know the points whence first their movings were;
To which first points when all return again,
The axle-tree of heav'n shall break in twain.

" ' Under that spangled sky, five wand'ring flames [6],
Besides the king of day, and queen of night,
Are wheel'd around, all in their sundry frames,
And all in sundry measures do delight,
Yet altogether keep no measure right:
For by itself, each doth itself advance,
And by itself, each doth a galliard dance.

" ' Venus, the mother of that bastard Love,
Which doth usurp the world's great marshal's name,
Just with the sun her dainty feet doth move,
And unto him doth all the gestures frame:
Now after, now afore, the flatt'ring dame,
With divers cunning passages doth err,
Still him respecting that respects not her.

" ' For that brave Sun the father of the day,
Doth love this earth, the mother of the night,
And like a reveller in rich array
Doth dance his galliard in his leman's sight;
Both back, and forth, and sideways passing light,
His princely grace doth so the gods amaze,
That all stand still and at his beauty gaze.

" ' But see the Earth, when he approacheth near,
How she for joy doth spring, and sweetly smile;
But see again her sad and heavy cheer
When changing places he retires a while:
But those black clouds he shortly will exile,
And make them all before his presence fly,
As mists consum'd before his cheerful eye.

" ' Who doth not see the measures of the Moon,
Which thirteen times she danceth ev'ry year?
And ends her pavin, thirteen times as soon
As doth her brother, of whose golden hair
She borroweth part and proudly doth it wear:
Then doth she coyly turn her face aside,
That half her cheek is scarce sometimes descry'd.

" ' Next her, the pure, subtle, and cleansing fire [7]
Is swiftly carried in a circle even:
Though Vulcan be pronounc'd by many a liar
The only halting god that dwells in heav'n:
But that foul name may be more fitly giv'n
To your false fire, that far from heav'n is fall,
And doth consume, waste, spoil, disorder all.

" ' And now behold your tender nurse the air [8],
And common neighbour that aye runs around,
How many pictures and impressions fair
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses dancing do propound:
For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
But dancings of the air in sundry kinds?

" ' For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure true;
And when you speak, so well she dancing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand forms she doth herself endue:
For all the words that from your lips repair,
Are naught but tricks and turnings of the air.

" ' Hence is her prattling daughter Echo born,
That dances to all voices she can hear:
There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
Nor any time wherein she will forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to wear:
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth ev'ry trick.

" ' And thou, sweet Music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech, [teach,
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones can
That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born the gods' and men's sweet pleasure.

" ' Lastly, where keep the winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays?
But in the air's translucent gallery?
Where she herself is turn'd a hundred ways,
While with those maskers wantonly she plays;
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encumber not the place.

[4] The speech of Love, persuading men to learn dancing.
[5] By the orderly motion of the fixed stars. [6] Of the planets.
[7] Of the fire. [8] Of the air.

" 'If then fire, air, wand'ring and fixed lights
In ev'ry province of the imperial sky,
Yield perfect forms of dancing to your sights,
In vain I teach the ear, that which the eye
With certain view already doth descry.
But for your eyes perceive not all they see,
In this I will your senses master be.

" 'For lo the Sea [9] that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand:
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast:
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,
So danceth he about the centre here.

" 'Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
One after other flow unto the shore,
Which when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before;
And to make known his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-fork'd mace,
And with his arms the tim'rous Earth embrace.

" 'Only the Earth doth stand for ever still,
Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains meet,
(Although some wits enrich'd with learning's skill
Say heav'n stands firm, and that the earth doth fleet,
And swiftly turneth underneath their feet)
Yet though the earth is ever stedfast seen,
On her broad breast hath dancing ever been.

" 'For those blue veins that through her body spread,
Those sapphire streams which from great hills do spring [10],
(The earth's great dugs; for ev'ry wight is fed
With sweet fresh moisture from them issuing)
Observe a dance in their wild wand'ring:
And still their dance begets a murmur sweet,
And still the murmur with the dance doth meet.

" 'Of all their ways I love Meander's path,
Which to the tune of dying swans doth dance,
Such winding slights, such turns and cricks he hath,
Such creaks, such wrenches, and such dalliance;
That whether it be hap or heedless chance,
In this indented course and wriggling play
He seems to dance a perfect cunning hay.

" 'But wherefore do these streams for ever run?
To keep themselves for ever sweet and clear:
For let their everlasting course be done,
They straight corrupt and foul with mud appear.
O ye sweet nymphs that beauty's loss do fear,
Contemn the drugs that physic doth devise,
And learn of Love this dainty exercise.

" 'See how those flow'rs that have sweet beauty too,
(The only jewels that the Earth doth wear [11],
When the young sun in bravery her doth woo)
As oft as they the whistling wind do hear,
Do wave their tender bodies here and there;
And though their dance no perfect measure is,
Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss.

" 'What makes the vine about the elm to dance,
With turnings, windings, and embracements round?
What makes the loadstone to the north advance
His subtle point, as if from thence he found
His chief attracting virtue to redound?
Kind Nature first doth cause all things to love,
Love makes them dance and in just order move.

" 'Hark how the birds do sing, and mark then how
Jump with the modulation of their lays,
They lightly leap, and skip from bough to bough:
Yet do the cranes deserve a greater praise
Which keep such measure in their airy ways,
As when they all in order ranked are,
They make a perfect form triangular.

" 'In the chief angle flies the watchful guide,
And all the followers their heads do lay
On their foregoer's backs, on either side;
But for the captain hath no rest to stay
His head forwearied with the windy way,
He back retires, and then the next behind,
As his lieutenant leads them through the wind.

" 'But why relate I ev'ry singular?
Since all the world's great fortunes and affairs
Forward and backward rapp'd and whirled are,
According to the music of the spheres:
And Change herself, her nimble feet upbears
On a round slippery wheel that rolleth ay,
And turns all states with her imperious sway.

" 'Learn then to dance, you that are princes born,
And lawful lords of earthly creatures all;
Imitate them, and therefore take no scorn,
For this new art to them is natural
And imitate the stars celestial:
For when pale Death your vital twist shall sever,
Your better parts must dance with them for ever.'

" Thus Love persuades, and all the crowd of men
That stands around doth make a murmuring:
As when the wind loos'd from his hollow den,
Among the trees a gentle base doth sing,
Or as a brook through pebbles wandering:
But in their looks they utter'd this plain speech,
'That they would learn to dance, if Love would teach.' [12]

" Then first of all he doth demonstrate plain
The motions seven that are in nature found,
Upward and downward, forth, and back again,
To this side, and to that, and turning round [13];
Whereof a thousand brawls he doth compound,
Which he doth teach unto the multitude,
And ever with a turn they must conclude.

" As when a nymph, arising from the land,
Leadeth a dance with her long watery train
Down to the sea, she wryes to every hand,
And every way doth cross the fertile plain:
But when at last she falls into the main,
Then all her traverses concluded are,
And with the sea, her course is circular.

" Thus when at first Love had them marshalled,
As erst he did the shapeless mass of things,
He taught them rounds and winding hays to tread,
And about trees to cast themselves in rings:
As the two Bears, whom the first mover flings
With a short turn about heaven's axle-tree,
In a round dance for ever wheeling be.

" But after these, as men more civil grew,
He did more grave and solemn measures frame [14],
With such fair order and proportion true,
And correspondence ev'ry way the same,
That no fault-finding eye did ever blame.
For ev'ry eye was moved at the sight
With sober wond'ring, and with sweet delight.

[9] Of the sea. [10] Of the rivers.
[11] Of other things upon the earth.
[12] How Love taught men to dance.
[13] Rounds or country dances. [14] Measures.

" Not those young students of the heav'nly book,
Atlas the great, Prometheus the wise,
Which on the stars did all their life-time look,
Could ever find such measure in the skies,
So full of change and rare varieties;
Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,
Are only spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.

" But for more diverse and more pleasing show,
A swift and wand'ring dance [15] she did invent,
With passages uncertain to and fro,
Yet with a certain answer and consent
To the quick music of the instrument.
Five was the number of the music's feet,
Which still the dance did with five paces meet.

" A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
A spirit and a virtue masculine,
Impatient that her house on earth should stay
Since she herself is fiery and divine:
Oft doth she make her body upward fine;
With lofty turns and capriols in the air,
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.

" What shall I name those current traverses [16],
That on a triple dactyl foot do run
Close by the ground with sliding passages,
Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won
Which with best order can all orders shun:
For ev'ry where he wantonly must range,
And turn, and wind, with unexpected change.

" Yet is there one the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping, or a leaping round [17],
Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,
And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound,
And still their feet an anapest do sound:
An anapest is all their music's song,
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long.

" As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove,
That taught the Spartans dancing on the sands,
Of swift Eurotas, dance in heav'n above,
Knit and united with eternal hands;
Among the stars their double image stands,
Where both are carried with an equal pace,
Together jumping in their turning race.

" This is the net wherein the Sun's bright eye
Venus and Mars entangled did behold,
For in this dance, their arms they so employ,
As each doth seem the other to enfold:
What if lewd wits another tale have told
Of jealous Vulcan, and of iron chains?
Yet this true sense that forged lie contains.

" These various forms of dancing Love did frame,
And besides these, a hundred millions more,
And as he did invent, he taught the same,
With goodly gesture, and with comely show,
Now keeping state, now humbly honouring low;
And ever for the persons and the place
He taught most fit, and best according grace. [18]

" For Love, within his fertile working brain
Did then conceive those gracious virgins three,
Whose civil moderation does maintain
All decent order and conveniency,
And fair respect, and seemly modesty:
And then he thought it fit they should be born,
That their sweet presence dancing might adorn.

" Hence is it that these Graces painted are
With hand in hand dancing an endless round:
And with regarding eyes, that still beware
That there be no disgrace amongst them found;
With equal foot they beat the flow'ry ground,
Laughing, or singing, as their passions will,
Yet nothing that they do becomes them ill.

"Thus Love taught men, and men thus learn'd of Love
Sweet music's sound with feet to counterfeit,
Which was long time before high thund'ring Jove
Was lifted up to heaven's imperial seat:
For though by birth he were the prince of Crete, [seen
Nor Crete, nor heav'n, should the young prince have
If dancers with their timbrels had not been.

" Since when all ceremonious mysteries,
All sacred orgies, and religious rights,
All pomps, and triumphs, and solemnities,
All funerals, nuptials, and like public sights,
All parliaments of peace, and warlike fights,
All learned arts, and every great affair
A lively shape of dancing seems to bear. [19]

" For what did he who with his ten-tongu'd lute
Gave beasts and blocks an understanding ear?
Or rather into bestial minds and brute
Shed and infus'd the beams of reason clear?
Doubtless for men that rude and savage were
A civil form of dancing he devis'd,
Wherewith unto their gods they sacrific'd.

" So did Musæus, so Amphion did,
And Linus with his sweet enchanting song,
And he whose hand the earth of monsters rid,
And had men's ears fast chained to his tongue:
And Theseus to his wood-born slaves among,
Us'd dancing as the finest policy
To plant religion and society.

" And therefore now the Thracian Orpheus' lyre
And Hercules himself are stellify'd;
And in high heaven, amidst the starry quire,
Dancing their parts continually do slide:
So on the zodiac Ganymede doth ride,
And so is Hebe with the Muses nine,
For pleasing Jove with dancing, made divine.

" Wherefore was Proteus said himself to change
Into a stream, a lion, and a tree,
And many other forms fantastic strange,
As in his fickle thought he wish'd to be?
But that he danc'd with such facility,
As like a lion he could pace with pride,
Ply like a plant, and like a river slide.

" And how was Cæneus made at first a man,
And then a woman, then a man again,
But in a dance? which when he first began
He the man's part in measure did sustain:
But when he chang'd into a second strain,
He danc'd the woman's part another space,
And then return'd into his former place.

" Hence sprang the fable of Tiresias,
That he the pleasure of both sexes try'd:
For in a dance he man and woman was,
By often change of place from side to side:
But for the woman easily did slide,
And smoothly swim with cunning hidden art,
He took more pleasure in a woman's part.

[15] Galliards.
[16] Courantoes.
[17] Lavoltaes.
[18] Grace in dancing.
[19] The use and forms of dancing in sundry affairs of man's life.

" So to a fish Venus herself did change,
And swimming through the soft and yielding wave,
With gentle motions did so smoothly range
As none might see where she the water drave:
But this plain truth that falsed fable gave,
That she did dance with sliding easiness,
Pliant and quick in wand'ring passages.

" And merry Bacchus practis'd dancing too,
And to the Lydian numbers rounds did make:
The like he did in th' Eastern India do,
And taught them all when Phœbus did awake,
And when at night he did his couch forsake,
To honour heav'n, and heaven's great rolling eye
With turning dances, and with melody.

" Thus they who first did found a common-weal,
And they who first religion did ordain,
By dancing first the people's hearts did steal,
Of whom we now a thousand tales do feign:
Yet do we now their perfect rules retain,
And use them still in such devises new,
As in the world long since their withering grew.

" For after towns and kingdoms founded were,
Between great states arose well-order'd war;
Wherein most perfect measure doth appear,
Whether their well-set ranks respected are
In quadrant form or semicircular:
Or else the march, when all the troops advance,
And to the drum in gallant order dance.

" And after wars, when white-wing'd Victory
Is with a glorious triumph beautify'd,
And ev'ry one doth *Iö Iö* cry,
Whilst all in gold the conqueror doth ride;
The solemn pomp that fills the city wide
Observes such rank and measure every where,
As if they altogether dancing were.

" The like just order mourners do observe,
(But with unlike affection and attire)
When some great man that nobly did deserve,
And whom his friends impatiently desire,
Is brought with honour to his latest fire:
The dead corpse too in that sad dance is mov'd,
As if both dead and living dancing lov'd.

" A diverse cause, but like solemnity
Unto the temple leads the bashful bride,
Which blusheth like the Indian ivory
Which is with dip of Tyrian purple dy'd:
A golden troop doth pass on ev'ry side
Of flourishing young men and virgins gay,
Which keep fair measure all the flow'ry way.

" And not alone the general multitude,
But those choice Nestors which in council grave
Of cities and of kingdoms do conclude,
Most comely order in their sessions have:
Wherefore the wise Thessalians ever gave
The name of leader of their country's dance
To him that had their country's governance.

" And those great masters of their liberal arts
In all their several schools do dancing teach,
For humble grammar first doth set the parts
Of congruent and well according speech:
Which rhetoric, whose state the clouds doth reach,
And heav'nly poetry do forward lead,
And diverse measure diversely do tread.

" For rhetoric clothing speech in rich array,
In looser numbers teacheth her to range,
With twenty tropes, and turnings ev'ry way,
And various figures, and licentious change;
But poetry with rule and order strange
So curiously doth move each single pace,
As all is marr'd if she one foot misplace.

" These arts of speech the guides and marshals are;
But logic leadeth reason in a dance,
Reason the connoisseur and bright load-star,
In this world's sea t' avoid the rock of chance,
For with close following and continuance
One reason doth another so ensue,
As in conclusion still the dance is true.

" So Music to her own sweet tunes doth trip,
With tricks of three, five, eight, fifteen, and more;
So doth the art of numb'ring seem to skip
From even to odd, in her proportion'd score:
So do those skills, whose quick eyes do explore
The just dimension both of earth and heaven,
In all their rules observe a measure even.

" Lo this is Dancing's true nobility:
Dancing the child of Music and of Love;
Dancing itself both love and harmony,
Where all agree, and all in order move;
Dancing the art that all arts do approve:
The fair character of the world's consent,
The heav'n's true figure, and th' earth's ornament."

The queen, whose dainty ears had borne too long
The tedious praise of that she did despise,
Adding once more the music of the tongue
To the sweet speech of her alluring eyes,
Began to answer in such winning wise,
As that forthwith Antinous' tongue was ty'd,
His eyes fast fix'd, his ears were open wide.

" Forsooth," quoth she, " great glory you have won,
To your trim minion Dancing all this while,
By blazing him Love's first-begotten son;
Of ev'ry ill the hateful father vile
That doth the world with sorceries beguile:
Cunningly mad, religiously profane,
Wit's monster, reason's canker, sense's bane.

" Love taught the mother that unkind desire
To wash her hands in her own infant's blood;
Love taught the daughter to betray her sire
Into most base and worthy servitude;
Love taught the brother to prepare such food
To feast his brother, that the all-seeing Sun,
Wrapp'd in a cloud, that wicked sight did shun.

" And ev'n this self same Love hath dancing taught,
An art that showeth th' idea of his mind
With vainness, frenzy, and misorder fraught;
Sometimes with blood and cruelties unkind:
For in a dance, Tereus' mad wife did find
Fit time and place, by murder of her son,
T' avenge the wrong his traitorous sire had done.

" What mean the mermaids, when they dance and sing,
But certain death unto the mariner?
What tidings do the dancing dolphins bring,
But that some dangerous storm approacheth near?
Then sith both Love and Dancing liveries bear
Of such ill hap, unhappy may I prove,
If sitting free I either dance or love."

Yet once again Antinous did reply;
" Great queen, condemn not Love[20] the innocent,
For this mischievous lust, which traitorously
Usurps his name, and steals his ornament:
For that true Love which dancing did invent,
Is he that tun'd the world's whole harmony,
And link'd all men in sweet society.

" He first extracted from th' earth-mingled mind
That heav'nly fire, or quintessence divine,
Which doth such sympathy in beauty find,
As is between the elm and fruitful vine,
And so to beauty ever doth incline:
Life's life it is, and cordial to the heart,
And of our better part the better part.

" This is true Love, by that true Cupid got,
Which danceth galliards in your am'rous eyes,
But to your frozen heart approacheth not,
Only your heart he dares not enterprise;
And yet through every other part he flies,
And every where he nimbly danceth now,
That in yourself, yourself perceive not how.

" For your sweet beauty daintily transfus'd
With due proportion throughout ev'ry part,
What is it but a dance, where Love hath us'd
His finer cunning, and more curious art;
Where all the elements themselves impart,
And turn, and wind, and mingle with such measure,
That th' eye that sees it, surfeits with the pleasure?

" Love in the twinkling of your eyelids danceth,
Love danceth in your pulses and your veins,
Love when you sew, your needle's point advanceth,
And makes it dance a thousand curious strains
Of winding rounds, whereof the form remains:
To show, that your fair hands can dance the hay,
Which your fine feet would learn as well as they.

" And when your ivory fingers touch the strings
Of any silver sounding instrument,
Love makes them dance to those sweet murmurings,
With busy skill, and cunning excellent:
O that your feet those tunes would represent
With artificial motions to and fro,
That Love this art in ev'ry part might show!

" Yet your fair soul, which came from heav'n above
To rule this house, another heav'n below,
With divers powers in harmony doth move,
And all the virtues that from her do flow,
In a round measure hand in hand do go:
Could I now see, as I conceive this dance,
Wonder and love would cast me in a trance.

" The richest jewel in all the heav'nly treasure
That ever yet unto the earth was shown,
Is perfect concord, the only perfect pleasure
That wretched earth-born men have ever known;
For many hearts it doth compound in one:
That what so one doth will, or speak, or do,
With one consent they all agree thereto.

" Concord's true picture shineth in this art,
Where divers men and women ranked be,
And every one doth dance a several part,
Yet all as one, in measure do agree,
Observing perfect uniformity:
All turn together, all together trace,
And all together honour and embrace.

[20] True Love inventor of dancing.

" If they whom sacred love hath link'd in one,
Do, as they dance, in all their course of life;
Never shall burning grief nor bitter moan,
Nor factious difference, nor unkind strife,
Arise betwixt the husband and the wife:
For whether forth, or back, or round he go,
As the man doth, so must the woman do.

" What if by often interchange of place
Sometime the woman gets the upper hand?
That is but done for more delightful grace,
For on that part she doth not ever stand:
But, as the measure's law doth her command,
She wheels about, and ere the dance doth end,
Into her former place she doth transcend.

" But not alone this correspondence meet
And uniform consent doth dancing praise,
For comeliness the child of order sweet
Enamels it with her eye-pleasing rays:
Fair comeliness, ten hundred thousand ways,
Through dancing sheds itself, and makes it shine,
With glorious beauty, and with grace divine.

" For comeliness is a disposing fair
Of things and actions in fit time and place;
Which doth in dancing show itself most clear,
When troops confus'd, which here and there do trace
Without distinguishment or bounded space,
By dancing rule into such ranks are brought,
As glads the eye, as ravisheth the thought.

" Then why should reason judge that reasonless
Which is wit's offspring, and the work of art,
Image of concord and of comeliness?
Who sees a clock moving in every part,
A sailing pinnace, or a wheeling cart,
But thinks that reason, ere it came to pass,
The first impulsive cause and mover was?

" Who sees an army all in rank advance,
But deems a wise commander is in place
Which leadeth on that brave victorious dance?
Much more in dancing's art, in dancing's grace
Blindness itself may reason's footsteps trace:
For of Love's maze it is the curious plot,
And of man's fellowship the true-love knot.

" But if these eyes of yours (load-stars of love,
Showing the world's great dance to your mind's eye)
Cannot with all their demonstrations move
Kind apprehension in your fantasy
Of Dancing's virtue, and nobility:
How can my barbarous tongue win you thereto,
Which heav'n and earth's fair speech could never do?

" O Love, my king; if all my wit and power
Have done you all the service that they can,
O be you present in this present hour,
And help your servant and your true liege-man,
End that persuasion which I erst began:
For who in praise of dancing can persuade
With such sweet force as Love, which dancing made?"

Love heard his pray'r, and swifter than the wind
Like to a page, in habit, face, and speech,
He came, and stood Antinous behind[21],
And many secrets to his thoughts did teach:
At last a crystal mirror he did reach
Unto his hands, that he with one rash view,
All forms therein by Love's revealing knew.

[21] A passage to the description of dancing in that age.

And humbly honouring, gave it to the queen
With this fair speech: "See fairest queen," quoth he,
"The fairest sight that ever shall be seen,
And th' only wonder of posterity,
The richest work in Nature's treasury;
Which she disdains to show on this world's stage,
And thinks it far too good for our rude age.

"But in another world divided far,
In the great, fortunate, triangled isle,
Thrice twelve degrees remov'd from the north star,
She will this glorious workmanship compile,
Which she hath been conceiving all this while
Since the world's birth, and will bring forth at last,
When six and twenty hundred years are past."

Penelope, the queen, when she had view'd
The strange eye-dazzling admirable sight,
Fain would have prais'd the state and pulchritude,
But she was stricken dumb with wonder quite,
Yet her sweet mind retain'd her thinking might:
Her ravish'd mind in heav'nly thoughts did dwell,
But what she thought, no mortal tongue can tell.

You, lady Muse, whom Jove the counsellor
Begot of Memory, Wisdom's treasuress,
To your divining tongue is given a power
Of uttering secrets large and limitless:
You can Penelope's strange thoughts express
Which she conceiv'd, and then would fain have told,
When she the wondrous crystal did behold.

Her winged thoughts bore up her mind so high,
As that she ween'd she saw the glorious throne
Where the bright Moon doth sit in majesty,
A thousand sparkling stars about her shone;
But she herself did sparkle more alone
Than all those thousand beauties would have done
If they had been confounded all in one.

And yet she thought those stars mov'd in such mea-
To do their sovereign honour and delight, [sure,
As sooth'd her mind with sweet enchanting pleasure,
Although the various change amaz'd her sight,
And her weak judgment did entangle quite:
Beside, their moving made them shine more clear,
As diamonds mov'd, more sparkling do appear.

This was the picture of her wondrous thought;
But who can wonder that her thought was so,
Sith Vulcan, king of fire, that mirror wrought,
(Who things to come, present, and past, doth know)
As there did represent in lively show
Our glorious English court's divine image,
As it should be in this our golden age?

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Here are wanting some stanzas describing queen Elizabeth. Then follow these:

Her brighter dazzling beams of majesty
Were laid aside, for she vouchsaf'd awhile
With gracious, cheerful, and familiar eye
Upon the revels of her court to smile;
For so time's journies she doth oft beguile:
Like sight no mortal eye might elsewhere see
So full of state, art, and variety.

For of her barons brave, and ladies fair,
(Who had they been elsewhere most fair had been)
Many an incomparable lovely pair,
With hand in hand were interlinked seen,
Making fair honour to their sovereign queen;
Forward they pac'd, and did their pace apply
To a most sweet and solemn melody.

So subtle and so curious was the measure,
With so unlook'd for change in ev'ry strain;
As that Penelope wrapp'd with sweet pleasure,
When she beheld the true proportion plain
Of her own web, weav'd and unweav'd again;
But that her art was somewhat less she thought,
And on a mere ignoble subject wrought.

For here, like to the silkworm's industry,
Beauty itself out of itself did weave
So rare a work, and of such subtlety,
As did all eyes entangle and deceive,
And in all minds a strange impression leave:
In this sweet labyrinth did Cupid stray,
And never had the power to pass away.

As when the Indians, neighbours of the morning,
In honour of the cheerful rising sun,
With pearl and painted plumes themselves adorning,
A solemn stately measure have begun;
The god, well pleas'd with that fair honour done,
Sheds forth his beams, and doth their faces kiss
With that immortal glorious face of his.

So, &c. &c. .....

JOHN DONNE, D.D.

Died March 31. 1631.

Donne was of Welsh extraction, but a Londoner by birth; and related, on the mother's side, to Heywood the Epigrammatist, to Rastall the printer, and to Sir Thomas More. He was born in 1573, and when only eleven years old, was placed at Hertford Hall, Oxford. After three years he removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. He took no degree at either University, because he had been educated as a Papist. At the age of seventeen he was entered at Lincoln's Inn, and began to study the law. But shortly afterwards his father died, leaving him three thousand pounds; upon which he betook himself to better studies, though to a less prudential course of life.

A serious, dispassionate, humble, and religious examination of the points of difference between the Romish and the English church, terminated in his sincere and dutiful conversion to the Protestant faith. He afterwards accompanied Essex as a volunteer in the expedition to Cadiz; travelled in Spain and Italy; and always repented that he had been deterred, by the representations of others, from proceeding to the Holy Land. The very interesting story of his marriage, and of the narrow circumstances to which he was reduced, having expended his patrimony in storing his mind, should be read in the delightful narrative of Izaak Walton.

At the age of thirty-four he declined the offer of a benefice from Dr. Morton, afterwards Bishop of Durham. The offer was generously made; for Morton held the benefice, which he proposed to vacate that Donne might be presented to it. And it was not less generously declined: Donne thought that the irregularities of his youth, thoroughly as he had repented of them, and reformed his course of life, might still expose him to censure, and that censure, were he to enter into holy orders, might bring an undeserved reproach upon the sacred calling. For this reason, and because he stood in too much need of a certain maintenance not to be influenced by that need in his inclination and desire to accept the offer, he deemed it his duty to decline it. The latter motive no longer existed, and the holiness of Donne's life and conversation had set him above all reproach, when some years afterwards he entered into orders, at Morton's repeated exhortations, and by King James's especial desire. That king loved learning, and knew how to appreciate learned men. Donne, as James had expected, became a distinguished ornament of the English church; and died Dean of St. Paul's, on the last day of March, 1631.

Two years after his death, his poems were published by his son. He would have shown himself more worthy of such a father, if he had destroyed a considerable part of them. Bell the bookseller first included them in a General Collection of the Poets; Chaucer being the only old poet in that collection, and Spenser and Donne the only ones of our middle age.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself (which makes times, as they pass)
Is elder by a year now, than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw;
Only our love hath no decay:
This no to morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first-last-everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse:
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas! as well as other princes, we,
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears:
But souls where nothing dwells but love;
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be throughly bless'd:
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we' are kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be;
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain:
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore, this is the second of our reign.

THE BAIT.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thine eyes more than the sun:
And there th' enamour'd fish will play,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen art loath
By sun or moon, thou darken'st both;
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or winding net:

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors sleave silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait;
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiser far than I.

THE WILL.

Before I sign my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies; I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; t' ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me love her who'd twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence t' any who abroad have been;
My money to a capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an university:
My modesty I give to soldiers bare.
My patience let gamesters share.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her, that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes:
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I do but restore.

To him, for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give:
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them, which pass among
All foreigners, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one,
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying; because Love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have,
Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
T' invent and practise this one way, t' annihilate all three.

THE FUNERAL.

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm;
The mystery, the sign, you must not touch,
For 't is my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto heav'n being gone,
Will leave this to control,
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part,
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all; [art
Those hairs, which upward grow, and strength and
Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't: except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacl'd, when they 're condemn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by 't, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other hands these relics came.
As 't was humility
T' afford to it all that a soul can do;
So 'tis some bravery,
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

THE RELIQUE.

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head,
To be to more than one a bed)
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls, at the last busy day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mass-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up, will bring
Us to the bishop, or the king,
To make us reliques; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men;
And since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why;
Diff'rence of sex we never knew,
No more than guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but yet between those meals
Our hands ne'er touch'd the seals,
Which Nature, injur'd by late law, set free:
These miracles we did; but now, alas!
All measure and all language I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

UPON THE

LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS'S CHAIN,

FOR WHICH HE MADE SATISFACTION.

Not, that in colour it was like thy hair,
Armlets of that thou may'st still let me wear:
Nor, that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kiss'd,
For so it had that good, which oft I miss'd:
Nor for that silly old morality,
That as these links were knit, our loves should be;
Mourn I, that I thy sevenfold chain have lost:
Nor for the luck's sake; but the bitter cost.
O! shall twelve righteous angels, which as yet
No leaven of vile solder did admit;
Nor yet by any way have stray'd or gone
From the first state of their creation;
Angels, which Heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithful guide;
To gain new friends, t' appease old enemies;
To comfort my soul, when I lie or rise:
Shall these twelve innocents by thy severe
Sentence (dread judge) my sins great burden bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
And punish'd for offences not their own?
They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
When in that hell they're burnt and ty'd in chains:
Were they but crowns of France, I cared not,
For most of them their natural country rot
I think possesseth, they come here to us,
So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous;
And howsoe'er French kings *most Christian* be,
Their crowns are circumcis'd most Jewishly;
Or were they Spanish stamps still travelling,
That are become as catholic as their king,
Those unlick'd bear-whelps, unfil'd pistolets,
That (more than cannon-shot) avails or lets,
Which, negligently left unrounded, look
Like many angled figures in the book
Of some dread conjurer, that would enforce
Nature, as these do justice, from her course.
Which, as the soul quickens head, feet, and heart,
As streams like veins run through th' earth's ev'ry part,
Visit all countries, and have slily made
Gorgeous France ruin'd; ragged and decay'd
Scotland, which knew no state, proud in one day;
And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia:
Or were it such gold as that, wherewithall
Almighty chymics from each mineral
Having by subtle fire a soul out-pull'd,
Are dirtily and desperately gull'd:
I would not spit to quench the fire they 're in,
For they are guilty of much heinous sin.
But shall my harmless angels perish? Shall
I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?
Much hope, which they should nourish, will be dead;
Much of my able youth, and lusty head
Will vanish, if thou, love, let them alone,
For thou wilt love me less, when they are gone;
And be content, that some lewd squeaking crier,
Well pleas'd with one lean thread-bare groat for hire,
May like a devil roar through every street,
And gall the finder's conscience, if they meet.
Or let me creep to some dread conjurer,
That with fantastic scenes fills full much paper;
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, thieves, and murderers, stuff'd his rents
So full, that though he pass them all in sin,
He leaves himself no room to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent,
He say 't will ne'er be found, yet be content;
Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
Because he is the mouth of Destiny.

Thou say'st, alas! the gold doth still remain,
Though it be chang'd, and put into a chain;
So in the first fall'n angels resteth still
Wisdom and knowledge, but 't is turn'd to ill:
As these should do good works, and should provide
Necessities; but now must nurse thy pride:
And they are still bad angels; mine are none:
For form gives being, and their form is gone:
Pity these angels yet: their dignities
Pass virtues, powers, and principalities.

But thou art resolute; thy will be done;
Yet with such anguish, as her only son
The mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire these martyrs I betray.
Good souls, (for you give life to every thing)
Good angels, (for good messages you bring)
Destin'd you might have been to such an one,
As would have lov'd and worshipp'd you alone;
One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
Yea death, ere he would make your number less.
But I am guilty of your sad decay:
May your few fellows longer with me stay.

But oh, thou wretched finder, whom I hate
So, that I almost pity thy estate,
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:

Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
First may'st thou be; then chain'd to hellish pains;
Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
Thy country, and fail both of it and thy pay.
May the next thing, thou stoop'st to reach, contain
Poison, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain:
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching desire, and no ability.
May all the evils, that gold ever wrought;
All mischief, that all devils ever thought;
Want after plenty; poor and gouty age;
The plague of travailers, love and marriage,
Afflict thee; and at thy life's last moment
May thy swoln sins themselves to thee present.
But I forgive: repent, thou honest man:
Gold is restorative, restore it then:
But if that from it thou be'st loth to part,
Because 't is cordial, would 't were at thy heart.

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

Who makes the last a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads;
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace when 't is that which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
But he which dwells there, is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better, her next change is night:
But her fair larger guest, t' whom sun and moon
Are sparks, and short-liv'd, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier,
Her appetite and her digestion mend;
We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
With woman's milk and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet; you have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps, and courts;
But ask your garners, if you have not been
In harvest too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeem it? Then yourself transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit than ours; but yet more scant
Are those diversions there which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit,
We can beginnings, but not habits choke.
Go. Whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smoke.

Our soul, whose country's heav'n, and God her father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travail she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well, if it teach you to spare,
And make you asham'd to make your hawk's praise yours,
Which when herself she lessens in the air,
You then first say, that high enough she tow'rs.

However, keep the lively taste you hold
Of God, love him now, but fear him more;
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promis'd him at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward. But why do I touch
Things, of which none is in your practice new,
And tables and fruit-trenchers teach as much?

But thus I make you keep your promise, sir;
Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there,
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

You have refin'd me, and to worthiest things,
Virtue, art, beauty, fortune, now I see
Rareness, or use, not nature, value brings;
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they be.
Two ills can ne'er perplex us, sin t' excuse,
But of two good things we may leave or choose.

Therefore at court, which is not virtue's clime,
Where a transcendent height (as lowness me)
Makes her not see, or not show: all my rhyme
Your virtues challenge, which there rarest be;
For as dark texts need notes; some there must be
To usher virtue, and say, This is she.

So in the country's beauty. To this place
You are the season, madam, you the day,
'T is but a grave of spices, till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets sh' enshrines;
As China, when the sun at Brasil dines.

Out from your chariot morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so;
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures by new reck'nings go.
This shows that you from nature loathly stray,
That suffer not an artificial day.

In this you 've made the court th' antipodes,
And will'd your delegate, the vulgar sun,
To do profane autumnal offices,
Whilst here to you we sacrifices run;
And whether priests or organs, you w' obey,
We sound your influence, and your dictates say.

Yet to that deity which dwells in you,
Your virtuous soul, I now not sacrifice;
These are petitions, and not hymns; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice.
In all religions, as much care hath been
Of temple's frames, and beauty, as rites within.

As all which go to Rome, do not thereby
Esteem religions, and hold fast the best;
But serve discourse and curiosity
With that, which doth religion but invest,
And shun th' entangling labyrinths of schools,
And make it wit to think the wiser fools;

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you 're Virtue's temple, not as she;
What walls of tender crystal her infold,
What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure altars be,
And after this survey oppose to all
Builders of chapels, you, th' Escurial.

Yet not as consecrate, but merely as fair:
On these I cast a lay and country eye.
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I find you all record and prophecy.
Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the transcript and original,
The elements, the parent, and the growth;
And every piece of you is worth their all.
So entire are all your deeds and you, that you
Must do the same things still; you cannot two.

But these (as nicest school divinity
Serves heresy to further or repress)
Taste of poetic rage, or flattery;
And need not, where all hearts one truth profess;
Oft from new proofs and new phrase new doubts grow,
As strange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then busy praise, and all appeal
To higher courts, sense's decree is true.
The mine, the magazine, the common-weal,
The story of beauty, in Twicknam is and you.
Who hath seen one, would both; as who hath been
In Paradise, would seek the cherubin.

TO MR. J. W.

All hail, sweet poet! and full of more strong fire,
Than hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit,
I lov'd what Nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not, but admire;
Who have before or shall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
Like infancy or age to man's firm stay,
Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be,
Which be envy'd than pity'd: therefore I,
Because I wish the best, do thee envy:
O would'st thou by like reason pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In Nature's and in Fortune's gifts, alas!
(But for thy grace got in the Muse's school)
A monster and a beggar, am a fool.

Oh, how I grieve, that late-born modesty
Hath got such root in easy waxen hearts,
That men may not themselves their own good parts
Extol, without suspect of surquedry;
For, but thyself, no subject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
Thy worth but thine: how good it were to see
A poem in thy praise, and writ by thee!

Now if this song be too harsh for rhyme, yet as
The painter's bad god made a good devil,
'T will be good prose, although the verse be evil.
If thou forget the rhyme, as thou dost pass,
Then write, that I may follow, and so be
Thy echo, thy debtor, thy foil, thy zanee.
I shall be thought (if mine like thine I shape)
All the world's lion, though I be thy ape.

TO MR. B. B.

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
Yet satisfy'd? is not thy brain's rich hive
Fulfill'd with honey, which thou dost derive
From the arts' spirits and their quintessence?
Then wean thyself at last, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge, thy old nurse; and, as the rest,
Here toughly chew and sturdily digest
Th' immense vast volumes of our common law;
And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
Which is that that, which I should have begun
In my youth's morning, now late must be done:
And I as giddy travellers must do,
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
Light and strength, dark and tir'd must then ride post.

TO

SIR HENRY WOOTTON,

AT HIS GOING AMBASSADOR TO VENICE.

After those rev'rend papers, whose soul is [name,
Our good and great king's lov'd hand and fear'd
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A taper of his torch, a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling Sun, though it
Must in another sphere his virtue stream;

After those learned papers, which your hand
Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too,
From which rich treasury you may command
Fit matter, whether you will write or do;

After those loving papers, which friends send
With glad grief to your sea-ward steps farewell,
Which thicken on you now, as pray'rs ascend
To heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell;

Admit this honest paper, and allow
It such an audience as yourself would ask;
What you must say at Venice, this means now,
And hath for nature, what you have for task.

To swear much love, not to be chang'd before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune more,
Than I have done your noble-wanting wit.

But 't is an easier load (though both oppress)
To want than govern greatness; for we are
In that, our own and only business;
In this, we must for others' vices care.

'T is therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
In their last furnace, in activity; [past)
Which fits them (schools and courts and wars o'er-
To touch and taste in any best degree.

For me, (if there be such a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Spies that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here;
And to send you what I shall beg, his stairs
In length and ease are alike every where.

TO MRS. M. H.

Mad paper, stay, and grudge not here to burn
With all those sons, whom thy brain did create;
At least lie hid with me, till thou return
To rags again, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthiness
To come unto great place as others do,
That 's much, emboldens, pulls, thrusts, I confess;
But 't is not all, thou shouldst be wicked too.

And that thou canst not learn, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt go; go, since thou goest to her,
Who lacks but faults to be a prince, for she
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye,
Which equally claims love and reverence,
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die;
And having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand (which is
A miracle, and made such to work more)
Doth touch thee (sapless leaf) thou grow'st by this
Her creature, glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother, which delights to hear
Her early child misspeak half utter'd words,
Or, because majesty doth never fear
Ill or bold speech, she audience affords.

And then, cold speechless wretch, thou diest again,
And wisely; what discourse is left for thee?
From speech of ill and her thou must abstain?
And is there any good which is not she?

Yet may'st thou praise her servants, though not her;
And wit and virtue and honour her attend,
And since they 're but her clothes, thou shalt not err,
If thou her shape and beauty and grace commend.

Who knows thy destiny? when thou hast done,
Perchance her cabinet may harbour thee.
Whither all noble ambitious wits do run;
A nest almost as full of good as she

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
Were sav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
When she revolves his papers, mark what show
Of favour she, alone, to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, she o'er-skip the rest,
Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the name;
Mark if she do the same that they protest;
Mark if she mark, whither her woman came.

Mark if slight things b' objected, and o'erblown,
Mark if her oaths against him be not still
Reserv'd, and that she grieve she's not her own,
And chides the doctrine that denies free-will.

I bid thee not do this to be my spy,
Nor to make myself her familiar;
But so much I do love her choice, that I
Would fain love him, that shall be lov'd of her.

ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

WHEREIN, BY OCCASION OF THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH DRURY, THE FRAILTY AND DECAY OF THE WHOLE IS REPRESENTED.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

To the praise of the dead, and the anatomy.

Well dy'd the world, that we might live to see
This world of wit in his anatomy:
No evil wants his good; so wilder heirs
Bedew their father's tombs with forced tears,
Whose 'state requites their loss: while thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead,
While this Muse lives? which in his spirit's stead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In spite of loss or frail mortality?
And thou the subject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor sought
A fitter time to yield to thy sad fate,
Than while this spirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last nephew's eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine:
Admired match! where strives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil and the comely face;
A task, which thy fair goodness made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch:
Enough it is to praise them that praise thee,
And say, that but enough those praises be,
Which, hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
From th' angry checkings of thy modest red:
Death bars reward and shame; when envy's gone,
And gain, 't is safe to give the dead their own.
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their tombs than houses; these of clay,
But those of brass or marble were: so we
Give more unto thy ghost than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
And may'st but thank thyself, for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profess'd all due, where 't is repaid.
So these high songs, that to thee suited bin,
Serve but to sound thy Maker's praise and thine;
Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to him
Amid the choir of saints and seraphim,

As any angels' tongues can sing of thee;
The subjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love, thy virtues did presage
What high part thou bear'st in those best of songs,
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou virgin soul, whose lossful gain
Thy love-sick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Never may thy name be in songs forgot,
Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

When that rich soul, which to her heav'n is gone,
Whom all do celebrate, who know they 've one,
(For who is sure he hath a soul, unless
It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
And by deeds praise it? he, who doth not this,
May lodge an inmate soul, but 't is not his)
When that queen ended here her progress time,
And as t' her standing house to heav'n did climb;
Where, loath to make the saints attend her long,
She 's now a part both of the choir and song:
This world in that great earthquake languished;
For in a common bath of tears it bled,
Which drew the strongest vital spirits out:
But succour'd them with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gain in this,
(Because since now no other way there is
But goodness, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as she)
This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
And as men think that agues physic are,
And th' ague being spent, give over care:
So thou, sick world, mistak'st thyself to be
Well, when, alas! thou 'rt in a lethargy:
Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then
Thou might'st have better spar'd the sun, or man.
That wound was deep; but 't is more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
'T was heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
But this is worse, that thou art speechless grown.
Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; thou wast
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'erpast.
For as a child kept from the fount, until
A prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadst laid,
Had not her coming thee her palace made;
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and frame,
And thou forget'st to celebrate thy name.
Some months she hath been dead, (but being dead,
Measures of time are all determined)
But long sh' hath been away, long, long; yet none
Offers to tell us, who it is that 's gone.
But as in states doubtful of future heirs,
When sickness without remedy impairs
The present prince, they 're loath it should be said,
The prince doth languish, or the prince is dead:
So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
A strong example gone, equal to law,
The cement, which did faithfully compact
And give all virtues, now resolv'd and slack'd,
Thought it some blasphemy to say sh' was dead,
Or that our weakness was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more,
Than tongues, the soul being gone, the loss deplore.
But though it be too late to succour thee,
Sick world, yea dead, yea putrified, since she,
Thy intrinsic balm and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live;
I (since no man can make thee live) will try
What we may gain by thy anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world itself being dead,
'T is labour lost to have discovered
The world's infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissection;
For there 's a kind of world remaining still;
Though she, which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night
Her ghost doth walk, that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weak love of virtue, and of good
Reflects from her on them, which understood
Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth stay;
Which, from the carcass of the old world free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be
Produc'd: the matter and the stuff of this
Her virtue, and the form our practice is:
And though to be thus elemented arm
These creatures from home-born intrinsic harm,
(For all assum'd unto this dignity,
So many weedless paradises be,
Which of themselves produce no venomous sin,
Except some foreign serpent bring it in)
Yet because outward storms the strongest break,
And strength itself by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old:
For with due temper men do then forego
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health; physicians say that we
At best enjoy but a neutrality.
And can there be worse sickness than to know,
That we are never well, nor can be so?
We are born ruinous: poor mothers cry,
That children come not right nor orderly,
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruin, how importunate
Upon mankind! it labour'd to frustrate
Even God's purpose; and made woman, sent
For man's relief, cause of his languishment;
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessary, and principal in ill;
For that first marriage was our funeral:
One woman at one blow then kill'd us all,
And singly one by one they kill us now,
And we delightfully ourselves allow
To that consumption; and, profusely blind,
We kill ourselves to propagate our kind;
And yet we do not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankind, which was then,
When as the sun and man did seem to strive,
(Joint-tenants of the world) who should survive;
When stag and raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'd in minority;
When, if a slow-pac'd star had stol'n away
From the observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see 't again,
And then make up his observation plain;
When as the age was long, the size was great;
Man's growth confess'd and recompens'd the meat;

So spacious and large, that every soul
Did a fair kingdom and large realm control;
And when the very stature thus erect
Did that soul a good way towards Heav'n direct:
Where is this mankind now? who lives to age,
Fit to be made Methusalem his page?
Alas! we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true made clock run right or lie.
Old grandsires talk of yesterday with sorrow:
And for our children we reserve to morrow.
So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torn house, or field, to have three lives.
And as in lasting, so in length, is man,
Contracted to an inch, who was a span;
For had a man at first in forests stray'd
Or shipwreck'd in the sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an elephant or whale,
That met him, would not hastily assail
A thing so equal to him: now, alas!
The fairies and the pygmies well may pass
As credible; mankind decays so soon,
We 're scarce our fathers' shadows cast at noon:
Only death adds t' our length: nor are we grown
In stature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our less volume hold
All the old text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their silver, or dispos'd into less glass
Spirits of virtue, which then scatter'd was:
But 't is not so: we 're not retir'd, but damp'd;
And as our bodies, so our minds are cramp'd:
'T is shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus
In mind and body both bedwarfed us.
We seem ambitious God's whole work t' undo;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive too
To bring ourselves to nothing back; and we
Do what we can, to do 't as soon as he:
With new diseases on ourselves we war,
And with new physic, a worse engine far.
This man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home;
And if in other creatures they appear,
They 're but man's ministers and legats there,
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to civility and to man's use:
This man, whom God did woo, and, loth t' attend
Till man came up, did down to man descend:
This man so great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle and poor thing he is!
If man were any thing, he 's nothing now;
Help, or at least some time to waste allow
T' his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her, whom we lament, he lost his heart,
She, of whom th' ancients seem'd to prophesy,
When they call'd virtues by the name of she;
She, in whom virtue was so much refin'd,
That for allay unto so pure a mind
She took the weaker sex: she, that could drive
The poisonous tincture and the stain of Eve
Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
All by a true religious alchymy;
She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is,
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernatural food, religion,
Thy better growth grows withered and scant;
Be more than man, or thou 'rt less than an ant.
Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
Quite out of joint, almost created lame:
For before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption enter'd and deprav'd the best:
It seiz'd the angels, and then first of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joint of th' universal frame.
The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then
Both beasts, and plants, curs'd in the curse of man;
So did the world from the first hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day;
And now the springs and summers, which we see
Like sons of women after fifty be.
And new philosophy calls all in doubt,
The element of fire is quite put out:
The sun is lost, and th' earth; and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confess that this world 's spent
When in the planets and the firmament
They seek so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out again to his atomies.
'T is all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All just supply, and all relation:
Prince, subject, father, son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a phenix, and that then can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She, that should all parts to reunion bow;
She, that had all magnetic force alone
To draw and fasten sunder'd parts in one;
She, whom wise Nature had invented then,
When she observ'd that every sort of men
Did in their voyage, in this world's sea, stray,
And needed a new compass for their way;
She, that was best and first original
Of all fair copies, and the general
Steward to Fate; she, whose rich eyes and breast
Gilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East,
Whose having breath'd in this world did bestow
Spice on those isles, and bad them still smell so;
And that rich India, which doth gold inter,
Is but as single money coin'd from her:
She, to whom this world must itself refer,
As suburbs, or the microcosm of her;
She, she is dead; she's dead: when thou know'st this
Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is,
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That this world's general sickness doth not lie
In any humour, or one certain part;
But as thou saw'st it rotten at the heart,
Thou seest a hectic fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance not to be control'd;
And that thou hast but one way not t' admit
The world's infection, to be none of it.
For the world's subtl'st immaterial parts
Feel this consuming wound, and age's darts.
For the world's beauty is decay'd or gone,
Beauty, that 's colour and proportion.
We think the heav'ns enjoy their spherical,
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to find out so many eccentric parts,
Such divers down-right lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure form: it tears
The firmament in eight and forty shares,
And in these constellations then arise
New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes: [war,
As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or
When new tow'rs rise, and old demolish'd are.

They have impal'd within a zodiac
The free-born sun, and keep twelve signs awake
To watch his steps; the goat and crab control
And fright him back, who else to either pole
(Did not these tropics fetter him) might run:
For his course is not round, nor can the sun
Perfect a circle, or maintain his way
One inch direct, but where he rose to day
He comes no more, but with a cozening line,
Steals by that point, and so is serpentine:
And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
He means to sleep, being now fall'n nearer us.
So of the stars, which boast that they do run
In circle still, none ends where he begun:
All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells;
For of meridians and parallels,
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the heav'ns; and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to heav'n, we make heav'n come to us.
We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
They 're diversly content t' obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
Doth not a Tenarus or higher hill
Rise so high like a rock, that one might think
The floating moon would shipwreck there and sink?
Seas are so deep, that whales being struck to day,
Perchance to morrow scarce at middle way
Of their wish'd journey's end, the bottom, die:
And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
As one might justly think, that there would rise
At end thereof one of th' antipodes:
If under all a vault infernal be,
(Which sure is spacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there must
Millions into a strait hot room be thrust)
Then solidness and roundness have no place:
Are these but warts and pockholes in the face
Of th' earth? think so: but yet confess, in this
The world's proportion disfigur'd is;
That those two legs, whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment, are bent awry:
And, oh! it can no more be questioned,
That beauty's best proportion is dead,
Since even grief itself, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She, by whose lines proportion should be
Examin'd, measure of all symmetry, [made
Whom had that ancient seen, who thought souls
Of harmony, he would at next have said
That Harmony was she, and thence infer
That souls were but resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes the forms from objects flow.
She, who if those great doctors truly said,
That th' ark to man's proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both elements and passions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all civil war to cease:
She, after whom what form soe'er we see,
Is discord and rude incongruity;
She, she is dead, she's dead! when thou know'st this
Thou know'st how ugly a monster this world is;
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That here is nothing to enamour thee:
And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains or in our hearts,
Poisoning the fountains, whence our actions spring,
Endanger us; but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To satisfy wise and good lookers on,
Since most men be such as most think they be,
They 're loathsome too by this deformity.
For good and well must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beauty's other second element
Colour and lustre, now is as near spent.
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone;
As a compassionate turcoise, which doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well:
As gold falls sick being stung with mercury,
All the world's parts of such complexion be.
When Nature was most busy, the first week
Swaddling the new-born Earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport herself sometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day:
And then, as though she could not make enow,
Himself his various rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: Summer's robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft-dy'd garment shows.
Our blushing red, which us'd in cheeks to spread,
Is inward sunk, and only our souls are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If she, whom we lament, had not been dead:
But she, in whom all white, and red, and blue
(Beauty's ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvex'd Paradise, from whom
Did all things' verdure and their lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For air and fire but thick gross bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowsy and pale to her)
She, she is dead; she 's dead: when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how wan a ghost this our world is:
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That it should more affright than pleasure thee:
And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
'T is now but wicked vanity to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude men's sense.
Nor in aught more this world's decay appears,
Than that her influence the heav'n forbears,
Or that the elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is.
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
In the due birth-time, down the balmy shower;
Th' air doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
And false conceptions fill the general wombs;
Th' air shows such meteors, as none can see,
Not only what they mean, but what they be.
Earth such new worms, as would have troubled much
Th' Egyptian magi to have made more such.
What artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heav'n hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in a herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch all which those stars could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too;
For heav'n gives little, and the earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heav'n and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully and pow'rfully on us:

Since herbs and roots by dying lose not all,
But they, yea ashes too, 're med'cinal,
Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wonder'd at:
And all the world would be one dying swan,
To sing her funeral praise, and vanish then.
But as some serpent's poison hurteth not,
Except it be from the live serpent shot;
So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
That unto us; she working more than it.
But she, in whom to such maturity
Virtue was grown past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all impression came,
But by receiver's impotences lame;
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
So that some princes have some temperance;
Some counsellors some purpose to advance
The common profit; and some people have
Some stay, no more than kings should give, to crave;
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some nunneries some grains of chastity.
She, that did thus much, and much more could do,
But that our age was iron, and rusty too;
She, she is dead; she 's dead! when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is:
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That 't is in vain to dew or mollify
It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
But those rich joys, which did possess her heart,
Of which she 's now partaker, and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that 's dead,
The body will not last out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
[illegible]r speech to parts, that are of most effect;
[illegible]world's carcass would not last, if I
[illegible]ctual in this anatomy;
[illegible]lls it well to hearers, if one tell
[illegible]heir disease, who fain would think they 're
well.
[illegible]therefore be the end; and, blessed maid,
[illegible]hom is meant whatever hath been said,
[illegible]hall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines coarse lines, and makes prose
song,
Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,
Who, till his dark short taper's end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widow'd earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth;
That is thy death; for though the soul of man
Be got when man is made, 't is born but then,
When man doth die; our body 's as the womb,
And, as a midwife, Death directs it home;
And you her creatures whom she works upon,
And have your last and best concoction
From her example and her virtue, if you
In reverence to her do think it due,
That no one should her praises thus rehearse;
As matter fit for chronicle, not verse:
Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
A last, and lasting'st piece, a song. He spake
To Moses to deliver unto all
That song, because he knew they would let fall
The law, the prophets, and the history,
But keep the song still in their memory:
Such an opinion, in due measure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade:
Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
Me from thus trying to imprison her?
Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
I saw not why verse might not do so too.
Verse hath a middle nature; heav'n keeps souls,
The grave keeps bodies, verse the fame enrolls.

A FUNERAL ELEGY.

'T is loss to trust a tomb with such a guest,
Or to confine her in a marble chest,
Alas! what's marble, jeat, or porphyry,
Priz'd with the chrysolite of either eye,
Or with those pearls and rubies which she was?
Join the two Indies in one tomb, 't is glass;
And so is all to her materials,
Though every inch were ten Escurials;
Yet she 's demolish'd: can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they must live?
Sickly, alas! short-liv'd, abortive be
Those carcass verses, whose soul is not she;
And can she, who no longer would be she,
(Being such a tabernacle) stoop to be
In paper wrap'd; or when she would not lie
In such an house, dwell in an elegy?
But 't is no matter; we may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains;
Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;
The officers for hands; merchants for feet,
By which remote and distant countries meet:
But those fine spirits, which do tune and set
This organ, are those pieces, which beget
Wonder and love; and these were she; and she
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be:
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can find nothing after her to kill,
Except the world itself; so great was she,
Thus brave and confident may Nature be,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because she cannot such another show.
But must we say she 's dead? may 't not be said,
That as a sundred clock is piecemeal laid,
Not to be lost, but by the maker's hand,
Repolish'd, without errour then to stand;
Or, as the Afric Niger stream enwombs
Itself into the earth, and after comes
(Having first made a natural bridge, to pass
For many leagues) far greater than it was,
May 't not be said, that her grave shall restore
Her greater, purer, firmer than before?
Heav'n may say this, and joy in 't; but can we,
Who live, and lack her here, this 'vantage see?
What is 't to us, alas! if there have been
An angel made a throne, or cherubin?
We lose by 't: and as aged men are glad,
Being tasteless grown, to joy in joys they had;
So now the sick-starv'd world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
Rejoice then, Nature and this world, that you,
Fearing the last fire's hast'ning to subdue
Your force and vigour, ere it were near gone,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all in one;
One, whose clear body was so pure and thin,
Because it need disguise no thought within;

'was but a through-light scarf her mind t' enroll;
Or exhalation breath'd out from her soul:
One, whom all men, who durst no more, admir'd:
And whom, whoe'er had worth enough, desir'd.
As, when a temple 's built, saints emulate
To which of them it shall be consecrate.
But as when heav'n looks on us with new eyes,
Those new stars every artist exercise;
What place they should assign to them, they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till those stars go out:
So the world study'd whose this piece should be,
Till she can be no body's else, nor she:
But like a lump of balsamum, desir'd
Rather t' adorn than last, she soon expir'd,
Cloth'd in her virgin-white integrity;
For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth die.
To 'scape th' infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away before sh' was one;
And the world's busy noise to overcome,
Took so much death as serv'd for opium;
For though she could not, nor could choose to die,
Sh' hath yielded to too long an ecstasy.
He which, not knowing her sad history,
Should come to read the book of Destiny,
How fair and chaste, humble and high, sh' had been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen,
And measuring future things by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either Destiny mistook,
Or that some leaves were torn out of the book;
But 't is not so: Fate did but usher her
To years of reason's use, and then infer
Her destiny to herself, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die;
Her modesty not suffering her to be
Fellow-commissioner with Destiny,
She did no more but die; if after her
Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,
Every such person is her delegate,
T' accomplish that which should have been her fate.
They shall make up that book, and shall have thanks
Of fate and her, for filling up their blanks.
For future virtuous deeds are legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rise;
And 't is in heav'n part of spiritual mirth,
To see how well the good play her on earth.

AN ELEGY

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF THE INCOMPARABLE PRINCE HENRY.

Look on me, Faith, and look to my faith, God;
For both my centres feel this period.
Of weight one centre, one of greatness is;
And reason is that centre, faith is this;
For into our reason flow, and there do end
All, that this natural world doth comprehend;
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference:
But for th' enormous greatnesses, which are
So disproportion'd, and so angular,
As is God's essence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what souls do, departed hence;
These things (eccentric else) on faith do strike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all alike.
For reason, put to her best extension,
Almost meets faith, and makes both centres one.
And nothing ever came so near to this,
As contemplation of that prince we miss.
For all that faith might credit, mankind could,
Reason still seconded, that this prince would.
If then least moving of the centre make
More, than if whole hell belch'd, the world to shak,
What must this do, centres distracted so,
That we see not what to believe or know?
Was it not well believ'd till now, that he,
Whose reputation was an ecstasy,
On neighbour states, which knew not why to wake,
Till he discover'd what ways he would take;
For whom, what princes angled, when they try'd,
Met a torpedo, and were stupify'd;
And other's studies, how he would be bent;
Was his great father's greatest instrument,
And activ'st spirit, to convey and tie
This soul of peace unto Christianity?
Was it not well believ'd, that he would make
This general peace th' eternal overtake,
And that his times might have stretch'd out so far,
As to touch those of which they emblems are?
For to confirm this just belief, that now
The last days came we saw heav'n did allow,
That, but from his aspect and exercise,
In peaceful times rumours of wars should arise.
But now this faith is heresy: we must
Still stay, and vex our great grandmother, Dust.
Oh, is God prodigal? hath he spent his store
Of plagues on us; and only now, when more
Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery;
And will not let 's enjoy our curse, to die?
As for the earth, thrown lowest down of all,
'T were an ambition to desire to fall;
So God, in our desire to die, doth know
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so:
Therefore we live, though such a life we hav
As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sustains in us, earth, which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now other soul than that.
And could grief get so high as heav'n, that qui
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
(With grief to see him) he had stay'd below,
To rectify our errours they foreknow.
Is th' other centre, reason, faster then?
Where should we look for that, now we 're not men?
For if our reason be our connection
Of causes, now to us there can be none
For, as if all the substances were spent,
'T were madness to inquire of accident;
So is 't to look for reason, he being gone,
The only subject reason wrought upon.
If fate have such a chain, whose divers links
Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and so steal in
A new link, man knows not where to begin:
At a much deader fault must reason be,
Death having broke off such a link as he.
But now, for us with busy proof to come,
That we 've no reason, would prove we had some;
So would just lamentations: therefore we
May safelier say, that we are dead, than he.
So, if our griefs we do not well declare,
We 've double excuse; he 's not dead, we are.
Yet would not I die yet; for though I be
Too narrow to think him, as he is he,
(Our souls' best baiting and mid-period,
In her long journey of considering God)

Yet (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us,
Oh, may I (since I live) but see or hear,
That she-intelligence which mov'd this sphere,
I pardon Fate, my life; whoe'er thou be,
Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she:
I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
By th' oaths, which only you two never broke,
By all the souls ye sigh'd, that if you see
These lines, you wish, I knew your history.
So much, as you two mutual heav'ns were here,
I were an angel, singing what you were.

OBSEQUIES

ON THE

LORD HARRINGTON, ETC.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

I HAVE learned by those laws, wherein I am little conversant, that he which bestows any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not his heir; I do not therefore send this paper to your ladyship, that you should thank me for it, or think that I thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are so much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude; if that were to be judged by [illegible]rds, which must express it. But, madam, since [illegible]ble brother's fortune being yours, the evi- [illegible]lso concerning it are yours: so his virtues [illegible]ours, the evidences concerning that belong [illegible] you, of which by your acceptance this may [illegible] piece; in which quality I humbly present it, [illegible]s a testimony how entirely your family pos- [illegible]h

your ladyship's
most humble and thankful servant,
JOHN DONNE.

[illegible]ir soul, which wast not only as all souls be,
[illegible]en when thou wast infused, harmony,
[illegible]t didst continue so; and now dost bear
A part in God's great organ, this whole sphere;
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown, that I can study thee;
And by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And so can make by this soft ecstasy,
This place a map of heav'n, myself of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest;
Time's dead-low water, when all minds divest
To morrow's business, when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this;
Now when the client, whose last hearing is
To morrow, sleeps; when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes must shut them then
Again by death) although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep;
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that sun rises to me, midnight 's noon;
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all, both church and state, in seeing thee;
And I discern by favour of this light
Myself, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glass; as thou, when thou dost see
Him, who sees all, seest all concerning thee;
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All in these mirrors of thy ways and end.
Though God be our true glass, through which we see
All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men: for by their being here,
Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near.
But where can I affirm or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Those spirits, humours, blood, I did last year;
And as, if on a stream I fix mine eye,
That drop, which I look'd on, is presently
Push'd with more waters from my sight, and gone;
So in this sea of virtues, can no one
Be insisted on; virtues as rivers pass,
Yet still remains that virtuous man there was.
And as, if man feed on man's flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Because God knows where every atom lies;
So if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
His virtues into names and ranks; but I
Should injure nature, virtue, and destiny,
Should I divide and discontinue so
Virtue, which did in one entireness grow.
For as he that should say, spirits are fram'd
Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not spirits half so much as he
Which says they have no parts, but simple be:
So is 't of virtue; for a point and one
Are much entirer than a million.
And had Fate meant t' have had his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old.
So then that virtue in season, and then this,
We might have seen, and said, that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
In good short lives, virtues are fain to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercise, lack time, and space.
So was it in this person, forc'd to be,
For lack of time, his own epitome:
So to exhibit in few years as much,
As all the long-breath'd chroniclers can touch.
As when an angel down from heav'n doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company;
We cannot think, now he is at the sun, [run,
Now through the moon, now through the air doth
Yet when he 's come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt heav'n and earth, sun, moon, and air;
And as this angel in an instant knows;
And yet we know this sudden knowledge grows
By quick amassing several forms of things,
Which he successively to order brings;

When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot
So fast as he, think that he doth not so; [go
Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,
And lay together every A and B;
So in short-liv'd good men is not understood
Each several virtue, but the compound good.
For they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
As angels go, and know, and as men read.
O why should then these men, these lumps of balm,
Sent hither the world's tempest to becalm,
Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
And to make us alive, themselves be dead?
O, soul! O, circle? why so quickly be
Thy ends, thy birth, and death clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
In Heav'n, the other might securely 've pac'd
In the most large extent through every path,
Which the whole world, or man, th' abridgment hath,
Thou know'st, that though the tropic circles have
(Yea, and those small ones which the poles engrave)
All the same roundness, evenness, and all
The endlessness of th' equinoctial;
Yet when we come to measure distances,
How here, how there, the sun affected is;
When he doth faintly work, and when prevail;
Only great circles then can be our scale:
So though thy circle to thyself express
All tending to thy endless happiness;
And we by our good use of it may try
Both how to live well (young) and how to die.
Yet since we must be old, and age endures
His torrid zone at court, and calentures
Of hot ambition, irreligion's ice,
Zeal's agues, and hydropic avarice,
(Infirmities, which need the scale of truth,
As well as lust and ignorance of youth;)
Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,
And by thy doing tell us what to do?
Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
Doth each mis-motion and distemper feel;
Whose hands get shaking palsies; and whose string
(His sinews) slackens; and whose soul, the spring,
Expires or languishes; and whose pulse, the flee,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly;
Whose voice, the bell, doth rattle or grow dumb,
Or idle, as men which to their last hour come;
If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
Or be not set, or set at every will;
So youth is easiest to destruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none.
Yet as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
Plac'd to inform whole towns, t' employ their time,
And errour doth more harm, being general,
When small clock's faults only on th' wearer fall;
So work the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, servants, or the state rely;
Why would'st not thou then, which hadst such a soul,
A clock so true, as might the sun control,
And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
Instructions, such, as it could never be
Disorder'd, stay here, as a general
And great sun-dial, to have set us all?
Oh, why would'st thou be an instrument
To this unnatural course? or why consent
To this, not miracle, but prodigy,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Virtue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
Should so much faster ebb out than flow in?
Though her flood were blown in by thy first breath,
All is at once sunk in the whirl-pool, death.
Which word I would not name, but that I see
Death, else a desert, grown a court by thee.
Now I am sure that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Methinks all cities now but ant-hills be,
Where when the several labourers I see
For children, house, provision, taking pain,
They 're all but ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain:
And church-yards are our cities, unto which
The most repair, that are in goodness rich;
There is the best concourse and confluence,
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins God's city, new Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them:
At that gate then, triumphant soul, dost thou
Begin thy triumph. But since laws allow
That at the triumph-day the people may,
All that they will, 'gainst the triumpher say,
Let me here use that freedom, and express
My grief, though not to make thy triumph less.
By law to triumphs none admitted be,
Till they, as magistrates, get victory;
Though then to thy force all youth's foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
To which thy rank in this state destin'd thee,
That there thy counsels might get victory,
And so in that capacity remove
All jealousies 'twixt prince and subject's love,
Thou could'st no title to this triumph have,
Thou didst intrude on death, usurp a grave,
Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou should'st successfully advanc
Thine arms 'gainst foreign enemies, which
Both envy, and acclamations popular,
(For both these engines equally defeat,
Though by a divers mine, those which are gr
Till then thy war was but a civil war,
For which to triumph none admitted are;
No more are they, who, though with good succ
In a defensive war their power express.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Must be enlarg'd, and not preserv'd alone;
Why should'st thou then, whose battles were to
Thyself from those straits Nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that state,
Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
(Which is thy soul and body) as entire
As he, who takes indentures, doth require;
But didst not stay, t' enlarge his kingdom too,
By making others, what thou didst, to do;
Why should'st thou triumph now, when heaven no more
Hath got, by getting thee, than 't had before?
For heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possession were.
But this from triumph most disables thee,
That that place, which is conquered, must be
Left safe from present war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out:
And hath he left us so? or can it be
This territory was no more than he?
No, we were all his charge; the diocese
Of every exemplar man the whole world is:

And he was joined in commission
With tutular angels, sent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraid and chide
Him who triumph'd, were lawful, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not
At that authority, by which he got
Leave to triumph, before by age he might;
So though, triumphant soul, I dare to write
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus
That thou so early would'st abandon us;
Yet I am far from daring to dispute
With that great sovereignty, whose absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispensed with thee
'Gainst Nature's laws, which just impugners be
Of early triumph: and I (though with pain)
Lessen our loss, to magnify thy gain
Of triumph, when I say it was more fit
That all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.
Though then in our times be not suffered
That testimony of love unto the dead,
To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives, and French soldarii did;
And though in no degree I can express
Grief in great Alexander's great excess,
Who at his friend's death made whole towns divest
Their walls and bulwarks, which became them best:
Do not, fair soul, this sacrifice refuse,
That in thy grave I do inter my Muse;
Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

ON

THE LADY MARKHAM.

Man is the world, and death the ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This sea environs all, and though as yet
God hath set marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and still pretend
To break our bank, whene'er it takes a friend:
Then our land-waters (tears of passion) vent;
Our waters then above our firmanent,
(Tears, which our soul doth for our sins let fall)
Take all a brackish taste, and funeral.
And even those tears, which should wash sin, are sin.
We, after God, new drown our world again.
Nothing but man, of all envenom'd things,
Doth work upon itself with inborn stings.
Tears are false spectacles; we cannot see
Through passion's mist, what we are, or what she.
In her this sea of death hath made no breach;
But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the sand,
So is her flesh refin'd by Death's cold hand.
As men of China, after an age's stay
Do take up porcelain, where they buried clay;
So at this grave, her limbec (which refines
The diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and mines,
Of which this flesh was) her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuff, as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompense, it shall
Make and name them th' elixir of this all.
They say, the sea, when it gains, loseth too;
If carnal Death (the younger brother) do
Usurp the body; our soul, which subject is
To th' elder Death by sin, is freed by this;
They perish both, when they attempt the just;
For graves our trophies are, and both Death's dust.
So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both;
For none to death sins, that to sin is loath.
Nor do they die, which are not loath to die;
So hath she this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complains! Alas,
How little poison cracks a crystal glass!
She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
That God's word must be true, *all sinners be.*
So much did zeal her conscience rarify,
That extreme truth lack'd little of a lie;
Making omissions acts; laying the touch
Of sin on things, that sometime may be such.
As Muses' cherubins, whose natures do
Surpass all speed, by him are winged too:
So would her soul, already in heav'n, seem then
To climb by tears, the common stairs of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
To speak, that Death his vain haste may repent:
How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet
To have reform'd this forward heresy,
That women can no parts of friendship be;
How moral, how divine, shall not be told,
Lest they, that hear her virtues, think her old;
And lest we take Death's part, and make him glad
Of such a prey, and to his triumph add.

ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED.

Death, be not proud; thy hand gave not this blow,
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to destroy the just is not thy part.
Thy coming terrour, anguish, grief denounces;
Her happy state courage, ease, joy pronounces.
From out the crystal palace of her breast,
The clearer soul was call'd to endless rest,
(Not by the thund'ring voice, wherewith God threats,
But as with crowned saints in heav'n he treats)
And, waited on by angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers sought;
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The door 'twixt heav'n and it, when life did knock.
Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,
Because to mortal eyes it did decay;
A better witness than thou art assures,
That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures;
No dram thereof shall want or loss sustain,
When her best soul inhabits it again.
Go then to people curs'd before they were,
Their souls in triumph to thy conquest bear.
Glory not thou thyself in these hot tears,
Which our face, not for her, but our harm wears:
The mourning livery giv'n by Grace, not thee,
Which wills our souls in these streams wash'd should be;
And on our hearts, her memory's best tomb,
In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.

Blind were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
Through flesh's misty veil those beams divine;
Deaf were the ears, not charm'd with that sweet sound,
Which did i' the spirit's instructed voice abound;
Of flint the conscience, did not yield and melt,
At what in her last act it saw and felt.
Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost her sight,
Taught thus, our after-stay 's but a short night:
But by all souls, not by corruption choked,
Let in high rais'd notes that pow'r be invoked;
Calm the rough seas, by which she sails to rest,
From sorrows here t' a kingdom ever blest.
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing,
The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.

ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED.

Death, I recant, and say, unsaid by me
Whate'er hath slipt, that might diminish thee:
Spiritual treason, atheism 't is, to say,
That any can thy summons disobey.
Th' Earth's face is but thy table; there are set
Plants, cattle, men, dishes for Death to eat.
In a rude hunger now he millions draws
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or starv'd jaws:
Now he will seem to spare, and doth more waste,
Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last:
Now wantonly he spoils, and eats us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us peacemeal rot.
Nor will this earth serve him; he sinks the deep,
Where harmless fish monastic silence keep;
Who (were Death dead) the rows of living sand
Might spunge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnic notes
In birds', heav'n's choristers, organic throats;
Which (if they did not die) might seem to be
A tenth rank in the heavenly hierarchy.
O strong and long-liv'd Death, how cam'st thou in?
And how without creation didst begin?
Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dy'st,
All the four monarchies, and antichrist.
How could I think thee nothing, that see now
In all this all, nothing else is, but thou?
Our births and lives, vices and virtues, be
Wasteful consumptions, and degrees of thee.
For we to live our bellows wear, and breath,
Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death.
And though thou beest (O mighty bird of prey)
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
All, that thou kill'st, at his feet; yet doth he
Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee.
And of those few, now thou hast overthrown
One, whom thy blow makes not ours, nor thine own;
She was more stories high: hopeless to come
To her soul, thou hast offer'd at her lower room.
Her soul and body was a king and court;
But thou hast both of captain mist'd and fort.
As houses fall not, though the kings remove;
Bodies of saints rest for their souls above.
Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace;
Both work a separation, no divorce:
Her soul is gone to usher up her corse,
Which shall be almost another soul, for there
Bodies are purer than best souls are here.
Because in her her virtues did outgo
Her years, would'st thou, O emulous Death, do so,
And kill her young to thy loss? must the cost
Of beauty and wit, apt to do harm, be lost?
What though thou found'st her proof 'gainst sins of youth?
Oh, every age a diverse sin pursu'th.
Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold;
Shortly ambitious; covetous, when old,
She might have prov'd; and such devotion
Might once have stray'd to superstition.
If all her virtues might have grown, yet might
Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
Had she persever'd just, there would have been
Some that would sin, mis-thinking she did sin.
Such as would call her friendship love, and feign
To sociableness a name profane;
Or sin by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wishing, though they never told her what.
Thus might'st thou 've slain more souls, hadst thou not cross'd
Thyself, and, to triumph, thine army lost.
Yet though these ways be lost, thou hast left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone:
But we may 'scape that sin, yet weep as much;
Our tears are due, because we are not such.
Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
Because the chain is broke; though no link lost.

SONNETS.

I.

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh.
Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain;
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

As due by many titles, I resign
Myself to thee, O God. First I was made
By thee and for thee; and, when I was decay'd,
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
I am thy son, made with thyself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repay'd,
Thy sheep, thine image, and, till I betray'd
Myself, a temple of thy spirit divine.
Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
Why doth he steal, nay, ravish that's thy right?
Except thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
Oh! I shall soon despair, when I shall see
That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

III.

Oh! might these sighs and tears return again
Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain;
In mine idolatry what show'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
That sufferance was my sin I now repent;
'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.
Th' hydroptic drunkard, and night-scouting thief,
The itchy lecher, and self-tickling proud,
Have th' remembrance of past joys, for relief
Of coming ills. To poor me is allow'd
No ease; for long, yet vehement, grief hath been
Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

IV.

Oh! my black soul, now thou art summoned
By sickness, Death's herald and champion;
Thou 'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled;
Or like a thief, which till death's doom be read,
Wisheth himself delivered from prison;
But damn'd and hawl'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might b' imprisoned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh, make thyself with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,
That, being red, it dies red souls to white.

V.

I am a little world made cunningly
Of elements and an angelic spright;
But black sin hath betray'd to endless night
My world's both parts, and, oh! both parts must die.
You, which beyond that heav'n, which was most high,
Have found new spheres, and of new land can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly;
Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more:
But oh it must be burnt; alas! the fire
Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler: let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heal.

VI.

This is my play's last scene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minutes latest point;
And gluttonous Death will instantly unjoint
My body and soul, and I shall sleep a space;
But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose fear already shakes my every joint:
Then as my soul to heav'n, her first seat, takes flight,
And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell,
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they 're bred, and would press me to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evil;
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

VII.

At the round earth's imagin'd corners blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All, whom th' flood did, and fire shall overthrow;
All, whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain; and you, whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, lord, and me mourn a space;
For, if above all these my sins abound,
'T is late to ask abundance of thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this holy ground
Teach me how to repent; for that 's as good,
As if thou had'st seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

VIII.

If faithful souls be alike glorified
As angels, then my father's soul doth see,
And adds this ev'n to full felicity,
That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erstride:
But if our minds to these souls be descry'd
By circumstances and by *signs, that be*
Apparent in us not immediately,
How shall my mind's white truth by them be try'd?
They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And style blasphemous conjurers to call
On Jesus' name, and pharisaical
Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
O pensive soul, to God; for he knows best
Thy grief, for he put it into my breast.

IX.

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree,
Whose fruit threw death on (else immortal) us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious,
Cannot be damn'd, alas! why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
And mercy being easy and glorious
To God, in his stern wrath why threatens he?
But who am I, that dare dispute with thee?
O God, oh! of thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heav'nly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my sin's black memory:
That thou remember them, some claim as debt;
I think it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

X.

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow:
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery. [men,
Thou 'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt die.

XI.

Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucify me:
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd; and only he,
Who could do no iniquity, hath dy'd:
But by my death cannot be satisfi'd
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now glorifi'd.
O let me then his strange love still admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment;
And Jacob came, cloth'd in vile harsh attire,
But to supplant, and with gainful intent:
God cloth'd himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XII.

Why are we by all creatures waited on?
Why do the prodigal elements supply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simpler, and further from corruption?
Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection?
Why do you, bull and boar, so sillily
Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,
Whose whole kind you might swallow and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe's me! and worse than you;
You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth these things subdue;
But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature ty'd,
For us, his creatures, and his foes, hath dy'd.

XIII.

What if this present were the world's last night?
Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucifi'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright;
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light, [fell.
Blood fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for his foe's fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour; so I say to thee;
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three-person'd God; for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow m', and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurp'd town to another due,
Labour t' admit you, but oh, to no end;
Reason, your viceroy in me, we should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue;
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me; for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free;
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV.

Wilt thou love God, as he thee? then digest,
My soul, this wholesome meditation,
How God the spirit, by angels waited on
In heav'n, doth make his temple in thy breast;
The Father having begot a Son most bless'd,
And still begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deign'd to choose thee by adoption,
Coheir to his glory, and sabbath's endless rest.
And as a robb'd man, which by search doth find
His stol'n stuff sold, must lose or buy 't again:
The Sun of glory came down, and was slain,
Us, whom h' had made, and Satan stole, t' unbind;
'T was much, that man was made like God before;
But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI.

Father, part of his double interest
Unto thy kingdom thy Son gives to me;
His jointure in the knotty Trinity.
He keeps, and gives to me his death's conquest.
This Lamb, whose death with life the world hath
bless'd,
Was from the world's beginning slain; and he
Hath made two wills, which, with the legacy
Of his and thy kingdom, thy sons invest:
Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet,
Whether a man those statutes can fulfil;
None doth; but thy all-healing grace and spirit
Revive again, what law and letter kill:
Thy law's abridgment and thy last command
Is all but love; O let this last will stand!

ODE.

Vengeance will sit above our faults; but till
She there do sit,
We see her not, nor them. Thus blind, yet still
We lead her way; and thus, whilst we do ill,
We suffer it.

Unhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill:
Enough we labour under age and care;
In number th' errours of the last place are
The greatest still.

Yet we, that should the ill, we now begin,
As soon repent, [seen,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not
But past us; neither felt, but only in
The punishment.

But we know ourselves least; mere outward shows
Our minds so store,
That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
But form and colour. Only he, who knows
Himself, knows more.

A HYMN TO CHRIST.

AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
And all, whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee,
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but thee, th' eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost control
The amorousness of an harmonious soul;
But thou would'st have that love thyself: as thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now.
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou free
My soul: who ever gives, takes liberty:
Oh, if thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all,
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scatter'd be
On face, wit, hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for prayer, that have least light;
To see God only, I go out of sight:
And, to 'scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

THOMAS CAREW,

DIED 1639.

THIS poet was of a Gloucestershire family, but descended from the ancient house of that name in Devonshire. Some part of his education he is believed to have received at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and he found his proper place at court, when he was made gentleman of the privy-chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to Charles I. His wit and his accomplishments qualified him for a courtier, and his morals would not have disqualified him even at the court of Charles the son. Yet the better parts of his character were so good, that they obtained for him the esteem of eminent men; and Clarendon bears witness that "after fifty years of his life, spent with less severity and exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestations of Christianity that his best friends could desire."

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

KNOW, Celia (since thou art so proud)
'T was I that gave thee thy renown:
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt [1] the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate:
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I 'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets that wrap truth in tales,
Knew her themselves, through all her veils.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find naught but pride and scorn:
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some pow'r, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

[1] This technical phrase is borrowed from falconry. Falconers say, *To imp* a feather in a hawk's wing, *i. e.* to add a new piece to an old stump.

TO SAXHAM.

THOUGH frost and snow lock'd from mine eyes
That beauty which without door lies,
The garden, orchards, walks, that so
I might not all thy pleasures know;
Yet, Saxham, thou, within thy gate,
Art of thyself so delicate,
So full of native sweets, that bless
Thy roof with inward happiness;
As neither from, nor to thy store,
Winter takes aught, or spring adds more.
The cold and frozen air had starv'd
Much poor, if not by thee preserv'd;
Whose prayers have made thy table blest
With plenty, far above the rest.
The season hardly did afford
Coarse cates unto thy neighbour's board,

Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky
Had only been thy volary [1];
Or else the birds, fearing the snow
Might to another deluge grow,
The pheasant, partridge, and the lark,
Flew to thy house, as to the ark.
The willing ox of himself came
Home to the slaughter, with the lamb,
And every beast did thither bring
Himself to be an offering.
The scaly herd more pleasure took,
Bath'd in thy dish, than in the brook.
Water, earth, air, did all conspire
To pay their tributes to thy fire;
Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
Through every room, where they deride
The night and cold abroad; whilst they,
Like suns within, keep endless day.
Those cheerful beams send forth their light,
To all that wander in the night,
And seem to beckon from aloof
The weary pilgrim to thy roof;
Where, if refresh'd, he will away,
He 's fairly welcome; or, if stay,
Far more, which he shall hearty find,
Both from the master and the hind.
The stranger's welcome each man there
Stamp'd on his cheerful brow doth wear;
Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer,
Grow less, 'cause he stays longer here.
There 's none observes, much less repines,
How often this man sups or dines.
Thou hast no porter at the door
T' examine or keep back the poor;
Nor locks nor bolts; thy gates have been
Made only to let strangers in;
Untaught to shut, they do not fear
To stand wide open all the year;
Careless who enters, for they know
Thou never didst deserve a foe;
And as for thieves, thy bounty 's such,
They cannot steal, thou giv'st so much.

EPITAPH

ON THE LADY MARY VILLIERS.[2]

The lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone: with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her breath,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear:
Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in their's thine own hard case;
For thou perhaps at thy return
Mayst find thy darling in an urn.

[1] A great bird-cage, in which the birds have room to fly up and down.

[2] Daughter of George Villiers duke of Buckingham.

EPITAPH

ON THE LADY S., WIFE TO SIR W. S.

The harmony of colours, features, grace,
Resulting airs (the magic of a face)
Of musical sweet tunes, all which combin'd
To crown one sovereign beauty, lie confin'd
To this dark vault: she was a cabinet
Where all the choicest stones of price were set;
Whose native colours and pure lustre lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament;
Whose rare and hidden virtues did express
Her inward beauties and mind's fairer dress;
The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
The devout sapphire, em'rald apt to write
Records of mem'ry, cheerful agate, grave
And serious onyx, topaz that doth save
The brain's calm temper, witty amethyst;
This precious quarry, or what else the list
On Aaron's ephod planted had, she wore:
One only pearl was wanting to her store;
Which in her Saviour's book she found exprest;
To purchase that, she sold Death all the rest.

ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.[1]

SISTE, HOSPES, SIVE INDIGENA, SIVE ADVENA: VICISSITUDINIS RERUM MEMOR, PAUCA PERLEGE.

Reader, when these dumb stones have told
In borrowed speech what guest they hold,
Thou shalt confess the vain pursuit
Of human glory yields no fruit;
But an untimely grave. If Fate
Could constant happiness create,
Her ministers, Fortune and Worth,
Had here that miracle brought forth:
They fix'd this child of honour where
No room was left for hope or fear,
Of more or less: so high, so great,
His growth was, yet so safe his seat:
Safe in the circle of his friends;
Safe in his loyal heart and ends;
Safe in his native valiant spirit;
By favour safe, and safe by merit;
Safe by the stamp of Nature, which
Did strength with shape and grace enrich;
Safe in the cheerful courtesies
Of flowing gestures, speech, and eyes;
Safe in his bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his mind than store:
Yet though for virtue he becomes
Involv'd himself in borrow'd sums,
Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
No friend, engag'd no debt unpaid.
But though the stars conspire to show'r
Upon one head th' united power
Of all their graces, if their dire
Aspects must other breasts inspire
With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darling's life:
Who can be happy then, if Nature must,
To make one happy man, make all men just?

[1] This was George Villiers, the first duke of Buckingham, who was introduced to the court of James I. as his favourite; and afterwards in the reign of Charles I. ascended to the highest dignities. He was the admiration and terrour of his time.

AN ELEGY

UPON THE DEATH OF DR. DONNE[1],

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

Can we not force from widow'd Poetry,
Now thou art dead, great Donne, one elegy
To crown thy hearse? Why yet did we not crust,
Though with unkneaded, dough-bak'd prose, thy dust;
Such as th' unciz'ar'd lect'rer from the flow'r
Of fading rhethoric, short-liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the sand that measures it, might lay
Upon the ashes on the funeral day?
Have we not tune, nor voice? Didst thou dispense
Through all our language both the words and sense?
'T is a sad truth. The pulpit may her plain
And sober christian precepts still retain;
Doctrines it may, and wholesome uses, frame
Grave homilies, and lectures; but the flame
Of thy brave soul (that shot such heat and light
As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting hearts distil,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths so teach
As sense might judge what fancy could not reach)
Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
That fills with spirit and heat the Delphic quire,
Which, kindled first by the Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quench'd now in thy death.
The Muses' garden, with pedantic weeds
O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy seeds
Of servile imitation thrown away,
And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age:
Licentious thefts, that make poetic rage
A mimic fury, when our souls must be
Possest or with Anacreon's ecstasy
Or Pindar's, not their own; the subtle cheat
Of sly exchanges, and the juggling feat
Of two-edg'd swords; or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
Thou hast redeem'd; and open'd us a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancy; drawn a line
Of masculine expression, which had good
Old Orpheus seen, or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
Their lead more precious than thy burnish'd gold,
Thou hadst been their exchequer, and no more
They each in other's dung had search'd for ore.
Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charms the outward sense: yet thou may'st claim
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
With her tough thick ribb'd hoops, to gird about
Thy giant fancy, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft, melting phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year,
And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands
Of what was only thine, thy only hands
(And that their smallest work) have gleaned more
Than all those times and tongues could reap before.
But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetry;
They will recall the goodly, exil'd train
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
Was banish'd noble poems. Now, with these,
The silenc'd tales i' th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page;
Till verse, refin'd by thee, in this last age
Turn ballad-rhime, or those old idols be
Ador'd again with new apostacy.
Oh pardon me! that break with untun'd verse
The reverend silence that attends thy hearse;
Whose solemn, awful murmurs were to thee,
More than those rude lines, a loud elegy;
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the arts, whose influence,
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies,
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies:
So doth the swiftly turning wheel not stand
I' th instant we withdraw the moving hand,
But some short time retains a faint, weak course,
By virtue of the first impulsive force;
And so, whilst I cast on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of bays, oh let it crack a while,
And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes
Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.
I will not draw the envy, to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all the loss;
Those are too numerous for one elegy,
And 't is too great to be express'd by me:
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice,
I on thy grave this epitaph incise.
"Here lies a king that rul'd as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit;
Here lies two flamens[2], and both those the best;
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest."

TO MY FRIEND, G. N.

FROM WREST.

I breathe, sweet Ghibs, the temperate air of Wrest,
Where I, no more with raging storms opprest,
Wear the cold nights out by the banks of Tweed,
On the bleak mountains where fierce tempests breed,
And everlasting winter dwells; where mild
Favonius and the vernal winds, exil'd,
Did never spread their wings: but the wild north
Brings sterile fern, thistles, and brambles forth.
Here, steep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant earth
Sends from her teeming womb a flow'ry birth;
And, cherish'd with the warm sun's quick'ning heat,
Her porous bosom doth rich odours sweat;
Whose perfumes through the ambient air diffuse
Such native aromatics, as we use
No foreign gums, nor essence fetch'd from far,
No volatile spirits, nor compounds that are
Adulterate; but at nature's cheap expense,
With far more genuine sweets refresh the sense.

[1] This excellent poet is better known in our age by his Satires, which were modernised and versified by Mr. Pope, than by his other works, which are scarce. If he was not the greatest poet, he was at least the greatest wit, of James the First's reign. Carew seems to have thought still more highly of him; for in another place he exalts him above all the other bards, ancient and modern:

—— Donne, worth all that went before.

He died in the year 1631.

[2] Alluding to his being both a poet and a divine.

Such pure and uncompounded beauties bless
This mansion with an useful comeliness
Devoid of art; for here the architect
Did not with curious skill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or prophecy,
But built a house for hospitality.
No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone
Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertain his sight; but clear
And cheerful flames cherish and warm him here.
No Doric nor Corinthian pillars grace
With imagery this structure's naked face,
The lord and lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than seem, in sight.
Instead of statues to adorn their wall,
They throng with living men their merry hall,
Where, at large tables fill'd with wholsome meats,
The servant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats:
Some of that rank, spun of a finer thread,
Are with the women, steward, and chaplain, fed
With daintier cates; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coat
Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
At the lord's table, whose spread sides admit
A large access of friends to fill those seats
Of his capacious sickle, fill'd with meats
Of choicest relish, till his oaken back
Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.
Nor think, because our pyramids and high
Exalted turrets threaten not the sky,
That therefore Wrest of narrowness complains,
Or straiten'd walls; for she more numerous trains
Of noble guests daily receives, and those
Can with far more conveniency dispose,
Than prouder piles, where the vain builder spent
More cost in outward gay embellishment
Than real use; which was the sole design
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for service. Amalthea's horn [1]
Of plenty is not in effigy worn
Without the gate; but she within the door
Empties her free and unexhausted store.
Nor crown'd with wheaten wreaths doth Ceres stand
In stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand:
Nor on a marble tun, his face besmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd, uncizar'd Bacchus rear'd.
We offer not, in emblems, to the eyes,
But to the taste, those useful deities:
We press the juicy god, and quaff his blood,
And grind the yellow goddess into food,
Yet we decline not all the work of art;
But where more bounteous nature bears a part,
And guides her handmaid, if she but dispense
Yet matter, she with care and diligence
Employs her skill; for where the neighbour source
Pours forth her waters, she directs her course,
And entertains the flowing streams in deep
And spacious channels, where they slowly creep
In snaky windings, as the shelving ground
Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
This island mansion, which, i' th' centre plac'd,
Is with a double crystal heav'n embrac'd;
In which our watery constellations float,
Our fishes, swans, our waterman and boat,
Envy'd by those above, which wish to slake
Their star-burnt limbs in our refreshing lake;
But they stick fast nail'd to the barren sphere,
Whilst our increase, in fertile waters here,
Disport, and wander freely where they please
Within the circuit of our narrow seas.
With various trees we fringe the water's brink,
Whose thirsty roots the soaking moisture drink,
And whose extended boughs in equal ranks
Yield fruit, and shade, and beauty to the banks.
On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
His ruddy-cheek'd Pomona; Zephyr sports
On th' other with lov'd Flora, yielding there
Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.
But did you taste the high and mighty drink
Which from that luscious fountain flows, you 'd think
The god of wine did his plump clusters bring
And crush the Falern [2] grape into our spring;
Or else, disguis'd in wat'ry robes, did swim
To Ceres' bed, and make her beg of him,
Begetting so himself on her: for know
Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
To theirs in autumn; but our fire boils here
As lusty liquor as the sun makes there.
Thus I enjoy myself, and taste the fruit
Of this blest place; whilst, toil'd in the pursuit
Of bucks and stags, th' emblem of war, you strive
To keep the memory of our arms alive.

[1] Amalthea was the daughter of Melissus, king of Crete. She is fabled to have fed Jupiter, while an infant, with the milk of a goat, whose horn the god afterwards made her a present of, endued with this virtue, that whoever possessed it, should have every thing they wished for. Hence it was called the horn of plenty.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

TO THE KING.

Look back, old Janus, and survey
From Time's birth till this new-born day,
All the successful seasons bound
With laurel wreaths, and trophies crown'd;
Turn o'er the annals past, and, where
Happy auspicious days appear,
Mark'd with the whiter stone that cast
On th' dark brow of th' ages past
A dazz'ling lustre, let them shine
In this succeeding circle's twine,
Till it be round with glory's spread;
Then with it crown our Charles his head,
That we th' ensuing year may call
One great continu'd festival.
Fresh joys in varied forms apply
To each distinct captivity.
Season his cares by day with nights
Crown'd with all conjugal delights.
May the choice beauties that inflame
His royal breast be still the same,
And he still think them such, since more
Thou canst not give from Nature's store:
Then as a father, let him be
With numerous issue blest, and see
The fair and god-like offspring grown
From budding stars to suns full blown.
Circle with peaceful olive boughs
And conquering bays, his regal brows;
Let his strong virtues overcome,
And bring him bloodless trophies home:

[2] The grape of Falernus is celebrated by all antiquity. It was produced from vines of a peculiar strength and flavour which grew in the Falernian fields in Campania.

Strew all the pavements where he treads
With loyal hearts or rebels' heads:
But, Byfront[1], open thou no more,
In his blest reign, the temple door.

TO THE QUEEN.

Thou great commander, that dost move
Thy sceptre o'er the crown of Love,
And through his empire, with the awe
Of thy chaste beams, dost give the law;
From his profaner altars we
Turn to adore thy deity.
He only can wild lust provoke;
Thou those impurer flames canst choke:
And where he scatters looser fires,
Thou turn'st them into chaste desires:
His kingdom knows no rule but this,
"Whatever pleaseth lawful is."
Thy sacred lord shows us the path
Of modesty and constant faith,
Which makes the rude male satisfy'd
With one fair female by his side;
Doth either sex to each unite,
And form love's pure hermaphrodite.
To this thy faith behold the wild
Satyr already reconcil'd,
Who from the influence of thine eye
Hath suck'd the deep divinity.
O free them then, that they may teach
The centaur and the horseman; preach
To beasts and birds, sweetly to rest
Each in his proper lare and nest:
They shall convey it to the flood,
Till there thy law be understood.
So shalt thou, with thy pregnant fire,
The water, earth, and air inspire.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MASTER GEORGE SANDS[2],

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.

I press not to the choir, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallow'd feet;
My unwasht Muse pollutes not things divine,
Nor mingles her profaner notes with thine:
Here, humbly waiting at the porch, she stays,
And with glad ears sucks in thy sacred lays.
So, devout penitents of old were wont,
Some without door, and some beneath the font,
To stand and hear the church's liturgies,
Yet not assist the solemn exercise:
Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,
To trim thy vestments, or but bear thy train:
Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy lark,
Her lyric feet may dance before the ark.

[1] Janus, who was painted with two faces. He was worshipped as a god, and had a temple built to him: in time of peace it was shut; in time of war it was open.

[2] This was Mr. George Sands, son of Edwin archbishop of York. Besides the Translation of the Psalms here mentioned, (which was the delight and amusement of Charles I. during his imprisonment in the Isle of Wight,) he translated Ovid's Metamorphoses and part of Virgil's Æneis. Dryden calls him the best versifier of his time.

Who knows, but that her wand'ring eyes that run,
Now hunting glow-worms, may adore the sun:
A pure flame may, shot by Almighty pow'r
Into her breast, the earthly flame devour.
My eyes in penitential dew may steep
That brine, which they for sensual love did weep.
So (though 'gainst Nature's course) fire may be quench'd
With fire, and water be with water drench'd;
Perhaps my restless soul, tir'd with pursuit
Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit
Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quench'd all her thirst, nor satisfy'd, though cloy'd;
Weary of her vain search below, above
In the first fair may find th' immortal love.
Prompted by thy example, then no more
In moulds of clay will I my God adore;
But tear those idols from my heart, and write
What his blest spirit, not fond love, shall indite;
Then I no more shall court the verdant bay,
But the dry leafless trunk on Golgotha;
And rather strive to gain from thence one thorn,
Than all the flourishing wreaths by laureats worn.

THE COMPARISON.

Dearest, thy tresses are not threads of gold,
Thy eyes of diamonds, nor do I hold
Thy lips for rubies, thy fair cheeks to be
Fresh roses, or thy teeth of ivory:
Thy skin, that doth thy dainty body sheath,
Not alabaster is, nor dost thou breath
Arabian odours; those the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with which, would but impair thy worth.
Such may be others' mistresses, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
Thy tresses are those rays that do arise,
Not from one sun, but two; such are thy eyes;
Thy lips congealed nectar are, and such
As, but a deity, there 's none dare touch;
The perfect crimson that thy cheek doth cloath
(But only that it far exceeds them both)
Aurora's blush resembles, or that red
That Iris struts in when her mantle's spread;
Thy teeth in white do Leda's swan exceed;
Thy skin 's a heavenly and immortal weed;
And when thou breath'st, the winds are ready straight
To filch it from thee; and do therefore wait
Close at thy lips, and, snatching it from thence,
Bear it to heaven, where 't is Jove's frankincense.
Fair goddess, since thy feature makes thee one,
Yet be not such for these respects alone;
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as fair, as good, as true.

ON

SIGHT OF A GENTLEWOMAN'S FACE

IN THE WATER.

Stand still, you floods, do not deface
That image which you bear;
So votaries, from every place
To you shall altars rear.

No winds but lovers' sighs blow here,
To trouble these glad streams,
On which no star from any sphere
Did ever dart such beams.

To crystal then in haste congeal,
Lest you should lose your bliss;
And to my cruel fair reveal,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious nymphs shall fear
Their beauties will be scorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to tear
That face which you adorn'd;

Then rage and foam amain, that we
Their malice may despise;
And from your froth we soon shall see
A second Venus rise.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
The phenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragant bosom dies.

SONG.

Would you know what 's soft, I dare
Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to stars to show what 's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor, to please your sense, bring forth
Bruised nard, or what 's more worth.

Or, on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you nectar for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears:
Ask me why this flow'r doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

THE PROTESTATION.

A SONNET.

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
Nor April violets paint the grove;
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
The humble oak no flood shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow,
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave;
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
The sun refuse to show his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear;
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth;
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove;
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

CŒLUM BRITANNICUM:

A

MASQUE[1],

AT WHITEHALL, IN THE BANQUETING HOUSE.

ON SHROVE-TUESDAY NIGHT, THE 18TH OF FEBRUARY, 1633.

THE INVENTORS,

THOMAS CAREW, INIGO JONES.

Non habet ingenium; Cæsar sed jussit: habebo.
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE.

The first thing that presented itself to the sight was a rich ornament that enclosed the scene; in the upper part of which were great branches of foliage

[1] Masque. This species of composition was long the favourite of the British court, and even disputed the ground with the regular compositions of the dramatic Muse. Unguided by any rules, unrestrained by any laws, it might wander through the universe for objects either new or monstrous, and where it found none it might create them. With these powers, it was

growing out of leaves and husks, with a cornice [2] at the top; and in the midst was placed a large compartiment, composed of grotesque work, wherein were harpies with wings and lions' claws, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches. Over all was a broken frontispiece, wrought with scrowls and masque-heads of children, and within this, a table adorn'd with a lesser compartiment, with this inscription, Cœlum Britannicum. The two sides of this ornament were thus ordered: first, from the ground arose a square basement, and on the plinth [3] stood a great vase of gold, richly enchased, and beautified with sculptures of great relieve [4], with fruitages hanging from the upper part. At the foot of this sate two youths naked, in their natural colours; each of these with one arm supported the vase, on the cover of which stood two young women in draperies, arm in arm; the one figuring the glory of princes, and the other mansuetude [5]: their other arms bore up an oval, in which, to the king's majesty, was this impress, a lion with an imperial crown on his head; the words, *Animum sub pectore forti:* On the other side was the like composition, but the design of the figures varied; and in the oval on the top, being borne up by nobility and fecundity, was this impress to the queen's majesty, a lily growing with branches and leaves, and three lesser lilies springing out of the stem; the words, *semper inclyta virtus:* all this ornament was heightened with gold, and for the invention, and various composition, was the newest and most gracious that hath been done in this place.

The curtain was watchet [6] and a pale yellow in panes, which, flying up on the sudden, discovered the scene, representing old arches, old palaces, decayed walls, parts of temples, theatres, basilicas [7] and thermes [8], with confused heaps of broken columns, bases, cornices, and statues, lying as underground, and altogether resembling the ruins of some great city of the ancient Romans, or civiliz'd Britons. This strange prospect detained the eyes of the spectators some time, when to a loud music Mercury descends. On the upper part of his chariot stands a cock in action of crowing. His habit was a coat of flame-colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimm'd with gold and silver: upon his head a wreath with small falls of white feathers, a caduceus in his hand, and wings at his heels: being come to the ground, he dismounts, and goes up to the state.

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well calculated to charm the fancy in the absence of taste; but, as taste established her empire in the minds of men, the Masque, with all its unaccountable monsters, retired. — It had its birth in Italy, about the 16th century, when it was the fashion for every bard to have a world of his own creation. From whence it migrated, with other exotics, across the Channel, and found a warm reception in the benevolent soil of Britain. The poets of queen Elizabeth's reign, and of the following age, were pleased with the extravagance of the thing; and as they followed Ariosto and his brethren through all the wildness of Fairyland, they followed them also in this, and almost surpassed their masters.

[2] The uppermost member of the entablature of a column, or that which crowns the order.

[3] The square member which serves as a foundation to the base of a pillar.

[4] That part of a figure which projects much beyond the ground on which it is carved; called by artists alto relievo.

[5] Gentleness. [6] Pale blue.

[7] Basilicas, in architecture, are public halls with two ranges of pillars, and galleries over them. [8] Baths.

MERCURY.

From the high senate of the gods, to you,
Bright glorious twins of love and majesty,
Before whose throne three warlike nations bend
Their willing knees; on whose imperial brows
The regal circle prints no awful frowns
To fright your subjects, but whose calmer eyes
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts,
That flow with cheerful, loyal reverence;
Come I, Cyllenius, Jove's ambassador,
Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love into the glowing ear
Of some choice beauty in this numerous train:
Those days are fled; the rebel flame is quench'd
In heavenly breasts; the gods have sworn by Styx
Never to tempt yielding mortality
To loose embraces. Your exemplar life
Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
Of imitation through your virtuous court,
By whose bright blaze your palace is become
The envy'd pattern of this under world;
But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven:
Th' immortal bosoms burn with emulous fires;
Jove rivals your great virtues, royal sir,
And Juno, madam, your attractive graces;
He his wild lusts, her raging jealousies
She lays aside, and through th' Olympic hall,
As yours doth here, the great example spreads.
And though, of old, when youthful blood conspir'd
With his new empire, prone to heats of lust,
He acted incests, rapes, adulteries,
On earthly beauties, which his raging queen,
Swoln with revengeful fury, turn'd to beasts,
And in despite he transformed to stars,
Till he had fill'd the crowded firmament
With his loose strumpets, and their spurious race;
Where the eternal records of the heaven
Shine to the world in flaming characters:
When in the crystal mirror of your reign
He view'd himself, he found his loathsome stains;
And now to expiate th' infectious guilt
Of those detested luxuries, he 'll chase
Th' infamous lights from their usurped sphere,
And drown in the Lethæan flood their cars of
Both names and memories; in those vacant rooms
First you succeed, and of the wheeling orb,
In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
With dazzling beams and spreading magnitude,
Shine the bright pole-star of this hemisphere.
Next, by your side, in a triumphant chair,
And crown'd with Ariadne's diadem,
Sits the fair consort of your heart and throne;
Diffus'd about you, with that share of light,
As they of virtue have deriv'd from you,
He'll fix this noble train of either sex,
So to the British stars this lower globe
Shall owe its light, and they alone dispense
To th' world a pure, refined influence.

Enter Momus *attired in a long darkish robe, all wrought over with poniards, serpents, tongues, and ears; his beard and hair party-coloured; upon his head a wreath stuck with feathers, and a porcupine in the forepart.*

Mom. By your leave, mortals. Good cou
Hermes, your pardon, good my lord ambassad
I found the tables of your arms and titles in e
inn betwixt this and Olympus, where your p

expedition is registered: your nine thousand nine hundred ninety-ninth legation. I cannot reach the policy why your master breeds so few statesmen; it suits not with his dignity, that in the whole Empyræum there should not be a god fit to send on these honourable errands but yourself, who are not yet so careful of his honour or your own, as might become your quality, when you are itinerant. The hosts upon the high-way cry out with open mouth upon you, for supporting plafery in your train; which though, as you are the god of petty larceny, you might protect, yet you know it is directly against the new orders, and oppose the reformation in diameter.

Merc. Peace, railer, bridle your licentious tongue,
And let this presence teach you modesty.

Mom. Let it, if it can; in the mean time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know, gay people, that though your poets (who enjoy by patent a particular privilege to draw down any of the deities from Twelfth-night to Shrove-Tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar intercourse between the two courts) have as yet never invited me to these solemnities, yet it shall appear by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable person upon these occasions, and may most properly assist at such entertainments. My name is Momus ap-Somnus ap-Erebus ap-Chaos ap-Demogorgon ap-Eternity. My offices and titles are, the supreme theomastix, hypercritic of manners, prothonotary of abuses, arch informer, dilator general, universal calumniator, eternal plaintiff, and perpetual foreman of the grand inquest. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculatory, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings; behind hangings, doors, curtains; through key-holes, chinks, windows; about all venereal lobbies, sconces, or redoubts, though it be to the surprise of a perdu[9] page or chambermaid; in, and at, all courts of civil and criminal judicature, all councils, consultations, and parliamentary assemblies, where though I am but a wool-sack god, and have no vote in the sanction of new laws, I have yet a prerogative of wresting the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoof or prejudice of Jupiter, his crown, and dignity; for, or against, the rites of either house of patrician or plebeian gods. My natural qualities are to make Jove frown, Juno pout, Mars chafe, Venus blush, Vulcan glow, Saturn quake, Cynthia pale, Phœbus hide his face, and Mercury here take his heels. My recreations are witty mischiefs, as when Satan gelt his father; the smith caught his wife and her bravo in a net of cobweb iron; and Hebe, through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the halfspace, presented the emblem of the forked tree, and discovered to the tann'd Ethiops the snowy cliffs of Calabria, with the grotto of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me, by the familiar illustration of a bird of mine own feather, old Peter Aretine, who reduc'd all the scepters and mitres o[illegible]age tributary to his wit, was my parallel, and [illegible]Rabelais suck'd much of my milk too: but your [illegible]ern French hospital of oratory is a mere counterfe[illegible] arrant mountebank; for though, fearing no othe[illegible] fortunes than his sciatica, he discourses of kings and queens with as little reverence as of grooms and chambermaids, yet he wants their fangteeth and scorpion's tail; I mean that fellow, who, to add to his stature, thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tip-toes like a dog in a doublet, than to walk like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more, impert'nent trifler; you disturb
The great affair with your rude scurrilous chat.
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concern Jove's solemn message?

Mom. Sir, by our favour, though you have a more special commission of employment from Jupiter, and a larger entertainment from his exchequer; yet, as a freeborn god, I have the liberty to travel at mine own charges, without your pass or countenance legatine; and that it may appear, a sedulous, acute observer may know as much as a dull, phlegmatic ambassador, and wears a treble key to unlock the mysterious cyphers of your dark secrecies, I will discourse the politic state of heaven to this trim audience. ———

At this the scene changeth, and in the Heaven is discovered a sphere, with stars placed in their several images, borne up by a huge naked figure (only a piece of drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards; as if the great weight lying on his shoulders oppress him; upon his head a crown: by all which he might easily be known to be Atlas.

— You shall understand, that Jupiter, upon the inspection of I know not what virtuous precedents extant (as they say) here in this court, but, as I more probably guess, out of the consideration of the decay of his natural abilities, hath, before a frequent convocation of the superlunary peers, in a solemn oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced, all the lascivious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepast licentious life, and taken his oath on Juno's breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd book, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets; and hath with pathetical remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoined, a respective conformity in the several subordinate deities; and because the libertines of antiquity, the ribald poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chastity, to all future imitation, have in their immortal songs celebrated the martyrdom of those strumpets under the persecution of the wives, and devolved to posterity the pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and bastards: it is therefore by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole army of constellations be immediately disbanded and cashiered, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the celestial spirits, and all lustful influences upon terrestrial bodies, and consequently that there be an inquisition erected to expunge in the ancient, and suppress in the modern and succeeding poems and pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur'd heresies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing incontinencies, and punish them in their high commission court. Am not I in election to be a tall stateman, think you, that can repeat a passage thus punctually?

Merc. I shun in vain the importunity
With which this snarler vexeth all the gods;
[illegible]annot 'scape him: well, what else from heaven?

Mom. Heaven! heaven is no more the place it was; a cloyster of Carthusians, a monastery of con-

[9] Lying in wait to watch any thing.

verted gods; Jove is grown old and fearful, apprehends a subversion of his empire, and doubts lest Fate should introduce a legal succession in the legitimate heir, by repossessing the Titanian line; and hence springs all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the presence-chamber, by the vice president of Parnassus, too strict to be observed long. Monopolies are called in, sophistication of wares punished, and rates imposed on commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the nectar-brewers, for the purging of the heavenly beverage of a narcotic weed, which hath rendered the ideas confused in the divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in Saturn's reign. Edicts are made for the restoring of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the repair of families to the metropolis; but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more masculine resolution of soliciting businesses in their own persons, and leaving their husbands at home for stallions of hospitality. Bacchus hath commanded all taverns to be shut, and no liquor drawn after ten o'clock at night. Cupid must go no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoined to make him breeches, though of his mother's petticoats. Ganimede is forbidden the bed-chamber, and must only minister in public. The gods must keep no pages, nor grooms of their chamber, under the age of twenty-five, and those provided of a competent stock of beard. Pan may not pipe, nor Proteus juggle, but by especial permission. Vulcan was brought to an oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of iron into one of the Sun's chariot-wheels, and frost-nailing his horses upon the fifth of November last, for breach of a penal statute, prohibiting work upon holidays, that being the annual celebration of the gygantomachy.[10] In brief, the whole state of the hierarchy suffers a total reformation, especially in the point of reciprocation of conjugal affection. Venus hath confest all her adulteries, and is receiv'd to grace by her husband, who, conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allows those levities as an equal counterpoise; but it is the prettiest spectacle to see her stroaking with her ivory hand his collied cheeks, and with her snowy fingers combing his sooty beard. Jupiter too begins to learn to lead his own wife; I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an universal obedience, where the lawgiver himself in his own person observes his decrees so punctually, who besides to eternize the memory of that great example of matrimonial union which he derives from hence, hath on his bed-chamber door and ceiling, fretted with stars, in capital letters, engraven the inscription of Carlo-Maria. This is as much, I am sure, as either your knowledge or instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without state, formality, politic inferences, or suspected rhetorical elegancies, already delivered, you may now dexterously proceed to the second part of your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly sparks up in the embers, or reducing the etherial lights to their primitive opacity and gross, dark subsistence: they are all unriveted from the sphere, and hang loose in their sockets, where they but attend the waving of your caduce, and immediately they reinvest their pristine shapes, and appear before you in their own natural deformities.

Merc. Momus, thou shalt prevail; for since thy Intrusion hath inverted my resolves, [bold
I must obey necessity, and thus turn
My face to breathe the Thunderer's just decree
'Gainst this adulterate sphere, which first I purge
Of loathsome monsters and misshapen forms:
Down from her azure concave, thus I charm
The Lernean Hydra, the rough unlick'd Bear;
The watchful Dragon, the storm-boding Whale,
The Centaur, the horn'd goatfish Capricorn,
The snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar,
Divested of your gorgeous starry robes,
Fall from the circling orb, and ere you suck
Fresh venom in, measure this happy Earth:
Then to the fens, caves, forests, desarts, seas,
Fly and resume your native qualities.

They dance in those monstrous shapes, the first antimasque[11] of natural deformity.

Mon. Are not these fine companions, trim playfellows for the deities? Yet these and their fellows have made up all our conversation for some thousands of years. Do not you, fair ladies, acknowledge yourselves deeply engaged now to those poets, your servants, that in the height of commendation have raised your beauties to a parallel with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society? Hath not the consideration of these inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? But now that these heavenly mansions are to be void, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcusable; especially since virtue alone shall be sufficient title, fine, and rent; yet if there be a lady not competently stock'd that way, she shall not on the instant utterly despair, if she carry a sufficient pawn of handsomeness; for however the letter of the law runs, Jupiter, notwithstanding his age and present austerity, will never refuse to stamp beauty, and make it current, with his own impression: but to such as are destitute of both I can afford but small encouragement. Proceed, cousin Mercury. What follows?

Merc. Look up, and mark where the bright zodiac
Hangs like a belt about the breast of Heaven;
On the right shoulder, like a flaming jewel,
His shell with nine rich topazes adorn'd,
Lord of this tropic, sits the scalding Crab:
He, when the Sun gallops in full career
His annual race, his ghastly claws uprear'd,
Frights at the confines of the torrid zone
The fiery team, and proudly stops their course,
Making a solstice; till the fierce steeds learn
His backward paces, and so retrograde,
Post down hill to th' opposed Capricorn.
Thus I depose him from his lofty throne;
Drop fro[illegible]ky into the briny flood;
There [illegible]by motion to the ebbing sea;
Be[illegible]ose fires, that beautify'd thy shell,

[10] This alludes to the gunpowder plot; and was [illegible] with the preceding list of all the supposed [illegible] in heaven, to compliment Charles I. and his consort, their temperance, their chastity, their justice, &c.

[11] It is a mistake to suppose (as is generally done) that antimasque signifies a kind of half entertainment, or prelude to the masque itself. The derivation of it is from antick and masque, and it means a dance of such strange and monstrous figures as have no relation to order, uniformity, or even probability.

Take human shapes, and the disorder show
Of thy regressive paces here below.

The second antimasque is danced in retrograde paces, expressing obliquity in motion.

Mom. This Crab, I confess, did ill become the Heavens; but there is another that more infests the Earth, and makes such a solstice in the politer arts and sciences, as they have not been observed for many ages to have made any sensible advance. Could you but lead the learned squadrons, with a masculine resolution, past this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and to be paid with altars; but that not being the work of this night, you may pursue your purposes. What now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that, unbodied in the appetite
Erects his throne, hath yet, in bestial shapes,
Branded by Nature with the character
And distinct stamp of some peculiar ill,
Mounted the sky, and fix'd his trophies there.
As fawning Flattery in the Little Dog;
I' th' bigger, churlish Murmur; Cowardice
I' th' timorous Hare; Ambition in the Eagle;
Rapine and Avarice in th' advent'rous Ship
That sail'd to Colchos for the golden fleece;
Drunken Distemper in the Goblet flows;
I' th' Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny;
In Hercules and the Lion, furious Rage;
Vain Ostentation in Cassiope:
All these I to eternal exile doom,
But to this place their emblem'd vices summon,
Clad in those proper figures by which best
Their incorporeal nature is exprest.

The third antimasque is danced of these several vices, expressing their deviation from virtue.

Mom. From henceforth it shall be no more said in the proverb, when you would express a riotous assembly, that Hell, but Heaven, is broke loose. This was an errant gaol-delivery; all the prisons of your great cities could not have vomited more corrupt matter. But, cousin Cyllenius, in my judgment it is not safe, that these infectious persons should wander here to the hazard of this island: they threatened less danger when they were nail'd to the firmament. I should conceive it a very discreet course, since they are provided of a tall vessel of their own ready rigg'd, to embark them all together in that good ship called the Argo, and send them to the plantation in New-England, which hath purged more virulent humours from the politic body, than guiacum and all the West-Indian drugs have from the natural bodies of this kingdom. Can you devise how to dispose of them better?

Merc. They cannot breathe this pure and temperate air,
Where Virtue lives, but will with hasty flight,
'Mongst fogs and vapors, seek unsound abodes.
Fly after them from your usurped seats,
You foul remainders of that viperous brood:
Let not a star of a luxurious race
With his loose blaze stain the sky's crystal face.

All the stars are quenched, and the sphere darkened.

Before the entry of every antimasque, the stars in those figures in the sphere which they were to represent, were extinct; so as by the end of the antimasque in the sphere no more stars were seen.

Mom. Here is a total eclipse of the eighth sphere, which neither Booker, Allestre, nor any of your prognosticators, no, nor their great master Tycho, were aware of; but yet in my opinion there were some innocent and some generous constellations, that might have been reserved for noble uses: as the scales and sword to adorn the statue of Justice, since she resides here on Earth only in picture and effigy. The eagle had been a fit present for the Germans, in regard their bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The dolphin too had been most welcome to the French; and then had you but clapt Perseus on his Pegasus, brandishing his sword, the dragon yawning on his back under the horse's feet, with Python's dart through his throat, there had been a divine St. George for this nation: but since you have improvidently shuffled them all together, it rests only that we provide an immediate succession; and to that purpose I will instantly proclaim a free election.

O-yes! O-yes! O-yes!
By the father of the gods,
and the king of men.

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practice taken into frequent use by the princes of these latter ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, sieges, battles, victories in picture, sculpture, tapestry, embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their public palaces; and taken into our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmas-hanging of the guard-chamber of this court, wherein the naval victory of 88 [12] is, to the eternal glory of this nation, exactly delineated; and whereas, we likewise, out of a prophetical imitation of this so laudable custom, did for many thousand years before, adorn and beautify the eighth room of our celestial mansion, commonly called the star-chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, achievements, feats and defeats, performed in our own person, whilst yet our standard was erected, and we a combatant in the amorous warfare; it hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation and long debate, held first in our own inscrutable bosom, and afterwards communicated with our privy-council, seemed meet to our omnipotency, for causes to ourself best known, to furnish and disarray our foresaid star-chamber of all those ancient constellations which have for so many ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places such persons only as shall be qualified with exemplar virtue and eminent desert, there to shine in indelible characters of glory to all posterity; it is therefore our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of our own free and proper motion, mere grace, and special favour, by these presents to specify and declare to all our loving people, that it shall be lawful for any person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or herself to be really endued with any heroical virtue or tran-

[12] The defeat of the famous Spanish Armada, which Philip sent against England, and which was completely ruined by queen Elizabeth's fleet, in 1588.

scendent merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their several pleas and pretences before our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counseller, Don Mercury, and good Momus, &c. our peculiar delegates for that affair, upon whom we have transferr'd an absolute power to conclude and determine, without appeal or revocation, accordingly as to their wisdoms it shall in such cases appear behoveful and expedient.

Given at our palace in Olympus, the first day of the first month, in the first year of the reformation.

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a bunch'd back, and attired in a robe of cloth of gold.

Merc. Who 's this appears?

Mom. This is a subterranean fiend, Plutus, in this dialect term'd riches, or the god of gold; a poison hid by Providence in the bottom of the seas and navel of the earth from man's discovery, where if the seeds begun to sprout above ground, the excrescence was carefully guarded by dragons: yet, at last, by human curiosity brought to light, to their own destruction; this being the true Pandora's box whence issued all those mischiefs that now fill the universe.

Plut. That I prevent the message of the gods
Thus with my haste, and not attend their summons,
Which ought in justice call me to the place
I now require of right, is not alone
To shew the just precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortal powers,
But to exclude the hopes of partial grace
In all pretenders, who, since I descend
To equal trial, must, by my example,
Waving your favour, claim by sole desert.
If Virtue must inherit, she 's my slave;
I lead her captive in a golden chain,
About the world: she takes her form and being
From my creation; and those barren seeds
That drop from heaven, if I not cherish them
With my distilling dews and fotive[13] heat,
They know no vegetation; but, expos'd
To blasting winds of freezing poverty,
Or not shoot forth at all, or, budding, wither.
Should I proclaim the daily sacrifice
Brought to my temples by the toiling rout,
Not of the fat and gore of abject beasts,
But human sweat and blood pour'd on my altars,
I might provoke the envy of the gods.
Turn but your eyes and mark the busy world
Climbing steep mountains for the sparkling stones;
Piercing the centre for the shining ore,
And th' ocean's bosom to take pearly sands;
Crossing the torrid and the frozen zones,
'Midst rocks and swallowing gulfs, for gainful trade;
And, through opposing swords, fire, murdering cannon,
Scaling the walled towns for precious spoils.
Plant in the passage to your heavenly seats
These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
Advance his desperate foot: yet am I sought,
And oft in vain, through these and greater hazards.
I could discover how your deities
Are for my sake slighted, despis'd, abus'd;
Your temples, shrines, altars, and images,
Uncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and dis-array'd,
By sacrilegious hands; yet is this treasure
To th' golden mountain, where I sit ador'd,
With superstitious solemn rights convey'd,
And becomes sacred there; the sordid wretch
Not daring touch the consecrated ore,
Or with profane hands lessen the bright heap.
But this might draw your anger down on mortals,
For rend'ring me the homage due to you:
Yet what is said may well express my power,
Too great for earth, and only fit for heaven.
Now, for your pastime, view the naked root,
Which, in the dirty earth and base mould drown'd,
Sends forth this precious plant and golden fruit.
You lusty swains, that to your grazing flocks
Pipe amorous roundelays; you toiling hinds,
That barb the fields, and to your merry teams
Whistle your passions; and you mining moles,
That in the bowels of your mother earth
Dwell, the eternal burthen of her womb;
Cease from your labours, when Wealth bids you play;
Sing, dance, and keep a cheerful holiday.

They dance the fourth antimasque, consisting of country-people, music, and measures.

Merc. Plutus, the gods know and confess your power,
Which feeble Virtue seldom can resist,
Stronger than towers of brass or chastity:
Jove knew you when he courted Danaë;
And Cupid wears you on that arrow's head,
That still prevails. But the gods keep their throne
To install Virtue, not her enemies:
They dread thy force, which ev'n themselves have felt;
Witness Mount Ida, where the martial maid[14]
And frowning Juno did to mortal eyes,
Naked, for gold, their sacred bodies show;
Therefore for ever be from heaven banish'd.
But since with toil from undiscover'd worlds
Thou art brought hither, where thou first didst breathe
The thirst of empire into regal breasts,
And frightedst quiet Peace from her meek throne,
Filling the world with blood, tumult, and war;
Follow the camps of the contentious earth,
And be the conqu'ror's slave; but he that can
Or conquer thee, or give thee virtuous stamp,
Shall shine in heaven a pure immortal lamp.

Mom. Nay, stay, and take my benediction along with you. I could, being here a co-judge, like others in my place, now that you are condemn'd, either rail at you, or break jests upon you. But I rather chuse to lose a word of good counsel, and intreat you be more careful in your choice of company; for you are always found either with misers that not use you at all, or with fools that know not how to use you well. Be not hereafter so reserved and coy to men of worth and parts; so you shall gain such credit, as at the next sessions you may be heard with better success. But till you are thus reformed, I pronounce this positive sentence, that wheresoever you shall chuse to abide, your society shall add no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance or total absence be matter of disparagement to any man; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of

[13] Nourishing.

[14] Pallas. This alludes to the contest for beauty between Juno, Pallas, and Venus, which was decided by Paris in favour of the latter.

you, shall be condemned to wear perpetual motley, unless he recant his opinion. Now you may void the court.

PÆNIA *enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her hair started up like a Fury; her robe was of a dark colour, full of patches; about one of her hands was tied a chain of iron, to which was fastened a weighty stone, which she bore up under her arm.*

Merc. What creature 's this?

Mom. The antipodes to the other; they move like two buckets, or as two nails drive out one another. If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt, great and immortal powers!
But that the place your wisdom hath deny'd
My foe, your justice will confer on me;
Since that which renders him incapable
Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend,
E'en in these rags, a larger sovereignty
Than gaudy Wealth in all his pomp can boast;
For mark how few they are that share the world:
The numerous armies, and the swarming ants
That fight and toil for them, are all my subjects;
They take my wages, wear my livery:
Invention too, and Wit, are both my creatures,
And the whole race of Virtue is my offspring:
As many mischiefs issue from my womb,
And those as mighty as proceed from Gold.
Oft o'er his throne I wave my awful scepter,
And in the bowels of his state command,
When, 'midst his heaps of coin and hills of gold,
I pine and starve the avaricious fool.
But I decline those titles, and lay claim
To heaven, by right of divine Contemplation;
She is my darling; I, in my soft lap,
Free from disturbing cares, bargains, accounts,
Leases, rents, stewards, and the fear of thieves,
That vex the rich, nurse her in calm repose,
And with her all the virtues speculative,
Which, but with me, find no secure retreat.
For entertainment of this hour, I 'll call
A race of people to this place, that live
At Nature's charge, and not importune Heaven
To chain the winds up, or keep back the storms
To stay the thunder, or forbid the hail
To thresh the unreap'd ear; but to all weathers,
The chilling frost and scalding sun, expose
Their equal face. Come forth, my swarthy train,
In this fair circle dance; and as you move,
Mark and foretell happy events of love.

They dance the fifth antimasque of gypsies.

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetual conversation with poets and philosophers hath furnished you with no more logic, or that you should think to impose upon us so gross an inference, as because Plutus and you are contrary, therefore, whatsoever is denied of the one must be true of the other; as if it should follow of necessity, because he is not Jupiter, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better versed in cavils with the gods, than to swallow such a fallacy; for though you two cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both; and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive. Therefore let me advise you to marry yourself to Content, and beget sage apophthegms and goodly moral sentences in dispraise of Riches, and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poor needy wretch,
To claim a station in the firmament,
Because thy humble cottage, or thy tub,
Nurses some lazy or pedantic virtue
In the cheap sunshine, or by shady springs,
With roots and pot-herbs, where thy right hand,
Tearing those human passions from the mind
Upon whose stocks fair blooming virtues flourish,
Degradeth nature, and benumbeth sense,
And, Gorgon-like, turns active men to stone.
We not require the dull society
Of your necessitated temperance,
Or that unnatural stupidity
That knows nor joy nor sorrow; nor your forc'd
Falsely exalted passive fortitude
Above the active: this low, abject brood,
That fix their seats in mediocrity,
Become your servile mind; but we advance
Such virtues only as admit excess,
Brave bounteous acts, regal magnificence,
All-seeing prudence, magnanimity
That knows no bound, and that heroic virtue
For which antiquity hath left no name,
But patterns only; such as Hercules,
Achilles, Theseus. Back to thy loath'd cell,
And when thou seest the new enlighten'd sphere,
Study to know but what those worthies were.

TYCHE *enters, her head bald behind, and one great lock before, wings at her shoulders, and in her hand a wheel, her upper parts naked, and the skirt of her garment wrought all over with crowns, sceptres, books, and such other things as express both her greatest and smallest gifts.*

Mom. See where dame Fortune comes; you may know her by her wheel, and that veil over her eyes, with which she hopes, like a ceeled[15] pigeon, to mount above the clouds, and perch in the eighth sphere. Listen; she begins.

Fort. I come not here, you gods, to plead the right
By which antiquity assign'd my deity,
Though no peculiar station 'mongst the stars,
Yet general power to rule their influence,
Or boast the title of omnipotent,
Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Jove,
Since you have cancell'd all those old records:
But confident in my good cause and merit,
Claim a succession in the vacant orb;
For since Astræa fled to heaven, I sit
Her deputy on earth; I hold her scales,
And weigh men's fates out, who have made me blind
Because themselves want eyes to see my causes;
Call me inconstant, 'cause my works surpass
The shallow fathom of their human reason:
Yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispense
With my impartial hands their constant lots,
And if desertless, impious men engross
My best rewards, the fault is yours, ye gods,
That scant your graces to mortality,
And, niggards of your good, scarce spare the world

[15] Hooded. Term of falconry.

One virtuous for a thousand wicked men.
It is no errour to confer a dignity,
But to bestow it on a vicious man;
I gave the dignity, but you made the vice.
Make you men good, and I'll make good men happy:
That Plutus is refus'd, dismays me not;
He is my drudge, and the external pomp
In which he decks the world proceeds from me,
Not him; like harmony, that not resides
In strings or notes, but in the hand and voice.
The revolutions of empires, states,
Scepters, and crowns, are but my game and sport;
Which as they hang on the events of war,
So those depend upon my turning wheel.
Your warlike squadrons, who in battles join'd,
Dispute the right of kings, which I decide,
Present the model of that martial frame,
By which, when crowns are stak'd, I rule the game.

They dance the sixth antimasque, being the representation of a battle.

Mom. Madam, I should censure you, *pro falso clamore*, for preferring a scandalous cross-bill of recrimination against the gods, but your blindness shall excuse you. Alas! what would it advantage you, if virtue were as universal as vice is: it would only follow, that as the world now exclaims upon you for exalting the vicious, it would then rail as fast at you for depressing the virtuous; so they would still keep their tune, though you changed their ditty.

Merc. The mists, in which future events are wrapp'd,
That oft succeed beside the purposes
Of him that works, his dull eyes not discerning
The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
To his enquiring search; so in the dark
The groping world first found thy deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which to the piercing eye of Providence,
Being fix'd and certain, where past and to come
Are always present, thou dost disappear,
Losest thy being, and art not at all.
Be thou then only a deluding phantom,
At best a blind guide, leading blinder fools;
Who, would they but survey their mutual wants,
And help each other, there were left no room
For thy vain aid. Wisdom, whose strong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power.
Industrious Labour drags thee by the locks,
Bound to his toiling car, and not attending
Till thou dispense, reaches his own reward:
Only the lazy sluggard yawning lies
Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
And licks the easy hand that feeds his sloth;
The shallow, rash, and unadvised man
Makes thee his stale, disburdens all the follies
Of his misguided actions on thy shoulders.
Vanish from hence, and seek those ideots out
That thy fantastic godhead hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

HEDONE. *Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling face, in a light lascivious habit, adorned with silver and gold, her temples crowned with a garland of roses, and over that a rainbow circling her head down to her shoulders.*

Merc. What wanton's this?

Mom. This is the sprightly lady, Hedone, a merry gamester; the people call her Pleasure.

Pleas. The reasons, equal judges, here alledg'd
By the dismiss'd pretenders, all concur
To strengthen my just title to the sphere.
Honour, or wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themselves no simple real good,
But as they are the means to purchase pleasure,
The paths that lead to my delicious palace:
They for my sake, I for mine own am priz'd.
Beyond me nothing is. I am the goal,
The journey's end, to which the sweating world,
And wearied nature tends. For this, the best
And wisest sect of all philosophers
Made me the seat of supreme happiness:
And though some more austere, upon my ruins,
Did, to the prejudice of nature, raise
Some petty low-built virtues, 'twas because
They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch.
Had they been princes born, themselves had prov'd
Of all mankind the most luxurious:
For those delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
Suck'd and devour'd: from offices of state,
From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, fears,
Retir'd, the churlish cynic, in his tub,
Enjoy'd those pleasures which his tongue defam'd.
Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods:
My necessary offices preserve
Each single man, and propagate the kind.
Then am I universal as the light,
Or common air we breathe; and since I am
The general desire of all mankind,
Civil felicity must reside in me.
Tell me what rate my choicest pleasures bear,
When, for the short delight of a poor draught
Of cheap cold water, great Lysimachus
Render'd himself slave to the Scythians.
Should I the curious structure of my seats,
The art and beauty of my several objects,
Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve
For every sense a proper constellation;
But I present the persons to your eyes.
Come forth, my subtle organs of delight,
With changing figures please the curious eye,
And charm the ear with moving harmony.

They dance the seventh antimasque of the five senses.

Merc. Bewitching Syren! gilded rottenness!
Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd
Th' enamel'd outside, and the honied verge
Of the fair cup where deadly poison lurks.
Within, a thousand sorrows dance the round;
And, like a shell, pain circles thee without.
Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their west decline,
Doth to a giant's spreading form extend
Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art pain,
Greedy intense desire; and the keen edge
Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terrour,
And apprehension of thy hasty end
Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets;
Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.
Captains that have resisted war and death,
Nations that over Fortune have triumph'd,
Are by thy magic made effeminate:

Empires, that knew no limits but the poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away:
Thou wert the author of the first excess
That drew this reformation on the gods. [heaven
Canst thou then dream, those powers, that from
Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the cause?
To thy voluptuous den fly, witch, from hence;
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mom. I concur, and am grown so weary of these tedious pleadings, as I'll pack up too and be gone. Besides, I see a crowd of other suitors pressing hither; I'll stop 'em, take their petitions, and prefer 'em above; and as I came in bluntly without knocking, and nobody bid me welcome, so I'll depart as abruptly without taking leave, and bid nobody farewell.

Merc. These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd arguments,
Urge vain pretences, whilst your actions plead,
And, with a silent importunity,
Awake the drowsy justice of the gods,
To crown your deeds with immortality.
The growing titles of your ancestors,
These nations' glorious acts, join'd to the stock
Of your own royal virtues, and the clear
Reflex they take from th' imitation
Of your fam'd court, make Honour's story full,
And have to that secure, fix'd state advanc'd
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
Wading through streams of blood, sweats to aspire.
Those ancient worthies of these famous isles,
That long have slept in fresh and lively shapes,
Shall straight appear, where you shall see yourself
Circled with modern heroes, who shall be,
In act, whatever elder times can boast,
Noble, or great; as they in prophecy
Were all but what you are. Then shall you see
The sacred hand of bright Eternity
Mould you to stars, and fix you in the sphere.
To you your royal half, to them she 'll join
Such of this train, as, with industrious steps,
In the fair prints your virtuous feet have made,
Though with unequal paces, follow you.
This is decreed by Jove, which my return
Shall see perform'd; but first behold the rude
And old abiders here, and in them view
The point from which your full perfections grew.
You naked, antient, wild inhabitants,
That breath'd this air, and press'd this flow'ry earth,
Come from those shades where dwells eternal night,
And see what wonders time hath brought to light.

Atlas and the sphere vanished; and a new scene appears of mountains, whose eminent height exceeds the clouds which passed beneath them; the lower parts were wild and woody. Out of this place comes forth a more grave antimasque of Picts the natural inhabitants of this isle, ancient Scotch and Irish; these dance a Pyrrhick or martial dance.

When this antimasque was past, there began to arise out of the earth the top of a hill, which by little and little grew to be a huge mountain that covered all the scene. The under part of this was wild and craggy, and above somewhat more pleasant and flourishing. About the middle part of this mountain were seated the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland; all richly attired in regal habits, appropriated to the several nations, with crowns on their heads, and each of them bearing the ancient arms of the kingdoms they there presented. At a distance, above these, sate a young man in a white embroidered robe, upon his fair hair an olive garland, with wings at his shoulders, and holding in his hand a cornucopia filled with corn and fruits, representing the Genius of these kingdoms.

THE FIRST SONG.

GENIUS.

Raise from these rocky cliffs your heads,
Brave sons, and see where Glory spreads
Her glittering wings; where Majesty,
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye
Diffusive joy, where Good and Fair,
United sit in Honour's chair.
Call forth your aged priests and crystal streams,
To warm their hearts and waves in these bright beams.

KINGDOMS.

1. From your consecrated woods,
Holy Druids; 2. Silver Floods,
From your channels fring'd with flowers,
3. Hither move; forsake your bowers,
1. Strew'd with hallowed oaken leaves,
Deck'd with flags and sedgy sheaves,
And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
What do your duller eyes survey?

CHORUS OF DRUIDS AND RIVERS.

We see at once in dead of night
A sun appear, and yet a bright
Noon-day springing from star-light.

GENIUS.

Look up, and see the darken'd sphere
Depriv'd of light; her eyes shine there.

CHORUS.

These are more sparkling than those were.

KINGDOMS.

1. These shed a nobler influence;
2. These by a pure intelligence
Of more transcendent virtue move;
3. These first feel, then kindle love;
1. 2. From the bosoms they inspire,
These receive a mutual fire;
1. 2. 3. And where their flames impure return,
These can quench as well as burn.

GENIUS.

Here the fair victorious eyes
Make Worth only Beauty's prize;
Here the hand of Virtue ties
'Bout the heart Love's amorous chain,
Captives triumph, vassals reign;
And none live here but the slain.
These are th' Hesperian bow'rs, whose fair trees bear
Rich golden fruit, and yet no dragon near.

GENIUS.

Then, from your impris'ning womb,
Which is the cradle and the tomb
Of British worthies, (fair sons !) send
A troop of heroes, that may lend
Their hands to ease this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of love.

KINGDOMS.

Open thy stony entrails wide,
And break old Atlas, that the pride
Of three fam'd kingdoms may be spy'd.

CHORUS.

Pace forth, thou mighty British Hercules,
With thy choice band! for only thou and these
May revel here in Love's Hesperides.

At this the under part of the rock opens, and out of a cave are seen to come the masquers richly attired like ancient heroes; the colours yellow, embroidered with silver; their antique helmets curiously wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troop of young lords and noblemen's sons, bearing torches of virgin-wax: these were apparelled, after the old British fashion, in white coats, embroidered with silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square-collar'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feathered wreathen about them. First, these dance with their lights in their hands: after which, the masquers descend into the room, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appears in the further part of the Heaven, coming down, a pleasant cloud, bright and transparent, which, coming softly downwards before the upper part of the mountain, embraceth the Genius, but so, as through it all his body is seen; and then, rising again with a gentle motion, bears up the Genius of the three kingdoms, and, being past the airy region, pierceth the Heavens, and is no more seen. At that instant the rock with the three kingdoms on it sinks, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration; but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height, could come from under the stage, which was but six feet high.

THE SECOND SONG.

KINGDOMS.

1. Here are shapes form'd fit for heaven;
2. Those move gracefully and even.
3. Here the air and paces meet
So just, as if the skilful feet
Had struck the viols. 1. 2. 3. So the ear
Might the tuneful footing hear.

CHORUS.

And had the music silent been,
The eye a moving time had seen.

GENIUS.

These must in th' unpeopled sky
Succeed, and govern Destiny.
Jove is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
These glorious lights. I must ascend,
And help the work.

KINGDOMS.

1. We cannot lend
Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay,
But rend'ring what it takes away.
Why should they that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?

CHORUS.

Or be to one eternal posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide?

GENIUS.

Jove shall not, to enrich the sky,
Beggar the Earth; their fame shall fly
From hence alone, and in the sphere
Kindle new stars, whilst they rest here.

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. How can the shaft stay in the quiver,
Yet hit the mark?

GENIUS.

Did not the river,
Eridanus, the grace acquire
In heaven and earth to flow,
Above in streams of golden fire,
In silver waves below?

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. But shall not we, now thou art gone,
Who wert our nature, wither?
Or break that triple union
Which thy soul held together?

GENIUS.

In Concord's pure, immortal spring
I will my force renew,
And a more active virtue bring
At my return. Adieu!

KINGDOMS. Adieu! CHORUS. Adieu!

The masquers dance their main dance, which done, the scene again is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, clean differing from all the other, the nearest part showing a delicious garden with several walks, and parterres set round with low trees, and on the sides, against these walks, were fountains and grots, and in the furthest part a palace, from whence went high walks upon arches, and above them open terraces planted with cypress trees; and all this together was composed of such ornaments as might express a princely villa.

From hence the Chorus descending into the room, goes up to the state.

THE THIRD SONG.

BY THE CHORUS, GOING UP TO THE QUEEN.

Whilst thus the darlings of the gods,
From Honour's temple to the shrine
Of Beauty, and these sweet abodes
Of Love, we guide; let thy divine
Aspects, bright deity, with fair
And halcyon beams becalm the air.

We bring prince Arthur, or the brave
St. George himself, great queen, to you;
You'll soon discern him: and we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round-table knight, as ever fought
For lady, to each beauty brought.

Plant in their martial hands, War's seat,
Your peaceful pledges of warm snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat
In Love's known language tales of woe;
Say in soft whispers of the palm,
As eyes shoot darts, so lips shed balm.

For though you seem, like captives, led
In triumph by the foe away,
Yet on the conqu'ror's neck you tread,
And the fierce victor proves your prey.
What heart is then secure from you,
That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?

The song done they retire, and the masquers dance the revels with the ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The revels being past, and the king's majesty seated under the state by the queen; for conclusion to this masque there appears coming forth from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great cloud, which, arriving at the middle heaven, stayeth; this was of several colours, and so great, that it covered the whole scene; out of the further part of the heaven began to break forth two other clouds, differing in colour and shape; and being fully discovered, there appeared sitting in one of them, Religion, Truth, and Wisdom. Religion was apparelled in white, and part of her face was covered with a light veil; in one hand a book, and in the other a flame of fire. Truth in a watchet robe, a sun upon her forehead, and bearing in her hand a palm. Wisdom in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rays about her head, and Apollo's cithara in her hand. In the other cloud sat Concord, Government, and Reputation. The habit of Concord was carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of sticks bound together, and on the top of it a heart, and a garland of corn on her head: Government was figured in a coat of armour bearing a shield, and on it a Medusa's head; upon her head a plumed helm, and in her right hand a lance. Reputation, a young man in a purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurel on his head. These being come down in an equal distance to the middle part of the air, the great cloud began to break open, out of which broke beams of light; in the midst, suspended in the air, sat Eternity on a globe; his garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all over with stars of gold, and bearing in his hand a serpent bent into a circle, with his tail in his mouth. In the firmament about him was a troop of fifteen stars, expressing the stellifying of our British heroes; but one more great and eminent than the rest, which was over his head, figured his Majesty; and in the lower part afar off was seen the prospect of Windsor Castle, the famous seat of the most honourable order of the Garter.

THE FOURTH SONG.

ETERNITY, EUSEBIA, ALETHIA, SOPHIA, HOMONOIA, DICÆARCHE, EUPHEMIA.

ETERNITY.

Be fix'd, you rapid orbs, that bear
The changing seasons of the year
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepid spheres grown dark and cold;
Nor did Jove quench her fires; these bright
Flames have eclips'd her sullen light:
This royal pair, for whom Fate will
Make motion cease, and time stand still:
Since good is here so perfect, as no worth
Is left for after-ages to bring forth.

EUSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeal the gods adore.

ALETHIA.

My truths from human eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

SOPHIA.

Nor do their actions from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.

HOMONOIA.

And as their own pure souls entwin'd,
So are their subjects' hearts combin'd.

DICÆARCHE.

So just, so gentle is their sway,
As it seems empire to obey.

EUPHEMIA.

And their fair fame, like incense hurl'd
On altars, hath perfum'd the world.

Sop. Wisdom, Al. Truth, Eus. Pure adoration, Hom. Concord, Dic. Rule, Eup. Clear reputation.

CHORUS.

Crown this king, this queen, this nation.

CHORUS.

Wisdom, truth, &c.

ETERNITY.

Brave spirits, whose advent'rous feet
Have to the mountain's top aspir'd,
Where fair Desert and Honour meet:
Here, from the toiling press retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing evil,
For ever in my temple revel.

With wreaths of stars circled about
Gild all the spacious firmament,
And smiling on the panting rout
That labour in the steep ascent,
With your resistless influence guide
Of human change th' uncertain tide.

EUS. ALE. SOP.

But oh, you royal turtles, shed,
Where you from earth remove,
On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,
Those sacred seeds of love.

CHORUS.

Which no power can but yours dispense,
Since you the pattern bear from hence.

HOM. DIC. EUP.

Then from your fruitful race shall flow
Endless succession.
Scepters shall bud, and laurels blow
'Bout their immortal throne.

CHORUS.

Propitious stars shall crown each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the earth.

The song ended, the two clouds with the persons sitting on them ascend; the great cloud closeth again, and so passeth away overthwart the scene; leaving behind it nothing but a serene sky. After which the masquers dance their last dance, and the curtain was let fall.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

Died about 1650.

Phineas Fletcher was elected from Eton to King's College. Sir Henry Willoughby gave him the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, in 1621, which he held twenty-nine years: then it is supposed that he died; and these brief notices comprise all that is known of his history.

The two Fletchers are the best poets of the school of Spenser. A villanous edition of the Purple Island was published in 1783; in which the text was modernised and mangled upon the suggestion of James Hervey, author of the Meditations; a book, not more laudable in its purport than vicious in its style, and, therefore, one of the most popular that ever was written. His brother Giles's poem was published with it, and underwent the same process of debasement.

Deservedly eminent as they were in their own age, neither Browne nor the Fletchers are noticed in Cibber's Lives of the Poets. Their poems were first included in a general collection by Dr. Anderson; to whom, more than to any other person, the early poets are indebted for rescuing them from neglect; and the present generation, for having better models in sentiment, language, and versification, set before them, than would otherwise have been generally or easily accessible.

THE PURPLE ISLAND;

OR,

THE ISLE OF MAN.

Canto I.

The warmer Sun the golden Bull outran,
And with the Twins made haste to inn and play:
Scatt'ring ten thousand flow'rs, he new began
To paint the world, and piece the length'ning day:
(The world more aged by new youth's accruing)
Ah, wretched man! this wicked world pursuing,
Which still grows worse by age, and older by renewing.

The shepherd boys, who with the Muses dwell,
Met in the plain their May-lords new to choose,
(For two they yearly choose) to order well
Their rural sports, and year that next ensues:
Now were they sat, where by the orchard walls
The learned Chame with stealing waters crawls
And lowly down before that royal temple falls.

Among the rout they take two gentle swains,
Whose sprouting youth did now but greenly bud:
Well could they pipe and sing, but yet their strains
Were only known unto the silent wood:
Their nearest blood from self-same fountains flow,
Their souls self-same in nearer love did grow:
So seem'd two join'd in one, or one disjoin'd in two.

Now when the shepherd lads, with common voice,
Their first consent had firmly ratify'd,
A gentle boy thus 'gan to wave their choice:
"Thirsil," said he, "tho' yet thy Muse untry'd
Hath only learn'd in private shades to feign
Soft sighs of love unto a looser strain,
Or thy poor Thelgon's wrong in mournful verse to 'plain:

"Yet since the shepherd swains do all consent
To make thee lord of them, and of their art;
And that choice lad (to give a full content)
Hath join'd with thee in office as in heart:
Wake, wake thy long, thy too long sleeping Muse,
And thank them with a song, as is the use:
Such honour, thus conferr'd, thou may'st not well refuse.

"Sing what thou list, be it of Cupid's spite,
(Ah, lovely spite, and spiteful loveliness!)
Or Gemma's grief, if sadder be thy spite:
Begin, thou loved swain, with good success:
"Ah!" said the bashful boy, "such wanton toys,
A better mind and sacred vow destroys,
Since in a higher love I settled all my joys.

"New light, new love, new love new life hath bred;
A life that lives by love, and loves by light:
A love to him, to whom all loves are wed;
A light, to whom the Sun is darkest night:
Eye's light, heart's love, soul's only life he is:
Life, soul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are his:
He eye, light, heart, love, soul; he all my joy and bliss.

" But if you deign my ruder pipe to hear,
(Rude pipe, unus'd, untun'd, unworthy hearing)
These infantine beginnings gently bear,
Whose best desert and hope must be your bearing.
But you, O Muses! by soft Chamus sitting,
Your dainty songs unto his murmurs fitting,
Which bears the under-song unto your cheerful dittying.

" Tell me, ye Muses, what our father-ages
Have left succeeding times to play upon:
What now remains unthought on by those sages,
Where a new Muse may try her pinion?
What lightning heroes, like great Peleus' heir,
(Darting his beams thro' our hard frozen air)
May stir up gentle heat, and virtue's wane repair?

" Who knows not Jason? or bold Tiphys' hand,
That durst unite what Nature's self would part?
He makes isles continent, and all one land;
O'er seas, as earth, he march'd with dangerous art:
He rides the white-mouth'd waves, and scorneth all
Those thousand deaths wide gaping for his fall:
He death defies, fenc'd with a thin, low, wooden wall.

" Who has not often read Troy's twice sung fires,
And at the second time twice better sung?
Who has not heard th' Arcadian shepherd's quires,
Which now have gladly chang'd their native tongue;
And, sitting by slow Mincius, sport their fill,
With sweeter voice and never-equall'd skill,
Chanting their amorous lays unto a Roman quill?

" And thou, choice wit, Love's scholar, and Love's master,
Art known to all, where Love himself is known:
Whether thou did'st Ulysses hie him faster,
Or dost thy fault and distant exile moan;
Who has not seen upon the mourning stage,
Dire Atreus' feast, and wrong'd Medea's rage
Marching in tragic state, and buskin'd equipage?

" And now of late th' Italian fisher swain [1]
Sits on the shore, to watch his trembling line,
There teaches rocks and prouder seas to plain
By Nesis fair, and fairer Mergiline:
While his thin net, upon his oars twin'd,
With wanton strife catches the Sun and wind;
Which still do slip away, and still remain behind.

" And that French Muse's [2] eagle eye and wing,
Hath soar'd to Heaven, and there hath learn'd the art
To frame angelic strains, and canzons sing:
Too high and deep for every shallow heart.
Ah, blessed soul! in those celestial rays, blaze,
Which gave thee light, these lower works to
Thou sitt'st imparadis'd, and chant'st eternal lays.

" Thrice happy wits, which in your springing May,
(Warm'd with the Sun of well deserved favours)
Disclose your buds, and your fair blooms display,
Perfume the air with your rich fragrant savours!
Nor may, nor ever shall, those honour'd flow'rs
Be spoil'd by summer's heat, or winter's show'rs,
But last, when eating time shall gnaw the proudest tow'rs.

" Happy, thrice happy times, in silver age!
When generous plants advanc'd their lofty crest;
When Honour stoop'd to be learn'd Wisdom's page;
When baser weeds starv'd in their frozen nest;
When th' highest flying Muse still highest climbs;
And virtue's rise, keeps down all rising crimes;
Happy, thrice happy age! happy, thrice happy times!

" But wretched we, to whom these iron days,
(Hard days!) afford nor matter, nor reward!
Sings Maro? Men deride high Maro's lays,
Their hearts with lead, with steel their sense is barr'd:
Sing Linus, or his father, as he uses,
Our Midas' ears their well tun'd verse refuses.
What cares an ass for arts? he brays at sacred Muses.

" But if fond Bavius vent his clouted song,
Or Mævius chant his thoughts in brothel charm;
The witless vulgar, in a num'rous throng,
Like summer flies about their dunghill swarm:
They sneer, they grin. — ' Like to his like will move.'
Yet never let them greater mischief prove
Than this, ' Who hates not one, may he the other love.'

" Witness our Colin [3]; whom though all the Graces
And all the Muses nurs'd; whose well taught song
Parnassus' self and Glorian embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherd's throng;
Yet all his hopes were cross'd, all suits deny'd;
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilify'd:
Poorly, poor man, he liv'd: poorly, poor man, he died.

" And had not that great Hart (whose honoured head,
Ah! lies full low) pity'd thy woful plight;
There had'st thou lain unwept, unburied,
Unbless'd, nor grac'd with any common rite:
Yet shalt thou live when thy great foe shall sink, stink:
Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall
And time his blacker name shall blurre with black-
est ink.

" O let th' Iambic Muse revenge that wrong,
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:
Let thy abused honour cry as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to read:
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,
' Oh, may that man that hath the Muses scorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn'd.'

" Oft therefore have I chid my tender Muse;
Oft my chill breast beats off her fluttering wing:
Yet when new Spring her gentle rays infuse,
All storms are laid, again to chirp and sing:
At length soft fires, dispers'd in every vein,
Yield open passage to the thronging train,
And swelling numbers' tide rolls like the surging main.

" So where fair Thames, and crooked Isis' son,
Pays tribute to his king, the mantling stream
Encounter'd by the tides, (now rushing on
With equal force) of 's way doth doubtful seem,

[1] Sannazar. [2] Bartas. [3] Spenser.

At length the full grown sea and water's king
Chid the bold waves with hollow murmuring:
Back fly the streams to shroud them in their mother spring.

" Yet thou, sweet numerous Muse, why should'st thou droop,
That every vulgar ear thy music scorns?
Nor can they rise, nor thou so low can stoop
No seed of Heav'n takes root in mud or thorns.
When owls or crows, imping their flaggy wing
With thy stol'n plumes, their notes through th' air do fling; [strain to sing.
Oh shame! they howl and croak, whilst fond they

" Enough for thee in Heav'n to build thy nest;
(Far be dull thoughts of winning dunghill praise)
Enough, if kings enthrone thee in their breast,
And crown their golden crowns with higher bays:
Enough that those who wear the crown of kings,
(Great Israel's princes) strike thy sweetest strings; [heav'nly wings.
Heaven's dove, when high'st he flies, flies with thy

" Let others trust the seas, dare death and Hell,
Search either Ind', vaunt of their scars and wounds:
Let others their dear breath (nay, silence) sell
To fools, and (swol'n, not rich) stretch out their bounds,
By spoiling those that live, and wronging dead;
That they may drink in pearl, and couch their head
In soft, but sleepless down; in rich, but restless bed.

" O, let them in their gold quaff dropsies down!
O, let them surfeits feast in silver bright!
Whilst sugar hires the taste the brain to drown,
And bribes of sauce corrupt false appetite,
His master's rest, health, heart, life, soul, to sell;
Thus plenty, fulness, sickness, ring their knell.
Death wade, and beds them; first in grave, and then in Hell.

" But, ah! let me, under some Kentish hill,
Near rolling Medway, 'mong my shepherd peers,
With fearless merry-make, and piping still,
Securely pass my few and slow-pac'd years:
While yet the great Augustus of our nation,
Shuts up old Janus in this long cessation,
Strength'ning our pleasing ease, and gives us sure vacation.

" There may I, master of a little flock,
Feed my poor lambs, and often change their fare:
My lovely mate shall tend my sparing stock,
And nurse my little ones with pleasing care;
Whose love, and look, shall speak their father plain. [gain;
Health be my feast, Heaven hope, content my
So in my little house my lesser heart shall reign.

" The beech shall yield a cool safe canopy,
While down I sit, and chant to th' echoing wood:
Ah, singing might I live, and singing die!
So by fair Thames, or silver Medway's flood,
The dying swan, when years her temples pierce,
In music's strains breathes out her life and verse,
And chanting her own dirge tides on her wat'ry hearse.

" What shall I then need seek a patron out;
Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes,
To fence my song against the vulgar rout:
Or shine upon me with her geminies?
What care I, if they praise my slender song?
Or reck I, if they do me right or wrong?
A shepherd's bliss nor stands, nor falls, to ev'ry tongue.

" Great Prince of Shepherds, than thy Heav'ns more high,
Low as our Earth, here serving, ruling there;
Who taughtst our death to live, thy life to die;
Who, when we broke thy bonds, our bonds would'st bear;
Who reigned'st in thy Heaven, yet felt'st our Hell;
Who (God) bought'st man, whom man (though God) did sell,
Who in our flesh, our graves, and worse, our hearts, would'st dwell.

" Great Prince of Shepherds, thou who late didst deign
To lodge thyself within this wretched breast,
(Most wretched breast, such guest to entertain,
Yet, oh! most happy lodge in such a guest!)
Thou First and Last, inspire thy sacred skill;
Guide thou my hand, grace thou my artless quill;
So shall I first begin, so last shall end thy will.

" Hark then, ah, hark! you gentle shepherd crew;
An isle I fain would sing, an island fair;
A place too seldom view'd, yet still in view;
Near as ourselves, yet farthest from our care;
Which we by leaving find, by seeking lost;
A foreign home, a strange, tho' native coast;
Most obvious to all, yet most unknown to most.

" Coeval with the world in her nativity,
Which tho' it now hath pass'd thro' many ages,
And still retain'd a natural proclivity
To ruin, compass'd with a thousand rages,
Of foe-men's spite, which still this island tosses,
Yet ever grows more prosp'rous by her crosses,
By with'ring, springing fresh, and rich by often losses.

" Vain men, too fondly wise, who plough the seas,
With dang'rous pains another earth to find;
Adding new worlds to th' old, and scorning ease,
The earth's vast limits daily more unbind!
The aged world, though now it falling shows,
And hastes to set, yet still in dying grows:
Whole lives are spent to win, what one death's hour must lose.

" How like's the world unto a tragic stage!
Where every changing scene the actors change;
Some, subject, crouch and fawn; some reign and rage: [strange,
And new strange plots bring scenes as new and
Till most are slain; the rest their parts have done: [groan,
So here, some laugh and play, some weep and
Till all put off their robes; and stage and actors gone.

" Yet this fair isle, scited so nearly near,
That from our sides, nor place, nor time, may sev'r;
Though to yourselves yourselves are not more dear,
Yet with strange carelessness you travel nev'r:
Thus while, yourselves and native home forgetting,
You search for distant worlds, with needless sweating,
You never find yourselves; so lose ye more by getting.

"When that Great Pow'r, that All far more than all,
(When now his time fore-set was fully come)
Brought into act this indigested ball,
Which in himself, till then, had only room;
He labour'd not, nor suffer'd pain, or ill;
But bid each kind their several places fill:
He bid, and they obey'd, their action was his will.

" First stept the Light, and spread his cheerful rays
Through all the chaos; Darkness headlong fell,
Frighten'd with sudden beams, and new-born days;
And plung'd her ugly head in deepest Hell:
Not that he meant to help his feeble sight
To frame the rest; he made the day of night:
All else but darkness; he the true, the only light.

" Fire, water, earth, and air, (that fiercely strove)
His sov'reign hand in strong alliance ty'd,
Binding their deadly hate in constant love:
So that Great Wisdom temper'd all their pride,
(Commanding strife and love should never cease)
That by their peaceful fight, and fighting peace,
The world might die to live, and lessen to increase.

" Thus earth's cold arm, cold water friendly holds,
But with his dry the other's wet defies:
Warm air, with mutual love, hot fire unfolds,
As moist, his drought abhors, dry earth allies
With fire, but heats with cold new wars prepare:
Yet earth drencht water proves, which boil'd turns air;
Hot air makes fire: condens'd, all change, and home repair.

" Now when the first week's life was almost spent;
And this world built, and richly furnished;
To store Heaven's courts, and steer Earth's regiment,
He cast to frame an isle, the heart and head
Of all his works, compos'd with curious art;
Which like an index briefly should impart
The sum of all; the whole, yet of the whole a part.

" That trine-one with himself in council sits,
And purple dust takes from the new-born earth;
Part circular, and part triang'lar fits;
Endows it largely at the unborn birth;
Deputes his favourite viceroy; doth invest
With aptness thereto, as seem'd him best;
And lov'd it more than all, and more than all it bless'd.

" Then plac'd it in the calm pacific seas,
And bid nor waves, nor troublous winds, offend it;
Then peopled it with subjects apt to please
So wise a Prince, made able to defend it
Against all outward force, or inward spite;
Him framing, like himself, all shining bright;
A little living Sun, son of the living Light.

" Nor made he this like other isles; but gave it
Vigour, sense, reason, and a perfect motion,
To move itself whither itself would have it,
And know what falls within the verge of notion:
No time might change it, but as ages went,
So still return'd; still spending, never spent:
More rising in their fall, more rich in detriment.

" So once the cradle[1] of that double light,
Whereof one rules the night, the other day,
(Till sad Latona flying Juno's spite,
Her double burthen there did safely lay)
Not rooted yet, in every sea was roving,
With every wave, and every wind removing:
But since, to those fair twins hath left her ever moving.

" Look as a scholar, who doth closely gather
Many large volumes in a narrow place;
So that great Wisdom, all this all together,
Confin'd unto this island's little space;
And being one, soon into two he fram'd it;
And now made two, to one again reclaim'd it:
The little Isle of Man, or Purple Island, nam'd it.

" Thrice happy was the world's first infancy;
Nor knowing yet, nor curious ill to know:
Joy without grief, love without jealousy:
None felt hard labour, or the sweating plough
The willing earth brought tribute to her king:
Bacchus unborn lay hidden in the cling
Of big swol'n grapes; their drink was every silver spring.

" Of all the winds there was no difference:
None knew mild Zephyrs from cold Eurus' mouth;
Nor Orithya's lover's violence
Distinguish'd from the ever-dropping south:
But either gentle west winds reign'd alone,
Or else no wind, or harmful wind was none:
But one wind was in all, and all the winds in one.

" None knew the sea: oh, blessed ignorance!
None nam'd the stars, the north car's constant race,
Taurus bright horns, or Fishes' happy chance:
Astrea yet chang'd not her name or place;
Her ev'n pois'd balance Heaven yet never try'd:
None sought new coasts nor foreign lands descry'd;
But in their own they liv'd, and in their own they dy'd.

" But, ah! what liveth long in happiness?
Grief, of an heavy nature, steady lies,
And cannot be remov'd for weightiness;
But joy, of lighter presence, eas'ly flies,
And seldom comes, and soon away will go:
Some secret pow'r here all things orders so,
That for a sunshine day follows an age of woe.

" Witness this glorious isle; which, not content
To be confin'd in bounds of happiness,
Would try whate'er is in the continent;
And seek out ill, and search for wretchedness.
Ah, fond to seek what then was in thy will!
That needs no curious search; 'tis next us still.
'Tis grief to know of grief, and ill to know of ill.

[1] Delos.

"That old sly serpent, (sly, but spiteful more)
Vex'd with the glory of this happy isle,
Allures it subtly from the peaceful shore,
And with fair painted lies, and colour'd guile,
Drench'd in dead seas [5]; whose dark streams, full of fright,
Empty their sulphur waves in endless night;
Where thousand deaths, and hells, torment the damned sprite.

"So when a fisher swain by chance hath spy'd
A big-grown pike pursue the lesser fry,
He sits a withy labyrinth beside,
And with fair baits allures his nimble eye;
Which he invading with outstretched fin,
All suddenly is compass'd with the gin,
Where there is no way out, but easy passage in.

"That deathful lake hath these three properties:
No turning path, or issue thence is found:
The captive never dead, yet ever dies;
It endless sinks, yet never comes to ground:
Hell's self is pictur'd in that brimstone wave;
For what retiring from that hellish grave?
Or who can end in death, where deaths no ending have?

"For ever had this isle in that foul ditch
With cureless grief and endless errour stray'd,
Boiling in sulphur and hot-bubbling pitch;
Had not the king, whose laws he (fool!) betray'd,
Unsnarl'd that chain, then firm that lake secur'd;
For which ten thousand tortures he endur'd:
So hard was this lost isle, so hard to be recur'd.

"O thou deep well of life, wide stream of love,
(More deep, more wide, than widest, deepest seas)
Who dying, death to endless death didst prove,
To work this wilful rebel island's ease;
Thy love no time began, no time decays:
But still increaseth with decreasing days:
Where then may we begin, where may we end, thy praise?

"My callow wing, that newly left the nest,
How can it make so high a tow'ring flight?
O depth without a depth! in humble breast,
With praises I admire so wondrous height:
But thou, my sister Muse [6], may'st well go high'r,
And end thy flight; ne'er may thy pinions tire:
Thereto may he his grace and gentle heat aspire.

"Then let me end my easier taken story,
And sing this island's new recover'd seat:
But see, the eye of noon, its brightest glory,
Teaching great men, is ne'er so little great:
Our panting flocks retire into the glade;
They crouch, and close to th' earth their horns have laid:
Vain we our scorched heads in that thick beech's shade."

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[5] Mare mortuum.
[6] A book called Christ's Victory and Triumph.

Canto II.

Declining Phœbus, as he larger grows,
(Taxing proud folly) gentler waxeth still;
Never less fierce, than when he greatest shows:
When Thirsil on a gentle rising hill [view)
(Where all his flock he round might feeding
Sits down, and, circled with a lovely crew
Of nymphs and shepherd-boys, thus 'gan his song renew.

"Now was this isle pull'd from that horrid main,
Which bears the fearful looks and name of Death;
And settled new with blood and dreadful pain
By Him who twice had giv'n (once forfeit) breath:
A baser state than what was first assign'd;
Wherein (to curb the too aspiring mind)
The better things were lost, the worst were left behind.

"That glorious image of himself was raz'd;
Ah! scarce the place of that best part we find:
And that bright sun-like knowledge much defac'd;
Only some twinkling stars remain behind:
Then mortal made; yet as one fainting dies,
Two other in its place succeeding rise;
And drooping stock, with branches fresh immortalize.

"So that lone bird, in fruitful Arabie,
When now her strength and waning life decays,
Upon some airy rock, or mountain high,
In spicy bed (fir'd by near Phœbus' rays)
Herself, and all her crooked age consumes:
Straight from the ashes, and those rich perfumes,
A new-born phœnix flies, and widow'd place resumes.

"It grounded lies upon a sure foundation [1],
Compact and hard; whose matter, cold and dry,
To marble turns in strongest congelation;
Fram'd of fat earth, which fires together tie,
Through all the isle, and every part extent,
To give just form to ev'ry regiment; [ment.
Imparting to each part due strength and 'stablish-

"Whose looser ends are glew'd with brother earth [2],
Of nature like, and of a near relation;
Of self-same parents both, at self-same birth;
That oft itself stands for a good foundation [3]:
Both these a third [4] doth solder fast and bind:
Softer than both, yet of the self-same kind;
All instruments of motion in one league combin'd.

"Upon this base [5] a curious work is rais'd,
Like undivided brick, entire and one,
Though soft, yet lasting, with just balance pais'd;
Distributed with due proportion:

[1] The foundation of the body is the bones. Bones are a similar part of the body, most dry or cold; made by the virtue generative through heat of the thicker portion of seed, which is most earthy and fat, for the establishment and figure of the whole.
[2] A cartilage, or grisle, is of a middle nature, betwixt bones and ligaments, or sinews, made of the same matter, and in the same manner, as bones, for a variety and safety in motion.
[3] Some of these (even as bones) sustain and uphold some parts.
[4] Both these are knit with ligaments: a ligament, or sinew, is of a nature between grisles and nerves, framed of a tough and clammy portion of the seed, for hitting and holding the bones together, and fitting them for motion.
[5] Upon the bones, as the foundation, is built the flesh. Flesh is a similar part of the body, soft, ruddy, made of blood, and differently dried, covered with the common membrane of skin.

And that the rougher frame might lurk unseen,
All fair is hung with coverings slight and thin;
Which partly hide it all, yet all is partly seen:

" As when a virgin her snow-circled breast
Displaying hides, and hiding sweet displays;
The greater segments cover'd, and the rest
The vail transparent willingly displays: [light;
Thus takes and gives, thus lends and borrows
Lest eyes should surfeit with too greedy sight,
Transparent lawns with-hold more to increase delight.

" Nor is there any part in all this land,
But is a little isle: for thousand brooks [6]
In azure channels glide on silver sand;
Their serpent windings, and deceiving crooks,
Circling about, and wat'ring all the plain,
Empty themselves into th' all drinking main;
And creeping forward slide, but never turn again.

" Three diff'rent streams from fountains different,
Neither in nature, nor in shape agreeing,
(Yet each with other friendly ever went)
Give to this isle his fruitfulness and being;
The first in single channels [7], sky-like blue,
With luke-warm waters dy'd in porphry hue,
Sprinkle this crimson isle with purple-colour'd dew.

" The next [8], though from the same springs first it rise,
Yet passing through another greater fountain,
Doth lose his former name and qualities: [tain:
Through many a dale it flows, and many a moun-
More fiery light, and needful more than all;
And therefore fenced with a double wall: [fall.
All froths his yellow streams, with many a sudden

" The last [9], in all things diff'ring from the other,
Fall from an hill, and close together go,
Embracing as they run; each with his brother
Guarded with double trenches sure they flow:
The coldest spring, yet nature, best they have;
And like the lacteal stones which heaven pave,
Slide down to ev'ry part with their thick milky wave.

' These with a thousand streams [10] through th' island roving,
Bring tribute in: the first gives nourishment;
Next life, last sense, and arbitrary moving:
For when the prince hath now his mandate sent,
The nimble posts quick down the river run,
And end their journey, though but now begun:
But now the mandate came, and now the mandate's done.

" The whole isle, parted in three regiments [11],
By three metropolis's jointly sway'd;
Ord'ring in peace and war their governments,
With loving concord, and with mutual aid:
The lowest hath the worst, but largest see;
The middle less, of greater dignity:
The highest least, but holds the greatest sov'reignty.

" Deep in a vale doth that first province lie,
With many a city grac'd, and fairly town'd;
And for a fence from foreign enmity, [round;
With five strong builded walls [12] encompass'd
Which my rude pencil will in limning stain:
A work, more curious than which poets feign
Neptune and Phœbus built, and pulled down again.

" The first of these, is that round spreading fence [13],
Which, like a sea, girts th' isle in every part;
Of fairest building, quick, and nimble sense,
Of common matter fram'd with special art;
Of middle temper, outwardest of all,
To warn of ev'ry chance that may befall:
The same a fence and spy; a watchman and a wall.

" His native beauty is a lily white [14];
Which still some other colour'd stream infecteth,
Lest, like itself, with divers stainings dight,
The inward disposition it detecteth:
If white, it argues wet; if purple, fire;
If black, a heavy cheer, and fix'd desire;
Youthful and blithe, if suited in a rosy tire.

" It cover'd stands with silken flourishing [15],
Which, as it oft decays, renews again,
The other's sense and beauty perfecting;
Which else would feel but with unusual pain:
Whose pleasing sweetness and resplendent shine,
Soft'ning the wanton touch, and wand'ring eyn,
Doth oft the prince himself with witch'ries undermine.

" The second [16] rampier of a softer matter,
Cast up by the purple river's overflowing;
Whose airy wave, and swelling waters, fatter
For want of heat congeal'd, and thicker growing,
The wand'ring heat [17] (which quiet ne'er subsisteth)
Sends back again to what confine it listeth;
And outward enemies, by yielding, most resisteth.

[6] The whole body is, as it were, watered with great plenty of rivers, veins, arteries, and nerves.

[7] A vein is a vessel, long, round, hollow, rising from the liver, appointed to contain, concoct, and distribute the blood: it hath but one tunicle, and that thin; the colour of th's blood is purple.

[8] An artery is a vessel, long, round, hollow, formed for conveyance of that more sprightly blood, which is elaborate in the heart.—This blood is frothy, yellowish, full of spirits, therefore compassed with a double tunicle, that it might not exhale or sweat out by reason of the thinness.

[9] A nerve is a spermatical part rising from the brain and the pith of the back-bone: the outside skin, the inside full of pith; carrying the animal spirits for sense and motion, and therefore doubly skinned, as the brain; none of them single, but run in couples.

[10] The veins convey the nourishment from the liver; the arteries, life and heat from the heart; the nerves, sense and motion from the brain: will commands, the nerve brings, and the part executes the mandate, all almost in an instant.

[11] The whole body may be parted into three regions: the lowest, or belly; the middle, or breast; the highest, or head. In the lowest the liver is sovereign, whose regiment is the widest, but meanest. In the middle, the heart reigns most necessary. The brain obtains the highest place, and is, as the least in compass, so the greatest in dignity.

[12] The parts of the lower region, are either the contained or containing; the containing either common or proper; the common are the skin, the fleshy panicle, and the fat; the proper are the muscles of the belly-piece, or the inner rim of the belly.

[13] The skin is a membrane of all the rest the most large and thick, formed of the mixture of seed and blood; the covering and ornament of parts that are under it: the temper moderate, the proper organ of outward touching (say physicians).

[14] The native colour of the skin is white, but (as Hippocrates) changed into the same colour which is brought by the humour predominant. Where melancholy abounds, it is swarthy; where phlegm, it is white and pale; where choler reigns, it is red fiery; but in sanguine, of a rosy colour.

[15] The skin is covered with the cuticle, or flourishing of the skin; it is the mean of touching, without which we feel, but with pain. It polisheth the skin, which many times is changed, and (as it is with snakes) put off, and a new and more amiable brought in.

[16] The fat cometh from the airy portion of the blood; which when it flows to the membranes, by their weak heat (which physicians account and call cold) grows thick and close.

[17] The fat increaseth inward heat, by keeping it from outward parts; and defends the parts subject to it from bruises.

" The third more inward [18], firmer than the best,
May seem at first but thinly built, and slight;
But yet of more defence than all the rest:
Of thick and stubborn substance strongly dight.
These three (three common fences round im-
This regiment, and all the other isle; [pile)
And saving inward friends, their outward foes beguile.

" Beside these three, two [19] more appropriate guards,
With constant watch compass this government:
The first eight companies in several wards,
(To each his station in this regiment)
On each side four continual watch observe,
And under one great captain jointly serve;
Two fore-right stand, two cross, and four obliquely swerve.

" The other [20] fram'd of common matter, all
This lower region girts with strong defence;
More long than round, with double-builded wall,
Though single often seems to slighter sense;
With many gates, whose strangest properties
Protect this coast from all conspiracies;
Admitting welcome friends, excluding enemies.

" *Between this fence's double-walled sides* [21],
Four slender brooks run creeping o'er the lea;
The first is call'd the nurse, and rising slides
From this low region's metropolie:
Two from th' heart-city bend their silent pace;
The last from urine lake with waters base,
In the allantoid sea empties his flowing race.

" Down in a vale [22], where these two parted walls
Differ from each with wide distending space,
Into a lake the urine-river falls,
Which at the nephros hill begins his race:
Crooking his banks he often runs astray,
Lest his ill streams might backward find a way:
Thereto some say, was built a curious framed bay.

" The urine lake [23] drinking his colour'd brook,
By little swells, and fills his stretching sides:
But when the stream the brink 'gins overlook,
A sturdy groom empties the swelling tides;
Sphincter some call; who if he loosed be,
Or stiff with cold, out flows the senseless sea,
And, rushing unawares, covers the drowned lea.

" From thence with blinder passage [24] (flying name)
These noisome streams a secret pipe conveys;
Which though we term the hidden parts of shame,
Yet for the skill deserve no better praise
Than they, to which we honour'd names impart.
O, powerful Wisdom! with what wond'rous art
Mad'st thou the best, who thus hast fram'd the vilest part.

" Six goodly cities [25], built with suburbs round,
Do fair adorn this lower region;
The first Koilia [26], whose extremest bound
On this side's border'd by the Splenion,
On that by sovereign Hepar's large commands,
The merry Diazome above it stands,
To both these join'd in league, and never failing bands.

" The form (as when with breath our bagpipes rise [27],
And swell) round-wise, and long, yet long-wise more;
Fram'd to the most capacious figure's guise;
For 'tis the island's garner: here its store
Lies treasur'd up, which well prepar'd, it sends
By secret path, that to the arch-city bends;
Which, making it more fit, to all the isle dispends.

" But hence at foot of rocky Cephal's hills,
This city's steward [28] dwells in vaulted stone;
And twice a day Koilia's storehouse fills
With certain rent and due provision:
Aloft he fitly dwells in arched cave,
Which to describe I better time shall have,
When that fair mount I sing, and his white curdy wave.

At that cave's mouth, twice sixteen porters stand [29],
Receivers of the customary rent;
On each side four (the foremost of the band)
Whose office to divide what in is sent;
Straight other four break it in pieces small;
And at each hand twice five, which grinding all,
Fit it for convoy, and this city's arsenal.

" From thence a groom [30] of wondrous volubility
Delivers all unto near officers,
Of nature like himself, and like agility;
At each side four, that are the governors
To see the victuals shipp'd at fittest tide:
Which straight from thence with prosp'rous channel slide,
And in Koilia's port with nimble oars glide.

[18] The fleshy panicle, is a membrane very thick, sinewy, woven in with little veins.

[19] The proper parts in folding this lower region, are two: the first, the muscles of the belly-piece, which are eight; four side-long, two right, and two across.

[20] Peritoneum (called the rim of the belly) is a thin membrane, taking his name from compassing the bowels; round, but long-ways; every where double, yet so thin that it seems but single. It hath many holes, that the veins, arteries, and other needful vessels might have passage both in and out.

[21] The double tunicle of the rim, is plainly parted into a large space, that with a double wall it might fence the bladder, where the vessels of the navel are contained. These are four: first, the nurse, which is a vein nourishing the infant in the womb; second, two arteries, in which the infant breathes; the fourth, the ourachos, a pipe whereby (while the child is in the womb) the urine is carried into the allantoid, or rather amnion, which is a membrane receiving the sweat and urine.

[22] The passages carrying the urine from the kidneys to the bladder. Some affirm that in the passage stands a curious lid or cover.

[23] The bladder endeth in a neck of flesh, and is girded with a muscle which is called sphincter: which holds in the urine, lest it flow away without our permission. If this be loosened, or cold, the urine goes away from us, of itself, without any feeling.

[24] Hence the urine is conveyed through the ordinary passages, and cast out.

[25] Besides the bladder there are six special parts contained in this lower region; the liver, the stomach, with the guts; the gall, the spleen, or milt; the kidneys and parts for generation.

[26] The stomach (or Koilia) is the first in order, though not in dignity.

[27] Koilia, or the stomach, is long and round like a bagpipe, made to receive and concoct the meat, and to perfect the chyle, or white juice which riseth from the meat concocted.

[28] Gustus, the taste, is the caterer, or steward to the stomach, which has its place in Cephal, that is, the head.

[29] In either chap, are sixteen teeth, four cutters, two dog-teeth, or breakers, and ten grinders.

[30] The tongue with great agility, delivers up the meat (well chewed) to the instruments of swallowing: eight muscles serving to this purpose, which instantly send the meat through the œsophagus or meat-pipe into the stomach.

" The haven [31] fram'd with wond'rous sense and art,
Opens itself to all that entrance seek;
Yet if ought back would turn, and thence depart,
With thousand wrinkles shuts the ready creek:
But when the rent is slack, it rages rife,
And mut'nies in itself with civil strife:
Thereto a little groom [32] eggs it with sharpest knife.

" Below dwells [33] in this city's market-place,
The island's common cook, concoction;
Common to all, therefore in middle space
Is quarter'd fit in just proportion;
Whence never from his labour he retires,
No rest he asks, or better change requires:
Both night and day he works, ne'er sleeps, nor sleep desires.

" That heat [34], which in his furnace ever fumeth,
Is nothing like to our hot parching fire;
Which all consuming, self at length consumeth;
But moist'ning flames, a gentle heat inspire;
Which sure some inborn neighbour to him lendeth;
And oft the bord'ring coast fit fuel sendeth,
And oft the rising fume, which down again descendeth:

" Like to a pot, where under hovering
Divided flames, the iron sides entwining,
Above is stopp'd with close laid covering,
Exhaling fumes to narrow straights confining:
So doubling heat, his duty doubly speedeth:
Such is the fire concoction's vessel needeth,
Who daily all the isle with fit provision feedeth.

" There many a groom, the busy cook attends
In under offices, and several place:
This gathers up the scum, and thence it sends
To be cast out; another, liquor's base;
Another garbage, which the kitchen cloys:
And divers filth, whose scent the place annoys,
By divers secret ways in under sinks convoys.

" Therefore a second port [35] is sidelong fram'd,
To let out what unsavory there remains;
There sits a needful groom, the porter nam'd,
Which soon the full grown kitchen cleanly drains,
By divers pipes with hundred turnings giring,
Lest that the food too speedily retiring,
Shou'd wet the appetite, still cloy'd, and still desiring:

" So Erisicthon, once fir'd (as men say)
With hungry rage, fed never, ever feeding;
Ten thousand dishes sever'd in ev'ry day,
Yet in ten thousand thousand dishes needing;
In vain his daughter hundred shapes assum'd:
A whole camp's meat he in his gorge inhum'd:
And all consum'd, his hunger yet was unconsum'd.

" Such would the state of this whole island be,
If those pipes windings (passage quick delaying)
Should not refrain too much edacity,
With longer stay fierce appetite allaying.
These pipes [36] are seven-fold longer than the isle,
Yet all are folded in a little pile,
Whereof three noble are, and thin; three thick, and vile.

" The first [37] is narrow'st, and down-right doth look,
Lest that his charge discharg'd, might back retire;
And by the way takes in a bitter brook,
That when the channel's stopt with stifling mire,
Through th' idle pipe, with piercing waters soaking;
His tender sides with sharpest stream provoking,
Thrusts out the muddy parts, and rids the miry choaking.

" The second [38] lean and lank, still pil'd, and harried
By mighty bord'rers oft his barns invading:
Away his food, and new inn'd store is carried;
Therefore an angry colour, never fading,
Purples his cheek: the third [39] for length exceeds,
And down his stream in hundred turnings leads:
These three most noble are, adorned with silken threads.

" The foremost [40] of the base half blind appears;
And where his broad way in an isthmus ends,
There he examines all his passengers,
And those who ought not 'scape, he backward sends:
The second [41] Ælo's court, where tempests raging,
Shut close within a cave the winds encaging,
With earthquakes shakes the island, thunders sad presaging.

" The last [42] downright falls to port Esquiline,
More straight above, beneath still broader growing,
Soon as the gate opes by the king's assign,
Empties itself, far thence the filth out-throwing:
This gate endow'd with many properties,
Yet for his office, sight, and naming, flies:
Therefore between two hills in darkest valley lies.

[31] The upper mouth of the stomach hath little veins, or circular strings, to shut in the meat, and keep it from returning.

[32] Vas breve, or the short vessel, which sending in a melancholy humour, sharpens the appetite.

[33] In the bottom of the stomach (which is placed in the middle of the belly) is concoction perfected.

[34] The concoction of meats in the stomach is perfected as by an innate property and special virtue; so also by the outward heat of parts adjoining, for it is on every side compassed with hotter parts, which, as fire to a cauldron, helps to seethe, and concoct; and the hot steams within it do not a little further digestion.

[35] The lower orifice, or mouth of the stomach, is not placed at the very bottom, but at the side, and is called the Janitor (or porter) as sending out the food now concocted, through the entrails, which are knotty and full of windings, lest the meat too suddenly passing through the body, should make it too subject to appetite and greediness.

[36] It is approved, that the entrails, dried and blown, are seven times longer than the body; they are all one entire body, yet their differing substance hath distinguished them into the thin and thick: the thin have the more noble office.

[37] The first is straight, without any winding, that the chyle may not return; and most narrow, that it might not find too hasty a passage. It takes in a little passage from the gall, which there purges his choler, to provoke the entrails (when they are slow) to cast out the excrements. This is called Duodenum (or twelve fingers) from his length.

[38] The second, is called the lank, or hungry gut, as being more empty than the rest; for the liver being near, it sucks out his juice, or cream; it is known from the rest by the red colour.

[39] The third is called the Ilion (or winding) from his many folds and turnings, is of all the longest.

[40] The first, of the baser sort, is called blind, at whose end is an appendant, where if any of the thinner chyle do chance to escape, it is stopped, and by the veins of the midriff suckt out.

[41] The second is Colon (or the tormentor) because of the wind there staying, and vexing the body.

[42] The last, called Rectum (or straight) hath no windings, short, larger towards the end, that the excrement may more easily be ejected, and retained also upon occasion.

[illegible] that arch-city [43] of this government,
The three first pipes the ready feast convoy:
The other three in baser office spent,
Fling out the dregs, which else the kitchen cloy.
In every one [44] the Hepar keeps his spies,
Who if ought good, with evil blended lies;
Thence bring it back again to Hepar's treasuries.

" Two several covers fence these twice three pipes:
The first from over swimming [45] takes his name,
Like cobweb-lawn woven with hundred stripes:
The second [46] strengthen'd with a double frame,
From foreign enmity the pipes maintains:
Close by the Pancreas [47] stands, who ne'er complains; [sustains.
Though press'd by all his neighbours, he their state

" Next Hepar, chief of all these lower parts,
One of the three, yet of the three the least.
But see the Sun, like to undaunted hearts,
Enlarges in his fall his ample breast.
Now hie we home; the pearled dew ere long
Will wet the mothers and their tender young,
To morrow with the day we may renew our song."

Canto III.

The morning fresh, dappling her horse with roses,
(Vext at the ling'ring shades that long had left her,
In Tithon's freezing arms) the light discloses;
And chasing night, of rule and heav'n bereft her:
The Sun with gentle beams his rage disguises,
And like aspiring tyrants, temporises;
Never to be endur'd, but when he falls, or rises.

Thirsil from withy prison, as he uses,
Lets out his flock, and on an hill stood heeding,
Which bites the grass, and which his meat refuses;
So his glad eyes, fed with their greedy feeding,
Straight flock a shoal of nymphs, and shepherd-swains, [plains;
While all their lambs rang'd on the flow'ry
Then thus the boy began, crown'd with their circling trains.

" You gentle shepherds, and you snowy sires,
That sit around, my rugged rhymes attending;
How may I hope to quit your strong desires,
In verse uncom'd, such wonders comprehending?
Too well I know my rudeness, all unfit
To frame this curious isle, whose framing yet
Was never throughly known to any human wit.

" Thou shepherd-god, who only know'st it right,
And hid'st that art from all the world beside;
Shed in my misty breast thy sparkling light,
And in this fog, my erring footsteps guide:
Thou who first mad'st, and never wilt forsake it.
Else how shall my weak hand dare undertake it,
When thou thyself ask'st counsel of thyself to make it.

" Next to Koilia, on the right side stands,
Fairly dispread in large dominion,
The arch-city Hepar [1] stretching her commands,
To all within this lower region;
Fenc'd with sure bars, and strongest situation;
So never fearing foreigners' invasion:
Hence are the walls [2], slight, thin; built but for sight and fashion.

" To th' heart, and to th' head city surely tied [3]
With firmest league, and mutual reference:
His liegers there, theirs ever here abide,
To take up strife and casual difference:
Built all alike [4], seeming like rubies sheen,
Of some peculiar matter; such I ween,
As over all the world, may no where else be seen.

" Much like a mount [5] it easily ascendeth;
The upper parts all smooth as slipp'ry glass:
But on the lower many a crag dependeth;
Like to the hangings of some rocky mass:
Here first the purple fountain [6] making vent,
By thousand rivers through the isle dispent,
Gives every part fit growth, and daily nourishment.

" In this fair town [7] the isle's great steward dwells;
His porphry house glitters in purple dye,
In purple clad himself: from hence he deals
His store, to all the isle's necessity:
And though the rent he daily, duly pay,
Yet doth his flowing substance ne'er decay;
All day he rent receives, returns it all the day.

" And like that golden star, which cuts his way
Through Saturn's ice, and Mars his fiery ball;
Temp'ring their strife with his more kindly ray:
So 'tween the Splenion's frost, and th' angry gall,
The jovial Hepar sits; with great expence
Cheering the isle by his sweet influence;
So slakes their envious rage, and endless difference.

" Within, some say, Love [8] hath his habitation,
Not Cupid's self, but Cupid's better brother;
For Cupid's self dwells with a lower nation,
But this, more sure, much chaster than the other;
By whose command, we either love our kind,
Or with most perfect love affect the mind;
With such a diamond knot, he often souls can bind.

[43] The thin entrails serve for the carrying and the thorough concocting the chyle; the thicker for the gathering, and containing the excrements.

[44] They are all sprinkled with numberless little veins, that no part of the chyle might escape, till all be brought to the liver.

[45] Epiploon (or over-swimmer) decends below the navel, and ascends above the highest entrails; of skinny substance, all interlaced with fat.

[46] The Mesenterium (or midst amongst the entrails) whence it takes the name, ties and knits the entrails together: it hath a double tunicle.

[47] Pancreas (or all flesh) for so it seems, is laid as a pillow under the stomach, and sustains the veins, that are dispread from the gate vein.

[1] Of all this lower region, the Hepar, or liver, is the principal. The situation strong and safe, walled in by the ribs.

[2] It is covered with one single tunicle, and that very thin and slight.

[3] The liver is tied to the heart by arteries, to the head by nerves, and to both by veins, dispersed to both.

[4] The liver consists of no ordinary flesh, but of a kind proper to itself.

[5] The liver's upper part rises, and swells gently; is very smooth and even; the lower in the outside like to an hollow rock, rugged and craggy.

[6] From it rise all the springs of blood which runs in the veins.

[7] The steward of the whole isle, is here fitly placed, because as all (that is brought in) is here fitted and disposed, so from hence returned and dispensed.

[8] Here Plato disposed the seat of love. And certainly though lust (which some perversely call love) be otherwhere seated, yet that affection whereby we wish, and do well to others, may seem to be better fitted in the liver, than in the heart, (where most do place it) because this moderate heat appears more apt for this affection; and fires of the heart where (as a salamander) anger lives, seems not so fit to entertain it.

" Two purple streams[9], here raise their boiling heads;
The first, and least, in th' hollow cavern breeding,
His waves on divers neighbour grounds dispreads:
The next fair river all the rest exceeding,
Topping the hill, breaks forth in fierce evasion;
And sheds abroad his Nile-like inundation;
So gives to all the isle their food and vegetation;

" Yet these from other streams much different;
For others, as they longer, broader grow;
These as they run in narrow banks impent;
Are then at least, when in the main they flow:
Much like a tree, which all his roots so guides,
That all the trunk in his full body hides;
Which straight, his stem to thousand branches subdivides.

" Yet lest these streams[10] might hap to be infected,
With other liquors in the well abounding;
Before their flowing channels are detected,
Some lesser delfts, the fountains bottom sounding,
Suck out the baser streams, the springs annoying,
An hundred pipes unto that end employing;
Thence run to fitter place, their noisome load convoying.

" Such is fair Hepar[11], which with great dissension
Of all the rest pleads most antiquity;
But yet th' heart-city with no less contention,
And justest challenge, claims priority:
But sure the Hepar was the elder bore;
For that small river, call'd the nurse, of yore,
Laid both's foundation, yet Hepar built afore.

" Three pois'nous liquors from this purple well
Rise with the native streams[12]; the first like fire
All flaming hot, red, furious, and fell;
The spring of dire debate, and civil ire; [tion,
Which, wer't not surely held with strong reten-
Would stir domestic strife, and fierce contention,
And waste the weary isle with never ceas'd dissension.

" Therefore close by, a little conduit stands,
Choledochus[13], that drags this poison hence,
And safely locks it up in prison bands;
Thence gently drains it through a narrow fence:
A needful fence, attended with a guard,
That watches in the straits, all closely barr'd,
Lest some might back escape, and break the prison ward.

" The next ill stream[14] the wholesome fou[illegible]
fending,
All dreary, black, and frightful, hence convey'd
By divers drains, unto the Splenion tending,
The Splenion o'er against the Hepar laid,
Built long, and square: some say that laughter here
Keeps residence; but laughter fits not there,
Where darkness ever dwells, and melancholy fear.

" And should these ways[15], stopt by ill accident,
To th' Hepar's streams turn back their muddy humours.
The cloudy isle with hellish dreariment, [mours:
Would soon be fill'd, and thousand fearful ru-
Fear hides him here, lock'd deep in earthy cell:
Dark, doleful, deadly-dull, a little hell;
Where with him fright, despair, and thousand horrours dwell.

" If this black town in over-growth increases[16]
With too much strength his neighbours overbearing:
The Hepar daily, and whole isle decreases,
Like ghastly shade, or ashie ghost appearing:
But when it pines, th' isle thrives; its curse, his blessing;
So when a tyrant raves[17], his subjects pressing,
His gaining is their loss, his treasure their distressing.

" The third bad water[18], bubbling from this fountain,
Is wheyish cold, which with good liquors ment,
Is drawn into the double Nethro's mountain;
Which suck the best for growth and nourishment:
The worst as through a little pap[19] distilling
To divers pipes, the pale cold humour swilling,
Runs down to th' urine lake, his banks thrice daily filling.

" These mountains[20] differ but in situation,
In form and matter like; the left is higher,
Lest even height might slack their operation;
Both like the Moon (which now wants half her fire)
Yet into two obtuser angles bended,
Both strongly with a double wall defended:
And both have walls of mud before those walls extended.

" The sixth and last town in this region,
With largest stretch'd precincts, and compass wide,
Is that, where Venus and her wanton son
(Her wanton Cupid) will in youth reside;

[9] Hence rise the two great rivers of blood, of which all the rest are lesser streams; the first is Porta, or the gate vein issuing from the hollow part, and is shed toward the stomach, spleen, guts, and the epiploon. The second is Cava, the hollow vein, spreading his river over all the body.

[10] The chyle, or juice of meats, concocted in the stomach, could not all be turned into sweet blood, by reason of the divers kinds of humours in it; therefore there are three kinds of excremental liquors suckt away by little vessels, and carried to their appointed places; one too light and fiery; another too earthy, and heavy; a third wheyish and watery.

[11] Famous is the controversy between the peripatetics and physicians; one holding the heart, the other the liver to be first. That the liver is first in time, and making, is manifest; because the nurse (the vein that feeds the infant yet in the womb) empties itself upon the liver.

[12] The first excrement drawn from the liver to the gall, is choleric, bitter, like flame in colour; which, were it not removed, and kept in due place, would fill all the body with bitterness and gnawing.

[13] Choledochus, or the gall, is of a membraneous substance, having but one, yet that a strong tunicle. It hath two passages, one drawing the humour from the liver, another conveying the overplus into the first gut, and so emptying the gall; and this fence hath a double gate, to keep the liquor from returning.

[14] The second ill humour is earthy and heavy, which is drawn from the liver, by little vessels unto the spleen, the native seat of melancholy: here some have placed laughter, but the spleen seems rather the seat of malice and heaviness.

[15] If the spleen should fail in this office, the whole body would be filled with melancholy fancies, and vain terrours.

[16] Where the spleen flourishes, all the body decays, and withers; and where the spleen is kept down, the body flourishes. Hence Stratonicus merrily said, that in Crete dead men walked, because they were so splenetic, and pale coloured.

[17] Trajan compared the spleen to his exchequer, because, as his coffers being full, drained his subjects' purses; so the full spleen makes the body sapless.

[18] The watry humour with some good blood (which is spent for the nourishment of those parts) is drawn by the kidneys.

[19] The ureter receives the waters separated from blood, as distilled from the little fleshy substances in the kidneys, like to teats.

[20] The kidneys are both alike; the left somewhat higher: both have a double skin, and both compassed with fat.

For though his arrows, and his golden bow,
On other hills he frankly does bestow, [glow.
Yet here he hides the fire, with which each heart doth

" For that great Providence, their course foreseeing
Too easily led into the sea of death;
After this first, gave them a second being,
Which in their offspring newly flourisheth:
He, therefore, made the fire of generation,
To burn in Venus' courts without cessation;
Out of whose ashes comes another island nation.

" For from the first a fellow isle he fram'd,
(For what alone can live, or fruitful be?)
Arren the first, the second Thelu nam'd;
Weaker the last, yet fairer much to see:
Alike in all the rest, here disagreeing,
Where Venus and her wanton have their being:
For nothing is produc'd of two, in all agreeing.

" But though some few in these hid parts would see
Their Maker's glory, and their justest shame;
Yet for the most would turn to luxury, [game:
And what they should lament would make their
Fly then those parts, which best are undescry'd;
Forbear, my maiden song, to blazon wide,
What th' isle and nature's self, doth ever strive to hide.

" These two fair isles distinct in their creation,
Yet one extracted from the other side,
Are oft made one by love's firm combination;
And from this unity are multiply'd:
Strange it may seem, such their condition,
That they are more dispread by union:
And two are twenty made, by being made in one.

" For from these two in love's delight agreeing,
Another little isle is soon proceeding;
At first of unlike frame and matter being,
In Venus' temple takes its form and breeding;
Till at full time the tedious prison flying
It breaks all lets, its ready way denying;
And shakes the trembling isle with often painful dying.

" So by the Bosphorus' straits, in Euxine seas,
Not far from old Byzantum, closely stand
Two neighbour islands, call'd Symplegades,
Which sometime seem but one combined land:
For often meeting on the wat'ry plain,
And parting oft, tost by the boist'rous main,
They now are join'd in one, and now disjoin'd again.

" Here oft, not lust, but sweeter chastity,
Coupled sometimes, and sometimes single, dwells;
Now link'd with love, to quench lust's tyranny,
Now Phœnix like, alone in narrow cells:
Such Phœnix one, but one at once may be;
In Albion's hills, thee [21], Basilissa, thee,
Such only have I seen, such shall I never see.

" What nymph was this, said fairest Rosaleen,
Whom thou admirest thus above so many?
She, while she was, ah! was the shepherd's queen;
Sure such a shepherd's queen, was never any:
But, ah! no joy her dying heart contented,
Since she a dear Deer's side unwilling rented;
Whose death she all too late, too much repented.

[21] Queen Elizabeth.

" Ah, royal maid! why should'st thou thus lament thee?
Thy little fault, was but too much believing:
It is too much, so much thou should'st repent thee;
His joyous soul at rest deserves no grieving.
These words (vain words!) fond comforters did lend her; [her
But, ah! no words, no prayers, might ever bend
To give an end to grief; till endless grief did end her.

" But how should I those sorrows dare display?
Or how limme forth her virtues' wonderment!
She was, ay me, she was the sweetest May,
That ever flow'red in Albion's regiment:
Few eyes fall'n lights adore: yet fame shall keep
Her name awake, when others silent sleep;
While men have ears to hear, eyes to look back, and weep.

" And though the curs (which whelpt and nurs'd in Spain,
Learn of fell Geryon to snarl and brawl)
Have vow'd and strove her virgin tomb to stain;
And grin, and foam, and rage, and yelp, and bawl:
Yet shall our Cynthia's high triumphing light
Deride their howling throats, and toothless spite:
And sail through Heav'n, whilst they sink down in endless night.

" So is this island's lower region:
Yet ah! much better is it sure than so,
But, my poor reeds, like my condition,
(Low is the shepherd's state, my song as low)
Mar what they make. — But now in yonder shade,
Rest me, while suns have longer shadows made:
See how our panting flocks run to the cooler glade."

Canto IV.

The shepherds in the shade their hunger feasted,
With simple cates, such as the country yields;
And while from scorching beams secure they rested.
The nymphs, dispers'd along the woody fields,
Pull'd from their stalks the blushing strawberries, [eyes;
Which lurk close shrouded from high-looking
Shewing that sweetness, oft both low, and hidden lies.

But when the day had his meridian run
Between his highest throne and low declining:
Thirsil again his forced task begun,
His wonted audience his sides entwining,
" The middle province next this lower stands,
Where th' isle's heart-city spreads his large commands, [friendly bands.
Leagu'd to the neighbour towns with sure and

Such as that star, which sets his glorious chair
In midst of Heaven, and to dead darkness, here
Gives light, and life; such is this city fair:
Their ends, place, office, state, so nearly near,
That those wise ancients, from their nature's sight, [aright,
And likeness, turn'd their names, and call'd
The Sun, the great world's heart, the heart the less world's light.

" This middle coast [1], to all the isle dispends
All heat, and life: hence it another guard
(Beside these common to the first) defends:
Built whole of massy stone, cold, dry, and hard,
Which stretching round about his circling arms,
Warrants these parts from all exterior harms;
Repelling angry force, securing all alarms.

" But in the front [2] two fair twin-bulwarks rise;
In th' Arren built for strength and ornament;
In Thelu of more use, and larger size;
For hence the young isle draws his nourishment:
Here lurking Cupid hides his bended bow;
Here milky springs in sugar'd rivers flow;
Which first gave th' infant isle to be, and then to grow.

" For when the lesser island (still increasing
In Venus' temple) to some greatness swells [3],
Now larger rooms, and bigger spaces seizing,
It stops the Hepar rivers: backward reels
The stream, and to these hills bears up his flight,
And in these founts (by some strange hidden might)
Dies his fair rosy waves into a lily white.

" So where fair Medway down the Kentish dales,
To many towns her plenteous waters dealing,
Lading her banks into wide Thamis falls;
The big-grown main with foamy billows swelling,
Stops there the sudden stream: her steddy race
Staggers a while, at length flows back apace;
And to the parent fount returns its fearful pace.

" These two fair mounts [4] are like two hemispheres,
Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities;
Whose tops two little purple hillocks rears,
Much like the poles in Heaven's axeltrees:
And round about two circling altars gire
In blushing red, the rest in snowy tire,
Like Thracian Hæmus looks, which ne'er feels Phœbus' fire.

" That mighty hand, in these dissected wreaths,
(Where moves our Sun) his throne's fair picture gives;
The pattern breathless, but the picture breathes;
His highest heav'n is dead, our low heav'n lives:
Nor scorns that lofty One, this low to dwell:
Here his best stars he sets, and glorious cell;
And fills with saintly spirits, so turns to Heav'n from Hell.

" About this region round in compass stands
A guard, both for defence, and respiration,
Of sixty-four [5], parted in several bands;
Half to let out the smoky exhalation;
The other half to draw in fresher winds:
Beside both these, a third of both their kinds,
That lets both out, and in; which no enforcement binds.

" This third the merry Diazome [6] we call,
A border-city these two coasts removing:
Which like a balk with his cross-builded wall,
Disparts the terms of anger, and of loving:
Keeps from th' heart-city fuming kitchen fires,
And to his neighbour's gentle winds inspires;
Loose [7] when he sucks in air, contract when he expires.

" The Diazome [8] of sev'ral matters fram'd:
The first, moist, soft, harder the next, and drier:
His fashion like the fish a raia nam'd;
Fenc'd with two walls, one low, the other higher;
By eight streams water'd; two from Hepar low,
And from th' heart-town as many higher go;
But two twice told, down from the Cephal mountain flow.

" Here sportful [9] laughter dwells, here, ever sitting,
Defies all lumpish griefs, and wrinkled care;
And twenty merry-mates mirth causes fitting,
And smiles, which laughter's sons, yet infants are,
But if this town be fir'd with burnings nigh,
With self-same flames high Cephal's towers fry;
Such is their feeling love, and loving sympathy.

" This coast stands girt with a peculiar [10] wall,
The whole precinct, and every part defending:
The chiefest [11] city, and imperial,
Is fair Kerdia, far his bounds extending:
Which full to know, were knowledge infinite:
How then should my rude pen this wonder write,
Which thou, who only mad'st it, only know'st [aright?

" In middle of this middle regiment
Kerdia seated lies, the centre deem'd
Of this whole isle, and of this government:
If not the chiefest this, yet needfull'st seem'd,
Therefore obtain'd an equal distant seat,
More fitly hence to shed his life and heat,
And with his yellow streams the fruitful island wet.

Flank'd [12] with two several walls (for more defence);
Betwixt them ever flows a wheyish moat,
In some soft waves and circling profluence,
This city, like an isle might safely float,

[1] The heart is the seat of heat and life; therefore walled about with the ribs, for more safety.

[2] The breasts, or paps, are given to men for strength and ornament; to women for milk and nursery also.

[3] When the infant grows big, the blood vesssels are so oppressed, that partly through the readiness of the passage, but especially by the providence of God, the blood turns back to the breast; and there, by an innate, but wonderful faculty, is turned into milk.

[4] The breasts are in figure hemispherical; whose tops are crowned with the teats, about which are reddish circles, called (Areolæ, or) little altars.

[5] In the Thorax, or breast, are sixty-five muscles for respiration, or breathing, which are either free or forced: the instruments of forced breathing are sixty-four, whereof thirty-two distend, and as many contract it.

[6] The instrument of the free breathing is the Diazome or Diaphragma, which we call the Midriff, as a wall, parting the heart and liver: Plato affirms it a partition between the seats of desire and anger: Aristotle, a bar to keep the noisome odour of the stomach from the heart.

[7] The Midriff dilates itself when it draws in, and contracts itself when it puffs out the air.

[8] The Midriff consists of two circles, one skinny, the other fleshy; it hath two tunicles, as many veins and arteries, and four nerves.

[9] Here most men have placed the seat of laughter; it hath much sympathy with the brain, so that if the Midriff be inflamed, present madness ensues it.

[10] Within the Pleura or skin, which clotheth the ribs on the inside, compasses this middle region.

[11] The chiefest part of this middle region is the heart, placed in the midst of this province, and of the whole body: fitly was it placed in the midst of all, as being of all the most needful.

[12] The heart is immured, partly by a membrane going round about it (thence receiving his name), and a peculiar tunicle, partly with an humour, like whey or urine; as well to cool the heart, as to lighten the body.

In motion still (a motion fixt, not roving)
Most like to Heav'n, in his most constant moving:
Hence most here plant the seat of sure and active loving.

" Built of a substance like smooth porphyry;
His matter hid[13], and, like itself unknown:
Two rivers of his own; another by,
That from the Hepar rises, like a crown,
Infolds the narrow part; for that great All
That his works glory made pyramical,
Then crown'd with triple wreath, and cloth'd in scarlet pall.

" The city's self in two[14] partitions reft,
That on the right, this on the other side:
The right[15] (made tributary to the left)
Brings in his pension at his certain tide,
A pension of liquors strangely wrought;
Which first by Hepar's streams are hither brought,
And here distill'd with art, beyond or words, or thought.

" The grosser[16] waves of these life-streams (which here
With much, yet much less labour is prepar'd)
A doubtful channel doth to Pneumon bear:
But to the left those labour'd extracts shar'd
As through[17] a wall, with hidden passage slide;
Where many secret gates (gates hardly spy'd)
With safe convoy, give passage to the other side.

" At each hand of the left, two streets[18] stand by,
Of several stuff, and several working fram'd,
With hundred crooks, and deep wrought cavity:
Both like the ears in form, and so are nam'd,
I' th' right-hand street, the tribute liquor sitteth:
The left, forc'd air into his concave getteth;
Which subtle wrought, and thin, for future workmen fitteth.

" The city's left[19] side (by some hid direction)
Of this thin air, and of that right side's rent,
(Compound together) makes a strange confection;
And in one vessel both together meint,
Stills them with equal, never quenched firing:
Then in small streams (through all the isle wiring)
Sends it to every part, both heat and life inspiring.

" In this heart-city, four main streams appear[20];
One from the Hepar, where the tribute landeth,
Largely pours out his purple river here;
At whose wide mouth, a band of Tritons standeth,
(Three Tritons stand) who with their three-fork'd mace,
Drive on, and speed the river's flowing race;
But strongly stop the wave, if once it back repass.

" The second[21] is that doubtful channel, lending
Some of this tribute to the Pneumon nigh;
Whose springs by careful guards are watch'd, that sending
From thence the waters, all regress deny.
The third[22] unlike to this, from Pneumon flowing,
And is due air — tribute here bestowing,
Is kept by gates, and bars, which stop all backward going.

" The last[23] full spring out of this left side rises,
Where three fair nymphs, like Cynthia's self appearing,
Draw down the stream which all the isle suffices;
But stop backways, some ill revolture fearing.
This river still itself to less dividing,
At length with thousand little brooks runs sliding
His fellow course along with Hepar channels guiding.

" Within this city is the palace[24] fram'd,
Where life, and life's companion, heat, abideth;
And their attendants, passions untam'd:
(Oft very Hell, in this straight room resideth)
And did not neighbouring hills, cold airs inspiring,
Allay their rage and mutinous conspiring,
Heat, all (itself and all) would burn with quenchless firing.

" Yet that great Light by whom all Heaven shines
With borrow'd beams, oft leaves his lofty skies,
And to this lowly seat himself confines.
Fall then, again, proud heart, now fall to rise:
Cease Earth, ah! cease, proud Babel Earth, to swell: [cell;
Heav'n blasts high tow'rs, stoops to a low roof'd
First Heav'n must dwell in man, then man in Heav'n shall dwell.

" Close to Kerdia, Pneumon[25] takes his seat,
Built of a lighter frame and spongy mould:
Hence rise fresh airs, to fan Kerdia's heat, [cold;
Temp'ring those burning fumes with moderate

[13] The flesh of the heart is proper, and peculiar to itself; not like other muscles, of a figure pyramical. The point of the heart is (as with a diadem) girt with two arteries, and a vein, called the crowns.

[14] Though the heart be an entire body, yet it is severed into two partitions, the right and left; of which, the left is more excellent and noble.

[15] The right receives into his hollowness, the blood flowing from the liver, and concocts it.

[16] This right side sends down to the lungs that part of the blood which is less laboured, and thicker; but the thinner part, it sweats through a fleshy partition into the left side.

[17] This fleshy partition severs the right side from the left; at first it seems thick, but if it be well viewed, we shall see it full of many pores or passages.

[18] Two skinny additions (from their likeness call'd the ears) receive, the one the thicker blood, that called the right; the other, called the left, takes in the air sent by the lungs.

[19] The left side of the heart takes in the air and blood; and concocting them both in his hollow bosom, sends them out by the great artery into the whole body.

[20] In the heart are four great vessels; the first is the hollow vein, bringing in blood from the liver; at whose mouth stand three little folding doors, with three forks, giving passage, but no return to the blood.

[21] The second vessel is called the artery vein; which rising from the right side of the heart, carries down the blood here prepared to the lungs, for their nourishment; here also is the like three folding door, made like half cles, giving passage from the heart, but not backward.

[22] The third is called the veiny artery, rising from the left side, which hath two folds three-forked.

[23] The fourth is the great artery: this hath also a flood-gate, and made of three semi-circular membranes, to give out load to the vital spirits, and stop their regress.

[24] The heart is the fountain of life and heat to the whole body, and the seat of the passions.

[25] The Pneumon, or lungs, is nearest the heart; whose flesh is light and spongy, and very large. It is the instrument of breathing and speaking, divided into many parcels, yet all united into one body.

Itself of larger size, distended wide,
In divers streets, and outways multiply'd:
Yet in one corporation all are jointly ty'd.

" Fitly 'tis cloth'd with hangings[26] thin and light,
Lest too much weight might hinder motion:
His chiefest use to frame the voice aright;
(The voice which publishes each hidden notion)
And for that end a long pipe[27] down descends
(Which here itself in many lesser spends)
Until, how at the foot of Cephal mount it ends.

" This pipe was built for th' air's safe purveyance,
To fit each several voice with perfect sound:
Therefore of divers matter the conveyance
Is finely fram'd; the first in circles round,
In hundred circles bended, hard and dry,
(For watry softness is sound's enemy)
Not altogether close, yet meeting very nigh.

" The second's drith and hardness somewhat less,
But smooth, and pliable, made for extending,
Fills up the distant circle's emptiness;
All in one body jointly comprehending:
The last[28] most soft, which where the circle's scanted,
Not fully met, supplies what they have wanted;
Not hurting under parts, which next to this are painted.

" Upon the top there stands the pipe's safe[29] covering,
Made for the voice's better modulation:
Above it fourteen careful warders hov'ring,
Which shut and open it at all occasion:
The cov'r in four parts itself dividing,
Of substance hard, fit for the voice's guiding;
One still unmov'd (in Thelu double oft) residing.

" Close[30] by this pipe, runs that great channel down,
Which from high Cephal's mount, twice every day
Brings to Koilia due provision: [way
Straight at whose mouth[31] a flood-gate stops the
Made like an ivy leaf, broad, angle fashion;
Of matter hard, fitting his operation,
For swallowing, soon to fall, and rise for inspiration.

" But see, the smoke mounting in village nigh,
With folded wreaths, steals through the quiet air;
And mix'd with dusky shades, in eastern sky,
Begins the night, and warns us home repair:
Bright Vesper now hath chang'd his name, and place,
And twinkles in the Heav'n with doubtful face:
Home then, my full fed lambs; the night comes, home apace."

[26] The lungs are covered with a light, and very thin tunicle, lest it might be an hindrance to the motion.
[27] The wind-pipe, which is framed partly of cartilage, or gristly matter, because the voice is perfected with hard and smooth things (these cartilages are compassed like a ring) and partly of skin, which tie the gristles together.
[28] And because the rings of the gristles do not wholly meet, this space is made up by muscles, that so the meat-pipe adjoining, might not be galled or hurt.
[29] The larynx, or covering of the wind-pipe, is a gristly substance, parted into four gristles; of which the first is ever unmoved, and in women often double.
[30] Adjoining to it, is the œsophagus, or meat-pipe, conveying meats and drinks to the stomach.
[31] At whose end is the epiglottis or cover of the throat; the principal instrument of tuning, and apting the voice; and therefore gristly, that it might sooner fall when we swallow, and rise when we breathe.

Canto V.

By this the old night's head (grown hoary gray)
Foretold that her approaching end was near;
And gladsome birth of young succeeding day
Lent a new glory to our hemisphere;
The early swains salute the infant ray,
Then drove the dams to feed, the lambs to play:
And Thirsil with night's death revives his mourning lay.

" The highest region in this little isle,
Is both the island's, and Creator's glory:
Ah! then, my creeping muse, and rugged style,
How dare you pencil out this wond'rous story?
Oh Thou! that mad'st this goodly regiment
So heav'nly fair, of basest element,
Make this inglorious verse thy glory's instrument

" So shall my flagging Muse to Heav'n aspire,
Where with thyself, thy fellow-shepherd sits;
And warm her pinions at that heav'nly fire;
But, ah! such height no earthly shepherd fits:
Content we here low in this humble vale,
On slender reeds to sing a slender tale:
A little boat will need as little sail and gale.

" The third precinct, the best and chief of all,
Though least in compass, and of narrow space,
Was therefore fram'd like Heav'n spherical,
Of largest figure, and of loveliest grace:
Though shap'd at first, the least[1] of all the three;
Yet highest set in place, as in degree;
And over all the rest bore rule and sovereignty.

" So of three parts, fair Europe is the least,
In which this earthly ball was first divided;
Yet stronger far, and nobler than the rest,
Where victory, and learned arts resided;
And by the Greek and Roman monarchy
Sway'd both the rest, now prest by slavery
Of Moscow, and the big-swoln Turkish tyranny.

" Here all the senses[2] dwell, and all the arts;
Here learned Muses by their silver spring;
The city[3] sever'd in two divers parts,
Within the walls, and suburbs neighbouring:
The suburbs girt but with the common fence,
Founded with wondrous skill, and great expence;
And therefore beauty here, keeps her chief residence.

" And sure for ornament, and buildings rare,
Lovely aspect, and ravishing delight,
Not all the isle or world, with this can pair;
But in the Thelu is the fairer sight:
These suburbs many call the island's face;
Whose charming beauty, and bewitching grace,
Oftimes the prince himself inthralls in fetters base.

[1] The head, of these three regions is the least, but noblest in frame and office, most like to Heaven, as well in site, being highest in this little world, as also, in figure, being round.
[2] The brain is the seat of the mind and senses.
[3] The head is divided into the city and suburbs; the brain within the wall of the skull, and the face without.

" For as this isle is a short summary
Of all that in this all is wide dispread;
So th' island's face is the isle's epitome,
Where ev'n the prince's thoughts are often read:
For when that ALL had finish'd every kind,
And all his works would in less volume bind,
Fair on the face he wrote the index of the mind.

" Fair are the suburbs; yet to clearer sight,
The city's self more fair and excellent:
A thick-grown wood, not pierc'd with any light,
Yields it some fence, but greater ornament:
The divers colour'd trees and fresh array
Much grace the town, but most the Thelu gay:
Yet all in winter turn to snow, and soon decay.

" Like to some stately work, whose quaint devices,
And glitt'ring turrets with brave cunning dight,
The gazer's eye still more and more entices,
Of th' inner rooms to get a fuller sight;
Whose beauty much more wins his ravish'd heart,
That now he only thinks the outward part,
To be a worthy cov'ring of so fair an art.

" Four sev'ral [4] walls, beside the common guard,
For more defence the city round embrace:
The first thick, soft: the second, dry and hard;
As when soft earth before hard stone we place:
The second all that city round enlaces,
And, like a rock with thicker sides, embraces;
For here the prince, his court, and standing palace places.

" The other [5] two, of matter thin and light;
And yet the first much harder than the other;
Both cherish all the city: therefore right,
They call that th' hard, and this the tender mother.
The first [6] with divers crooks, and turnings wries,
Cutting the town in four quaternities;
But both join to resist invading enemies.

" Next these, the buildings yield themselves to sight;
The outward [7] soft, and pale, like ashes look;
The inward parts more hard, and curdy white:
Their matter both, from th' isle's first matter took;
Nor cold, nor hot: heats, needful sleeps infest,
Colds numbs the workmen; middle tempers best; timely rest.
When kindly warmth speeds work, and cool gives

" Within the centre [8] (as a market place)
Two caverns stand, made like the Moon half spent;
Of special use, for in their hollow space
All odours to their judge themselves present:
Here first are born the spirits animal,
Whose matter, almost immaterial,
Resembles Heaven's matter quintessential.

" Hard by an hundred [9] nimble workmen stand,
These noble spirits readily preparing;
Lab'ring to make them thin, and fit to hand,
With never ended work, and sleepless caring:
Hereby two little hillocks jointly rise,
Where sit two judges clad in seemly guise,
That cite all odours here, as to their just assize.

" Next these a wall [10], built all of sapphires, shining
As fair, more precious; hence it takes his name;
By which the third [11] cave lies, his sides combining
To th' other two, and from them hath his frame;
(A meeting of those former cavities)
Vaulted by three fair arches safe it lies [12],
And no oppression fears, or falling tyrannies.

" By this third [13] cave, the humid city drains
Base noisome streams, the milky streets annoying;
And through a wide mouth'd tunnel duly strains,
Unto a bibbing substance down convoying;
Which these foul dropping humours largely swills,
Till all his swelling sponge he greedy fills.
And then through other sinks, by little, soft distils.

" Between [14] this and the fourth cave lies a vale,
(The fourth; the first in worth, in rank the last)
Where two round hills shut in this pleasing dale,
Through which the spirits thither safe are past:
Those here refin'd, their full perfection have,
And therefore close by this fourth [15] wondrous cave,
Rises that silver well, scatt'ring his milky wave.

" Not that bright spring, where fair Hermaphrodite
Grew into one with wanton Salmasis;
Nor that where Biblis dropt, too fondly light,
Her tears and self, may dare compare with this;
Which here beginning [16], down a lake descends,
Whose rocky channel these fair streams defends,
Till it the precious wave through all the isle dispends.

" Many fair rivers [17] take their heads from either,
(Both from the lake, and from the milky well)
Which still in loving channels run together,
Each to his mate, a neighbour parallel:
Thus widely spread with friendly combination,
They fling about their wondrous operation,
And give to every part both motion and sensation.

[4] Beside the common tunicles of the whole body, the brain is covered, first with the bone of the skull; secondly, with the pericranium, or skin, covering the skull; and thirdly, with two inward skins.

[5] These two are called the hard and tender mother.

[6] The whole substance of the brain is divided into four parts, by divers folds of the inward skin.

[7] The outside of the brain is softer, and of ashy colour; the inward part white and harder, framed of seed.

[8] Almost in the midst of the brain, are two hollow places, like half moons, of much use for preparing the spirits, emptying rheum, receiving odours. &c.

[9] Here is a knot of veins and arteries weaved together; by which the animal spirits are concocted, thinned, and fitted for service; and close by, are two little bunches, like teats, the instruments of smelling.

[10] Next is that Spectum Lucidum, or bright wall, severing these hollow caverns.

[11] The third cavity is nothing else but a meeting of the two former.

[12] It lies under Corpus Cameratum, or the chamber substance, which with three arches bears up the whole weight of the brain.

[13] By the third cavity are two passages, and at the end of the first is the (infundibulum or) tunnel, under which is (glans pituitaria, or) rheum kernel, as a sponge sucking the rheum, and distilling them into the palate.

[14] The other passage reaches to the fourth cavity, which yields a safe way for the spirits.

[15] The fourth cavity is most noble, where all the spirits are perfected. By it is the pith, or marrow, the fountain of these spirits.

[16] This pith, or marrow, springing in the brain, flows down through the back bone.

[17] All the nerves, imparting all sense and motion to the whole body, have their route partly from the brain, and partly from the back bone.

" This silver lake [18], first from th' head-city springing,
To that bright fount four little channels sends;
Through which it thither plenteous water bringing,
Straight all again to every place dispends:
Such is th' head city, such the prince's hall;
Such, and much more, which strangely liberal,
Though sense it never had, yet gives all sense to all.

" Of other stuff the suburbs have their framing;
May seem soft marble, spotted red and white:
First [19] stands an arch, pale Cynthia's brightness shaming,
The city's fore-front, cast in silver bright:
At whose proud base, are built two watching tow'rs,
Whence hate and love skirmish with equal pow'rs,
When smiling gladness shines, and sudden sorrow show'rs.

" Here [20] sits retir'd the silent reverence;
And when the prince, incens'd with anger's fire,
Thunders aloud, he darts his lightning hence;
Here dusky reddish clouds fortel his ire;
Of nothing can this isle more boast aright:
A twin-born sun, a double-seeing light;
With much delight they see; are seen with much delight.

" That Thracian shepherd [21] call'd them nature's glass;
Yet than a glass, in this much worthier being:
Blind glasses represent some near set face,
But this a living glass, both seen and seeing:
Like Heav'n [22] in moving, like in heav'nly firing:
Sweet heat and light, no burning flame inspiring:
Yet, ah! too oft we find, they scorch with hot desiring.

" They, mounted high, sit on a lofty hill;
(For they the prince's best intelligence,
And quickly warn of future good, or ill)
Here stands the palace of the noblest sense:
Here Visus [23] keeps, whose court, than crystal smoother,
And clearer seems; he, though a younger brother,
Yet far more noble is, far fairer than the other.

" Six bands [24] are set to stir the moving tow'r:
The first the proud band call'd, that lifts it high'r;
The next the humble band, that shoves it low'r;
The bibbing third, draws it together nigh'r;
The fourth disdainful, oft away is moving:
The other two, helping the compass roving,
Are call'd the circling trains and wanton bands of loving.

" Above, two compass groves [25] (love's bended bows)
Which fence the tow'rs from floods of higher place:
Before, a wall [26], deluding rushing foes,
That shuts and opens in a moment's space:
The low part fix'd, the higher quick descending;
Upon whose tops, spearmen their pikes intending,
Watch there both night and day, the castle's port defending.

" Three divers lakes [27] within these bulwarks lie,
The noblest parts, and instruments of sight:
The first, receiving forms of bodies nigh,
Conveys them to the next, and breaks the light,
Daunting his rash, and forcible invasion;
And with a clear and whitish inundation,
Restrains the nimble spirits from their too quick evasion.

" In midst of both is plac'd the crystal [28] pond;
Whose living water thick, and brightly shining,
Like sapphires, or the sparkling diamond,
His inward beams with outward light combining,
Alt'ring itself to every shape's aspect;
The divers forms doth further still direct,
Till by the nimble post they're brought to th' intellect.

" The third [29], like molten glass, all clear and white,
Both round embrace the noble crystalline.
Six inward walls [30] fence in this tow'r of sight:
The first, most thick, doth all the frame enshrine,
And girts the castle with a close embrace,
Save in the midst is left a circle's space,
Where light, and hundred shapes, flock out and in apace.

" The second [31] not so massy as the oth'r,
Yet thicker than the rest, and tougher fram'd,
Takes his beginning from that harder moth'r;
The outward part like horn, and thence is nam'd;
Through whose translucent sides much light is borne
Into the tow'r, and much kept out by th' horn;
Makes it a pleasant light, much like the ruddy morn.

" The third [32] of softer mold, is like a grape,
Which all entwines with his encircling side:
In midst, a window lets in every shape;
Which with a thought is narrow made, or wide:
His inmost side more black than starless night;
But outward part (how like an hypocrite!)
As painted Iris looks, with various colours dight.

[18] The pith of the back bone springing from the brain, whence, by four passages, it is conveyed into the back; and there all four join in one, and again are thence divided into divers others.

[19] The first part of the face is the forehead, at whose base are the eyes.

[20] The eyes are the index of the mind, discovering every affection.

[21] Orpheus, called the looking glass of nature.

[22] Plato affirmed them lighted up with heavenly fire, not burning but shining.

[23] Visus, or the sight, is the most noble above all the senses.

[24] There are six muscles moving the eye, thus termed by anatomists.

[25] Above the eye-brows, keeping off the sweat, that it fall not into the eyes.

[26] The eye-lids shutting the eye are two; the lower ever unmoved in man; and hairs keeping off dust, flies, &c.

[27] There are three humours in the eye: the first the watery, breaking the too vehement light, and stopping the spirits from going out too fast.

[28] The second is the crystaline, and most noble, seated and compassed between the other two, and being altered by the entering shapes, is the chief instrument of sight.

[29] The third, from the likeness, is called the glassy humour.

[30] There are six tunicles belonging to the eye; the first, called the conjunctive, solid, thick, compassing the whole eye, but only the black window.

[31] The second is cornea or horny tunicle, transparent, and made of the hard mother.

[32] The third is uvea, or grapy, made of the tender mother, thin and pervious by a little and round window; it is diversely coloured without, but exceedingly black within.

" The fourth [33] of finest work, more slight and thin,
Than, or Arachne (which in silken twine
With Pallas strove) or Pallas' self could spin:
This round enwraps the fountain crystalline.
The next [34] is made out of that milky spring,
That from the Cephal mount his waves doth fling,
Like to a curious net his substance scattering.

" His substance as the head-spring perfect white;
Here thousand nimble spies are round dispread:
The forms caught in this net, are brought to sight,
And to his eye are lively pourtrayed.
The last [35] the glassy wall that round encasing
The moat of glass, is nam'd from that enlacing.
The white and glassy wells parts with his strict embracing.

" Thus then is fram'd the noble Visus' bow'r;
Th' outward light by the first wall's circle sending
His beams and hundred forms into the tow'r,
The wall of horn, and that black gate transcending-
Is light'ned by the brightest crystalline,
And fully view'd in that white netty shine
From thence with speedy haste is posted to the mind.

" Much as an one-eyed room, hung all with night,
(Only that side, which adverve to his eye
Gives but one narrow passage to the light,
Is spread with some white shining tapestry)
An hundred shapes that through flit ayers stray,
Shove boldly in, crowding that narrow way,
And on that bright-fac'd wall obscurely dancing play:

" Two pair [36] of rivers from the head-spring flow,
To these two tow'rs, the first in their mid-race
(The spies conveying) twisted jointly go,
Strength'ning each other with a firm embrace.
The other pair [37], these walking tow'rs are moving:
At first but one, then in two channels roving:
And therefore both agree in standing or removing.

" Auditus [38], second of the pentarchy,
Is next, not all so noble as his brother;
Yet of more need, and more commodity:
His seat is placed somewhat below the other:
Of each side of the mount a double cave;
Both which a goodly portal doth embrave,
And winding entrance, like Mæander's erring wave.

" The portal [39] hard and dry, all hung around
With silken, thin, carnation tapestry;
Whose open gate drags in each voice and sound,
That through the shaken air passes by:
The entrance winding, lest some violence
Might fright the judge with sudden influence,
Or some unwelcome guest might vex the busy sense.

" This cave's [40] first part, fram'd with a steep ascent
(For in four parts 'tis fitly severed)
Makes th' entrance hard, but easy the descent:
Where stands a braced drum, whose sounding head
(Obliquely plac'd) struck by the circling air,
Gives instant warning of each sound's repair,
Which soon is thence convey'd into the judgment chair.

" The drum [41] is made of substance hard and thin:
Which if some falling moisture chance to wet,
The loudest sound is hardly heard within:
But if it once grows thick, with stubborn let,
It bars all passage to the inner room;
No sounding voice unto his seat may come:
The lazy sense still sleeps, unsummon'd with his drum.

" This drum [42] divides the first and second part,
In which three hearing instruments reside;
Three instruments compact by wondrous art,
With slender string knit to th' drum's innerside;
Their native temper being hard and dry,
Fitting the sound with their firm quality,
Continue still the same in age and infancy.

" The first an hammer [43] call'd, whose out-grown sides
Lie on the drum; but with his swelling end,
Fix'd in the hollow stithe, there fast abides:
The stithe's short foot, doth on the drum depend,
His longer in the stirrup surely plac'd:
The stirrup's sharp side by the stithe embrac'd;
But his broad base ty'd to a little window fast.

" Two little windows [44] ever open lie,
The sound unto the cave's third part conveying;
And slender pipe, whose narrow cavity
Doth purge the inborn air, that idle staying,
Would else corrupt, and still supplies the spending:
The cave's third part in twenty by-ways bending.
Is call'd the labyrinth, in hundred crooks ascending.

" Such whilome was that eye-deceiving frame,
Which crafty Dædal with a cunning hand
Built to empound the Cretan prince's shame;
Such was that Woodstock cave, where Rosamond,
Fair Rosamond, fled jealous Ellenore,
Whom late a shepherd taught to weep so sore,
That woods and hardest rocks her harder fate deplore.

[33] The fourth is more thin than any cobweb, and thence so called, immediately compassing the crystalline humour.
[34] The fifth, reticularis; is a netty tunicle, framed of the substance of the brain: this diffuseth the visal spirits, and perceives the alteration of the crystalline; and here is the mean of sight.
[35] The sixth is called the glassy tunicle, clasping in the glassy humour.
[36] The eye hath two nerves, the optic, or seeing nerve, and moving. The optic separate in their root, in the midst of their progress meet, and strengthen one the other.
[37] The moving, rising from the same stem, are at length severed, therefore as one moves, so moves the other.
[38] Hearing is the second sense, less noble than the eye, more needful.
[39] The outward ear is of a gristly matter, covered with the common tunicle; it is framed with many crooks, lest the air should enter too forcibly.
[40] The inward ear consists of four passages; the first is steepy, lest any thing should creep in.
[41] If the drum be wet with falling of rheum, we are hard of hearing; but if it grows thick, we are irrecoverably deaf.
[42] The drum parteth the first and second passage. To it are joined three little bones, the instruments of hearing; which never grow, or decrease, in childhood or age; they are all in the second passage.
[43] The first of these bones is called the hammer, the second the stithe, the third the stirrup: all taking their names from their likeness, all tied to the drum, by a little string.
[44] These are two small passages, admitting the sounds into the head, and cleansing the air.

" The third part with his narrow rocky straits [ing;
Perfects the sound, and gives more sharp accent-
Then sends it to the fourth[45]; where ready waits
A nimble post, who ne'er his haste relenting,
Wings to the judgment seat with speedy flight;
There the equal judge attending day and night,
Receives the ent'ring sounds, and dooms each voice aright.

" As when a stone troubling the quiet waters,
Prints in the angry stream a wrinkle round,
Which soon another and another scatters,
Till all the lake with circles now is crown'd:
All so the air, struck with some violence nigh,
Begets a world of circles in the sky;
All which infected move with sounding quality.

" These at Auditus' palace soon arriving,
Enter the gate, and strike the warning drum;
To those, three instruments fit motion giving,
Which every voice discern; then that third room
Sharpens each sound, and quick conveys it thence;
Till by the flying post 'tis hurry'd hence,
And in an instant brought unto the judging sense.

" This sense is made the master of request,
Prefers petitions to the prince's ear;
Admits what best he likes, shuts out the rest;
And sometimes cannot, sometimes will not hear:
Oft times he lets in anger-stirring lies,
Oft melts the prince with oily flatteries.
Ill mought he thrive, that loves his master's enemies!

" 'Twixt Visus' double court a tower stands,
Plac'd in the suburbs' centre; whose high top,
And lofty raised ridge the rest commands:
Low at his foot a double door stands ope,
Admitting passage to the air's ascending;
And divers odours to the city sending,
Revives the heavy town, his lib'ral sweets dispending.

" This vaulted tower's half built of massy stone,
The other half of stuff less hard and dry,
Fit for distending, or compression,
The outward wall may seem all porphery.
Olfactus[46] dwells within his lofty fort;
But in the city is his chief resort, [court.
Where 'twixt two little hills he keeps his judging

" By these two great caves are plac'd these little hills[47],
Most like the nipples of a virgin's breast;
By which the air that th' hollow tower fills,
Into the city passeth: with the rest
The odours pressing in, are here all stay'd;
Till by the sense impartially weigh'd,
Unto the common judge they are with speed convey'd.

" At each side of that tow'r, stand two fair plains,
More fair than that which in rich Thessaly
Was once frequented by the Muse's trains:
Here ever sits sweet blushing modesty;
Here in two colours beauty shining bright,
Dressing her white with red, her red with white
With pleasing chain enthrals, and binds loose wand'ring sight.

" Below a cave, roof'd with an heav'n-like plaster,
And under strew'd with purple tapestry,
Where Gustus[48] dwells, the isle's and prince's taster,
Koilia's steward, one of the pentarchy;
Whom Tactus[49] (so some say) got of his mother:
For by their nearest likeness one to th' other,
Tactus may eas'ly seem his father, and his brother.

" Tactus[50] the last, but yet the eldest brother;
(Whose office meanest, yet of all the race
The first and last, more needful than the other)
Hath his abode in none, yet every place:
Through all the isle distended is his dwelling,
He rules the streams that from the Cephal swelling,
Run all along the isle, both sense and motion dealing.

" With Gustus, Lingua dwells, his prattling wife,
Endow'd with strange and adverse qualities:
The nurse of hate and love, of peace and strife;
Mother of fairest truth, and foulest lies;
Or best, or worst; no mean; made all of fire,
Which sometimes hell, and sometimes heav'ns inspire,
By whom oft truth self speaks, oft that first murd'ring liar.

" The idle sun stood still at her command,
Breathing his fiery steeds in Gibeon:
And pale-fac'd Cynthia at her word made stand,
Resting her couch in vales of Ajalon.
Her voice oft open breaks the stubborn skies,
And holds th' Almighty's hands with suppliant cries:
Her voice tears open hell with horrid blasphemies.

" Therefore that great Creator, all foreseeing
To what a monster she would soon be changing,
(Though lovely once, perfect and glorious being)
Curb'd with her iron bit[51], and held from ranging,
And with strong bonds her looser steps enchaining,
Bridled her course, too many words refraining.
And doubled all his guards, bold liberty restraining.

" For close within he sets twice sixteen guarders[52],
Whose harden'd temper could not soon be mov'd.
Without the gate he plac'd two other warders
To shut and ope the door, as it behov'd:
But such strange force hath her enchanting art,
That she hath made her keepers of her part,
And they to all her flights all furtherance impart.

[45] The last passage is called the Cochlea (snail, or periwinkle) where the nerves of hearing plainly appear.
[46] The sense of smelling.
[47] These are two little bunches like paps or teats spoken of in the fifteenth stanza of this canto.
[48] Gustus, or the taste, is in the palate, which in the Greek is called the heaven.
[49] Taste is a kind of touch, nor can it exist but by touching.
[50] Tactus, or the sense of touching.
[51] The tongue is held with a ligament, ordinarily called the bridle.
[52] The tongue is guarded with thirty-two teeth, and with the lips; all which do not a little help the speech, and sweeten the voice.

" Thus (with their help) by her the sacred Muses
Refresh the prince, dull'd with much business;
By her the prince, unto his prince oft uses,
In heav'nly throne, from hell to find access.
She heav'n to earth in music often brings,
And earth to heav'n: — but, oh! how sweet she sings,
When, in rich Grace's key, she tunes poor Nature's [strings.

" Thus Orpheus won his lost Euridice;
Whom some deaf snake, that cou'd no music hear,
Or some blind newt, that could no beauty see,
Thinking to kiss, kill'd with his forked spear:
He, when his 'plaints on Earth were vainly spent,
Down to Avernus' river boldly went,
And charm'd the meagre ghosts with mournful blandishment.

" There what his mother, fair Calliope,
From Phœbus' harp and Muses' spring had brought him;
What sharpest grief for his Euridice,
And love, redoubling grief, had newly taught him,
He lavish'd out, and with his potent spell
Bent all the rig'rous pow'rs of stubborn hell:
He first brought pity down with rigid ghosts to dwell.

" Th' amazed shades came flocking round about,
Nor car'd they now to pass the Stygian ford;
All hell came running there (an hideous rout)
And dropp'd a silent tear for ev'ry word:
The aged ferry man shov'd out his boat;
But that without his help did thither float,
And having ta'en him in, came dancing on the moat.

" The hungry Tantal might have fill'd him now,
And with large draughts swill'd in the standing pool:
The fruit hung list'ning on the wond'ring bough,
Forgetting Hell's command; but he (ah, fool!)
Forgot his starved taste, his ears to fill:
Ixion's turning wheel unmov'd stood still:
But he was rapt as much with pow'rful music's skill.

" Tir'd Sisyphus sat on his resting stone,
And hop'd at length his labour done for ever;
The vulture feeding on his pleasing moan,
Glutted with music, scorn'd grown Tityus' liver.
The Furies flung their snaky whips away,
And melt in tears at his enchanting lay;
No shrieks now were heard; all Hell kept holiday.

" That treble dog, whose voice ne'er quiet fears
All that in endless night's sad kingdom dwell,
Stood pricking up his thrice two list'ning ears,
With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell;
And softly whining pity'd much his wrongs;
And now first silent at those dainty songs,
Oft wish'd himself more ears, and fewer mouths and tongues.

" At length return'd with his Euridice;
But with this law, not to return his eyes,
Till he was past the laws of Tartary:
(Alas! who gives love laws in miseries?
Love is love's law; love but to love is ty'd)
Now when the dawns of neighbour day he spy'd,
Ah, wretch! — Euridice he saw, — and lost, — and died.

" All so who strives from grave of hellish night,
To bring his dead soul to the joyful sky;
If when he comes in view of heav'nly light,
He turns again to Hell his yielding eye,
And longs to see what he had left; his sore
Grows desp'rate, deeper, deadlier than afore,
His helps and hopes much less, his crime and judgment more.

" But why do I enlarge my tedious song,
And tire my flagging Muse with weary flight?
Ah! much I fear, I hold you much too long.
The outward parts be plain to every sight:
But to describe the people of this isle,
And that great prince, these reeds are all too vile.
Some higher verse may fit, and some more lofty style.

" See, Phlegon, drenched in the hizzing main,
Allays his thirst, and cools the flaming car;
Vesper fair Cynthia ushers, and her train:
See, th' apish Earth hath lighted many a star,
Sparkling in dewy globes — all home invite;
Home, then, my flocks, home, shepherds, home,
'tis night:
My song with day is done; my Muse is set with light."

By this the gentle boys had framed well
A myrtle garland mix'd with conq'ring bay,
From whose fit march issu'd a pleasing smell,
And all enamell'd it with roses gay;
With which, they crown'd their honour'd Thirsil's head;
Ah, blessed shepherd swain! ah, happy meed!
While all his fellows chant on slender pipes of reed.

Canto VI.

The Hours had now unlock'd the gate of day,
When fair Aurora leaves her frosty bed,
Hasting with youthful Cephalus to play,
Unmask'd her face, and rosy beauties spread;
Tithonus' silver age was much despis'd.
Ah! who in love that cruel law devis'd,
That old love's little worth, and new too highly priz'd.

The gentle shepherds on an hillock plac'd,
(Whose shady head a beechy garland crown'd)
View'd all their flocks that on the pastures graz'd:
Then down they sit, while Thenot 'gan the round;
Thenot! was never fairer boy among
The gentle lads, that in the Muses' throng
By Camus' yellow streams, learn tune their pipe and song.

" See, Thirsil, see the shepherd's expectations;
Why then, ah! why sitt'st thou so silent there?
We long to know that island's happy nation;
Oh, do not leave thy isle unpeopled here.
Tell us who brought, and whence these colonies;
Who is their king, what foes, and what allies;
What laws maintain their peace; what wars, and victories?"

" Thenot, my dear! that simple fisher-swain,
Whose little boat in some small river strays;
Yet fondly lanches in the swelling main,
Soon, yet too late, repents his foolish plays:

How dare I then forsake my well-set bounds,
Whose new-cut pipe as yet but harshly sounds;
A narrow compass best my ungrown Muse empounds.

" Two shepherds most I love, with just adoring,
That Mantuan swain, who chang'd his slender reed,
To trumpet's martial voice, and war's loud roaring,
From Corydon to Turnus' daring deed;
And next our home-bred Colin sweetest firing;
Their steps not following close, but far admiring:
To lackey one of these, is all my pride's aspiring.

" Then you, my peers, whose quiet expectation
Seemeth my backward tale would fain invite;
Deign gently, hear this Purple Island's nation,
A people never seen, yet still in sight;
Our daily guests and natives, yet unknown:
Our servants born, but now commanders grown;
Our friends, and enemies; aliens, — yet still our own.

" Not like those heroes, who in better times
This happy island first inhabited
In joy and peace; — when no rebellious crimes
That godlike nation yet dispeopled:
Those claim'd their birth from that eternal light,
Held th' isle, and rul'd it in their father's right;
And in their faces bore their parent's image bright.

" For when the isle that main would fond forsake,
In which at first it found a happy place,
And deep was plung'd in that dead hellish lake;
Back to their father flew this heav'nly race,
And left the isle forlorn and desolate;
That now with fear, and wishes all too late,
Sought in that blackest wave to hide his blacker fate.

" How shall a worm, on dust that crawls and feeds,
Climb to th' empyreal court, where these states reign,
And there take view of what Heav'n's self exceeds?
The sun-less stars, these lights the Sun distain:
Their beams divine, and beauties do excel
What here on Earth, in air, or Heav'n do dwell:
Such never eye yet saw, such never tongue can tell.

" Soon as these saints the treach'rous isle forsook,
Rush'd in a false, foul, fiend-like company,
And every fort, and every castle took,
All to this rabble yield the sov'reignty:
The goodly temples which those heroes plac'd,
By this foul rout were utterly defac'd,
And all their fences strong, and all their bulwarks raz'd.

" So where the neatest badger most abides,
Deep in the earth she frames her pretty cell,
And into halls and closulets divides:
But when the stinking fox with loathsome smell
Infects her pleasant cave, the cleanly beast
So hates her inmate and rank smelling guest,
That far away she flies, and leaves her loathed nest.

" But when those graces (at their father's throne)
Arriv'd in Heav'n's high court to justice plain'd,
How they were wrong'd and forced from their own,
And what foul people in their dwellings reign'd;
How th' Earth much wax'd in ill, much wan'd in good;
So full ripe vice; how blasted virtue's bud:
Begging such vicious weeds might sink in vengeful flood:

" Forth stepp'd the just Dicæa full of rage
(The first born daughter of th' Almighty King;)
Ah, sacred maid! thy kindled ire assuage;
Who dare abide thy dreadful thundering?
Soon as her voice, but father only, spake,
The faultless Heav'ns, like leaves in autumn, shake; [quake:
And all that glorious throng, with horrid palsies

" Heard you not late[1], with what loud trumpet's sound,
Her breath awak'd her father's sleeping ire?
The heav'nly armies flam'd, Earth shook, Heav'n frown'd, [fire!
And Heav'n's dread king call'd for his three-fork'd
Hark! how the pow'rful words strike through the ear:
The frighten'd sense shoots up the staring hair,
And shakes the trembling soul with fright and shudd'ring fear.

" So have I seen the earth, strong winds detaining
In prison close; they scorning to be under
Her dull subjection, and her pow'r disdaining,
With horrid strugglings tear their bonds in sunder.
Meanwhile the wounded earth, that forc'd their stay,
With terrour reels, the hills run far away;
And frighted world fears Hell breaks out upon the day.

" But see, how 'twixt her sister and her sire,
Soft hearted Mercy sweetly interposing,
Settles her panting breast against his fire,
Pleading for grace, and chains of death unloosing:
Hark! from her lips the melting honey flows;
The striking Thunderer recals his blows,
And every armed soldier down his weapon throws.

" So when the day, wrapp'd in a cloudy night,
Puts out the Sun, anon the rattling hail
On Earth pours down his shot with fell despite;
His powder spent, the Sun puts off his vail,
And fair his flaming beauties now unsteeps;
The ploughman from his bushes gladly peeps;
And hidden traveller out of his covert creeps.

" Ah, fairest maid! best essence of thy father,
Equal unto thy never-equall'd sire;
How in low verse shall thy poor shepherd gather,
What all the world can ne'er enough admire?
When thy sweet eyes sparkle in cheerful light,
The brightest day grows pale as leaden night,
And Heav'n's bright burning eye loses his blinded sight.

" Who then those sugared strains can understand,
Which calm'd thy father, and our desp'rate fears;
And charm'd the nimble light'ning in his hand,
That all unawares it dropt in melting tears?

[1] See that sweet poem, entituled Christ's Victory and Triumph, part I. stanza 18.

Then thou dear swain[2], thy heav'nly load unfraught;
For she herself hath thee her speeches taught,
So near her Heav'n they be, so far from human thought.

" But let my lighter skiff return again
Unto that little isle which late it left,
Nor dare to enter in that boundless main,
Or tell the nation from this island reft;
But sing that civil strife and home dissension
'Twixt two strong factions with like fierce contention,
Where never peace is heard nor ever peace is mention.

" For that foul rout, which from the Stygian brook
(Where first they dwelt in midst of death and night)
By force the left and empty island took,
Claim hence full conquest, and possession's right:
But that fair band which Mercy sent anew,
The ashes of that first heroic crew,
From their forefathers claim their right, and island's due.

" In their fair look their parents' grace appears,
Yet their renowned sires were much more glorious,
For what decays not with decaying years?
All night and all the day, with toil laborious,
(In loss and conquest angry) fresh they fight:
Nor can the other cease or day or night,
While th' isle is doubly rent with endless war and fright.

" As when the Britain, and Iberian fleet,
With resolute and fearless expectation,
On trembling seas with equal fury meet,
The shore resounds with diverse acclamation;
Till now at length Spain's fiery Dons 'gin shrink;
Down with their ships, hope, life, and courage sink:
Courage, life, hope, and ships, the gaping surges drink.

" But who, alas! shall teach my ruder breast
The names and deeds of these heroic kings;
Or downy Muse, which now but left the nest,
Mount from her bush to Heav'n with new born wings?
Thou sacred maid! which from fair Palestine,
Through all the world hast spread thy brightest shine,
Kindle thy shepherd swain with thy light flaming keen.

" Sacred Thespio! which in Sinai's grove
First took'st thy being and immortal breath,
And vaunt'st thy offspring from the highest Jove,
Yet deign'st to dwell with mortals here beneath,
With vilest earth, and men more vile residing;
Come, holy virgin, in my bosom sliding;
With thy glad angel light my blindfold footsteps guiding.

" And thou, dread spirit! which at first didst spread
On those dark waters thy all-opening light;
Thou who of late (of thy great bounty head)
This nest of hellish fogs, and Stygian night,
With thy bright orient Sun hast fair renew'd,
And with unwonted day hast it endu'd;
Which late, both day, and thee, and most itself eschew'd.

" Dread spirit! do thou those sev'ral bands unfold;
Both which thou sent'st, a needful supplement
To this lost isle, and which, with courage bold
Hourly assail thy rightful regiment;
And with strong hand oppress and keep them under.
Raise now my humble vein to lofty thunder,
That Heav'n and Earth may sound, resound thy praise with wonder.

" The island's prince, of frame more than celestial,
Is rightly call'd th' all-seeing Intellect;
All glorious bright, such nothing is terrestrial;
Whose sun-like face, and most divine aspect;
No human sight may ever hope descry:
For when himself on's self reflects his eye,
Dull and amaz'd he stands at so bright majesty.

" Look as the Sun, whose ray and searching light
Here, there, and every where itself displays,
No nook or corner flies his piercing sight;
Yet on himself when he reflects his rays,
Soon back he flings the too bold vent'ring gleam;
Down to the Earth the flames all broken stream;
Such is this famous prince, such his unpierced beam.

" His strangest body is not bodily,
But matter without matter; never fill'd,
Nor filling; though within his compass high,
All Heav'n and Earth, and all in both are held;
Yet thousand thousand Heavens he could contain,
And still as empty as at first remain:
And when he takes in most, readiest to take again.

" Though travelling all places, changing none:
Bid him soar up to Heav'n, and thence down throwing,
The centre search, and Dis' dark realm; he's gone,
Returns, arrives, before thou saw'st him going:
And while his weary kingdom safely sleeps,
All restless night he watch and warding keeps:
Never his careful head on resting pillow steeps.

" In ev'ry quarter of this blessed isle
Himself both present is, and president;
Nor once retires, (ah, happy realm the while,
That by no officer's lewd lavishment,
With greedy lust and wrong, consumed art!)
He all in all, and all in ev'ry part,
Doth share to each his due, and equal dole impart.

" He knows nor death, nor years, nor feeble age;
But as his time, his strength and vigour grows:
And when his kingdom, by intestine rage,
Lies broke and wasted, open to his foes;
And batter'd sconce now flat and even lies;
Sooner than thought to that great Judge he flies,
Who weighs him just reward of good, or injuries.

" For he the Judge's viceroy here is plac'd;
Where, if he live, as knowing he may die,
He never dies, but with fresh pleasures grac'd,
Bathes his crown'd head in soft eternity:
Where thousand joys and pleasures ever new,
And blessings thicker than the morning dew,
With endless sweets rain down on that immortal crew.

[2] A book entituled Christ's Victory and Triumph, &c.

" There golden stars set in the crystal snow;
There dainty joys laugh at white-headed caring,
There day no night, delight no end shall know;
Sweets without surfeit, fulness without sparing;
And by its spending, growing happiness:
There God himself in glory's lavishness
Diffus'd in all, to all, is all full blessedness.

" But if he here neglect his Master's law,
And with those traitors 'gainst his Lord rebels,
Down to the deeps ten thousand fiends him draw;
Deeps where night, death, despair, and horrour, dwells,
And in worst ills, still worse expecting, fears:
Where fell despite for spite his bowels tears:
And still increasing grief and torment never wears.

" Pray'rs there are idle, death is woo'd in vain;
In midst of death, poor wretches long to die:
Night without day, or rest, still doubling pain;
Woes spending still, yet still their end less nigh:
The soul there restless, helpless, hopeless lies,
The body frying roars, and roaring fries:
There's life that never lives, there's death that never dies.

" Hence, while unsettled here he fighting reigns,
Shut in a tow'r where thousand enemies
Assault the fort; with wary care and pains,
He guards all entrance, and by divers spies
Searcheth into his foes' and friends' designs:
For most he fears his subjects' wavering minds:
This tower then only falls, when treason undermines.

" Therefore while yet he lurks in earthly tent,
Disguis'd in worthless robes and poor attire,
Try we to view his glory's wonderment,
And get a sight of what we so admire:
For when away from this sad place he flies,
And in the skies abides, more bright than skies;
Too glorious is his sight for our dim mortal eyes.

" So curl'd-head Thetis, water's feared queen,
But bound in cauls of sand, yields not to sight;
And planets' glorious king may best be seen,
When some thin cloud dims his too piercing light,
And neither none, nor all his face discloses:
For when his bright eye full our eye opposes,
None gains his glorious sight, but his own sight he loses.

" Within the castle sit eight counsellors,
That help him in this tent to govern well;
Each in his room a sev'ral office bears:
Three of his inmost private council deal
In great affairs: five of less dignity
Have outward courts, and in all actions pry,
But still refer the doom to courts more fit and high.

" Those five fair brethren which I sung of late,
For their just number call'd the pentarchy [3];
The other three, three pillars of the state:
The first [4] in midst of that high tow'r doth lie,
(The chiefest mansion of this glorious king)
The judge and arbiter of every thing,
Which those five brethren's post into his office bring.

[3] The five senses. [4] The common sense.

" Of middle years, and seemly personage,
Father of laws, the rule of wrong and right;
Fountain of judgment, therefore wondrous sage,
Discreet, and wise, of quick and nimble sight:
Not those sev'n sages might him parallel;
Nor he whom Pythian maid did whilome tell
To be the wisest man, that then on Earth did dwell.

" As Neptune's cistern sucks in tribute tides,
Yet never full, which every channel brings,
And thirsty drinks, and drinking, thirsty bides;
For, by some hidden way, back to the springs
It sends the streams in erring conduits spread,
Which, with a circling duty, still are led;
So ever feeding them, is by them ever fed:

" Ev'n so the first of these three counsellors
Gives to the five the pow'r of all descrying;
Which back to him with mutual duty bears
All their informings, and the causes trying:
For thro' straightways the nimble post ascends
Unto his hall; there up his message sends,
Which to the next, well scann'd, he straightway recommends.

" The next that in the castle's front is plac'd,
Phantastes [5] hight; his years are fresh and green;
His visage old, his face too much defac'd
With ashes pale; his eyes deep sunken been
With often thoughts, and never slack'd intention:
Yet he the fount of speedy apprehension,
Father of wit, the well of arts, and quick invention.

" But in his private thoughts and busy brain
Thousand thin forms and idle fancies flit;
The three-shap'd Sphinx, and direful Harpy's train,
Which in the world had never being yet;
Oft dreams of fire, and water, loose delight
And oft arrested by some ghastly spright,
Nor can he think, nor speak, nor move, for great affright.

" Phantastes from the first all shapes deriving,
In new habiliments can quickly dight;
Of all material and gross parts depriving,
Fits them unto the noble prince's sight; [eye,
Which, soon as he hath view'd with searching
He straight commits them to his treasury,
Which old Eumnestes keeps, father of memory.

" Eumnestes old, who in his living screen
(His mindful breast) the rolls and records bears
Of all the deeds, and men, which he hath seen,
And keeps lock'd up in faithful registers:
Well he recalls Nimrod's first tyranny,
And Babel's pride, daring the lofty sky;
Well he recalls the Earth's twice growing infancy.

" Therefore his body weak, his eyes half blind,
But mind more fresh and strong; (ah, better fate!)
And as his carcase, so his house declin'd;
Yet were the walls of firm and able state:
Only on him a nimble page attends,
Who, when for ought the aged grandsire sends,
With swift, yet backward steps, his helping aidance lends.

[5] The fancy.

" But let my song pass from these worthy sages
Unto all the island's highest sovereign [6];
And those hard wars which all the year he wages:
For these three late a gentle shepherd swain
Most sweetly sung, as he before had seen
In Alma's house: his memory, yet green,
Lives in his well tun'd songs; whose leaves immortal been.

" Nor can I guess, whether his Muse divine,
Or gives to those, or takes from them his grace;
Therefore Eumnestes in his lasting shrine
Hath justly him enroll'd in second place;
Next to our Mantuan poet doth he rest;
There shall our Colin live for ever blest,
Spite of those thousand spites, which living him oppress'd.

" The prince his time in double office spends:
For first those forms and fancies he admits,
Which to his court busy Phantastes sends,
And for the easier discerning fits:
For shedding round about his sparkling light,
He clears their dusky shades and cloudy night,
Producing, like himself, their shapes all shining bright.

" As when the Sun restores the glitt'ring day,
The world, late cloth'd in night's black livery,
Doth now a thousand colours fair display,
And paints itself in choice variety;
Which late one colour hid, the eye deceiving,
All so this prince those shapes obscure receiving,
Which his suffused light makes ready to conceiving.

" This first, is call'd the active faculty,
Which to an higher pow'r the object leaves:
That takes it in itself, and cunningly,
Changing itself, the object soon perceives:
For straight itself in self-same shape adorning,
Becomes the same with quick and strange transforming;
So is all things itself, to all itself conforming.

" Thus when the eye through Visus' jetty ports
Lets in the wand'ring shapes, the crystal strange
Quickly itself to ev'ry sort consorts,
So is whate'er it sees by wondrous change:
Thrice happy then, when on that mirrour [7]
He ever fastens his unmoved sight, [bright
So is what there he views, divine, full, glorious light.

" Soon as the prince these forms hath clearly seen,
Parting the false from true, the wrong from right,
He straight presents them to his beauteous queen,
Whose courts are lower, yet of equal might;
Voletta [8] fair, who with him lives and reigns,
Whom neither man, nor fiend, nor God constrains:
Oft good, oft ill, oft both, yet ever free remains.

" Not that great sovereign of the fairy land,
Whom late our Colin had eternized;
(Though Graces decking her with plenteous hand,
Themselves of grace have all unfurnished;
Tho' in her breast she virtue's temple bare,
The fairest temple of a guest so fair)
Not that great Glorian's self with this might e'er compare.

[6] The understanding. [7] 2 Cor. iii. 18. [8] The will.

" Her radiant beauty, dazzling mortal eye,
Strikes blind the daring sense; her sparkling face
Her husband's self now cannot well descry:
With such strange brightness, such immortal grace,
Hath that great parent in her cradle made,
That Cynthia's silver cheek would quickly fade,
And light itself, to her, would seem a painted shade.

" But, ah! entic'd by her own worth and pride,
She stain'd her beauty with most loathsome spot;
Her lord's fixt law and spouse's light deny'd,
So fill'd her spouse and self with leprous blot:
And now all dark is their first morning ray:
What verse might then their former light display, [day?
When yet their darkest night outshines the brightest

" On her a royal damsel still attends,
And faithful counsellor, Synteresis [9]:
For though Voletta ever good intends,
Yet by fair ills she oft deceived is,
By ills so fairly dress'd with cunning slight,
That virtue's self they well may seem to fight,
But that bright virtue's self oft seems not half so bright.

" Therefore Synteresis, of nimble sight,
Oft helps her doubtful hand and erring eye;
Else mought she ever, stumbling in this night,
Fall down as deep as deepest Tartary.
Nay, thence a sad fair maid, Repentance, rears,
And in her arms her fainting lady bears,
Washing her often stains with ever-falling tears.

" Thereto she adds a water sovereign,
Of wondrous force, and skilful composition;
For first she pricks the heart in tender vein;
Then from those precious drops, and deep contrition,
With lips' confession, and with pickled cries,
Still'd in a broken spirit, sad vapours rise,
Exhal'd by sacred fires, and drop through melting eyes.

" These cordial drops, these spirit-healing balms,
Cure all her sinful bruises, clear her eyes;
Unlock her ears; recover fainting qualms: [rise,
And now grown fresh and strong, she makes her
And glass of unmask'd sin she bright displays,
Whereby she sees, loaths, mends her former ways; [rays.
So soon repairs her light, trebling her new-born

" But, ah! why do we (simple as we been)
With curious labour, dim and vailed sight,
Pry in the nature of this king and queen,
Groping in darkness for so clear a light? [told,
A light, which once could not be thought or
But now with blackest clouds is thick enroll'd,
Press'd down in captive chains, and pent in earthly mould.

" Rather lament we this their wretched fate,
(Ah, wretched fate, and fatal wretchedness!)
Unlike those former days, and first estate,
When he espous'd, with melting happiness,
To fair Voletta, both their lights conspiring,
He saw whate'er was fit for her requiring,
And she to his clear sight would temper her desiring.

[9] Conscience.

" When both, replenish'd with celestial light,
All coming evils could foresee and fly;
When both, with clearest eye, and perfect sight,
Could every nature's difference descry:
Whose pictures now they scarcely see with pain,
Obscure and dark, like to those shadows vain,
Which thin and empty glide along Avernus' plain.

" The flow'rs that, frighten'd with sharp winter's dread,
Retire into their mother Tellus' womb,
Yet in the spring, in troops new mustered,
Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb:
The early violet will fresh arise,
And spreading his flow'r'd purple to the skies,
Boldly the little elf the winter's spite defies.

" The hedge, green satin pink'd and cut, arrays;
The heliotrope unto cloth of gold aspires;
In hundred colour'd silks the tulip plays;
Th' imperial flow'r his neck with pearl attires;
The lily high her silver grogram rears;
The pansy her wrought velvet garment bears;
The red rose, scarlet, and the provence, damask, wears.

" How falls it, then, that such an heav'nly light,
As this great king's, should sink so wondrous low,
That scarce he can suspect his former height?
Can one eclipse so dark his shining brow,
And steal away his beauty glittering fair?
One only blot, so great a light to impair,
That never could he hope his waning to repair?

" Ah! never could he hope once to repair
So great a wane, should not that new-born Sun
Adopt him both his brother and his heir;
Who through base life, and death, and Hell, would run,
To seat him in his lost now surer cell.
That he may mount to Heav'n, he sunk to Hell; [fell?
That he might live, he died; that he might rise, he

" A perfect virgin breeds, and bears a son,
Th' immortal father of his mortal mother; [one;
Earth, Heav'n, flesh, spirit, man, God, are met in
His younger brother's child, his children's brother,
Eternity, who yet was born, and died;
His own creator, Earth's scorn, Heav'n's pride;
Who th' Deity, inflesht, and man's flesh deified.

" Thou uncreated Sun, Heav'n's glory bright!
Whom we with hearts and knees, low bent, adore;
At rising, perfect, and now falling light;
Ah, what reward, what thanks, shall we restore!
Thou wretched wast, that we might happy be:
O, all the good we hope, and all we see!
That we thee know and love, comes from thy love and thee.

" Receive, which we can only back return,
(Yet that we may return, thou first must give)
A heart, which fain would smoke, which fain would burn
In praise; for thee, to thee, would only live:
And thou (who satt'st in night to give us day)
Light and enflame us with thy glorious ray,
That we may back reflect, and borrow'd light repay.

" So we beholding, with immortal eye,
The glorious picture of thy heav'nly face,
In his first beauty and true majesty,
May shake from our dull souls these fetters base:
And mounting up to that bright crystal sphere,
Whence thou strik'st all the world with shudd'ring fear, [dear.
May not be held by Earth, nor hold vile Earth so

" Then should thy shepherd (poorest shepherd) sing
A thousand cantos in thy heav'nly praise,
And rouse his flagging Muse, and flutt'ring wing,
To chant thy wonders in immortal lays;
(Which once thou wrought'st, when Nilus' slimy shore,
Or Jordan's banks, thy mighty hand adore)
Thy judgments and thy mercies: but thy mercies more.

" But see, the stealing night with softly pace,
To fly the western Sun, creeps up the east;
Cold Hespar 'gins unmask his evening face,
And calls the winking stars from drowsy rest:
Home, then, my lambs; the falling drops es-
Tomorrow shall ye feast in pastures new, [chew:
And with the rising Sun banquet on pearled dew."

CANTO VII.

The rising Morn lifts up his orient head,
And spangled Heav'ns in golden robes invests;
Thirsil upstarting from his fearless bed,
Where useless nights he safe and quiet rests,
Unhous'd his bleeting flock, and quickly thence
Hasting to his expecting audience, [cense.
Thus with sad verse began their grieved minds in-

" Fond man, that looks on Earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from Heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due:
Tho' now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

" Why should'st thou here look for perpetual good,
At ev'ry loss against Heav'n's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining;
There now the hart, fearless of greyhound,
And loving pelican in safety breeds; [feeds,
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty steads.

" Where is th' Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw?
Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Thro' all the world with nimble pinions far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shar'd.

" Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ, is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

" That monstrous beast, which, nurs'd in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay[1];
His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth, lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with sev'n heads yoked stands.

" And that black vulture[1], which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the Earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten'd the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death;
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

" Ne mought this prince escape, though he as far
All these excels in worth and heav'nly grace,
As brightest Phœbus does the dimmest star:
The deepest falls are from the highest place.
There lies he now, bruis'd with so sore a fall,
To his base bonds, and loathsome prison thrall,
Whom thousand foes besiege, fenc'd with a frail yielding wall.

" Tell me, oh, tell me then, thou holy Muse!
Sacred Thespio! what the cause may be
Of such despite; so many foemen use
To persecute unpitied misery!
Or if these canker'd foes, as most men say,
So mighty be, that gird this wall of clay;
What makes it hold so long, and threaten'd ruin stay?

" When that great Lord his standing court would build,
The outward walls with gems and glorious lights,
But inward rooms with nobler courtiers fill'd;
Pure, living flames, swift, mighty, blessed sprights:
But some his royal service (fools!) disdain;
So down were flung—(oft bliss is double pain):
In Heav'n they scorn'd to serve, so now in Hell they reign.

" There turn'd to serpents, swol'n with pride and hate;
Their prince a dragon fell, who burst with spite,
To see this king's and queen's yet happy state,
Tempts them to lust and pride; prevails by slight:
To make them wise, and gods, he undertakes.
Thus while the snake they hear, they turn to snakes;
To make them gods he boasts, but beasts and devils makes.

" But that great Lion[2], who in Judah's plains
The awful beasts holds down in due subjection;
The dragon's craft and base-got spoil disdains,
And folds this captive prince in his protection;
Breaks ope the jail, and brings the pris'ners thence[3];
Yet plac'd them in this castle's weak defence,
Where they might trust and seek an higher Providence.

[1] The Turk. [2] Revelations, v. 5. [3] Luke, iv. 18.

" So now spread round about this little hold,
With armies infinite, encamped lie
Th' enraged dragon, and his serpents bold:
And knowing well his time grows short and nigh,
He swells with venom'd gore[4], and pois'nous heat;
His tail unfolded, Heav'n itself doth beat,
And sweeps the mighty stars from their transcendent seat.

" With him goes Caro[5], cursed dam of sin,
Foul, filthy dam, of fouler progeny;
Yet seems (skin-deep) most fair by witching gin
To weaker sight; but to a purged eye
Looks like (nay, worse than) Hell's infernal hags:
Her empty breasts hang like lank hollow bags:
And Iris' ulcer'd skin is patch'd with leprous rags.

" Therefore her loathsome shape in steel array'd;
All rust within, the outside polish'd bright;
And on her shield a mermaid sung and play'd,
Whose human beauties lure the wand'ring sight;
But slimy scales hid in their waters lie:
She chants, she smiles, so draws the ear, the eye,
And whom she wins, she kills: — the word, 'Hear, gaze, and die.'

" And after march her fruitful serpent fry,
Whom she of divers lechers divers bore;
Marshall'd in sev'ral ranks their colours fly:
Four to Anagnus[6], four this painted whore
To loathsome Asebie brought forth to light;
Twice four got Adicus, a hateful wight:
But swol'n Acrates two, born in one bed and night.

" Mœchus[7] the first, of blushless bold aspect;
Yet with him Doubt and Fear still trembling go:
Oft look'd he back, as if he did suspect
Th' approach of some unwish'd, unwelcome foe:
Behind, fell Jealousy his steps observ'd,
And sure Revenge, with dart that never swerv'd:
Ten thousand griefs and plagues he felt, but more deserv'd.

" His armour black as Hell, or starless night,
And in his shield he lively portray'd bare
Mars, fast impound in arms of Venus' light,
And ty'd as fast in Vulcan's subtil snare:
She feign'd to blush for shame, now all too late;
But his red colour seem'd to sparkle hate:
'Sweet are stol'n waters,' round about the marge he wrate.

" Porncius[8] next him pac'd, a meagre wight;
Whose leaden eyes sunk deep in swimming head,
And joyless look, like some pale ashy spright,
Seem'd as he now were dying, or now dead:
And with him Wastefulness, that all expended,
And Want, that still in theft and prison ended,
A hundred foul diseases close at's back attended.

" His shining helm might seem a sparkling flame,
Yet sooth, nought was it but a foolish fire;
And all his arms were of that burning frame,
That flesh and bones were gnawn with hot desire,

[4] Revelations, xii. 4. [5] The flesh.
[6] The fruits of the flesh are described, Gal. v. 19, 20, 21. and may be ranked into four companies; 1st, of unchastity; 2d, of irreligion; 3d, of unrighteousness; 4th, of intemperance.
[7] Adultery, Gal. v. 19. [8] Fornication.

About his wrist his blazing shield did fry,
With swelt'ring hearts in flames of luxury:
His word, 'In fire I live, in fire I burn, and die.'

" With him Acatharus [9], in Tuscan dress;
A thing that neither man will own, nor beast:
Upon a boy he lean'd in wanton wise,
On whose fair limbs his eyes still greedy feast;
He sports, he toys, kisses his shining face:
Behind, reproach and thousand devils pace:
Before, bold impudence, that cannot change her grace.

" His armour seem'd to laugh with idle boys,
Which all about their wanton sportings play'd;
Als would himself keep out their childish toys,
And like a boy lend them unmanly aid:
In his broad targe the bird her wings dispread,
Which trussing wafts the Trojan Ganymede:
And round was writ, 'Like with his like is coupled.'

" Aselges [10] follow'd next, the boldest boy
That ever play'd in Venus' wanton court:
He little cares who notes his lavish joy;
Broad were his jests, wild his uncivil sport;
His fashion too, too fond, and loosely light:
A long love-lock on his left shoulder plight;
Like to a woman's hair, well shew'd a woman's spright.

" Lust in strange nests this cuckoo egg conceiv'd;
Which nurs'd with surfeits, dress'd with fond disguises,
In fancy's school his breeding first receiv'd:
So this brave spark to wilder flame arises;
And now to court preferr'd, high bloods he fires,
There blows up pride, vain mirth, and loose desires;
And heav'nly souls (oh grief!) with hellish flame inspires.

" There oft to rivals lends the gentle Dor,
Oft takes (his mistress by) the bitter bob: [Or,
There learns her each day's change of Gules, Verd,
(His sampler); if she pouts, her slave must sob:
Her face his sphere, her hair his circling sky;
Her love his Heav'n, her sight eternity:
Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'll die.

" Upon his arm a tinsel scarf he wore,
Forsooth his madam's favour, spangled fair:
Light as himself, a fan his helmet bore, [hair:
With ribbons dress'd, begg'd from his mistress'
On's shield a winged boy all naked shin'd;
His folded eyes, willing and wilful blind:
The word was wrought with gold, 'Such is a lover's mind.'

" These four, Anagnus and foul Caro's sons,
Who led a diff'rent and disorder'd rout;
Fancy, a lad that all in feathers wons,
And loose Desire, and Danger link'd with Doubt;
And thousand wanton thoughts still budding new:
But lazy Ease usher'd the idle crew; [due.
And lame Disease shuts up their troops with torments

[9] Sodomy, Rom. i. 26, 27. Lev. xx. 15, 16.
[10] Lasciviousness.

" Next band, by Asebie was boldly led,
And his four sons begot in Stygian night:
First Idololatros [11], whose monstrous head
Was like an ugly fiend, his flaming sight
Like blazing stars; the rest all different:
For to his shape some part each creature lent;
But to the great Creator all adversely bent.

" Upon his breast a bloody cross he scor'd,
Which oft he worshipp'd; but the Christ that died
Thereon, he seldom but in paint ador'd;
Yet wood, stone, beasts, wealth, lusts, fiends, deified:
He makes mere pageants of the saving rock [12],
Puppet-like trimming his almighty stock:
Which then, his god, or he, which is the verier block?

" Of giant shape, and strength thereto agreeing,
Wherewith he whilome all the world oppress'd:
And yet the greater part (his vassals being)
Slumb'ring in ignorance, securely rest:
A golden calf (himself more beast) he bore,
Which brutes with dancings, gifts, and songs adore,
'Idols are laymen's books' he round all wrote in ore.

" Next Pharmakeus [13], of gashly, wild aspect;
Whom Hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey:
Full eas'ly would he know each past effect,
And things to come with double guess foresay,
By slain beasts' entrails, and fowls' marked flight:
Thereto he tempests rais'd by many a spright,
And charm'd the sun and moon, and chang'd the day and night.

" So when the south (dipping his sablest wings
In humid ocean) sweeps with's dropping beard
Th' air, earth, and seas; his lips' loud thunderings
And flashing eyes make all the world afeard:
Light with dark clouds, waters with fires are met;
The Sun but now is rising, now is set;
And finds west-shades in east, and seas in airs wet.

" By birth and hand, he juggling fortunes tells;
Oft brings from shades his grandsire's damned ghost;
Of stolen goods forces out by wicked spells:
His frightful shield with thousand fiends embost,
Which seem'd without a circle's ring to play:
In midst himself dampens the smiling day,
And prints sad characters, which none may write, or say.

" The third Hæreticus [14], a wrangling carl,
Who in the way to Heav'n would wilful err;
And oft convicted, still would snatch and snarl:
His crambe oft repeats; — all tongue, no ear;
Him Obstinacy, Pride, and scorn attended:
On's shield, with Truth Errour disguis'd contended:
His motto this; 'Rather thus err, than be amended.'

[11] Idolatry, either by worshipping the true God by false worship, as by images, against the second commandment: or giving away his worship to any thing that is not God, against the first.
[12] Psalm lxii. 7.
[13] Witchcraft, and curious arts.
[14] Heresy.

" Last march'd Hypocrisy, false form of grace,
That vaunts the show of all, has truth of none:
A rotten heart he masks with painted face;
Among the beasts, a mule, 'mong bees, a drone,
'Mongst stars, a meteor: — all the world neglects him:
Nor good, nor bad, nor Heav'n, nor Earth, affects him:
The Earth for glaring forms, for bare forms Heav'n rejects him.

" His wanton heart he veils with dewy eyes,
So oft the world, and oft himself deceives:
His tongue his heart, his hands his tongue belies:
In's path (as snails) silver, but slime, he leaves:
He Babel's glory is, but Sion's taint;
Religion's blot, but irreligion's paint:
A saint abroad, at home a fiend; and worst, a saint.

" So tallow lights live glitt'ring, stinking die;
Their gleams aggrate the sight, steams wound the smell:
So Sodom apples please the ravish'd eye,
But sulphur taste proclaim the roots in Hell,
So airy flames to heav'nly seem ally'd,
But when their oil is spent, they swiftly glide,
And into gelly'd mire melt all their gilded pride.

" So rushes green, smooth, full, are spungy light;
So their ragg'd stones in velvet peaches grown;
So rotten sticks seem stars in cheating night;
So quagmires false, their mire with em'ralds crown:
Such is Hypocrisy's deceitful frame;
A stinking light, a sulphur fruit, false flame;
Smooth rush, hard peach, sere wood, false mire, a voice, a name.

" Such were his arms, false gold, true alchymy;
Glitt'ring with glassy stones, and fine deceit:
His sword a flatt'ring steel, which gull'd the eye,
And pierc'd the heart with pride and self-conceit;
On's shield a tomb, where death had dress'd his bed
With curious art, and crown'd his loathsome head
With gold, and gems: — his word, 'More gorgeous when dead.'

" Before them went their nurse, bold Ignorance;
A loathsome monster, light, sight 'mendment scorning;
Born deaf and blind, fitter to lead the dance
To such a rout; her silver heads adorning,
(Her dotage index) much she bragg'd, yet feign'd;
For by false tallies many years she gain'd.
Wise youth is honour'd age; — fond age's with dotage stain'd.

" Her failing legs with erring footsteps reel'd;
(Lame guide to bliss!) her daughters on each side
Much pain'd themselves, her stumbling feet to wield;
Both like their mother, dull, and beetle ey'd:
The first was Errour false, who multiplies
Her num'rous race in endless progenies:
For but one truth there is, ten thousand thousand lies.

" Her brood o'erspread her round with sin and blood,
With envy, malice, mischiefs infinite;
Which she to see herself, amazed stood,
So often got with child and big with spite:
Her offspring fly about, and spread their seed;
Straight hate, pride, schism, wars, and seditions breed,
Get up, grow ripe. — How soon prospers the vicious weed.

" The other owl-eyed Superstition,
Deform'd, distorted, blind in shining light;
Yet styles herself holy Devotion,
And so is call'd, and seems in shady night:
Fearful as is the hare, or hunted hind;
Her face, and breast, she oft with crosses sign'd:
No custom would she break, or change her settled mind.

" If hare, or snake, her way, herself she crosses,
And stops her mazed steps; sad fears affright her
When falling salt points out some fatal losses,
Till Bacchus' grapes with holy sprinkle quite her:
Her only Bible is an Erra Pater;
Her antidote are hallow'd wax and water:
I' th' dark, all lights are sp'rits, all noises, chains that clatter.

" With them march'd sunk (in deep security)
Profaneness, to be fear'd, for never fearing;
And by him, new oaths coining, Blasphemy,
Who names not God, but in a curse, or swearing;
And thousand other fiends in diverse fashion,
Dispos'd in several ward, and certain station:
Under, Hell widely yawn'd; and over, flew Damnation.

" Next Adicus his sons; — first Ecthros sly[15],
Whose prick'd up ears kept open house for lies;
And sleering eyes still watch, and wait to spy
When to return still-living injuries:
Fair weather smil'd upon his painted face,
And eyes spoke peace, till he had time and place,
Then pours down show'rs of rage, and streams of rancour base.

" So when a sable cloud, with swelling sail
Comes swimming through calm skies, the silent air
(While fierce winds sleep in Æol's rocky jail),
With spangled beams embroider'd, glitters fair;
But soon 'gins low'r: straight clatt'ring hail is bred,
Scatt'ring cold shot; light hides his golden head,
And with untimely winter, earth's o'er-silvered.

" His arms well suit his mind, where smiling skies
Breed thund'ring tempests: on his lofty crest
Asleep the spotted panther couching lies,
And by sweet scents, and skin so quaintly drest,
Draws on her prey: upon his shield he bears
The dreadful monster which great Nilus fears;
(The weeping crocodile) his word, 'I kill with tears.'

" With him Dissemblance went, his paramour,
Whose painted face might hardly be detected;
Arms of offence he seld' or never wore,
Lest thence his close designs might be suspected;

[15] Hatred.

But clasping close his foe, as loth to part,
He steals his dagger with false smiling art,
And sheaths the trait'rous steel in his own master's heart.

"Two Jewish captains, close themselves enlacing
In love's sweet twines, his target broad display'd;
One th' other's beard with his left hand embracing,
But in his right a shining sword he sway'd,
With unawares through the other's ribs he smites,
Their lay the wretch without all burial rites:
His word, 'He deepest wounds, that in his fawning bites.'

"Eris [16], the next of sex unfit for war:
Her arms were bitter words from flaming tongue,
Which never quiet, wrangle, fight, and jar;
Ne would she weigh report with right, or wrong:
What once she held, that would she ever hold,
And (non-obstantes) force with courage bold,
The last word must she have, or never leave to scold.

"She is the trumpet to this angry train,
And whets their fury with loud railing spite:
But when no open foes did more remain,
Against themselves, themselves she would incite.
Her clacking mill, driv'n by her flowing gall,
Could never stand, but chide, rail, bark, and bawl:
Her shield no word could find, her tongue engros'd them all.

"Zelos [17] the third, whose spiteful emulation
Could not endure a fellow in excelling;
Yet slow in any virtue's imitation,
At easy rate that fair possession selling;
Still as he went he hidden sparkles blew,
Till to a mighty flame they sudden grew,
And like fierce lightning all in quick destruction drew.

"Upon his shield lay that Tirinthian swain,
Swelt'ring in fiery gore, and pois'nous flame,
His wife's sad gift venom'd with bloody stain:
Well could he bulls, snakes, Hell, all monsters tame;
Well could he Heav'n support, and prop alone;
But by fell jealousy soon overthrown,
Without a foe, or sword: his motto, 'First, or none.'

"Thumos [18] the fourth, a dire revengeful swain;
Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of fire;
Wrath in his heart, hate, rage, and fury reign!
Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling tire;
But when dead paleness in his cheek took seizure,
And all the blood in's boiling heart did treasure,
Then in his wild revenge, kept he nor mean nor measure.

"Look, as when waters, wall'd with brazen wreath,
Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe;
The angry seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe,
Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious grow;
Nor can be held; but forc'd with fires below,
Tossing their waves, break out, and all o'erflow;
So boil'd his rising blood, and dash'd his angry brow.

"For in his face, red heat, and ashy cold,
Strove which should paint revenge in proper colours:
That, like consuming fire, most dreadful roll'd;
This, liker death, threatens all deadly dolours;
His trembling hand a dagger still embrac'd,
Which in his friend he rashly oft encas'd:
His shield's device, fresh blood with foulest stain defac'd.

"Next him Erithius [19], most unquiet swain,
That all in law, and fond contention spent;
Not one was found in all this num'rous train,
With whom in any thing he would consent:
His will his law, he weigh'd not wrong or right;
Much scorn'd to bear, much more forgive a spite:
Patience, he, th' asses' load, and coward's virtue hight.

"His weapons all were fram'd of shining gold,
Wherewith he subtly fought close under hand:
Thus would he right from right by force withhold,
Nor suits, nor friends, nor laws his slights withstand;
Ah, pow'rful weapon! how dost thou bewitch
Great, but base minds, and spott'st with leprous itch,
That never are in thought, nor ever can be rich!

"Upon his belt (fasten'd with leather laces)
Black boxes hung, sheaths of his paper swords,
Fill'd up with writs, subpœnas, trial-cases;
This trespass'd him in cattle, that in words:
Fit his device, and well his shield became,
A salamander drawn in lively frame:
His word was this, 'I live, I breathe, I feed on flame.'

"Next after him march'd proud Dichostasis [20],
That wont but in the factious court to dwell;
But now to shepherd-swains close linked is;
And taught them (fools!) to change their humble cell,
And lowly weed, for courts, and purple gay,
To sit aloft, and states, and princes sway:
A hook, no sceptre needs our erring sheep to stay.

"A mitre trebly crown'd th' impostor wore;
For Heav'n, Earth, Hell, he claims with lofty pride:
Not in his lips, but hands, two keys he bore,
Heav'n's doors and Hell's to shut, and open wide:
But late his keys are marr'd, or broken quite:
For Hell he cannot shut, but opens light;
Nor Heav'n can ope, but shut; nor buys, but sells by slight.

"Two heads, oft three, he in one body had,
Nor with the body, nor themselves agreeing:
What this commanded, th' other soon forbad;
As different in rule, as nature being:
The body to them both, and neither prone,
Was like a double-hearted dealer grown;
Endeavouring to please both parties, pleasing none.

"As when the pow'rful wind, and adverse tide,
Strive which should most command the subject main;
The scornful waves swelling with angry pride,
Yielding to neither, all their force disdain:

[16] Variance. [17] Emulation. [18] Wrath. [19] Strife. [20] Sedition, or schism.

Mean time the shaking vessel doubtful plays,
And on the stagg'ring billow trembling stays,
And wou'd obey them both, and none of both obeys.

" A subtle craftsman fram'd him seemly arms,
Forg'd in the shop of wrangling Sophistry;
And wrought with curious arts, and mighty charms,
Temper'd with lies, and false philosophy:
Millions of heedless souls thus had he slain.
His sev'n-fold targe a field of gules did stain;
In which two swords he bore: his word, 'Divide and reign.'

" Envy the next, Envy with squinted eyes;
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health:
Best lives he then, when any better dies;
Is never poor, but in another's wealth;
On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his fill;
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will:
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

" Each eye through divers optics slily leers,
Which both his sight, and object's self bely;
So greatest virtue as a moat appears,
And molehill faults to mountains multiply.
When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
So marreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises.

" Upon his shield that cruel herd-groom play'd,
Fit instrument of Juno's jealous spite;
His hundred eyes stood fixed on the maid;
He pip'd, she sigh'd: his word, 'Her day, my night.'
His missile weapon was a lying tongue,
Which he far off like swiftest lightning flung:
That all the world with noise, and foul blaspheming rung.

Last of this rout the savage Phonos[21] went,
Whom his dire mother nurs'd with human blood;
And when more age and strength more fierceness lent,
She taught him in a dark and desert wood
With force and guile poor passengers to slay,
And on their flesh his barking stomach stay,
And with their wretched blood his fiery thirst allay.

" So when the never settled Scythian
Removes his dwelling in an empty wain:
When now the Sun hath half his journey ran,
His horse he bloods, and pricks a trembling vein,
So from the wound quenches his thirsty heat;
Yet worse, this fiend makes his own flesh his meat.
Monster! the rav'nous bear his kind will never eat.

" Ten thousand furies on his steps awaited:
Some sear'd his harden'd soul with Stygian brand;
Some with black terrors his faint conscience baited,
That wide he star'd, and starched hair did stand:
The first born man still in his mind he bore,
Foully array'd in guiltless brother's gore,
Which for revenge to Heav'n, from Earth did loudly roar.

[21] Murder.

" His arms offensive all, to spill, not spare;
Swords, pistols, poisons, instruments of Hell:
A shield he wore (not that the wretch did care
To save his flesh, oft he himself would quell)
For show, not use: on it a viper swilling
The dam's spilt gore; his empty bowels filling
With flesh that gave him life: his word, 'I live by killing.'

" And last his brutish sons, Acrates sent,
Whom Caro bore both in one birth and bed,
Methos[22] the first, whose paunch his feet outwent,
As if it usher'd his unsettled head;
His soul quite souced lay in grapy blood,
In all his parts the idle dropsy stood; [flood.
Which though already drown'd, still thirsted for the

" This thing, nor man, nor beast, turns all his wealth
In drink; his days, his years, in liquor drenching;
So quaffs he sickness down, by quaffing health;
Firing his cheeks with quenching; strangely quenching
His eyes with firing; dull and faint they roll'd:
But nimble lips known things and hid unfold;
Belchings, oft sips, large spits point the long tale he told.

" His armour green might seem a fruitful vine;
The clusters prison'd in the close set leaves,
Yet oft between the bloody grape did shine;
And peeping forth, his jailor's spite deceives:
Among the boughs did swilling Bacchus ride,
Whom wild grown Mœnads bore, and ev'ry stride, [cry'd.
'Bacche, Iö Bacche', loud with madding voice they

" On's shield, the goatish satyrs dance around,
(Their heads much lighter than their nimble heels)
Silenus old, in wine (as ever) drown'd, [reels:
Clos'd with the ring, in midst (though sitting)
Under his arm a bag-pipe swol'n he held,
(Yet wine-swol'n cheeks the windy bag outswell'd) [yield.'
So loudly pipes: his word, 'But full, no mirth I

" Insatiate sink, how with so general stain
Thy spu'd out puddles, court, town, fields entice!
Ay me! the shepherds selves thee entertain,
And to thy Curtian gulf do sacrifice:
All drink to spew, and spew again to drink.
Sour swill-tub sin, of all the rest the sink,
How canst thou thus bewitch with thy abhorred stink?

" The eye thou wrong'st with vomit's reeking streams, [wine;
The ear with belching; touch thou drown'st in
The taste thou surfeit'st; smell with spewing streams
Thou woundest: foh! thou loathsome putrid swine; [slakest;
Still thou increasest thirst, when thirst thou
The mind and will thou (wit's bane) captive takest; [makest.
Senseless thy hoggish filth, and sense thou senseless

" Thy fellow sins, and all the rest of vices,
With seeming good are fairly cloth'd to sight;
Their feigned sweet the blear-ey'd will entices,
Coz'ning the dazzled sense with borrow'd light:

[22] Drunkenness.

Thee, neither true, nor yet false good commends;
Profit, nor pleasure on thy steps attends:
Folly begins thy sin, which still with madness ends.

" With Methos, Gluttony, his guttling broth'r,
Twin parallels, drawn from the self-same line;
So foully like was either to the oth'r,
And both most like a monstrous paunched swine:
His life was either a continued feast,
Whose surfeits upon surfeits him oppress'd;
Or heavy sleep, that helps so great a load digest.

" Mean time his soul, weigh'd down with muddy chains,
Can neither work, nor move in captive bands!
But dull'd in vap'rous fogs, all careless reigns,
Or rather serves strong appetite's commands:
That when he now was gorg'd with cramm'd-down store,
And porter wanting room had shut the door,
The glutton sigh'd that he could gormandise no more.

" His crane-like neck was long unlac'd; his breast,
His gouty limbs, like to a circle, round,
As broad as long; and for his spear in rest
Oft with his staff he beats the yielding ground;
Wherewith his hands did help his feet to bear,
Else would they ill so huge a burden steer:
His clothes were all of leaves, no armour could he wear.

" Only a target light, upon his arm,
He careless bore, on which old Gryll was drawn,
Transform'd into a hog with cunning charm;
In head and paunch, and soul itself a brawn,
Half drown'd within; without, yet still did hunt
In his deep trough for swill, as he was wont;
Cas'd all in loathsome mire: no word; Gryll could but grunt.

" Him serv'd sweet seeming lusts, self pleasing lies,
But bitter death flow'd from those sweets of sin;
And at the rear of these in secret guise
Crept Thievery and Detraction, near akin:
No twins more like: they seem'd almost the same;
One stole the goods, the other the good name:
The latter lives in scorn, the former dies in shame.

" Their boon companions in their jovial feasting
Were new-shap'd oaths, and damning perjuries;
Their cates, fit for their taste, profanest jesting;
Sauc'd with the salt of Hell, dire blasphemies.
But till th' ambitious Sun, yet still aspiring,
Allays his flaming gold with gentler firing,
We'll rest our weary song, in that thick grove retiring."

CANTO VIII.

The Sun began to slack his bended bow,
And more obliquely dart his milder ray;
When cooler airs gently 'gan to blow,
And fan the fields, parch'd with the scorching day;
The shepherds to their wonted seats repair;
Thirsil, refresh'd with this soft breathing air,
Thus 'gan renew his task, and broken song repair.

" What watchful care must fence that weary state,
Which deadly foes begirt with cruel siege;
And frailest wall of glass, and trait'rous gate
Strive which should first yield up their woeful liege?
By enemies assail'd, by friends betray'd;
When others hurt, himself refuses aid:
By weakness' self his strength is foil'd and overlay'd.

" How comes it then, that in so near decay
We deadly sleep in deep security,
When every hour is ready to betray
Our lives to that still watching enemy?
Wake then, thy soul, that deadly slumbereth:
For when thy foe hath seiz'd thy captive breath,
Too late to wish past life, too late to wish for death.

" Caro the vanguard with the Dragon led,
Cosmos[1] the battle guides, with loud alarms;
Cosmos the first son to the Dragon red,
Shining in seeming gold, and glitt'ring arms;
Well might he seem a strong and gentle knight,
As e'er was clad in steel and armour bright;
But was a recreant base, a foul, false cheating spright.

" And as himself, such were his arms; appearing
Bright burnish'd gold, indeed base alchymy,
Dim beetle eyes, and greedy worldlings blearing;
His shield was dress'd in night's sad livery;
Where man-like apes a glow-worm compass round,
Glad that in wintry night they fire had found:
Busy they puff and blow: the word, 'Mistake the ground.'

" Mistake points all his darts; his sun shines bright,
(Mistaken) light appears, sad lightning prove:
His clouds (mistook) seem lightnings, turn'd to light;
His love true hatred is, his hatred love;
His shop, a pedlar's pack of apish fashion;
His honours, pleasures, joys, are all vexation:
His wages glorious care, sweet surfeits, woo'd damnation.

" His lib'ral favours, complimental arts;
His high advancements, Alpine slipp'ry straits;
His smiling glances, death's most pleasing darts;
And (what he vaunts) his gifts are gilded baits:
Indeed he nothing is, yet all appears.
Hapless earth's happy fools, that know no tears.
'Who bathes in worldly joys, swims in a world of fears.'

" Pure Essence! who hast made a stone descry
'Twixt natures hid, and check that metal's pride
That dares aspire to gold's high sovereignty;
Ah, leave some touchstone erring eyes to guide,
And judge dissemblance! see by what devices,
Sin with fair gloss our mole-ey'd sight entices,
That vices virtues seem to most; and virtues vices.

" Strip thou their meretricious seemliness,
And tinfold glitt'ring, bare to ev'ry sight,
That we may loath their inward ugliness;
Or else uncloud the soul, whose shady light,

[1] The world, or Mammon.

Adds a fair lustre to false earthly bliss:
Thine and their beauty differs but in this;
Theirs what it is not, seems; thine seems not what it is.

" Next to the captain, coward Deilos[2] far'd,
Him right before he as his shield projected,
And following troops to back him as his guard;
Yet both his shield and guard (faint heart) suspected:
And sending often back his doubtful eye,
By fearing, taught unthought of treachery;
So made him enemies, by fearing enmity.

" Still did he look for some ensuing cross,
Fearing such hap as never man befel:
No mean he knows, but dreads each little loss
(With tyranny of fear distraught) as Hell.
His sense he dare not trust (nor eyes, nor ears);
And when no other cause of fright appears,
Himself he much suspects, and fears his causeless fears.

" Harness'd with massy steel, for fence, not sight;
His sword unseemly long he ready drew:
At sudden shine of his own armour bright,
He started oft, and star'd with ghastly hue:
He shricks at ev'ry danger that appears,
Shaming the knightly arms he goodly bears:
His word, 'Safer, that all, than he that nothing fears.'

"With him went Doubt, stagg'ring with steps unsure;
That every way, and neither way inclin'd;
And fond Distrust, whom nothing could secure:
Suspicion lean, as if he never din'd:
He keeps intelligence by thousand spies;
Argus to him bequeath'd his hundred eyes:
So waking, still he sleeps, and sleeping, wakeful lies.

" Fond Deilos all; Tolmetes[3] nothing fears;
Just frights he laughs, all terrours counteth base:
And when of danger or sad news he hears,
He meets the thund'ring fortune face to face:
Yet oft in words he spends his boist'rous threat:
That his hot blood driv'n from the native seat,
Leaves his faint[4] coward heart empty of lively heat.

" Himself (weak help!) was all his confidence;
He scorns low ebbs, but swims in highest rises:
His limbs with arms or shield he would not fence,
Such coward fashion (fool!) he much despises.
Ev'n for his single sword the world seems scant;
For hundred worlds his conqu'ring arm could daunt;
Much would he boldly do; but much more boldly vaunt.

" With him went self-admiring Arrogance;
And Brag; his deeds without an helper praising;
Blind Carelessness before would lead the dance;
Fear stole behind, those vaunts in balance paysing,
Which far their deeds outweigh'd; their violence,
'Fore danger spent with lavish diffluence,
Was none, or weak, in time of greatest exigence.

" As when a fiery courser ready bent,
Puts forth himself at first with swiftest pace;
Till with too sudden flash his spirits spent,
Already fails now in the middle race:
His hanging crest far from his wonted pride,
No longer now obeys his angry guide;
Rivers of sweat and blood flow from his gored side.

" Thus ran the rash Tolmetes, never viewing
The fearful fiends that duly him attended;
Destruction close his steps in post pursuing;
And certain ruin's heavy weights depended
Over his cursed head; and smooth-fac'd Guile,
That with him oft would loosely play and smile;
Till in his snare he lock'd his feet with treach'rous wile.

" Next march'd Asotus[5], careless spending swain;
Who with a fork went spreading all around,
Which his old sire with sweating toil and pain,
Long time was raking from his racked ground:
In giving he observ'd nor form nor matter,
But best reward he got[6], that best could flatter.
Thus what he thought to give, he did not give, but scatter.

" Before array'd in sumptuous bravery,
Deck'd court-like in the choice, and newest guise;
But all behind like drudging slavery,
With ragged patches, rent, and bared thighs,
His shameful parts, that shun the hated light,
Were naked left; (ah, foul unhonest sight!)
Yet neither could he see, nor feel his wretched plight.

" His shield presents to life, death's latest rites,
A sad black hearse borne up with sable swains;
Which many idle grooms with hundred lights
(Tapers, lamps, torches) usher through the plains
To endless darkness; while the Sun's bright brow,
With fiery beams, quenches their smoking tow,
And wastes their idle cost: the word, 'Not need, but show.'

" A vagrant rout (a shoal of tattling daws)
Strew him with vain spent pray'rs and idle lays;
And Flatt'ry to his sin close curtains draws,
Clawing his itching ear with tickling praise.
Behind fond Pity much his fall lamented,
And Misery that former waste repented:
The usurer for his goods, jail for his bones indented.

" His steward was his kinsman, vain expence,
Who proudly strove in matters light, to show
Heroic mind in braggart affluence;
So lost his treasure getting nought in lieu
But ostentation of a foolish pride,
While women fond, and boys stood gaping wide;
But wise men all his waste, and needless cost deride.

" Next Pleonectes[7] went, his gold admiring,
His servant's drudge, slave to his basest slave;
Never enough, and still too much desiring:
His gold his god, yet in an iron grave
Himself protects his god from noisome rusting;
Much fears to keep, much more to lose his lusting;
Himself and golden god, and every god mistrusting.

[2] Fearfulness. [3] Over boldness, or fool hardiness.
[4] The philosopher rightly calls such θρασυδείλους, Ethic. 3. cap. 7. not only fool-hardy, but faint hardy.
[5] Prodigality. [6] Arist. Eth. 4. [7] Covetousness.

" Age on his hairs the winter snow had spread;
That silver badge his near end plainly proves:
Yet as to earth [8] he nearer bows his head,
So loves it more; for 'Like his like still loves.'
Deep from the ground he digs his sweetest gain,
And deep into the earth digs back with pain;
From Hell his gold he brings, and hoards in Hell
again.

" His clothes all patch'd with more than honest thrift,
And clouted shoes were nail'd for fear of wasting:
Fasting he prais'd, but sparing was his drift;
And when he eats, his food is worse than fasting:
Thus starves in store, thus doth in plenty pine;
Thus wallowing on his god, his heap of mine,
He feeds his famish'd soul with that deceiving shine.

" O, hungry metal! false deceitful ray,
Well laid'st thou dark, press'd in th' earth's hidden
womb;
Yet through our mother's entrails cutting way,
We drag thy buried corse from hellish tomb;
The merchant from his wife and home departs,
Nor at the swelling ocean ever starts;
While death and life a wall of thin planks only parts.

" Who was it first, that from thy deepest cell,
With so much costly toil and painful sweat,
Durst rob thy palace bord'ring next to Hell?
Well mayst thou come from that infernal seat,
Thou all the world with hell-black deeps dost fill.
Fond men, that with such pain do woo your ill!
Needless to send for grief, for he is next us still.

" His arms were light and cheap, as made to save
His purse, not limbs; the money, not the man:
Rather he dies, than spends: his helmet brave,
An old brass pot; breast-plate, a dripping-pan:
His spear a spit, a pot-lid broad his shield,
Whose smoky plain a chalked impresse fill'd;
A bag sure seal'd: his word, 'Much better sav'd
than spill'd.'

" By Pleonectes, shameless Sparing went,
Who whines and weeps to beg a longer day;
Yet with a thund'ring voice claims tardy rent;
Quick to receive, but hard and slow to pay:
His cares to lessen cost with cunning base;
But when he's forc'd beyond his bounded space,
Loud would he cry, and howl, while others laugh
apace.

" Long after went Pusillus [9], weakest heart;
Able to serve, and able to command,
But thought himself unfit for either part;
And now full loth, amidst the warlike band,
Was hither drawn by force from quiet cell:
Loneness his Heav'n, and bus'ness was his Hell.
'A weak distrustful heart is virtue's aguish spell.'

" His goodly arms, eaten with shameful rust,
Bewray'd their master's ease, and want of using;
Such was his mind, tainted with idle must;
His goodly gifts with little use abusing:
Upon his shield was drawn that noble swain,
That loth to change his love and quiet reign,
For glorious warlike deeds, did crafty madness feign.

[8] Arist. Eth.

[9] Feeble-mindedness.

" Finely the workman fram'd the toilsome plough
Drawn with an ox and ass, unequal pair;
While he with busy hand his salt did sow,
And at the furrow's end, his dearest heir
Did helpless lie; and Greek lords watching, still
Observ'd his hand, guided with careful will:
About was wrote, 'Who nothing doth, doth nothing
ill.'

" By him went Idleness, his loved friend,
And Shame with both; with all, ragg'd Poverty:
Behind sure Punishment did close attend,
Waiting a while fit opportunity;
And taking count of hours mispent in vain,
And graces lent without returning gain,
Pour'd on his guilty corse, late grief, and helpless pain.

" This dull cold earth with standing water froze;
At ease he lies to coin pretence for ease;
His soul like Ahaz' dial, while it goes
Not forward, posteth backward ten degrees:
In's couch he's pliant wax for fiends to seal;
He never sweats, but in his bed, or meal:
He'd rather steal than work, and beg than strive to
steal.

" All opposite, though he his brother were,
Was Chaunus [10], that too high himself esteem'd:
All things he undertook, nor could he fear
His power too weak, or boasted strength mis-
deem'd;
With his own praise, like windy bladder blown:
His eyes too little, or too much his own.
For known to all men weak [11], was to himself un-
known.

" Fondly himself with praising he disprais'd,
Vaunting his deeds and worth with idle breath;
So raz'd himself, what he himself had rais'd:
On's shield a boy threatens high Phœbus' death,
Aiming his arrow at his purest light; [bright,
But soon the thin reed, fir'd with lightning
Fell idly on the strand: his word, 'Yet high, and
right.'

" Next brave Philotimus [12] in post did ride:
Like rising ladders was his climbing mind;
His high-flown thoughts had wings of courtly pride,
Which by foul rise to greatest height inclin'd;
His heart aspiring swell'd until it burst:
But when he gain'd the top, with spite accurst,
Down would he fling the steps by which he clam-
ber'd first.

" His head's a shop furnish'd with looms of state;
His brain the weaver, thoughts are shuttles light,
With which, in spite of Heav'n, he weaves his fate;
Honour his web: thus works he day and night,
Till Fates cut off his thread; so heapeth sins,
And plagues, nor once enjoys the place he wins;
But where his old race ends, there his new race begins.

" Ah, silly man, who dream'st that honour stands
In ruling others, not thyself! — thy slaves
Serve thee, and thou thy slaves: — in iron bands
Thy servile spirit prest with wild passions raves.

[10] Arrogancy.

[11] The arrogant are more stupid. Arist. Eth. 4.

[12] Ambition.

Wouldst thou live honour'd, clip ambition's wing;
To reason's yoke thy furious passions bring.
'Thrice noble is the man, who of himself is king.'

" Upon his shield was fram'd that vent'rous lad,
That durst assay the Sun's bright flaming team;
Spite of his feeble hands the horses mad
Fling down on burning Earth the scorching beam;
So made the flame in which himself was fir'd;
The world the bonfire was, where he expir'd:
His motto written thus; 'Yet had what he desir'd.'

" But Atimus [13], a careless, idle swain,
Though Glory offer'd him her sweet imbrace,
And fair Occasion, with little pain,
Reach'd him her ivory hand; yet (lozel base!)
Rather his way, and her fair self declin'd;
Well did he thence prove his degen'rous mind:
Base were his resty thoughts; base was his dunghill kind.

" And now by force dragg'd from the monkish cell,
Where teeth he only us'd, nor hands, nor brains,
But in smooth streams swam down through ease to Hell;
His work to eat, drink, sleep, and purge his reins.
He left his heart behind him with his feast:
His target with a flying dart was dress'd,
Posting unto his mark; the word, 'I move to rest.'

" Next Colax [14], all his words with sugar spices;
His servile tongue, base slave to greatness' name,
Runs nimble descant on the plainest vices;
He lets his tongue to sin, takes rent of shame;
He, temp'ring lies, porter to th' ear resides;
Like Indian apple, which with painted sides,
More dangerous within his lurking poison hides.

" So Echo, to the voice her voice conforming,
From hollow breast for one will two repay;
So like the rock it holds, itself transforming,
That subtil fish hunts for her headless prey:
So crafty fowlers with their fair deceits
Allure the hungry bird; so fisher waits
To bait himself with fish, his hook and fish with baits.

" His art is but to hide, not heal a sore;
To nourish pride, to strangle conscience;
To drain the rich, his own dry pits to store;
To spoil the precious soul, to please vile sense:
A carrion-crow he is, a gaping grave,
The rich coat's moth, the court's bane, trencher's slave, [knave.
Sin's and Hell's winning bawd, the Devil's fact'ring

" A mist he casts before his patron's sight,
That blackest vices never once appear;
But greater than it is seems virtue's light;
His lord's displeasure is his only fear:
His clawing lies, tickling the senses frail
To death, make open way where force would fail,
'Less hurts the lion's paw, than foxes' softest tail.'

" His arms with hundred tongues were powder'd gay,
(The mint of lies) gilt, fil'd, the sense to please;
His sword, which in his mouth close sheathed lay,
Sharper than death, and fram'd to kill with ease.
Ah, cursed weapon, life with pleasure spilling!
The Sardoin herb, with many branches filling
His shield, was his device: the word, 'I please in killing.'

" Base slave! how crawl'st thou from thy dunghill nest,
Where thou wast hatch'd by shame and beggary,
And perchest in the learn'd and noble breast?
Nobles of thee their courtship learn; of thee
Arts learn new art their learning to adorn;
(Ah, wretched minds!) he is not nobly born,
Nor learn'd, that doth not thy ignoble learning scorn.

" Close to him Pleasing went, with painted face,
And Honour, by some hidden cunning made;
Not Honour's self, but Honour's semblance base,
For soon it vanish'd like an empty shade:
Behind, his parents duly him attend;
With them he forced is his age to spend:
Shame his beginning was, and shame must be his end.

" Next follow'd Dyscolus [15], a froward wight;
His lips all swol'n, and eye brows ever bent;
With sooty locks, swart looks, and scouling sight;
His face a tell-tale to his foul intent:
He nothing lik'd, or prais'd; but reprehended
What every one beside himself commended.
Humours of tongues imposthum'd, purg'd with shame, are mended.

" His mouth a pois'nous quiver, where he hides
Sharp venom'd arrows, which his bitter tongue,
With squibs, carps, jests, unto their object guides;
Nor fears he gods on Earth, or Heav'n to wrong;
Upon his shield was fairly drawn to sight,
A raging dog, foaming out wrath and spite;
The word to his device, 'Impartial all I bite.'

" Geloios [16] next ensu'd, a merry Greek,
Whose life was laughter vain, and mirth misplac'd;
His speeches broad, to shame the modest cheek;
Ne car'd he whom, or when, or how disgrac'd;
Salt, round about he flung upon the sand:
If in his way his friend or father stand,
His father and his friend he spreads with careless hand.

" His foul jests, steep'd and drown'd in laughter vain
And rotten speech (ah!) was not mirth, but madness:
His armour crackling thorns all flaming stain
With golden fires (emblem of foppish gladness):
Upon his shield two laughing fools you see,
(In number he the third, first in degree)
At which himself would laugh, and fleer; his word,
'We three.'

" And after Agrios [17], a sullen swain;
All mirth that in himself and others hated;
Dull, dead, and leaden, was his cheerless vein;
His weary sense he never recreated;
And now he march'd as if he somewhat dream'd:
All honest joy, but madness he esteem'd;
Refreshing's idleness; but sport, he folly deem'd.

[13] Baseness of mind. [14] Flattery.
[15] Morosity.
[16] Mad laughter. Eccles. ii. 2.
[17] Rusticity, or ferity.

" In's arms, his mind the workman fit express'd,
Which all with quenched lamps, but smoking yet
And foully stinking, were full quaintly dress'd
To blind, not light the eyes, to choke, not heat:
Upon his shield an heap of fenny mire,
In flags and turfs (with suns yet never drier)
Did smoth'ring lie, not burn: his word, 'Smoke without fire.'

" Last Impudence, whose never changing face
Knew but one colour; with some brass-brow'd lie,
And laughing loud she drowns her just disgrace:
About her all the fiends in armies fly:
Her feather'd beaver sidelong cock'd, in guise
Of roaring boys; set look, with fixed eyes
Out-looks all shame-fac'd forms, all modesty defies.

" And as her thoughts, so arms all black as Hell,
Her brazen shield two sable dogs adorn,
Who each at other stare, and snarl, and swell:
Beneath the word was set, 'All change I scorn.'
But if I all this rout in foul array
Should muster up, and place in battle ray,
Too long yourselves and flocks my tedious song would stay.

" The aged day grows dim, and homeward calls:
The parting Sun (man's state describing well)
Falls when he rises, rises when he falls:
So we by falling rose, by rising fell.
The shady cloud of night 'gins softly creep,
And all our world with sable tincture steep:
Home now ye shepherd swains; home now my loved sheep."

CANTO IX.

The bridegroom Sun, who late the Earth had spous'd,
Leaves his star-chamber; early in the east
He shook his sparkling locks, head lively rouz'd,
While Morn his couch with blushing roses drest;
His shines the Earth soon latcht to gild her flow'rs:
Phosphor his gold-fleec'd drove folds in their bow'rs,
Which all the night had graz'd about th' Olympic tow'rs.

The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,
With sweet salutes awakes the drowsy light;
The Earth she left, and up to Heav'n is fled;
There chants her Maker's praises out of sight.
Earth seems a molehill, men but ants to be;
Teaching proud men, that soar to high degree,
The further up they climb, the less they seem and see.

The shepherds met, and Thomalin began;
Young Thomalin, whose notes and silver string
Silence the rising lark, and falling swan:
" Come Thirsil, end thy lay, and cheerly sing;
Hear'st how the larks give welcome to the day,
Temp'ring their sweetest notes unto thy lay;
Up then, thou loved swain; why dost thou longer stay?"

" Well sett'st thou, friend, the lark before mine eyes.
Much easier to hear than imitate;
Her wings lift up her notes to lofty skies;
But me a leaden sleep, and earthly state,
Down to the centre ties with captive string;
Well might I follow here her note and wing;
Singing she lofty mounts; ah! mounting should I sing.

" Oh, thou dread king of that heroic band!
Which by thy pow'r beats back these hellish sprites,
Rescuing this state from death and base command:
Tell me, dread king! what are those warlike knights?
What force? what arms? where lies their strength's increase,
That though so few in number, never cease
To keep this sieged town, 'gainst numbers numberless?

" The first commanders in this holy train,
Leaders to all the rest, an ancient pair;
Long since sure link'd in wedlock's sweetest chain;
His name Spirito, she Urania [1] fair:
Fair had she been, and full of heav'nly grace,
And he in youth a mighty warrior was,
Both now more fair, and strong, which prov'd their heav'nly race.

" His arms, with flaming tongues all sparkled bright,
Bright flaming tongues, in divers sections parted;
His piercing sword, edg'd with their fiery light,
'Twixt bones and marrow, soul and spirit disparted.
Upon his shield was drawn a glorious dove,
'Gainst whom the proudest eagle dares not move;
Glitt'ring in beams: his word, 'Conqu'ring by peace [and love.'

" But she, Amazon-like, in azure arms,
Silver'd with stars, and gilt with sunny rays;
Her mighty spouse in sight, and fierce alarms,
Attends, and equals in these bloody frays;
And on her shield an heav'nly globe (displaying
The constellations, lower bodies swaying,
Sway'd by the higher) she bore: her word, 'I rule obeying.'

" About them swarm'd their fruitful progeny;
An heav'nly offspring of an heav'nly bed;
Well mought you in their looks his stoutness see,
With her sweet graces lovely tempered.
Fit youths they seem'd to play in prince's hall,
(But ah! long since they thence were banish'd all),
Or shine in glitt'ring arms, when need fierce war [doth call.

" The first in order (nor in worth the last)
Is Knowledge, drawn from peace, and Muse's spring,
Where shaded in fair Sinai's groves, his taste
He feasts with words, and works of heav'nly king;
But now to bloody field is fully bent:
Yet still he seem'd to study as he went;
His arms cut all in books; strong shield slight papers lent.

" His glitt'ring armour shin'd like burning day,
Garnish'd with golden suns, and radiant flow'rs;
Which turn their bending heads to Phœbus' ray,
And when he falls, shut up their leafy bow'rs;
Upon his shield the silver Moon did bend
Her horned bow, and round her arrows spend:
His word in silver wrote, 'I borrow what I lend.'

[1] Heaven.

" All that he saw, all that he heard, were books,
In which he read, and learn'd his Maker's will;
Most on his word, but much on Heav'n he looks,
And thence admires with praise the workman's skill.
Close to him, went still-musing Contemplation,
That made good use of ills by meditation;
So to him ill itself was good, by strange mutation.

" And Care, who never from his sides would part,
Of Knowledge oft the ways and means inquiring,
To practise what he learn'd from holy art;
And oft with tears, and oft with sighs desiring
Aid from that sovereign guide, whose ways so steep,
Though fain he would, yet weak, he could not keep;
But when he could not go, yet forward would he creep.

" Next Tapinus [2], whose sweet, though lowly grace,
All other higher than himself esteem'd;
He in himself priz'd things as mean and base,
Which yet in others great and glorious seem'd;
All ill due debt, good undeserv'd he thought;
His heart a low roof'd house, but sweetly wrought,
Where God himself would dwell, though he it dearly bought.

" Honour he shuns, yet is the way unto him;
As Hell, he hates advancement won with bribes;
But public place, and charge are forc'd to woo him;
He good to grace, ill to desert ascribes:
Him (as his Lord) contents a lowly room,
Whose first house was the blessed virgin's womb,
The next a cratch, the third a cross, the fourth a tomb.

" So choicest drugs in meanest shrubs are found;
So precious gold in deepest centre dwells;
So sweetest vi'lets trail on lowly ground;
So richest pearls lie clos'd in vilest shells:
So lowest dales we let at highest rates;
So creeping strawberries yield daintiest cates,
The Highest highly loves the low, the lofty hates.

" Upon his shield was drawn that shepherd lad,
Who with a sling threw down faint Israel's fears;
And in his hand his spoils, and trophies glad,
The monster's sword and head, he bravely bears;
Plain in his lovely face you might behold
A blushing meekness met with courage bold:
'Little, not little worth,' was fairly wrote in gold.

" With him his kinsman both in birth and name,
Obedience, taught by many bitter show'rs
In humble bonds his passions proud to tame,
And low submit unto the higher pow'rs:
But yet no servile yoke his forehead brands;
For ty'd in such an holy service bands,
In this Obedience rules, and serving thus commands.

" By them went Fido [3], marshal of the field;
Weak was his mother when she gave him day;
And he at first a sick and weakly child,
As e'er with tears welcom'd the sunny ray;
Yet when more years afford more growth and might,
A champion stout he was, and puissant knight,
As ever came in field, or shone in armour bright.

[2] Humility. [3] Faith.

" So may we see a little lionet,
When newly whelpt, a weak and tender thing,
Despis'd by ev'ry beast; but waxen great,
When fuller times, full strength and courage bring;
The beasts all crouching low, their king adore,
And dare not see what they contemn'd before;
The trembling forest quakes at his affrighting roar.

" Mountains he flings in seas with mighty hand;
Stops and turns back the Sun's impetuous course;
Nature breaks Nature's laws at his command;
No force of Hell or Heav'n withstands his force;
Events to come yet many ages hence,
He present makes, by wondrous prescience;
Proving the senses blind, by being blind to sense.

" His sky-like arms, dy'd all in blue and white,
And set with golden stars that flamed wide;
His shield invisible to mortal sight,
Yet he upon it easily descry'd
The lively semblance of his dying Lord,
Whose bleeding side with wicked steel was gor'd;
Which to his fainting spirits new courage would afford.

" Strange was the force of that enchanted shield,
Which highest pow'rs to it from Heav'n impart:
For who could bear it well, and rightly wield;
It sav'd from sword, and spear, and poison'd dart:
Well might he slip, but yet not wholly fall;
No final loss his courage might appal;
Growing more sound by wounds, and rising by his fall.

" So some have feign'd that Tellus' giant son,
Drew many new-born lives from his dead mother;
Another rose as soon as one was done,
And twenty lost, yet still remain'd another;
For when he fell, and kiss'd the barren heath,
His parent straight inspir'd successive breath;
And though herself was dead, yet ransom'd him from death.

" With him his nurse, went careful Acoë [4];
Whose hands first from his mother's womb did take him,
And ever since have foster'd tenderly:
She never might, she never would forsake him;
And he her lov'd again with mutual band;
For by her needful help he oft did stand,
When else he soon would fail, and fall in foemen's hand.

" With both, sweet Meditation ever pac'd,
His nurse's daughter, and his foster sister;
Dear as his soul, he in his soul her plac'd,
And oft embrac'd, and oft by stealth he kiss'd her;
For she had taught him by her silent talk
To tread the safe, and dang'rous ways to balk;
And brought his God with him, him with his God to walk.

" Behind him Penitence did sadly go,
Whose cloudy dropping eyes were ever raining,
Her swelling tears, which, e'en in ebbing flow,
Furrow her cheek, the sinful puddles draining:
Much seem'd she in her pensive thought molested;
And much the mocking world her soul infested;
More she the hateful world, and most herself detested.

[4] Hearing.

" She was the object of lewd men's disgrace,
The squint-ey'd wrie-mouth'd scoff of carnal hearts;
Yet smiling Heav'n delights to kiss her face,
And with his blood God bathes her painful smarts:
Affliction's iron flail her soul had thrash'd;
Sharp circumcision's knife her heart had slash'd;
Yet was it angels' wine, which in her eyes was mash'd.

" With her a troop of mournful grooms abiding
Help with their sullen blacks their mistress' woe;
Amendment still (but his own faults) chiding,
And Penance arm'd with smarting whips did go:
Then sad Remorse came sighing all the way;
Last Satisfaction, giving all away:
Much surely did he owe, much more he would repay.

" Next went Elpinus [5], clad in sky-like blue;
And through his arms few stars did seem to peep,
Which there the workman's hand so finely drew,
That rock'd in clouds they softly seem to sleep:
His rugged shield was like a rocky mould,
On which an anchor bit with surest hold,
' I hold by being held,' was written round in gold.

" Nothing so cheerful was his thoughtful face,
As was his brother Fido's; — fear seem'd dwell
Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
And went, and came, that sure all was not well:
Therefore a comely maid did oft sustain
His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain:
Pollicita [6] she hight, which ne'er could lie or feign.

" Next to Elpinus march'd his brother Love;
Not that GREAT LOVE which cloth'd his Godhead bright
With rags of flesh, and now again above
Hath dress'd his flesh in Heav'n's eternal light:
Much less the brat of that false Cyprian dame,
Begot by froth, and fire, in bed of shame,
And now burns idle hearts swelt'ring in lustful flame.

" But this from Heav'n brings his immortal race,
And nurs'd by Gratitude, whose careful arms
Long held, and hold him still in kind imbrace:
But train'd to daily wars, and fierce alarms,
He grew to wond'rous strength and beauty rare:
Next that God Love, from whom his offsprings are. [compare.
No match in Earth or Heav'n may with this Love

" His page, who from his side might never move,
Remembrance, on him waits; in books reciting
The famous passions of that highest love,
His burning zeal to greater flames exciting:
Deep would he sigh, and seem empassion'd sore,
And oft with tears his backward heart deplore,
That loving all he could, he lov'd that love no more.

" Yet sure he truly lov'd, and honour'd dear
That glorious Name; for when, or where he spy'd
Wrong'd, or in hellish speech blasphem'd did hear,
Boldly the rash blasphemer he defy'd,
And forc'd him eat the words he foully spake:
But if for him, he grief or death did take,
That grief he counted joy, and death, life for his sake.

[5] Hope. [6] Promise.

" His glitt'ring arms, dress'd all with fiery hearts,
Seem'd burn in chaste desire, and heav'nly flame:
And on his shield kind Jonathan imparts
To his soul's friend, his robes, and princely name,
And kingly throne, which mortals so adore:
And round about was writ in golden ore,
' Well might he give him all, that gave his life before.'

" These led the vanguard; and an hundred moe
Fill'd up the empty ranks with order'd train:
But first in middleward did justly go
In goodly arms a fresh and lovely swain,
Vaunting himself Love's twin, but yonger brother:
Well mought it be, for e'en their very mother,
With pleasing errour oft mistook the one for th' other.

" As when fair Paris gave that golden ball,
A thousand doubts ran in his stagg'ring breast:
All lik'd him well, fain would he give it all:
Each better seems, and still the last seems best:
Doubts ever new his reaching hand deferr'd;
The more he looks, the more his judgment err'd:
So she first this, then that, then none, then both preferr'd.

" Like them, their armour seem'd full near of kin:
In this they only differ; th' elder bent
His higher soul to Heav'n; the younger twin
'Mong mortals here his love and kindness spent;
Teaching (strange alchymy) to get a living
By selling land, and to grow rich by giving;
By emptying, filling bags, so Heav'n by Earth atchieving.

" About him troop the poor with num'rous trains,
Whom he with tender care and large expence,
With kindest words, and succour entertains;
Ne looks for thanks, or thinks of recompence:
His wardrobe serves to clothe the naked side,
And shameful parts of bared bodies hide;
If other clothes he lack'd, his own he would divide.

" To rogues, his gate was shut; but open lay
Kindly the weary traveller inviting:
Oft therefore angels hid in mortal clay,
And God himself in his free roofs delighting,
Lowly to visit him would not disdain,
And in his narrow cabin oft remain;
Whom Heav'n, and Earth, and all the world cannot contain.

" His table still was fill'd with wholesome meat,
Not to provoke, but quiet appetite;
And round about the hungry freely eat,
With plenteous cates cheering their feeble sprite:
Their earnest vows open Heav'n's wide door;
That not in vain sweet plenty evermore
With gracious eye looks down upon his blessed store.

" Behind attend him in an uncouth wise,
A troop with little caps, and shaved head;
Such whilome was enfranchis'd bondmen's guise,
New freed from cruel masters' servile dread:
These had he lately bought from captive chain;
Hence they his triumph sing with joyful strain,
And on his head due praise, and thousand blessings rain.

" He was a father to the fatherless,
To widows he supply'd an husband's care;
Nor would he heap up woe to their distress,
Or by a guardian's name their state impair;
But rescue them from strong oppressor's might;
Nor doth he weigh the great man's heavy spite.
'Who fears the highest Judge, needs fear no mortal wight.'

" Once ev'ry week he on his progress went,
The sick to visit, and those meagre swains,
Which all their weary life in darkness spent,
Clogg'd with cold iron, press'd with heavy chains:
He hoards not wealth for his loose heir to spend it,
But with a willing hand doth well expend it.
'Good then is only good when to our God we lend it.'

" And when the dead by cruel tyrant's spite,
Lie out to rav'nous birds and beasts expos'd,
His yearnful heart pitying that wretched sight,
In seemly graves their weary flesh enclos'd,
And strew'd with dainty flow'rs the lowly hearse;
Then all alone the last words did rehearse,
Bidding them softly sleep in his sad sighing verse.

" So once that royal maid [7] fierce Thebes beguil'd,
Though wilful Creon proudly did forbid her;
Her brother from his home and tomb exil'd,
(While willing night in darkness safely hid her)
She lowly laid in Earth's all covering shade:
Her dainty hands (not us'd to such a trade)
She with a mattock toils, and with a weary spade.

" Yet feels she neither sweat, nor irksome pain,
Till now his grave was fully finished;
Then on his wounds her cloudy eyes 'gin rain,
To wash the guilt painted in bloody red:
And falling down upon his gored side,
With hundred varied 'plaints she often cry'd,
'Oh, had I died for thee, or with thee might have died!'

" 'Ay me! my ever wrong'd, and banish'd brother,
How can I fitly thy hard fate deplore,
Or in my breast so just complaining smother?
To thy sad chance what can be added more?
Exile thy home, thy home a tomb thee gave:
Oh, no! such little room thou must not have.
But for thy banish'd bones, I (wretch) must steal a grave.'

" But whither, woful maid, have thy complaints
With fellow-passion drawn my feeling moan?
But thus this Love deals with those murder'd saints;
Weeps with the sad, and sighs with those that groan.
But now in that beech grove we'll safely play,
And in those shadows mock the boiling ray;
Which yet increases more with the decreasing day."

Canto X.

The shepherds to the woody mount withdrew,
Where hillock seats, shades yield a canopy;
Whose tops with violets dy'd all in blue,
Might seem to make a little azure sky;
And that round hill, which their weak heads maintain'd,
A lesser Atlas seem'd, whose neck sustain'd
The weight of all the Heav'ns, which sore his shoulders pain'd.

And here and there sweet primrose scattered,
Spangling the blue, fit constellations make:
Some broadly flaming their fair colours spread;
Some other wink'd, as yet but half awake:
Fit were they plac'd, and set in order due:
Nature seem'd work by art, so lively true
A little Heav'n on Earth in narrow space she drew.

Upon this earthly Heav'n the shepherds play,
The time beguiling, and the parching light;
Till the declining Sun, and elder day,
Abate their flaming heat, and youthful might:
The sheep had left the shades, to mind their meat;
Then all returning to their former seat,
Thirsil again began his weary song repeat.

" Great pow'r of Love! with what commanding fire
Dost thou inflame the world's wide regiment,
And kindly heat in every heart inspire!
Nothing is free from thy sweet government;
Fish burn in seas; beasts, birds thy weapons prove;
By thee dead elements and heav'ns move;
Which void of sense itself, yet are not void of love.

" But those twin Loves, which from thy seas of light,
To us on Earth derive their lesser streams,
Though in their force they shew thy wond'rous might,
On thee reflecting back their glorious beams;
Yet here encounter'd with so mighty foe,
Had need both arm'd and surely guarded go:
But most thy help they need; do not thy help foreslow.

" Next to the younger Love, Irenus [1] went,
Whose frosty head proclaim'd his winter age:
His spring in many battles had he spent;
But now all weapons chang'd for counsel sage.
His heavy sword (the witness of his might)
Upon a loped tree he idly pight;
There hid in quiet sheath, sleeps it in endless night.

" Patience his shield had lent to ward his breast,
Whose golden plain three olive branches dress:
The word in letters large was fair express'd,
'Thrice happy author of a happy peace.'
Rich plenty yields him pow'r, pow'r stores his will,
Will ends in works, good works his treasures fill:
Earth's slave [2], Heav'ns heir he is — as God, pays good for ill.

" By him Andreos [3] pac'd, of middle age,
His mind as far from rashness, as from fears;
Hating base thoughts, as much as desp'rate rage:
The world's loud thund'rings he unshaken hears:
Nor will he death, or life, or seek or fly,
Ready for both. — He is as cowardly
That longer fears to live, as he that fears to die.

[7] Antigone, daughter of Œdipus, contrary to the edict of Creon, buries Polynices.

[1] Peaceableness. [2] Matt. v. 9. [3] Fortitude.

" Worst was his civil war, where deadly fought
He with himself, till passion yields or dies:
All heart and hand, no tongue; not grim, but stout:
His flame had counsel in't; his fury, eyes;
His rage well-temper'd is; no fear can daunt
His reason; but cold blood is valiant;
Well may he strength in death; but never courage want.

" But like a mighty rock, whose unmov'd sides
The hostile sea assaults with furious wave,
And 'gainst his head the boist'rous north wind rides;
Both fight, and storm, and swell, and roar, and rave;
Hoarse surges drum, loud blasts their trumpets strain:
Th' heroic cliff laughs at their frustrate pain;
Waves scatter'd, drop in tears, winds broken, whining plain.

" Such was this knight's undaunted constancy;
No mischief wakens his resolved mind;
None fiercer to a stubborn enemy;
But to the yielding none more sweetly kind.
His shield an even ballast ship embraves,
Which dances light, while Neptune wildly raves;
His word was this, 'I fear but Heav'n, nor winds, nor waves.'

" And next Macrothumus [4], whose quiet face,
No cloud of passion ever shadow'd;
Nor could hot anger reason's rule displace,
Purpling the scarlet cheek with fiery red;
Nor could revenge, clad in a deadly white,
With hidden malice eat his vexed sprite:
For ill, he good repay'd, and love exchang'd for spite.

" Was never yet a more undaunted spirit;
Yet most him deem'd a base and tim'rous swain;
But he well weighing his own strength and merit,
The greatest wrong could wisely entertain.
Nothing resisted his commanding spear:
Yielding itself to him a winning were:
And though he dy'd, yet dead, he rose a conqueror.

" His nat'ral force beyond all nature stretched;
Most strong he is, because he will be weak;
And happy most, because he can be wretched.
Then whole and sound, when he himself doth break;
Rejoicing most when most he is tormented:
In greatest discontents he rests contented:
By conquering himself, all conquests he prevented.

" His rocky arms of massy adamant,
Safely could back rebut the hardest blade;
His skin itself could any weapon daunt,
Of such strange mould and temper was he made:
Upon his shield a palm-tree still increas'd,
Though many weights his rising arms depress'd:
His word was, 'Rising most, by being most oppress'd.'

" Next him Androphilus [5], whose sweetest mind
'Twixt mildness temper'd, and low courtesy,
Could leave as soon to be, as not be kind:
Churlish despite ne'er look'd from his calm eye,
Much less commanded in his gentle heart:
To baser men fair looks he would impart;
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complimental art.

" His enemies knew not how to discommend him;
All others dearly lov'd; fell ranc'rous Spite,
And vile Detraction fain would reprehend him;
And oft in vain his name they closely bite,
As popular, and flatterer accusing:
But he such slavish office much refusing,
Can eas'ly quit his name from their false tongues abusing.

" His arms were fram'd into a glitt'ring night,
Whose sable gown with stars all spangled wide,
Affords the weary traveller cheerful light,
And to his home his erring footsteps guide;
Upon his ancient shield the workmen fine
Had drawn the Sun, whose eye did ne'er repine
To look on good and ill: his word, 'To all I shine.'

" Fair Virtue, where stay'st thou in poor exile,
Leaving the court from whence thou took'st thy name?
While in thy place is stept disdaining vile,
And flattery, base son of need and shame;
And with them surly scorn, and hateful pride;
Whose artificial face false colours dy'd,
Which more display her shame, than loathsome foulness hide.

" Late, there thou livedst with a gentle swain,
(As gentle swain as ever lived there)
Who lodg'd thee in his heart and all thy train,
Where hundred other graces quartered were:
But he, alas! untimely dead and gone,
Leaves us to rue his death, and thee to moan,
That few were ever such, and now those few are none.

" By him the stout Encrates [6] boldly went,
Assailed oft by mighty enemies,
Which all on him alone their spite mispent;
For he whole armies single bold defies;
With him nor might, nor cunning slights prevail;
All force on him they try, all forces fail;
Yet still assail him fresh, yet vainly still assail.

" His body full of vigour, full of health;
His table feeds not lust, but strength and need:
Full stor'd with plenty, not by heaping wealth,
But topping rank desires, which vain exceed:
On 's shield an hand from Heav'n an orchard dressing,
Pruning superfluous boughs the trees oppressing;
So adding fruit: his word, 'By lessening increasing.'

" His settled mind was written in his face:
For on his forehead cheerful gravity
False joys and apish vanities doth chase:
And watchful care did wake in either eye.
His heritance he would not lavish sell,
Nor yet his treasure hide by neighbouring Hell:
But well he ever spent, what he had gotten well.

" A lovely pair of twins clos'd either side:
Not those in Heav'n, the flow'ry Geminies,
Are half so lovely bright; the one his bride,
Agneia [7] chaste, was join'd in Hymen's ties,

[4] Long suffering. [5] Gentleness, or courtesy. [6] Temperance. [7] Chastity in the married.

And love, as pure as Heav'n's conjunction:
Thus she was his, and he her flesh and bone:
So were they two in sight; in truth entirely one.

"Upon her arched brow, unarmed Love
Triumphing sat in peaceful victory;
And in her eyes thousand chaste graces move,
Checking vain thoughts with awful majesty:
Ten thousand moe her fairer breast contains;
Where quiet meekness every ill restrains,
And humbly subject spirit by willing service reigns.

"Her sky-like arms glitter'd in golden beams,
And brightly seem'd to flame with burning hearts:
The scalding ray with his reflected streams
Fire to their flames, but heav'nly fire imparts:
Upon her shield a pair of turtles shone;
A loving pair, still coupled, ne'er alone;
Her word, 'Though one when two, yet either two, or none.'

"With her, her sister went, a warlike maid,
Parthenia[8], all in steel, and gilded arms;
In needle's stead, a mighty spear she sway'd,
With which in bloody fields, and fierce alarms,
The boldest champion she down would bear,
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

"Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green,
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew;
And on her shield the 'lone bird might be seen,
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new:
Itself unto itself was only mate;
Ever the same, but new in newer date:
And underneath was writ, 'Such is chaste single state.'

"Thus hid in arms, she seem'd a goodly knight,
And fit for any warlike exercise;
But when she list lay down her armour bright,
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise:
The fairest maid she was, that ever yet
Prison'd her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

"Choice nymph! the crown of chaste Diana's train,
Thou beauty's lily, set in heav'nly earth;
Thy fair's unpattern'd, all perfection stain:
Sure Heav'n with curious pencil at thy birth
In thy rare face her own full picture drew;
It is a strong verse here to write, but true,
Hyperboles in others, are but half thy due.

"Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying;
And in the midst himself all proudly sits,
Himself in awful majesty arraying:
Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow,
And ready shafts: deadly those weapons show:
Yet sweet that death appear'd, lovely that deadly blow.

"And at the foot of this celestial frame,
Two radiant stars, than stars yet better being,
Endu'd with living fire, and seeing flame;
Yet with Heav'n's stars in this too near agreeing:
They timely warmth, themselves not warm, inspire;
These kindle thousand hearts with hot desire,
And burning all they see, feel in themselves no fire.

"Ye matchless stars (yet each the other's match)
Heav'n's richest diamonds, set in amel white,
From whose bright spheres all grace the graces catch,
And will not move but by your loadstars bright;
How have you stol'n, and stor'd your armoury
With Love's and Death's strong shafts, and from your sky armies fly?
Pour down thick show'rs of darts to force whole

"Above those Suns, two rainbows high aspire,
Not in light shews, but sadder liveries drest;
Fair Iris seem'd *to mourn in sable 'tire;*
Yet thus more sweet the greedy eye they feast:
And but that wond'rous face it well allow'd,
Wondrous it seem'd, that two fair rainbows show'd
Above their sparkling Suns, without or rain or cloud.

"A bed of lilies flow'r upon her cheek,
And in the midst was set a circling rose;
Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek
New liveries, and fresher colours choose
To deck his beauteous head in snowy 'tire;
But all in vain: for who can hope t' aspire
To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire?

"Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row:
But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
Soon heav'nly notes from those divisions flow,
And with rare music charm the ravish'd ears,
Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears:
The spheres so only sing, so only charm the spheres.

"Her dainty breasts, like to an April rose
From green silk fillets yet not all unbound,
Began their *little rising heads disclose,*
And fairly spread *their silver circlets round:*
From those two bulwarks love *doth safely fight;*
Which swelling easily, may seem *to sight*
To be enwombed both of pleasure and *delight.*

"Yet all these stars which deck this beaut'ous sky,
By force of th' inward sun both shine and move:
Thron'd in her heart sits love's high majesty;
In highest majesty the highest love.
As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
The sparkling crystal burns in glitt'ring flame,
So does that brightest love brighten this lovely dame.

"Thus, and much fairer, fair Parthenia,
Glist'ring in arms, herself presents to sight;
As when th' Amazon queen, Hippolyta,
With Theseus enter'd lists in single fight,
With equal arms her mighty foe opposing;
Till now her bared head her face disclosing,
Conquer'd the conqueror, and won the fight by losing.

"A thousand knights woo'd her with busy pain,
To thousands she her virgin-grant deny'd;
Although her dear sought love to entertain,
They all their wit, and all their strength apply'd:

[8] Chastity in the single.

Yet in her heart, Love close his sceptre sway'd,
That to an Heavenly Spouse her thoughts betray'd, [maid.
Where she a maiden wife might live, and wifely

' Upon her steps a virgin page attended,
Fair Erythre[9], whose often blushing face
Sweetly her in-burn shame-fac'd thoughts commended; [grace,
The face's change prov'd th' heart's unchanged
Which she a shrine to purity devotes:
So when clear ivory, vermeil fitly blots,
By stains it fairer grows, and lovelier by its spots.

" Her golden hair, her silver forehead high,
Her teeth of solid, eyes of liquid pearl;
But neck and breast no man might bare descry,
So sweetly modest was this bashful girl:
But that sweet paradise, ah! could we see,
On these white mountlets daintier apples be,
Than those we bought so dear on Eden's tempting tree.

" These noble knights this threaten'd fort defend;
These, and a thousand moe heroic swains,
That to this 'stressed state their service lend,
To free from force, and save from captive chains.
But now too late the battle to recite;
For Hesperus Heav'n's tapers 'gins to light,
And warns each star to wait upon their mistress Night."

Canto XI.

The early morn lets out the peeping day,
And strew'd his paths with golden marigolds:
The Moon grows wan, and stars fly all away,
Whom Lucifer locks up in wonted folds
Till light is quench'd, and Heav'n in seas hath flung [throng,
The headlong day: — to th' hill the shepherds
And Thirsil now began to end his task and song.

" Who now, alas! shall teach my humble vein,
That never yet durst peep from covert glade,
But softly learnt for fear to sigh and plain,
And vent her griefs to silent myrtle's shade?
Who now shall teach to change my oaten quill
For trumpet 'larms, or humble verses fill
With graceful majesty, and lofty rising skill?

" Ah, thou dread Spirit! shed thy holy fire,
Thy holy flame, into my frozen heart;
Teach thou my creeping measures to aspire,
And swell in bigger notes, and higher art:
Teach my low Muse thy fierce alarms to ring,
And raise my soft strain to high thundering:
Tune thou my lofty song; thy battles must I sing.

" Such as thou wert within the sacred breast
Of that thrice famous poet, shepherd, king;
And taught'st his heart to frame his cantos best
Of all that e'er thy glorious works did sing:
Or as those holy fishers, once amongs
Thou flamedst bright with sparkling parted tongues; [conqu'ring songs.
And brought'st down Heav'n to Earth in those all-

[9] Modesty.

" These mighty heroes, fill'd with justest rage
To be in narrow walls so closely pent,
Glitt'ring in arms and goodly equipage,
Stood at the castle's gate, now ready bent
To sally out, and meet the enemy:
A hot disdain sparkled in every eye,
Breathing out hateful war, and deadly enmity.

" Thither repairs the careful Intellect
With his fair spouse Voletta, heav'nly fair:
With both, their daughter; whose divine aspect,
Though now sad damps of sorrow much impair,
Yet through those clouds did shine so glorious bright,
That every eye did homage to the sight,
Yielding their captive hearts to that commanding light.

" But who may hope to paint such majesty,
Or shadow well such beauty, such a face;
Such beauteous face, unseen to mortal eye?
Whose pow'rful looks, and more than mortal grace, [throne,
Love's self hath lov'd, leaving his heav'nly
With amorous sighs, and many a lovely moan,
(Whom all the world would woo) woo'd her his only one.

" Far be that boldness from thy humble swain,
Fairest Ectecta, to describe thy beauty,
And with unable skill thy glory stain,
Which ever he admires with humble duty:
But who to view such blaze of beauty longs,
Go he to Sinai, th' holy groves amongs;
Where that wise shepherd chants her in his song of songs.

" The island's king, with sober countenance,
Aggrates the knights who thus his right defended;
And with grave speech, and comely amenance,
Himself, his state, his spouse, to them commended:
His lovely child, that by him pensive stands,
He last delivers to their valiant hands;
And her to thank the knights, her champions, he commands.

" The godlike maid awhile all silent stood,
And down to th' earth let fall her humble eyes;
While modest thoughts shot up the flaming blood,
Which fir'd her scarlet cheek with rosy dyes;
But soon to quench the heat, that lordly reigns,
From her fair eye a show'r of crystal rains,
Which with his silver streams o'er-runs the beauteous plains.

" As when the Sun, in midst of summer's heat,
Draws up thin vapours with his potent ray,
Forcing dull waters from their native seat;
At length dim clouds shadow the burning day:
Till coldest air, soon melted into show'rs,
Upon the Earth his welcome anger pours,
And Heav'n's clear forehead now wipes off her former low'rs.

" At length, a little lifting up her eyes,
A renting sigh way for her sorrow brake,
Which from her heart gan in her face to rise;
And first in th' eye, then in the lip, thus spake

'Ah, gentle knights, how many a simple maid,
With justest grief, and wrong so ill appay'd,
Give due reward for such your pains, and friendly aid?

"'But if my princely spouse do not delay
His timely presence in my greatest need,
He will for me your friendly love repay,
And well requite this your so gentle deed;
Then let no fear your mighty hearts assail:
His word's himself; himself he cannot fail.
Long may he stay, yet sure he comes, and must prevail.'

"By this the long-shut gate was open laid;
Soon out they rush in order well arrang'd:
And fast'ning in their eyes that heav'nly maid,
How oft for fear her fairest colour chang'd!
Her looks, her worth, her goodly grace, and state,
Comparing with her present wretched fate,
Pity whets just revenge, and love's fire kindles hate.

"Long at the gate the thoughtful Intellect
Stay'd with his fearful queen, and daughter fair;
But when the knights were past their dim aspect,
They follow them with vows and many a pray'r,
At last they climb up to the castle's height;
From which they view'd the deeds of ev'ry knight,
And mark'd the doubtful end of this intestine fight.

"As when a youth, bound for the Belgic war,
Takes leave of friends upon the Kentish shore;
Now are they parted, and he sail'd so far
They see not now, and now are seen no more:
Yet far off viewing the white trembling sails,
The tender mother soon plucks off her vails,
And shaking them aloft, unto her son she hails.

"Mean time these champions march in fit array,
Till both the armies now were come in sight:
Awhile each other boldly viewing stay,
With short delays whetting fierce rage and spite.
Sound now, ye trumpets, sound alarums loud;
Hark, how their clamours whet their anger proud!
See, yonder are they met in midst of dusty cloud!

"So oft the South with civil enmity
Musters his wat'ry forces 'gainst the West;
The rolling clouds come tumbling up the sky,
In dark folds wrapping up their angry guest:
At length the flame breaks from th' impris'ning cold
With horrid noise, tearing the limber mold:
While down in liquid tears the broken vapours roll'd.

"First did that warlike maid herself advance;
And riding from amidst her company,
About her helmet wav'd her mighty lance,
Daring to fight the proudest enemy:
Porneius soon his ready spear addrest,
And kicking with his heel his hasty beast,
Bent his sharp-headed lance against her dainty breast.

"In vain the broken staff sought entrance there,
Where Love himself oft entrance sought in vain:
But much unlike the martial virgin's spear,
Which low dismounts her foe on dusty plain,
Broaching with bloody point his breast before;
Down from the wound trickled the bubbling gore,
And bid pale Death come in at that red gaping door.

"There lies he cover'd now in lowly dust,
And foully wallowing in clutter'd blood,
Breathing together out his life and lust, [flood:
Which from his breast swam in the steaming
In maids his joy, now by a maid defy'd,
His life he lost, and all his former pride:
With women would he live, now by a woman died.

"Aselges, struck with such a heavy sight,
Greedy to 'venge his brother's sad decay,
Spurr'd forth his flying steed with fell despight,
And met the virgin in the middle way;
His spear against her head he fiercely threw,
Which to that face performing homage due,
Kissing her helmet, thence in thousand shivers flew.

"The wanton boy had dreamt, that latest night,
That he had learnt the liquid air dispart,
And swim along the Heav'ns with pinions light:
Now that fair maid taught him this nimble art;
For from his saddle far away she sent,
Flying along the empty element, [bent.
That hardly yet he knew whither his course was

"The rest, that saw with fear the ill success
Of single fight, durst not like fortune try;
But round beset her with their num'rous press:
Before, beside, behind, they on her fly,
And every part with coward odds assail;
But she, redoubling strokes as thick as hail,
Drove far their flying troops, and thresh'd with iron flail.

"As when a gentle greyhound set around
With little curs, which dare his way molest,
Snapping behind; soon as the angry hound,
Turning his course, hath caught the busiest,
And shaking in his fangs hath well nigh slain;
The rest, fear'd with his crying, run amain,
And standing all aloof, whine, howl, and bark in vain.

"The subtil Dragon, that from far did view
The waste and spoil made by this maiden knight,
Fell to his wonted guile; for well he knew
All force was vain against such wondrous might;
A crafty swain, well taught to cunning harms,
Call'd False Delight, he chang'd with hellish charms, [and arms.
That True Delight he seem'd, the self-same shape

"The watchfull'st sight no difference could descry;
The same his face, his voice, his gait the same;
Thereto his words he feign'd; and coming nigh
The maid, that fierce pursues her martial game,
He whets her wrath with many a guileful word,
Till she, less careful, did fit time afford;
Then up with both his hands he lifts his baleful sword.

" You pow'rful Heav'ns! and thou, their Governor!
With what eyes can you view this doleful sight?
How can you see your fairest conqueror
So nigh her end by so unmanly flight?
The dreadful weapon through the air doth glide;
But sure you turn'd the harmful edge aside,
Else must she there have fall'n, and by that traitor died.

" Yet in her side deep was the wound impight;
Her flowing life the shining armour stains:
From that wide spring long rivers took their flight,
With purple streams drowning the silver plains;
Her cheerful colour now grows wan and pale,
Which oft she strives with courage to recal,
And rouse her fainting head, which down as oft would fall.

" All so a lily press'd with heavy rain,
Which fills her cup with show'rs up to the brinks:
The weary stalk no longer can sustain
The head, but low beneath the burden sinks:
Or as a virgin rose her leaves displays,
Whom too hot scorching beams quite disarrays;
Down flags her double ruff, and all her sweet decays.

" Th' undaunted maid, feeling her feet deny
Their wonted duty, to a tree retir'd;
Whom all the rout pursue with deadly cry,
As when a hunted stag, now well nigh tir'd,
Shor'd by an oak, 'gins with his head to play;
The fearful hounds dare not his horns assay,
But, running round about, with yelping voices bay.

" And now, perceiving all her strength was spent,
Lifting to list'ning Heaven her trembling eyes;
Thus whisp'ring soft, her soul to Heaven she sent:
' Thou chastest Love! that rul'st the wand'ring skies,
More pure than purest Heavens by thee mov'd;
If thine own love in me thou sure hast prov'd,
If ever thou, myself, my vows, my love hast lov'd,

" ' Let not this temple of thy spotless love
Be with foul hand, and beastly rage, defil'd:
But when my spirit shall his camp remove,
And to his home return, too long exil'd;
Do thou protect it from the rav'nous spoil
Of ranc'rous enemies, that hourly toil
Thy humble votary with loathsome sport to foil.'

" With this few drops fell from her fainting eyes,
To dew the fading roses of her cheek;
That much high Love seem'd passion'd with those cries; [break:
Much more those streams his heart and patience
Straight he the charge gives to a winged swain,
Quickly to step down to that bloody plain,
And aid her weary arms, and rightful cause maintain.

" Soon stoops the speedy herald through the air,
Where chaste Agneia and Encrates fought:
' See, see!' he cries, ' where your Parthenia fair,
The flow'r of all your army, hemm'd about
With thousand enemies, now fainting stands,
Ready to fall into their murd'ring hands:
Hie ye, oh, hie ye fast! the highest Love commands!'

" They casting round about their angry eye,
The wounded virgin almost sinking spy'd;
They prick their steeds, which straight like lightning fly:
Their brother Continence runs by their side:
Fair Continence, that truly long before,
As his heart's liege, this lady did adore:
And now his faithful love kindled his hate the more.

" Encrates and his spouse with flashing sword
Assail the scatter'd troops, that headlong fly;
While Continence a precious liquor pour'd
Into the wound, and suppled tenderly:
Then binding up the gaping orifice,
Reviv'd the spirits, that now she 'gan to rise,
And with new life confront her heartless enemies.

" So have I often seen a purple flow'r,
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping head,
But soon refreshed with a welcome show'r,
Begins again her lively beauties spread,
And with new pride her silken leaves display;
And while the Sun doth now more gently play,
Lay out her swelling bosom to the smiling day.

" Now rush they all into the flying trains,
Blood fires their blood, and slaughter kindles fight:
The wretched vulgar on the purple plains
Fall down as thick, as when a rustic wight
From laden oaks the plenteous acorns pours;
Or when the blubb'ring air that sadly lowers,
And melts his sullen brow, and weeps sweet April show'rs.

" The greedy Dragon that aloof did spy
So ill success of this renewed fray;
More vex'd with loss of certain victory,
Depriv'd of so assur'd and wished prey,
Gnashed his iron teeth for grief and spite:
The burning sparks leap from his flaming sight,
And forth his smoking jaws streams out a smould'ring night.

" Straight thither sends he in a fresh supply,
The swelling band that drunken Methos led;
And all the rout his brother Gluttony
Commands, in lawless bands disorder'd:
So now they bold restore their broken fight,
And fiercely turn again from shameful flight:
While both with former loss sharpen their raging spite.

" Freshly these knights assault these fresher bands,
And with new battle all their strength renew:
Down fell Geloios by Encrates' hands;
Agneia, Mœchus and Anagnus slew;
And spying Methos fenc'd in 's iron vine,
Pierc'd his swoln paunch: — there lies the grunting swine,
And spues his liquid soul out in his purple wine.

" As when a greedy lion, long unfed,
Breaks in at length into the harmless folds;
(So hungry rage commands) with fearful dread
He drags the silly beasts: nothing controuls
The victory proud; he spoils, devours, and tear
In vain the keeper calls his shepherd peers:
Mean while the simple flock gaze on with silent fear

" Such was the slaughter these three champions made;
But most Encrates, whose unconquer'd hands
Sent thousand foes down to th' infernal shade,
With useless limbs strewing the bloody sands:
Oft were they succour'd fresh with new supplies,
But fell as oft: the Dragon, grown more wise
By former loss, began another way devise.

" Soon to their aid the Cyprian band he sent,
For easy skirmish clad in armour light:
Their golden bows in hand stood ready bent,
And painted quivers, furnish'd well for fight,
Stuck full of shafts, whose heads foul poison stains;
Which, dipp'd in Phlegethon by hellish swains,
Bring thousand painful deaths, and thousand deadly pains.

" Thereto of substance strange, so thin, and slight,
And wrought by subtil hand so cunningly,
That hardly were discern'd by weaker sight;
Sooner the heart did feel, than eye could see:
Far off they stood, and flung their darts around,
Raining whole clouds of arrows on the ground;
So safely others hurt, and never wounded wound.

" Much were the knights encumber'd with these foes;
For well they saw, and felt their enemies:
But when they back would turn the borrow'd blows,
The light-foot troop away more swiftly flies
Than do their winged arrows thro' the wind:
And in their course oft would they turn behind,
And with their glancing darts the hot pursuers blind.

" As when by Russian Volgha's frozen banks,
The false-back Tartars, fear with cunning feign,
And posting fast away in flying ranks, [rain
Oft backward turn, and from their bows down
Whole storms of darts; so do they flying fight;
And what by force they lose, they win by flight:
Conquer'd by standing out, and conquerors by flight.

" Such was the craft of this false Cyprian crew:
Yet oft they seem'd to slack their fearful pace,
And yield themselves to foes that fast pursue!
So would they deeper wound in nearer space:
In such a fight, he wins that fastest flies.
Fly, fly, chaste knights, such subtil enemies:
The vanquish'd cannot live, and conqu'ror surely dies.

" The knights, oppress'd with wounds and travel past,
Began retire, and now were near to fainting:
With that a winged post him speeded fast,
The general with these heavy news acquainting:
He soon refresh'd their hearts that 'gan to tire.
But, let our weary Muse awhile respire;
Shade we our scorched heads from Phœbus' parching fire."

Canto XII.

The shepherds, guarded from the sparkling heat
Of blazing air, upon the flow'ry banks
(Where various flow'rs damask the fragrant seat,
And all the grove perfume) in wonted ranks
Securely sit them down, and sweetly play:
At length, thus Thirsil ends his broken lay,
Lest that the stealing night his later song might stay.

" Thrice, oh, thrice happy shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns!
His cottage low, and safely humble gate, [fawns:
Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns and
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

" No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives: — nor silken pride!
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dy'd:
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

" Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.
In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance, unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports, all difference refuses.

" His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage is spent:
His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease;
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

" His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place:
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house or state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb content him.

" The world's great Light his lowly state hath bless'd,
And left his Heav'n to be a shepherd base:
Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe address'd:
Swift rivers stood, beasts, trees, stones, ran apace
And serpents flew, to hear his softest strains:
He fed his flock, where rolling Jordan reigns;
There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our pains.

" Then thou, high Light! whom shepherds low adore,
Teach me, oh! do thou teach thy humble swain
To raise my creeping song from earthly floor!
Fill thou my empty breast with lofty strain;
That singing of thy wars and dreadful fight,
My notes may thunder out thy conqu'ring might; [flight
And 'twixt the golden stars cut out her tow'ring

" The mighty General, moved with the news
Of those four famous knights so near decay,
With hasty speed the conqu'ring foe pursues;
At last he spies where they were led away,
Forc'd to obey the victor's proud commands:
Soon did he rush into the middle bands,
And cut the slavish cords from their captived hands.

" And for the knights were faint, he quickly sent
To Penitence, whom Phœbus taught his art;
Which she had eak'd with long experiment:
For many a soul and many a wounded heart
Had she restor'd, and brought to life again:
The broken spirit, with grief and horrour slain,
That oft reviv'd, yet died as oft with smarting pain.

" For she in sev'ral baths their wounds did steep;
The first of rue, which purg'd the foul infection,
And cur'd the deepest wound, by wounding deep:
Then would she make another strange confection,
And mix it with nepenthe sovereign;
Wherewith she quickly swag'd the rankling pain:
Thus she the knights recur'd, and wash'd from sinful stain.

" Mean time the fight now fiercer grows than ever:
(For all his troops the Dragon hither drew)
The two Twin-Loves whom no place mought dissever;
And Knowledge with his train begins anew
To strike fresh summons up, and hot alarms:
In midst great Fido, clad in sun-like arms,
With his unmatched force repairs all former harms.

" So when the Sun shines in bright Taurus' head,
Returning tempests all with winter fill;
And still successive storms fresh mustered,
The timely year in his first springings kill:
And oft it breathes a while, then straight again
Doubly pours out his spite in smoking rain:
The country's vows and hopes swim on the drowned plain.

" The lovely twins ride 'gainst the Cyprian bands,
Chasing their troops, now with no feigned flight:
Their broken shafts lie scatter'd on the sands,
Themselves for fear quite vanish'd out of sight:
Against these conquerors Hypocrisy,
And Cosmo's hated bands, with Ecthros sly,
And all that rout do march, and bold the twins defy.

Elpinus, mighty enemies assail;
But Doubt of all the other most infected;
at oft his fainting courage 'gan to fail,
More by his craft than odds of force molested:
For oft the treachour chang'd his weapon light,
And sudden alter'd his first kind of fight;
d oft himself and shape transform'd with cunning slight.

So that great river, with Alcides striving
In Œneus' court for the Ætolian maid,
o divers shapes his fluent limbs contriving,
From manly form in serpent's frame he stay'd,
Sweeping with speckled breast the dusty land;
Then like a bull with horns did armed stand:
is hanging dewlap trail'd along the golden sand.

" Such shapes and changing fashions much dismay'd him,
That oft he stagger'd with unwonted fright;
And but his brother Fido oft did aid him;
There had he fell in unacquainted fight:
But he would still his wavering strength maintain,
And chace that monster through the sandy plain;
Which from him fled apace, but oft return'd again.

" Yet him more strong and cunning foes withstand,
Whom he with greater skill and strength defy'd:
Foul Ignorance, with all her owl-ey'd band;
Oft starting Fear, Distrust ne'er satisfy'd,
And fond Suspect, and thousand other foes,
Whom far he drives with his unequal blows;
And with his flaming sword their fainting army mows.

" As when blood-guilty Earth for vengeance cries,
(If greatest things with less we may compare)
The mighty Thunderer through the air flies,
While snatching whirlwinds open ways prepare:
Dark clouds spread out their sable curtains o'er him;
And angels on their flaming wings up bore him:
Mean time the guilty Heav'ns for fear fly fast before him.

" There while he on the wind's proud pinions rides,
Down with his fire some lofty mount he throws,
And fills the low vale with his ruined sides;
Or on some church his three-fork'd dart bestows;
(Which yet his sacred worship foul mistakes)
Down falls the spire, the body fearful quakes;
Nor sure to fall, or stand, with doubtful trembling shakes.

" With Fido, Knowledge went, who order'd right
His mighty bands; so now his scatter'd troops
Make head again, filling their broken fight:
While with new change the Dragon's army droops,
And from the following victor's headlong run:
Yet still the Dragon frustrates what is done;
And eas'ly makes them lose what they so hardly won.

" Out of his gorge a hellish smoke he drew
That all the field with foggy mist enwraps:
As when Tiphæus from his paunch doth spew
Black smothering flames, roll'd in loud thunder claps;
The pitchy vapours choke the shining ray,
And bring dull night upon the smiling day:
The wavering Ætna shakes and fain would run away.

" Yet could his bat-ey'd legions eas'ly see
In this dark chaos: they the seed of night:
But these not so, who night and darkness flee;
For they the sons of day, and joy in light:
But Knowledge soon began a way devise,
To bring again the day, and clear their eyes;
So open'd Fido's shield, and golden vail unties.

" Of one pure diamond, celestial fair,
That heav'nly shield by cunning hand was made;
Whose light divine, spread through the misty air,
To brightest morn would turn the western shade,
And lightsome day beget before his time;
Fram'd in Heaven, without all earthly crime,
Dipp'd in the fiery Sun, which burnt the baser slime.

" As when from fenny moors the lumpish clouds
With rising steams damp the bright morning's face;
At length the piercing Sun his team unshrouds,
And with his arrows the idle fog doth chase:
The broken mist lies melted all in tears:
So this bright shield the stinking darkness tears,
And giving back the day, dissolves their former fears.

" Which when afar the fiery Dragon spies
His slights deluded with so little pain;
To his last refuge now at length he flies;
Long time his pois'nous gorge he seem'd to strain;
At length, with loathly sight, he up doth spew
From stinking paunch a most deformed crew;
That Heaven itself did fly from their most ugly view.

" The first that crept from his detested maw,
Was Hamartia[1] foul deformed wight;
More foul, deform'd, the Sun yet never saw;
Therefore she hates the all-betraying light:
A woman seem'd she in her upper part:
To which she could such lying gloss impart,
That thousands she had slain with her deceiving art.

" The rest (though hid) in serpent's form array'd,
With iron scales, like to a plaited mail:
Over her back her knotty tail display'd,
Along the empty air did lofty sail;
The end was pointed with a double sting,
Which with such dreaded might she wont to fling,
That nought could help the wound, but blood of heav'nly King.

" Of that first woman, her the Dragon got,
(The foulest bastard of so fair a mother)
Whom when she saw so fill'd with monstrous spot,
She cast her hidden shame and birth to smother;
But she well nigh her mother's self had slain;
And all that dare her kindly entertain:
So some parts of her dam, more of her sire remain.

" Her viperous locks hung loose about her ears:
Yet with a monstrous snake she them restrains,
Which like a border on her head she wears:
About her neck hang down long adder chains,
In thousand knots, and wreaths infolded round,
Which in her anger lightly she unbound,
And darting far away would sure and deadly wound.

" Yet fair and lovely seems to fools' dim eyes;
But Hell more lovely, Pluto's self more fair
Appears, when her true form true light descries:
Her loathsome face, blancht skin, and snaky hair;
Her shapeless shape, dead life, her carrion smell;
The devil's dung, the child, and dam of Hell;
Is chaffer fit for fools, their precious souls to sell.

" The second in this rank was black Despair,
Bred in the dark womb of eternal Night:
His looks fast nail'd to Sin; long sooty hair
Fill'd up his lank cheeks with wide staring fright:
His leaden eyes, retir'd into his head;
Light, Heav'n, and Earth, himself, and all things fled:
A breathing corpse he seem'd, wrapt up in living lead.

" His body all was fram'd of earthly paste,
And heavy mould; yet Earth could not content him:
Heav'n fast he flies, and Heav'n fled him as fast;
Though kin to Hell, yet Hell did much torment him;
His very soul was nought but ghastly fright;
With him went many a fiend, and ugly sprite,
Armed with ropes and knives, all instruments of spite.

" Instead of feathers on his dangling crest
A luckless raven spread her blackest wings;
And to her croaking throat gave never rest,
But deathful verses and sad dirges sings;
His hellish arms were all with fiends embost,
Who damned souls with endless torments roast,
And thousand ways devise to vex the tortur'd ghost.

" Two weapons, sharp as death he ever bore,
Strict Judgment, which from far he deadly darts;
Sin at his side, a two-edg'd sword he wore,
With which he soon appals the stoutest hearts;
Upon his shield Alecto with a wreath
Of snaky whips the damn'd souls tortureth:
And round about was wrote, 'Reward of sin is death.'

" The last two brethren were far different,
Only in common name of death agreeing;
The first arm'd with a scythe still mowing went;
Yet whom, and when he murder'd, never seeing;
Born deaf, and blind; nothing might stop his way:
No pray'rs, no vows his keenest scythe could stay,
Nor beauty's self, his spite, nor virtue's self allay.

" No state, no age, no sex may hope to move him;
Down falls the young, and old, the boy and maid;
Nor beggar can entreat, nor king reprove him;
All are his slaves in's cloth of flesh array'd:
The bride he snatches from the bridegroom's arms,
And horrour brings in midst of love's alarms:
Too well we know his pow'r by long experienc'd harms.

" A dead man's skull supplied his helmet's place,
A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead:
Some more, some less, fear his all frighting face:
But most, who sleep in downy pleasure's bed;
But who in life have daily learn'd to die,
And dead to this, live to a life more high;
Sweetly in death they sleep, and slumb'ring quiet lie.

" The second far more foul in every part,
Burnt with blue fire, and bubbling sulphur strea
Which creeping round about him fill'd with sma
His cursed limbs, that direly he blasphemes;
Most strange it seems, that burning thus ever,
No rest, no time, no place these flames
Yet death in thousand deaths without death d never.

" Soon as these hellish monsters came in sight,
The Sun his eye in jetty vapours drown'd,
Scar'd at such hell-hounds' view; Heaven's 'ma light,
Sets in an early evening; Earth astound,

[1] Sin.

Bids dogs with howls give warning: at which sound
The fearful air starts, seas break their bound,
And frighted fled away; no sands might them impound.

" The palsied troop first like asps shaken fare,
Till now their heart congeal'd in icy blood,
Candied the ghastly face: — locks stand and stare:
Thus charm'd, in ranks of stone they marshall'd stood:
Their useless swords fell idly on the plain,
And now the triumph sounds in lofty strain:
So conquering Dragon binds the knights with slavish chain.

" As when proud Phineus in his brother's feast
Fill'd all with tumult and intestine broil;
Wise Perseus with such multitudes oppress'd,
Before him bore the snaky Gorgon's spoil:
The vulgar rude stood all in marble chang'd,
And in vain ranks, in rocky order rang'd;
Were now more quiet guests, from former rage estrang'd.

" The fair Eclecta, who with grief had stood,
Viewing th' oft changes of this doubtful fight,
Saw now the field swim in her champion's blood,
And from her heart, rent with deep passion, sigh'd;
Limning true sorrow in sad silent art.
Light grief floats on the tongue; but heavy smart
Sinks down, and deeply lies in centre of the heart.

" What Dædal art such griefs can truly shew,
Broke heart, deep sighs, thick sobs, and burning prayers,
Baptising every limb in weeping dew?
Whose swoln eyes, pickled up in briny tears,
Crystalline rocks; coral, the lid appears;
Compass'd about with tides of grief and fears:
Where grief stores fear with sighs, and fear stores grief with tears.

At length sad sorrow, mounted on the wings
Of loud breath'd sighs, his leaden weight appears;
And vents itself in softest whisperings,
Follow'd with deadly groans, usher'd by tears:
While her fair hands, and wat'ry shining eyes
Were upward bent upon the mourning skies,
Which seem'd with cloudy brow her grief to sympathize.

Long while the silent passion, wanting vent,
Made flowing tears, her words, and eyes, her tongue;
Faith, experience, hope, assistance lent
To shut both flood-gates up with patience strong:
The streams well ebb'd, new hopes some comforts borrow [morrow:
From firmest truth; then glimps'd the hopeful spring some dawns of joy, so sets the night of sorrow.

Ah dearest Lord! my heart's sole Sovereign,
Who sitt'st high mounted on thy burning throne,
Mark from thy Heav'ns, where thou dost safely reign,
Cloth'd with the golden Sun, and silver Moon:
Cast down awhile thy sweet and gracious eye,
And low avail that flaming majesty,
Deigning thy gentle sight on our sad misery.

" ' To thee, dear Lord! I lift this wat'ry eye,
This eye which thou so oft in love[2] hast prais'd;
This eye with which thou[3] wounded oft wouldst die;
To thee, dear Lord! these suppliant hands are rais'd:
These to be lilies thou hast often told me;
Which if but once again may ever hold thee,
Will never let thee loose, will never more unfold thee.

" ' Seest how thy foes despiteful, trophies rear,
Too confident in thy prolong'd delays;
Come then, oh quickly come, my dearest dear!
When shall I see thee crown'd with conqu'ring bays,
And all thy foes trod down and spread as clay?
When shall I see thy face, and glory's ray?
Too long thou stay'st my love; come love, no longer stay.

" ' Hast thou forgot thy former word and love,
Or lock'd thy sweetness up in fierce disdain?
In vain didst thou those thousand mischiefs prove?
Are all those griefs, thy birth, life, death, in vain?
Oh! no, — of ill thou only dost repent thee,
And in thy dainty mercies most content thee:
Then why, with stay so long, so long dost thou torment me?

" ' Reviving cordial of my dying sprite,
The best elixir for soul's drooping pain;
Ah! now unshade thy face, uncloud thy sight;
See, ev'ry way's a trap, each path's a train:
Hell's troops my soul beleaguer; bow thine ears; [and fears:
And hear my cries pierce through my groans
Sweet Spouse! see not my sins, but through my plaints and tears.

" ' Let frailty, favour; sorrow, succour move;
Anchor my life in thy calm streams of blood:
Be thou my rock, though I poor changeling rove,
Tost up and down in waves of worldly flood:
Whilst I in vale of tears at anchor ride,
Where winds of earthly thoughts my sails misguide;
Harbour my fleshly bark safe in thy wounded side.

" ' Take, take my contrite heart, thy sacrifice,
Wash'd in her eyes that swims and sinks in woes:
See, see, as seas with winds high working rise,
So storm, so rage, so gape thy boasting foes!
Dear Spouse! unless thy right hand even steers;
Oh! if thou anchor not these threat'ning fears;
Thy ark will sail as deep in blood, as now in tears.'

" With that a thund'ring noise seem'd shake the sky,
As when with iron wheels through stony plain
A thousand chariots to the battle fly;
Or when with boist'rous rage the swelling main,
Puft up by mighty winds, does hoarsely roar;
And beating with his waves the trembling shore,
His sandy girdle scorns, and breaks Earth's rampart door.

[2] Canto i. 15. [3] Canto iv. 9.

" And straight an angel [4] full of heav'nly might,
(Three sev'ral crowns circled his royal head)
From northern coast heaving his blazing light,
Through all the Earth his glorious beams dis-
spread,
And open lays the Beast's and Dragon's shame;
For to this end, th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous
name.

" A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty Earth with thund'ring knell;
And oft proclaim'd, as through the world he flew,
' Babel, great Babel lies as low as Hell:
Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her Heav'n exalted tow'rs in dust are drown'd:
Babel, proud Babel's fall'n, and lies as low as ground.'

" The broken Heav'ns dispart with fearful noise,
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light:
Straight shrilling trumpets with loud sounding voice
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight;
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceiv'd that day must be his last;
Which strook his frighten'd heart, and all his troops
aghast.

" Yet full of malice, and of stubborn pride,
Though oft had strove, and had been foil'd as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate defy'd:
And mounted on his flaggy sails aloft,
With boundless spite he long'd to try again
A second loss, and new death; — glad and fain
To shew his pois'nous hate, though ever shew'd in
vain.

" So up he arose upon his stretched sails
Fearless expecting his approaching death;
So up he arose, that th' air starts and fails,
And over-pressed, sinks his load beneath:
So up he arose, as doth a thunder-cloud,
Which all the Earth with shadows black doth
shroud:
So up he arose, and through the weary air he row'd.

" Now his Almighty Foe far off he spies;
Whose sun-like arms daz'd the eclipsed day,
Confounding with their beams less glitt'ring skies,
Firing the air with more than heav'nly ray;
Like thousand suns in one; — such is their light,
A subject only for immortal sprite;
Which never can be seen, but by immortal sight.

" His threat'ning eyes shine like that dreadful flame,
With which the Thunderer arms his angry hand:
Himself had fairly wrote his wondrous name,
Which neither Earth nor Heav'n could under-
stand;
A hundred crowns, like tow'rs, beset around
His conq'ring head: well may they there
abound, [crown'd.
When all his limbs, and troops, with gold are richly

" His armour all was dy'd in purple blood:
(In purple blood of thousand rebel kings)
In vain their stubborn pow'rs his arm withstood;
Their proud necks chain'd, he now in triumph
brings,
And breaks their spears, and cracks their trai-
tor swords:
Upon whose arms and thigh in golden words
Was fairly writ, ' The King of kings, and Lord of
lords.'

" His snow-white steed was born of heav'nly kind,
Begot by Boreas on the Thracian hills;
More strong and speedy than his parent wind:
And (which his foes with fear and horrour fills)
Out from his mouth a two-edg'd sword he
darts:
Whose sharpest steel the bone and marrow
parts,
And with his keenest point unbreast the naked hearts.

" The Dragon wounded with his flaming brand
They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie:
Short was the fight, nor could he long withstand
Him, whose appearance is his victory.
So now he's bound in adamantine chain:
He storms, he roars, he yells for high disdain:
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'en.

" Thence by a mighty swain he soon was led
Unto a thousand thousand torturings:
His tail, whose folds were wont the stars to shed,
Now stretch'd at length, close to his belly clings:
Soon as the pit he sees, he back retires,
And battle new, but all in vain, respires;
So there he deeply lies, flaming in icy fires.

" As when Alcides from forc'd Hell had drawn
The three-head dog, and master'd all his pride;
Basely the fiend did on his victor fawn,
With serpent tail clapping his hollow side:
At length arriv'd upon the brink of light,
He shuts the day out of his dullard sight,
And swelling all in vain, renews unhappy fight.

" Soon at this sight the knights revive again,
As fresh as when the flow'rs from winter tomb
(When now the Sun brings back his nearer wain)
Peep out again from their fresh mother's womb:
The primrose lighted new, her flame displays,
And frights the neighbour hedge with fiery rays!
And all the world renew their mirth and sportive
plays.

" The prince, who saw his long imprisonment
Now end in never-ending liberty:
To meet the victor from his castle went,
And falling down, clasping his royal knee,
Pours out deserved thanks in grateful praise:
But him the heav'nly Saviour soon doth raise,
And bids him spend in joy his never-spending days.

" The fair Electa, that with widow'd brow
Her absent Lord long mourn'd in sad array,
Now silken cloth'd [5] like frozen snow,
Whose silver spanglets sparkle 'gainst the day:
This shining robe her Lord himself had wrought,
While he her love with hundred presents sought,
And it with many a wound, and many a torment
bought!

[4] Our late most learned sovereign in his Remonstrance and Complaint on the Apocalypse.

[5] Rev. xix. 8.

" And thus array'd, her heav'nly beauties shin'd
(Drawing their beams from this most glorious face)
Like to a precious jasper[6], pure refin'd,
Which with a crystal mixt, much mends his grace:
The golden stars a garland fair did frame
To crown her locks, the Sun lay hid for shame,
And yielded all his beams to her more glorious flame.

" Ah! who that flame can tell? Ah! who can see?
Enough is me with silence to admire;
While bolder joy, and humble majesty
In either cheek had kindled graceful fire:
Long silent stood she, while her former fears
And griefs ran all away in sliding tears;
That like a watry sun her gladsome face appears.

" At length when joys had left her closer heart,
To seat themselves upon her thankful tongue:
First in her eyes they sudden flashes dart,
Then forth i' th' music of her voice they throng:
' My hope, my love, my joy, my life, my bliss,
(Whom to enjoy is Heav'n, but Hell to miss)
What are the world's false joys, what Heaven's true joys to this?

" ' Ah, dearest Lord! does my rapt soul behold thee?
Am I awake? and sure I do not dream?
Do these thrice blessed arms again infold thee?
Too much delight makes true things feigned seem.
Thee, thee I see; thou, thou thus folded art:
For deep thy stamp is printed on my heart,
And thousand ne'er felt joys stream in each melting part.'

" Thus with glad sorrow did she sweetly plain her
Upon his neck a welcome load depending;
While he, with equal joy did entertain her,
Herself, her champions, highly all commending:
So all in triumph to his palace went;
Whose work in narrow words may not be pent:
For boundless thought is less than is that glorious tent.

" There sweet delights, which know nor end nor measure;
No chance is there, nor eating times succeeding:
No wasteful spending can impair their treasure;
Pleasure full grown, yet ev'r freshly breeding:
Fulness of sweets excludes not more receiving:
The soul still big of joy, yet still conceiving:
Beyond slow tongue's report, beyond quick thought's perceiving.

" There are they gone; there will they ever bide;
Swimming in waves of joys, and heav'nly loving:
He still a bridegroom, she a gladsome bride;
Their hearts in love, like spheres still constant moving;
No change, no grief, no age can them befall:
Their bridal bed is in that heavenly hall,
Where all days are but one, and only one is all.

" And as in state they thus in triumph ride,
The boys and damsels their just praises chant;
The boys the bridegroom sing, the maids the bride,
While all the hills glad Hymens loudly vaunt:
Heav'n's winged shoals, greeting this glorious spring,
Attune their higher notes, and Hymens sing:
Each thought to pass, and each did pass thought's loftiest wing.

" Upon his lightning brow Love proudly sitting
Flames out in pow'r, shines out in majesty;
There all his lofty spoils and trophies fitting;
Displays the marks of highest Deity!
There full of strength in lordly arms he stands,
And every heart, and every soul commands:
No heart, no soul, his strength and lordly force withstands.

" Upon her forehead thousand cheerful Graces,
Seated on thrones of spotless ivory;
There gentle Love his armed hand unbraces;
His bow unbent disclaims all tyranny;
There by his play a thousand souls beguiles,
Persuading more by simple modest smiles,
Than ever he could force by arms, or crafty wiles.

" Upon her cheek doth Beauty's self implant
The freshest garden of her choicest flow'rs;
On which, if Envy might but glance ascant,
Her eyes would swell, and burst, and melt in show'rs:
Thrice fairer both than ever fairest ey'd;
Heav'n never such a bridegroom yet descry'd;
Nor ever Earth so fair, so undefil'd a bride.

" Full of his Father shines his glorious face,
As far the Sun surpassing in his light,
As doth the Sun the Earth, with flaming blaze:
Sweet influence streams from his quick'ning sight:
His beams from nought did all this all display;
And when to less than nought they fell away,
He soon restor'd again by his new orient ray.

" All Heav'n shines forth in her sweet face's frame;
Her seeing stars (which we miscal bright eyes)
More bright than is the morning's brightest flame,
More fruitful than the May-time Geminies:
These, back restore the timely summer's fire;
Those, springing thoughts in winter hearts inspire,
Inspiriting dead souls, and quick'ning warm desire.

" These two fair Suns in heav'nly spheres are plac'd,
Where in the centre, joy triumphing sits:
Thus in all high perfections fully grac'd,
Her mid-day bliss no future night admits:
But in the mirrors of her Spouse's eyes
Her fairest self she dresses; there where lies
All sweets, a glorious beauty to emparadise.

" His locks like raven's plumes, or shining jet,
Fall down in curls along his ivory neck;
Within their circlets hundred Graces set,
And with love-knots their comely hangings deck:
His mighty shoulders, like that giant swain,
All Heav'n and Earth, and all in both sustain;
Yet knows no weariness, nor feels oppressing pain.

" Her amber hair like to the sunny ray,
With gold enamels fair the silver white;
There heav'nly Loves their pretty sportings play,
Firing their darts in that wide flaming light:

[6] Rev. xxi. 11.

Her dainty neck, spread with that silver mold,
Where double beauty doth itself unfold,
In th' own fair silver shines, and fairer borrow'd gold.

" His breast a rock of purest alabaster,
Where loves self-sailing shipwreck'd often sitteth,
Her's a twin-rock, unknown, but to th' ship-master;
Which harbours him alone, all other splitteth.
Where better could her love than here have nested? [feasted?
Or he his thoughts than here more sweetly
Then both their love and thoughts in each are ever rested.

" Run now, you shepherd swains: ah! run you thither,
Where this fair bridegroom leads the blessed way:
And haste, you lovely maids, haste you together
With this sweet bride, while yet the sunshine day
Guides your blind steps; while yet loud summons call,
That every wood and hill resounds withal,
Come, Hymen, Hymen, come, drest in thy golden pall.

" The sounding echo back the music flung,
While heav'nly spheres unto the voices play'd.
But see! the day is ended with my song,
And sporting bathes with that fair ocean maid:
Stoop now thy wing, my Muse, now stoop thee low: [now;
Hence may'st thou freely play, and rest thee
While here I hang my pipe upon the willow bough."

So up they rose, while all the shepherds throng
With their loud pipes a country triumph blew,
And led their Thirsil home with joyful song:
Mean time the lovely nymphs with garlands new,
His locks in bay and honour'd palm-tree bound,
With lilies set, and hyacinths around;
And lord of all the year and their May sportings crown'd.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

DIED DECEMBER 4. 1649.

DRUMMOND, the first Scotch poet who wrote well in English, was born December 13th, 1585, at Hawthornden. Sir John Drummond, his father, was gentleman usher to James VI., his mother, the daughter of Sir William Fowler, Queen Anne of Denmark's secretary. He was bred at Edinburgh, and studied the civil law at Bourges; but on his father's death wisely forsook that pursuit, and retired to his delightful patrimony at Hawthornden, there to enjoy the contentment of a literary life. But that life was embittered by private griefs and public calamities. He had wooed and won an accomplished lady, who, when the marriage day was fixed, was carried off by a rapid fever. Eight years he travelled, to distract his mind from the deep sorrow which this loss occasioned; and in the forty-fifth year of his age he married Elizabeth Logan, who had gained his affections by her strong resemblance to his first love. He then lived after his heart's desire, at home; repaired his family house, and placed this inscription on it, "*Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus, ab Hawthornden, Joannis Equitis aurati filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi et successoribus instauravit*, 1638." But the civil wars came on: he was harassed as a malignant, and compelled by the ruling party to furnish his quota of men against the king, whom he loved; and when that king was put to death by a triumphant faction, his spirit, and his heart, were broken, and his grey hairs were brought down with sorrow to the grave.

It is to be regretted that modern editors have not rejected a few reprehensible, and thoroughly worthless pieces, which disgrace this author's works; for Drummond deserves the high reputation which he has obtained. It has not been observed that he frequently borrows and sometimes translates from the Italian and Spanish poets.

SONNETS. — PART I.

I KNOW that all beneath the Moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty 's like the purple flow'r,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power:
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas, I both must write and love.

SLEEP, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;
Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light, which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

DEAR chorister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long long sing!) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter 's gone, and Sun in dapple sky
Enamour'd smiles on woods and flow'ry plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sigh'd forth, "I love, I love."

ALEXIS, here she stay'd, among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did all alone repair;
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines:

Here sate she by these musked eglantines;
The happy flow'rs seem yet the print to bear;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend an ear.
She here me first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
Here first I got a pledge of promis'd grace:
But ah! what serves 't t' have been made happy so,
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe?

SONNETS. — Part II.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Sweet Spring, thou com'st — but, ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

What doth it serve to see the Sun's bright face,
And skies enamell'd with the Indian gold?
Or the Moon in a fierce chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve Earth's beauty to behold,
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flow'ry grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods which would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs,
The cheerful thrush, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seems to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,
Can have no part of them now with me here?

O! it is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou show'st thy golden face;
O; it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in those azure lists beginn'st thy race.
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place;
And I dead from this world am past away,
Or if I seem (a shadow) yet to stay,
It is a while but to bewail my case.
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield;
My knowledge represents a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid.
So plaintful is life's course which I have run,
That I do wish it never had begun.

URANIA.

Too long I followed have my fond desire,
And too long panted on the ocean streams,
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
Pursu'd those joys which to my soul are blames.
Ah when I had what most I did admire,
And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.
Henceforth on thee, my only good, I 'll think,
For only thou canst grant what I do crave:
Thy nail my pen shall be; thy blood mine ink;
Thy winding-sheet my paper; study, grave:
And till my soul forth of this body flee,
No hope I 'll have, but only only thee.

What hapless hap had I for to be born
In these unhappy times, and dying days
Of this now doting world, when good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and virtue's held a scorn!
When such are only priz'd by wretched ways
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn!
When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And bravest minds live, orphan-like, forlorn!
Why was not I born in that golden age,
When gold yet was not known? and those black arts
By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts staining Earth's stately stage?
To have been then, O Heaven! 't had been my bliss,
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

FLOWERS OF SION:

OR,

SPIRITUAL POEMS.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April show'rs,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combin'd,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name:
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errours know.

Look at the flow'r, which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Just so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.

Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day:
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

The weary mariner so far not flies
An howling tempest, harbour to attain;
Nor shepherd hastes, when frays of wolves arise,
So fast to fold, to save his bleating train,
As I (wing'd with contempt and just disdain)
Now fly the world, and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times, and envy's eyes:
To me this world did once seem sweet and fair,
While sense's light mind's perspective kept blind;
Now like imagin'd landscape in the air,
And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find:
Or if aught here is had that praise should have,
It is an obscure life and silent grave.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O! how more sweet is zephyrs' wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrours, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

If in the east when you do there behold
Forth from his crystal bed the Sun to rise,
With rosy robes and crown of flaming gold;
If gazing on that empress of the skies
That takes so many forms, and those fair brands
Which blaze in Heaven's high vault, night's watchful eyes;
If seeing how the sea's tumultuous bands
Of bellowing billows have their course confin'd;
How unsustain'd the Earth still stedfast stands;
Poor mortal wights, you e'er found in your mind
A thought, that some great king did sit above,
Who had such laws and rites to them assign'd;
A king who fix'd the poles, made spheres to move,
All wisdom, pureness, excellency, might,
All goodness, greatness, justice, beauty, love;—
With fear and wonder hither turn your sight,
See, see, alas! him now, not in that state
Thought could forecast him into reason's light.
Now eyes with tears, now hearts with grief make great,
Bemoan this cruel death and ruthful case,
If ever plaints just woe could aggravate:
From sin and Hell to save us human race,
See this great king nail'd to an abject tree,
An object of reproach and sad disgrace.
O unheard pity! love in strange degree!
He his own life doth give, his blood doth shed,
For wormlings base such worthiness to see.
Poor wights! behold his visage pale as lead,
His head bow'd to his breast, locks sadly rent,
Like a cropp'd rose, that languishing doth fade.
Weak nature, weep! astonish'd world, lament!
Lament, you winds! you Heaven, that all contains!
And thou, my soul, let nought thy griefs relent!
Those hands, those sacred hands, which hold the reins
Of this great all, and kept from mutual wars
The elements, bare rent for thee their veins:
Those feet, which once must tread on golden stars,
For thee with nails would be pierc'd through and torn;
For thee Heaven's king from Heaven himself debars:
This great heart-quaking dolour wail and mourn,
Ye that long since him saw by might of faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born.
Not to behold his great Creator's death,
The Sun from sinful eyes hath veil'd his light,
And faintly journies up Heaven's sapphire path;
And cutting from her prows her tresses bright
The Moon doth keep her Lord's sad obsequies,
Impearling with her tears her robe of night;
All staggering and lazy lour the skies;
The earth and elemental stages quake;
The long-since dead from bursted graves arise.
And can things, wanting sense, yet sorrow take,
And bear a part with him who all them wrought,
And man (though born with cries) shall pity lack?
Think what had been your state, had he not brought
To these sharp pangs himself, and priz'd so high
Your souls, that with his life them life he bought!
What woes do you attend, if still ye lie
Plung'd in your wonted ordures! Wretched brood!
Shall for your sake again God ever die?
O leave deluding shows, embrace true good,
He on you calls, forego sin's shameful trade;
With prayers now seek Heaven, and not with blood.
Let not the lambs more from their dams be had,
Nor altars blush for sin; live every thing;
That long time long'd-for sacrifice is made.
All that is from you crav'd by this great king
Is to believe: a pure heart incense is.
What gift, alas! can we him meaner bring?

Haste, sin-sick souls! this season do not miss,
Now while remorseless time doth grant you space,
And God invites you to your only bliss:
He who you calls will not deny you grace,
But low-deep bury faults, so ye repent;
His arms, lo! stretched are, you to embrace.
When days are done, and life's small spark is spent,
So you accept what freely here is given,
Like brood of angels deathless, all-content,
Ye shall for ever live with him in Heaven.

Rise from those fragrant climes, thee now embrace;
Unto this world of ours, O haste thy race,
Fair Sun, and though contrary ways all year
Thou hold thy course, now with the highest share,
Join thy blue wheels to hasten time that low'rs,
And lazy minutes turn to perfect hours;
The night and death too long a league have made,
To stow the world in horrour's ugly shade.
Shake from thy locks a day with saffron rays
So fair, that it outshine all other days;
And yet do not presume, great eye of light,
To be that which this day must make so bright.
See an eternal Sun hastes to arise;
Not from the eastern blushing seas or skies,
Or any stranger worlds Heaven's concaves have,
But from the darkness of an hollow grave.
And this is that all-powerful Sun above [move.
That crown'd thy brows with rays, first made thee
Light's trumpeters, ye need not from your bow'rs
Proclaim this day; this the angelic pow'rs
Have done for you: but now an opal hue
Bepaints Heaven's crystal to the longing view:
Earth's late-hid colours shine, light doth adorn
The world, and, weeping joy, forth comes the morn;
And with her, as from a lethargic trance
The breath return'd, that bodies doth advance,
Which two sad nights in rock lay coffin'd dead,
And with an iron guard environed:
Life out of death, light out of darkness springs,
From a base jail forth comes the King of kings;
What late was mortal, thrall'd to every woe
That lackeys life, or upon sense doth grow,
Immortal is, of an eternal stamp,
Far brighter beaming than the morning lamp.
So from a black eclipse out-peers the Sun:
Such (when her course of days have on her run,
In a far forest in the pearly east,
And she herself hath burnt, and spicy nest,)
The lovely bird with youthful pens and comb,
Doth soar from out her cradle and her tomb:
So a small seed that in the earth lies hid,
And dies, reviving bursts her cloddy side,
Adorn'd with yellow locks anew is born,
And doth become a mother great with corn;
Of grains brings hundreds with it, which when old
Enrich the furrows, which do float with gold.
Hail, holy victor! greatest victor, hail!
That Hell doth ransack, against Death prevail.
O! how thou long'd for com'st! With joyful cries,
The all-triumphing palatines of skies
Salute thy rising; Earth would joys no more
Bear, if thou rising didst them not restore.
A silly tomb should not his flesh enclose,
Who did Heaven's trembling terrasses dispose;
No monument should such a jewel hold,
No rock, though ruby, diamond, and gold.
Thou didst lament and pity human race,
Bestowing on us of thy free-given grace
More than we forfeited and losed first,
In Eden rebels when we were accurst.
Then Earth our portion was, Earth's joys but given,
Earth, and Earth's bliss, thou hast exchang'd with Heaven.
O! what a height of good upon us streams
From the great splendour of thy bounty's beams!
When we deserv'd shame, horrour, flames of wrath,
Thou bled'st our wounds, and suffer didst our death:
But Father's justice pleas'd, Hell, Death, o'ercome,
In triumph now thou risest from thy tomb,
With glories, which past sorrows countervail;
Hail, holy victor! greatest victor, hail!
Hence, humble sense, and hence ye guides of sense!
We now reach Heaven; your weak intelligence
And searching pow'rs were in a flash made dim,
To learn from all eternity, that him
The Father bred, then that he here did come
(His bearer's parent) in a virgin's womb:
But then when sold, betray'd, crown'd, scourg'd with thorn,
Nail'd to a tree, all breathless, bloodless, torn,
Entomb'd, him risen from a grave to find,
Confounds your cunning, turns, like moles, you blind.
Death, thou that heretofore still barren wast,
Nay, didst each other birth eat up and waste,
Imperious, hateful, pitiless, unjust,
Unpartial equaller of all with dust,
Stern executioner of heavenly doom,
Made fruitful, now life's mother art become;
A sweet relief of cares the soul molest;
An harbinger to glory, peace, and rest:
Put off thy mourning weeds, yield all thy gall
To daily sinning life, proud of thy fall;
Assemble all thy captives, haste to rise,
And every corse, in earthquakes where it lies,
Sound from each flowry grave and rocky jail:
Hail, holy victor, greatest victor, hail!
The world, that wanning late and faint did lie,
Applauding to our joys, thy victory,
To a young prime essays to turn again,
And as ere soil'd with sin yet to remain;
Her chilling agues she begins to miss;
All bliss returning with the Lord of bliss.
With greater light, Heaven's temples opened shine;
Morns smiling rise, evens blushing do decline,
Clouds dappled glister, boist'rous winds are calm,
Soft zephyrs do the fields with sighs embalm,
In silent calms the sea hath hush'd his roars,
And with enamour'd curls doth kiss the shores;
All-bearing Earth, like a new-married queen,
Her beauties heightens, in a gown of green
Perfumes the air, her meads are wrought with flow'rs,
In colours various, figures, smelling, pow'rs;
Trees wanton in the groves with leafy locks,
Here hills enamell'd stand, the vales, the rocks,
Ring peals of joy, here floods and prattling brooks,
(Stars' liquid mirrors) with serpenting crooks,
And whispering murmurs, sound unto the main,
The golden age returned is again.
The honey people leave their golden bow'rs,
And innocently prey on budding flow'rs;
In gloomy shades, perch'd on the tender sprays,
The painted singers fill the air with lays:
Seas, floods, earth, air, all diversely do sound,
Yet all their diverse notes hath but one ground,

Re-echo'd here down from Heaven's azure vail;
Hail, holy victor! greatest victor, hail!
O day, on which Death's adamantine chain
The Lord did break, did ransack Satan's reign,
And in triumphing pomp his trophies rear'd,
Be thou blest ever, henceforth still endear'd
With name of his own day, the law to grace,
Types to their substance yield, to thee give place
The old new-moons, with all festival days;
And, what above the rest deserveth praise,
The reverend sabbath: what could else they be
Than golden heralds, telling what by thee
We should enjoy? Shades past, now shine thou
And henceforth be thou empress of the year, [clear,
This glory of thy sister's sex to win,
From work on thee, as other days from sin,
That mankind shall forbear, in every place
The prince of planets warmeth in his race,
And far beyond his paths in frozen climes:
And may thou be so blest to out-date times,
That when Heaven's choir shall blaze in accents loud
The many mercies of their sovereign good,
How he on thee did Sin, Death, Hell destroy,
It may be still the burthen of their joy.

SONNET.

Care's charming sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Destroy my languish ere the day be light,
With dark forgetting of my care's return;
And let the day be long enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth;
Let wat'ry eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the troubles of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, fond image of my fond desires!
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Let never rising Sun approve your tears,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

TO SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

Though I have twice been at the doors of Death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
This but a lightning is, truce ta'en to breathe,
For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.

Amidst thy sacred cares, and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on Earth I am but a sad name;

If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, those joys Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave:

"Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk: — may roses shade the place."

SONG.

In autumn was, and on our hemisphere
Fair Ericine began bright to appear,
Night westward did her gemmy world decline,
And hide her lights, that greater light might shine:
The crested bird had given alarum twice
To lazy mortals to unlock their eyes,
The owl had left to 'plain, and from each thorn
The wing'd musicians did salute the morn,
Who (while she dress'd her locks in Ganges' streams)
Set open wide the crystal port of dreams:
When I, whose eyes no drowsy night could close,
In sleep's soft arms did quietly repose,
And, for that Heavens to die did me deny,
Death's image kissed, and as dead did lie.
I lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my cares,
And slaked scarce my sighs, scarce dried my tears,
Sleep scarce the ugly figures of the day
Had with his sable pencil put away,
And left me in a still and calmy mood,
When by my bed methought a virgin stood,
A virgin in the blooming of her prime,
If such rare beauty measur'd be by time.
Her head a garland wore of opals bright,
About her flow'd a gown like purest light;
Pure amber locks gave umbrage to her face,
Where modesty high majesty did grace;
Her eyes such beams sent forth, that but with pain
My weaker sight their sparklings could sustain.
No feigned deity which haunts the woods
Is like to her, nor syren of the floods:
Such is the golden planet of the year,
When blushing in the east he doth appear.
Her grace did beauty, voice yet grace did pass,
Which thus through pearls and rubies broken was.
"How long wilt thou," said she, "estrang'd from joy,
Paint shadows to thyself of false annoy;
How long thy mind with horrid shapes affright,
And in imaginary evils delight;
Esteem that loss which (well when view'd) is gain,
Or if a loss, yet not a loss to plain?
O leave thy plaintful soul more to molest,
And think that woe when shortest then is best.
If she for whom thou thus dost deaf the sky
Be dead, what then? was she not born to die?
Was she not mortal born? If thou dost grieve
That times should be in which she should not live,
Ere e'er she was weep that day's wheel was roll'd,
Weep that she liv'd not in the age of gold.
For that she was not then thou may'st deplore,
As well as that she now can be no more.
If only she had died, thou sure hadst cause
To blame the Fates, and their too iron laws.
But look how many millions her advance,
What numbers with her enter in this dance, [stay,
With those which are to come: shall Heavens them
And th' universe dissolve thee to obey?
As birth, death, which so much thee doth appal,
A piece is of the life of this great all.
Strong cities die, die do high palmy reigns,
And fondling thou thus to be us'd complains!
"If she be dead, then she of loathsome days
Hath pass'd the line whose length but loss bewrays;
Then she hath left this filthy stage of care,
Where pleasure seldom, woe doth still repair.
For all the pleasures which it doth contain
Not countervail the smallest minute's pain.

And tell me, thou who dost so much admire
This little vapour, this poor spark of fire,
Which life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath
But some few years which birth draws out to death?
Which if thou parallel with lustres run,
Or those whose courses are but now begun,
In days' great numbers they shall less appear,
Than with the sea when matched is a tear.
But why should'st thou here longer wish to be?
One year doth serve all Nature's pomp to see.
Nay, even one day, and night: this Moon, that Sun,
Those lesser fires about this round which run,
Be but the same which under Saturn's reign
Did the serpenting seasons interchain.
How oft doth life grow less by living long?
And what excelleth but what dieth young?
For age, which all abhor, yet would embrace,
Doth make the mind as wrinkled as the face.
Then leave laments, and think thou didst not live
Laws to that first eternal Cause to give;
But to obey those laws which he hath given,
And bow unto the just decrees of Heaven,
Which cannot err, whatever foggy mists
Do blind men in these sublunary lists.
But what if she for whom thou spread'st those groans,
And wastes thy life's dear torch in ruthful moans,
She for whose sake thou hat'st the joyful light,
Courts solitary shades, and irksome night, [space
Doth live? Ah! (if thou canst) through tears, a
Lift thy dimm'd lights, and look upon this face;
Look if those eyes which, fool! thou didst adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before.
Look if those roses death could aught impair,
Those roses which thou once saidst were so fair;
And if these locks have lost aught of that gold,
Which once they had when thou them didst behold.
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And still shalt be till thou be like me made.
Alas! while we are wrapt in gowns of earth,
And, blind, here suck the air of woe beneath;
Each thing in sense's balances we weigh,
And but with toil and pain the truth descry.
" Above this vast and admirable frame,
This temple visible, which world we name,
Within whose walls so many lamps do burn,
So many arches with cross motions turn,
Where th' elemental brothers nurse their strife,
And by intestine wars maintain their life;
There is a world, a world of perfect bliss,
Pure, immaterial, as brighter far from this,
As that high circle which the rest enspheres
Is from this dull, ignoble vale of tears:
A world where all is found, that here is found,
But further discrepant than Heaven and ground:
It hath an earth, as hath this world of yours,
With creatures peopled, and adorn'd with flow'rs:
It hath a sea, like sapphire girdle cast,
Which decks of the harmonious shores the waste;
It hath pure fire, it hath delicious air,
Moon, Sun, and stars, Heavens wonderfully fair:
Flow'rs never there do fade, trees grow not old,
No creature dieth there through heat or cold:
Sea there not tossed is, nor air made black,
Fire doth not greedy feed on others' wrack:
There Heavens be not constrain'd about to range,
For this world hath no need of any change:
Minutes mount not to hours, nor hours to days,
Days make no months, but ever-blooming Mays.
" Here I remain, and hitherward do tend
All who their span of days in virtue spend:
Whatever pleasant this low place contains,
Is but a glance of what above remains.
Those who (perchance) think there can nothing be
Beyond this wide expansion which they see,
And that nought else mounts stars' circumference,
For that nought else is subject to their sense,
Feel such a case, as one whom some abisme
In the deep ocean kept had all his time:
Who, born and nourish'd there, cannot believe
That elsewhere aught without those waves can live:
Cannot believe that there be temples, tow'rs,
Which go beyond his caves and dampish bow'rs:
Or there be other people, manners, laws,
Than what he finds within the churlish waves:
That sweeter flow'rs do spring than grow on rocks,
Or beasts there are excel the scaly flocks:
That other elements are to be found,
Than is the water and this ball of ground.
But think that man from this abisme being brought,
Did see what curious Nature here hath wrought,
Did view the meads, the tall and shady woods,
And mark'd the hills, and the clear rolling floods;
And all the beasts which Nature forth doth bring,
The feather'd troops that fly and sweetly sing:
Observ'd the palaces, and cities fair,
Men's fashion of life, the fire, the air,
The brightness of the Sun that dims his sight,
The Moon, and splendours of the painted night:
What sudden rapture would his mind surprise!
How would he his late-dear resort despise!
How would he muse how foolish he had been,
To think all nothing but what there was seen!
Why do we get this high and vast desire,
Unto immortal things still to aspire?
Why doth our mind extend it beyond time,
And to that highest happiness even climb?
For we are more than what to sense we seem,
And more than dust us worldlings do esteem;
We be not made for Earth though here we come,
More than the embryo for the mother's womb:
It weeps to be made free, and we complain
To leave this loathsome gaol of care and pain.
" But thou, who vulgar footsteps dost not trace,
Learn to rouse up thy mind to view this place,
And what earth-creeping mortals most affect,
If not at all to scorn, yet to neglect:
Seek not vain shadows, which when once obtain'd
Are better lost than with such travel gain'd.
Think that on Earth what worldlings greatness call,
Is but a glorious title to live thrall:
That sceptres, diadems, and chairs of state,
Not in themselves, but to small minds are great:
That those who loftiest mount do hardest light,
And deepest falls be from the highest height:
That fame an echo is, and all renown
Like to a blasted rose, ere night falls down:
And though it something were, think how this round
Is but a little point which doth it bound.
O leave that love which reacheth but to dust,
And in that love eternal only trust,
And beauty, which when once it is possest
Can only fill the soul, and make it blest.
Pale envy, jealous emulations, fears,
Sighs, plaints, remorse, here have no place, nor tears:
False joys, vain hopes, here be not, hate nor wrath,
What ends all love here most augments it, death.
If such force had the dim glance of an eye,
Which but some few days afterwards did die,
That it could make thee leave all other things,
And like a taper-fly there burn thy wings;

And if a voice, of late which could but wail,
Such power had, as through ears thy soul to steal;
If once thou on that poorly fair couldst gaze,
What flames of love would this within thee raise?
In what a musing maze would it thee bring,
To hear but once that choir celestial sing?
The fairest shapes on which thy love did seize,
Which erst did breed delight, then would displease;
But discords hoarse were Earth's enticing sounds,
All music but a noise, which sense confounds.
This great and burning glass which clears all eyes,
And musters with such glory in the skies;
That silver star, which with her purer light
Makes day oft envy the eye-pleasing night;
Those golden letters which so brightly shine
In Heaven's great volume gorgeously divine;
All wonders in the sea, the earth, the air,
Be but dark pictures of that sov'reign fair,
And tongues, which still thus cry into your ear
(Could ye amidst world's cataracts them hear:)
'From fading things, fond men, lift your desire,
And in our beauty, his us made admire;
If we seem fair, O think how fair is he,
Of whose great fairness, shadows, steps we be.
No shadow can compare unto the face,
No step with that dear foot which did it trace;
Your souls immortal are, then place them hence,
And do not drown them in the midst of sense:
Do not, O do not by false pleasure's might
Deprive them of that true and sole delight.
That happiness ye seek is not below,
Earth's sweetest joy is but disguised woe.'"
Here did she pause, and with a mild aspect
Did towards me those lamping twins direct.
The wonted rays I knew, and thrice essay'd
To answer make, thrice fault'ring tongue it stay'd.
And while upon that face I fed my sight,
Methought she vanish'd up to Titan's light;
Who gilding with his rays each hill and plain,
Seem'd to have brought the golden world again.

AN ELEGY

UPON THE VICTORIOUS KING OF SWEDEN, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Like a cold fatal sweat which ushers death,
My thoughts hang on me; and by labouring breath,
Stopt up with sighs, my fancy big with woes
Feels two twin mountains struggle in her throws,
Of boundless sorrow th' one, th' other of sin;
For less let no man call it, to begin
Where honour ends in great Gustavus' flame,
That still burnt out and wasted to a name,
Does barely live with us; and when the stuff,
Which fed it fails, the taper turns to snuff:
With this poor snuff, this airy shadow, we
Of fame and honour must contented be,
Since from the vain grasp of our wishes fled
Their glorious substances, now he is dead.
Speak it again, and louder, louder yet,
Else whilst we hear the sound, we shall forget
What it delivers; let hoarse Rumour cry
Till she so many echoes multiply,
That may like numerous witnesses confute
Our unbelieving souls, that would dispute
And doubt this truth for ever, this one way
Is left our incredulity to sway,
T' awaken our deaf sense, and make our ears
As open and dilated as our tears;
That we may feel the blow, and feeling grieve
At what we would not fain, but must believe,
And in that horrid faith behold the world
From her proud height of expectation hurl'd;
Stooping with him, as if she strove to have
No lower centre now, than Sweden's grave.
O! could not all the purchas'd victories
Like to thy fame thy flesh immortalize?
Were not thy virtue nor thy valour charms
To guard thy body from those outward harms
Which could not reach thy soul? Could not thy spirit
Lend something which thy frailty could inherit,
From thy diviner part, that death nor heat,
Nor envy's bullets ere could penetrate?
Could not thy early trophies in stern fight
Turn from the Pole, the Dane, the Muscovite?
Which were thy triumphs, seeds as pledges sown,
That, when thy honour's harvest was ripe grown,
With full plum'd wing thou falcon-like could fly,
And cuff the eagle in the Germany sky,
Forcing his iron beak, and feathers feel
They were not proof 'gainst thy victorious steel.
Could not all these protect thee, or prevail
To fright that coward Death, who oft grew pale
To look thee and thy battles in the face?
Alas! they could not; Destiny gives place
To none: nor is it seen that princes' lives
Can saved be by their prerogatives:
No more was thine; who, clos'd in thy cold lead,
Dost from thyself a mournful lecture read
Of man's short-dated glory. Learn, you kings,
You are, like him, but penetrable things;
Though you from demi-gods derive your birth,
You are at best but honourable earth:
And howe'er sifted from that coarser bran
Which doth compound, and knead the common man,
Nothing immortal, or from earth refin'd
About you, but your office and your mind.
Hear then, break your false glasses, which present
You greater than your Maker ever meant.
Make truth your mirror now, since you find all
That flatter you, confuted by his fall.
Yet since it was decreed thy life's bright sun
Must be eclips'd ere thy full course was run,
Be proud thou didst in thy black obsequies
With greater glory set than others rise:
For in thy death, as life, thou holdest one
Most just and regular proportion.
Look how the circles drawn by compass meet
Indivisibly, joined head to feet;
And by continued points which them unite
Grow at once circular, and infinite:
So did thy fate and honour both contend
To match thy brave beginning with thine end.
Therefore thou hadst, instead of passing-bells,
The drums and cannons' thunder for thy knells;
And in the field thou didst triumphing die,
Closing thy eyelids with a victory;
That so by thousands that there lost their breath,
King-like thou might'st be waited on in death.
Liv'd Plutarch now, and would of Cæsar tell,
He could make none but thee his parallel,
Whose tide of glory, swelling to the brim,
Needs borrow no addition from him:

When did great Julius in any clime
Achieve so much, and in so short a time?
Or if he did, yet shalt thou in that land
Single for him, and unexampled stand.
When o'er the Germans first his eagle tow'r'd,
What saw the legions which on them he pour'd,
But massy bodies made their swords to try,
Subjects, not for his fight, but slavery?
In that so vast expanded piece of ground
(Now Sweden's theatre and scorn) he found
Nothing worth Cæsar's valour, or his fear,
No conqu'ring army, nor a Tilly there,
Whose strength, nor wiles, nor practice in the war
Might the fierce torrent of his triumphs bar;
But that thy winged sword twice made him yield,
Both from his trenches beat, and from the field.
Besides, the Roman thought he had done much,
Did he the banks of Rhenus only touch:
But though his march was bounded by the Rhine,
Not Oder nor the Danube thee confine.
And but thy frailty did thy fame prevent,
Thou hadst thy conquest stretch'd to such extent
Thou might'st Vienna reach, and after Spain;
From Mulda to the Baltic ocean.
But Death hath spann'd thee, nor must we divine
What here thou hadst to finish thy design;
Or who shall thee succeed as champion
For liberty, and for religion.
Thy task is done; as in a watch the spring,
Wound to the height, relaxes with the string;
So thy steel nerves of conquest, from their steep
Ascent declin'd, lie slackt in thy last sleep.
Rest then, triumphant soul, for ever rest,
And, like the phenix in her spicy nest,
Embalm'd with thine own merit, upward fly,
Borne in a cloud of perfume to the sky;
Whilst, as in deathless urns, each noble mind
Treasures thine ashes which are left behind.
And if perhaps no Cassiopeian spark
(Which in the north did thy first rising mark)
Shine o'er thy hearse, the breath of our just praise
Shall to the firmament thy virtues raise;
There fix and kindle them into a star,
Whose influence may crown thy glorious war.

TEARS

ON

THE DEATH OF MŒLIADES.[1]

O HEAVENS! then is it true that thou art gone,
And left this woful isle her loss to moan;
Mœliades, bright day-star of the west,
A comet blazing terrour to the east;
And neither that thy spirit so heavenly wise,
Nor body (though of earth) more pure than skies,
Nor royal stem, nor thy sweet tender age,
Of cruel destinies could quench the rage?
O fading hopes! O short-while lasting joy
Of earth-born man, that one hour can destroy!
Then even of Virtue's spoils Death trophies rears,
As if he gloried most in many tears.
Forc'd by hard fates, do Heavens neglect our cries?
Are stars set only to act tragedies?
Then let them do their worst, since thou art gone,
Raise whom thou list to thrones, enthron'd dethrone;
Stain princely bow'rs with blood, and even to Gange,
In cypress sad, glad Hymen's torches change.
Ah! thou hast left to live; and in the time
When scarce thou blossom'dst in thy pleasant prime:
So falls by northern blast a virgin rose,
At half that doth her bashful bosom close;
So a sweet flower languishing decays,
That late did blush when kiss'd by Phœbus' rays;
So Phœbus mounting the meridian's height,
Chok'd by pale Phœbe, faints unto our sight;
Astonish'd Nature sullen stands to see
The life of all this all so chang'd to be;
In gloomy gowns the stars this loss deplore,
The sea with murmuring mountains beats the shore,
Black darkness reels o'er all, in thousand show'rs
The weeping air on earth her sorrow pours,
That, in a palsy, quakes to see so soon
Her lover set, and night burst forth ere noon.
If Heaven, alas! ordain'd thee young to die,
Why was't not where thou might'st thy valour try;
And to the wond'ring world at least set forth
Some little spark of thy expected worth?
Mœliades, O that by Ister's streams,
'Mong sounding trumpets, fiery twinkling gleams
Of warm vermilion swords, and cannons' roar,
Balls thick as rain pour'd on the Caspian shore,
'Mongst broken spears, 'mongst ringing helms and shields,
Huge heaps of slaughter'd bodies 'long the fields,
In Turkish blood made red like Mars's star,
Thou endedst had thy life, and Christian war;
Or as brave Bourbon, thou hadst made old Rome,
Queen of the world, thy triumph, and thy tomb!
So Heaven's fair face, to th' unborn world, which
A book had been of thy illustrious deeds: [reads,
So to their nephews, aged sires had told
The high exploits performed by thee of old;
Towns ras'd, and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd bands,
Fierce tyrants flying, foil'd, kill'd by thy hands:
And in rich arras virgins fair had wrought
The bays and trophies to thy country brought:
While some new Homer, imping wings to fame,
Deaf Nilus' dwellers had made hear thy name.
That thou didst not attain these honour's spheres,
Through want of worth it was not, but of years.
A youth more brave, pale Troy with trembling walls
Did never see, nor she whose name appals
Both Titan's golden bow'rs, in bloody fights,
Must'ring on Mars his field, such Mars like knights.
The Heavens had brought thee to the highest height
Of wit and courage, showing all their might
When they thee fram'd. Ah me! that what is brave
On Earth, they as their own so soon should crave!
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore. [pass
When Forth, thy nurse, Forth where thou first didst
Thy tender days, (who smil'd oft on her glass,
To see thee gaze) meand'ring with her streams,
Heard thou hadst left this round, from Phœbus'
She sought to fly, but forced to return [beams
By neighbouring brooks, she set herself to mourn:

[1] The name which in these verses is given unto prince Henry, is that which he himself, in the challenges of his martial sports and masquerades, was wont to use; Mœliades, prince of the isles, which in anagram maketh a word most worthy of such a knight as he was, a knight (if time had suffered his actions to answer the world's expectation), only worthy of such a world, *Miles à Deo.*

And as she rush'd her Cyclades among, [wrong.
She seem'd to plain that Heaven had done her
With a hoarse plaint, Clyde down her steepy rocks,
And Tweed through her green mountains clad with flocks,
Did wound the ocean murmuring thy death;
The ocean it roar'd about the earth,
And to the Mauritanian Atlas told, [roll'd
Who shrunk through grief, and down his white hairs
Huge streams of tears, which changed were to floods,
Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour plains and
The lesser brooks, as they did bubbling go, [woods.
Did keep a consort to the public woe.
The shepherds left their flocks with downcast eyes,
'Sdaining to look up to the angry skies:
Some brake their pipes, and some in sweet-sad lays
Made senseless things amazed at thy praise.
His reed Alexis hung upon a tree,
And with his tears made Doven great to be.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

Chaste maids, which haunt fair Aganippe's well,
And you, in Tempe's sacred shade who dwell,
Let fall your harps, cease tunes of joy to sing,
Dishevelled make all Parnassus ring
With anthems sad; thy music Phœbus turn
To doleful plaints, whilst joy itself doth mourn.
Dead is thy darling who adorn'd thy bays,
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet lays,
And to a trumpet raise thy amorous style,
That floating Delos envy might this isle.
You, Acidalian archers, break your bows,
Your torches quench, with tears blot beauty's snows,
And bid your weeping mother yet again
A second Adon's death, nay Mars his plain.
His eyes once were your darts; nay, even his name,
Wherever heard, did every heart inflame.
Tagus did court his love with golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims,
But ah! (poor lovers) death did them betray,
And, not suspected, made their hopes his prey!
Tagus bewails his loss in golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore. [brings

Eye-pleasing meads, whose painted plain forth
White, golden, azure flow'rs, which once were kings,
To mourning black their shining colours dye,
Bow down their heads, while sighing zephyrs fly.
Queen of the fields, whose blush makes blush the morn,
Sweet rose, a prince's death in purple mourn;
O hyacinths, for aye your AI keep still,
Nay, with more marks of woe your leaves now fill:
And you, O flow'r, of Helen's tears that 's born,
Into these liquid pearls again you turn:
Your green locks, forests, cut; to weeping myrrhs,
To deadly cypress, and ink-dropping firs,
Your palms and myrtles change; from shadows dark,
Wing'd syrens, wail, and you, sad echoes, mark
The lamentable accents of their moan,
And plain that brave Mœliades is gone.
Stay, sky, thy turning course, and now become
A stately arch, unto the earth his tomb:
And over it still wat'ry Iris keep,
And sad Electra's sisters, who still weep:
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

Dear ghost, forgive these our untimely tears,
By which our loving mind, though weak, appears:
Our loss, not thine (when we complain) we weep,
For thee the glistering walls of Heaven do keep,
Beyond the planet's wheels, 'bove highest source
Of spheres, that turns the lower in his course:
Where Sun doth never set, nor ugly Night
Ever appears in mourning garments dight:
Where Boreas' stormy trumpet doth not sound,
Nor clouds in lightnings bursting, minds astound.
From cares, cold climates far, and hot desire,
Where Time's exil'd, and ages ne'er expire;
'Mong purest spirits environed with beams,
Thou think'st all things below t' have been but dreams;
And joy'st to look down to the azur'd bars
Of Heaven, powder'd with troops of streaming stars;
And in their turning temples to behold,
In silver robe the Moon, the Sun in gold;
Like young eye-speaking lovers in a dance,
With majesty by turns retire, advance:
Thou wonder'st Earth to see hang like a ball,
Clos'd in the mighty cloister of this all;
And that poor men should prove so madly fond,
To toss themselves for a small spot of ground:
Nay, that they ev'n dare brave the powers above,
From this base stage of change that cannot move.
All worldly pomp and pride thou seest arise
Like smoke, that's scatter'd in the empty skies.
Other high hills and forests, other tow'rs,
Amaz'd thou find'st excelling our poor bow'rs;
Courts void of flattery, of malice minds,
Pleasure which lasts, not such as reason blinds.
Thou sweeter songs dost hear, and carollings,
Whilst Heavens do dance, and choirs of angels sings,
Than muddy minds could feign; even our annoy
(If it approach that place) is changed to joy.

Rest, blessed soul, rest satiate with the sight
Of him whose beams (though dazzling) do delight;
Life of all lives, cause of each other cause;
The sphere and centre where the mind doth pause;
Narcissus of himself, himself the well,
Lover, and beauty that doth all excel,
Rest, happy soul, and wonder in that glass,
Where seen is all that shall be, is, or was,
While shall be, is, or was, do pass away,
And nothing be, but an eternal day.
For ever rest; thy praise fame will enrol
In golden annals, while about the pole
The slow Boötes turns, or Sun doth rise
With scarlet scarf to cheer the mourning skies.
The virgins on thy tomb will garlands bear
Of flow'rs, and with each flower let fall a tear.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

OF jet,
Or porphry,
Or that white stone
Paros affords alone,
Or these, in azure dye,
Which seem to scorn the sky;
Here Memphis' wonders do not set,
Nor Artemisia's huge frame,
That keeps so long her lover's name,
Make no great marble Atlas stoop with gold,
To please the vulgar eye shall it behold.
The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their tears
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears.

GILES FLETCHER.

DIED 1623.

No single family has ever, in one generation, produced three such poets as Giles and Phineas Fletcher, and their cousin the dramatist.

The brothers were sons of Dr. Giles Fletcher, whom Elizabeth employed as commissioner in Scotland, Germany, and the Low Countries, and as ambassador to Russia.

It is probable that Giles was educated, like his father and brother, at Eton: but nothing more is known of his life, than that he was of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as Bachelor of Divinity; that he is said to have been "equally beloved of the Muses and of the Graces;" and that he died, in the prime of life, at Alderton, in Suffolk, where he was beneficed. The single poem which he has left, will preserve his name while there is any praise.

CHRIST'S VICTORY IN HEAVEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

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THE birth of Him that no beginning knew,
Yet gives beginning to all that are born,
And how the Infinite far greater grew,
By growing less, and how the rising morn,
That shot from Heav'n, and back to Heav'n return,
The obsequies of him that could not die,
And death of life, end of eternity,
How worthily he died, that died unworthily;

How God and man did both embrace each other,
Met in one person, Heaven and Earth did kiss,
And how a virgin did become a mother,
And bare that Son, who the world's Father is,
And maker of his mother, and how bliss
Descended from the bosom of the High,
To clothe himself in naked misery,
Sailing at length to Heav'n, in Earth, triumphantly,

Is the first flame, wherewith my whiter Muse
Doth burn in heavenly love, such love to tell.
O thou that didst this holy fire infuse,
And taught'st this breast, but late the grave of Hell,
Wherein a blind and dead heart liv'd, to swell
With better thoughts, send down those lights that lend
Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end
The love, that never was, nor ever can be penn'd.

Ye sacred writings, in whose antique leaves
The memories of Heaven entreasur'd lie,
Say, what might be the cause that Mercy heaves
The dust of sin above th' industrious sky,
And lets it not to dust and ashes fly?
Could Justice be of sin so over-woo'd,
Or so great ill be cause of so great good,
That bloody man to save, man's Saviour shed his blood?

Or did the lips of Mercy drop soft speech
For trait'rous man, when at th' Eternal's throne
Incensed Nemesis did Heav'n beseech
With thund'ring voice, that justice might be shown
Against the rebels that from God were flown?
O say, say how could Mercy plead for those
That, scarcely made, against their Maker rose?
Will any slay his friend, that he may spare his foes?

There is a place beyond that flaming hill
From whence the stars their thin appearance shed,
A place, beyond all place, where never ill,
Nor impure thought was ever harboured;
But saintly heroes are for ever su'd
To keep an everlasting Sabbath's rest;
Still wishing that, of what th' are still possest;
Enjoying but one joy, but one of all joys best.

Here, when the ruin of that beauteous frame,
Whose golden building shin'd with every star
Of excellence, deform'd with age became:
Mercy, rememb'ring peace in midst of war,
Lift up the music of her voice, to bar
Eternal fate; lest it should quite erase
That from the world, which was the first world's grace,
And all again into their (nothing) chaos chase.

For what had all this all, which man in one
Did not unite? the earth, air, water, fire,
Life, sense, and spirit, nay, the pow'rful throne
Of the divinest essence did retire,
And his own image into clay inspire:
So that this creature well might called be
Of the great world the small epitomy,
Of the dead world the live and quick anatomy.

But Justice had no sooner Mercy seen
Smoothing the wrinkles of her father's brow,
But up she starts, and throws herself between;
As when a vapour from a moory slough,
Meeting with fresh Eoüs, that but now
Open'd the world which all in darkness lay,
Doth Heav'n's bright face of his rays disarray,
And sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

She was a virgin of austere regard:
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;
But as the eagle, that hath oft compar'd
Her eye with Heav'n's, so, and more brightly shin'd
Her lamping sight: for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart, and with her ears,
The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breast, but a still apathy
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept,
Securely, without tempest; no sad cry
Awakes her pity, but wrong'd poverty,
Sending his eyes to Heav'n swimming in tears,
With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears.

The winged lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mighty thunders sound:
Impatient of himself lies pining by
Pale sickness, with her kercher'd head up wound,
And thousand noisome plagues attend her round.
But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
The flints do melt, and rocks to water roll,
And airy mountains shake, and frighted shadows howl.

Famine, and bloodless Care, and bloody War,
Want, and the want of knowledge how to use
Abundance, Age, and Fear, that runs afar
Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues
His winged steps; for who would not refuse
Grief's company, a dull, and raw-bon'd spright,
That lanks the cheeks, and pales the freshest sight,
Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight?

Before this cursed throng goes Ignorance,
That needs will lead the way he cannot see:
And, after all, Death doth his flag advance,
And in the midst, Strife still would roguing be,
Whose ragged flesh and clothes did well agree:
And round about, amazed Horrour flies,
And over all, Shame veils his guilty eyes, [lies.
And underneath, Hell's hungry throat still yawning

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
She lean'd her bosom, more than stony hard,
There slept th' impartial judge, and strict restorer
Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward,
There hung the score of all our debts, the card
Where good, and bad, and life, and death, were
Was never heart of mortal so untainted, [painted:
But when that scroll was read, with thousand terrours fainted.

Witness the thunder that mount Sinai heard,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,
And wand'ring Israel, with the sight afear'd,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
On this dead Justice, she, the living law,
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All Heav'n, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.

"Dread Lord of spirits, well thou didst devise
To fling the world's rude dunghill, and the dross
Of the old chaos, farthest from the skies;
And thine own seat, that here the child of loss,
Of all the lower heav'n, the curse, and cross,
That wretch, beast, captive, monster man, might spend,
(Proud of the mire, in which his soul is pen'd)
Clodded in lumps of clay, his weary life to end.

"His body dust: where grew such cause of pride?
His soul, thy image: what could he envy?)
Himself most happy, if he so would bide:
Now grown most wretched, who can remedy?
He slew himself, himself the enemy.
That his own soul would her own murder wreak,
If I were silent, Heav'n and Earth would speak;
And if all fail'd, these stones would into clamours break.

" How many darts made furrows in his side,
When she, that out of his own side was made,
Gave feathers to their flight? where was the pride
Of their new knowledge? whither did it fade?
When, running from thy voice into the shade,
He fled thy sight, himself of light bereav'd;
And for his shield a heavy armour weav'd,
With which, vain man, he thought God's eyes to
have deceiv'd?

" And well he might delude those eyes that see,
And judge by colours; for who ever saw
A man of leaves, a reasonable tree?
But those that from this stock their life did draw,
Soon made their father godly, and by law
Proclaimed trees almighty: gods of wood,
Of stocks, and stones, with crowns of laurel stood,
Templed, and fed by fathers with their children's
blood.

" The sparkling fanes, that burn in beaten gold,
And, like the stars of Heav'n in midst of night,
Black Egypt, as her mirrors, doth behold,
Are but the dens where idol-snakes delight
Again to cover Satan from their sight:
Yet these are all their gods, to whom they vie
The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly,
Fit gods, indeed, for such men to be served by.

" The fire, the wind, the sea, the Sun, and Moon,
The flitting air, and the swift-winged hours,
And all the watchmen, that so nimbly run,
And sentinel about the walled towers,
Of the world's city, in their heavenly bowers.
And, lest their pleasant gods should want delight,
Neptune spues out the lady Aphrodite, [light.
And but in Heav'n proud Juno's peacocks scorn to

" The senseless earth, the serpent, dog, and cat,
And worse than all these, man, and worst of men
Usurping Jove, and swelling Bacchus fat,
And drunk with the vine's purple blood, and then
The fiend himself they conjure from his den,
Because he only yet remain'd to be
Worse than the worst of men, they flee from thee,
And wear his altar-stones out with their pliant knee.

" All that he speaks (and all he speaks are lies)
Are oracles; 'tis he (that wounded all)
Cures all their wounds; he (that put out their eyes)
That gives them light; he (that death first did call
Into the world) that with his orisal,
Inspirits earth: he Heav'n's all-seeing eye,
He Earth's great prophet, he, whom rest doth fly,
That on salt billows doth, as pillows, sleeping lie.

" But let him in his cabin restless rest,
The dungeon of dark flames, and freezing fire,
Justice in Heav'n against man makes request
To God, and of his angels doth require
Sin's punishment: if what I did desire,
Or who, or against whom, or why, or where,
Of, or before whom ignorant I were, [tains rear.
Then should my speech their sands of sins to moun-

" Were not the Heav'ns pure, in whose courts I sue,
The judge, to whom I sue, just to requite him,
The cause for sin, the punishment most due,
Justice herself, the plaintiff to endite him,
The angels holy, before whom I cite him,
He against whom, wicked, unjust, impure;
Then might he sinful live, and die secure,
Or trial might escape, or trial might endure.

" The judge might partial be, and over-pray'd,
The place appeal'd from, in whose courts he sues,
The fault excus'd, or punishment delay'd,
The parties self-accus'd, that did accuse,
Angels for pardon might their prayers use:
But now no star can shine, no hope be got.
Most wretched creature, if he knew his lot,
And yet more wretched far, because he knows it not.

" What should I tell how barren Earth has grown,
All for to starve her children? didst not thou
Water with heav'nly show'rs her womb unsown,
And drop down clods of flow'rs? didst not thou
Thine easy ear unto the ploughman's vow? [bow
Long might he look, and look, and long in vain
Might load his harvest in an empty wain,
And beat the woods, to find the poor oak's hungry
grain.

" The swelling sea seethes in his angry waves,
And smites the earth that dares the traitors nourish;
Yet oft his thunder their light cork outbraves,
Mowing the mountains, on whose temples flourish
Whole woods of garlands; and, their pride to
cherish, [display
Plough through the sea's green fields, and nets
To catch the flying winds, and steal away,
Coz'ning the greedy sea, pris'ning their nimble prey.

" How often have I seen the waving pine,
Toss'd on a wat'ry mountain, knock his head
At Heav'n's too patient gates, and with salt brine
Quench the Moon's burning horns; and safely fled
From Heaven's revenge, her passengers, all dead
With stiff astonishment, tumble to Hell?
How oft the sea all earth would overswell,
Did not thy sandy girdle bind the mighty well?

" Would not the air he fill'd with streams of death,
To poison the quick rivers of their blood?
Did not thy winds fan, with their panting breath,
The flitting region? would not th' hasty flood
Empty itself into the sea's wide wood:
Didst not thou lead it wand'ring from his way,
To give men drink, and make his waters stray,
To fresh the flow'ry meadows, through whose fields
they play?

" Who makes the sources of the silver fountains
From the flint's mouth, and rocky vallies slide,
Thick'ning the airy bowels of the mountains?
Who hath the wild herds of the forest ty'd
In their cold dens, making them hungry bide
Till man to rest be laid? can beastly he,
That should have most sense, only senseless be,
And all things else, beside himself, so awful see?

" Were he not wilder than the savage beast,
Prouder than haughty hills, harder than rocks,
Colder than fountains from their springs release,
Lighter than air, blinder than senseless stocks,
More changing than the river's curling locks:
If reason would not, sense would soon reprove him,
And unto shame, if not to sorrow move him,
To see cold floods, wild beasts, dull stocks, hard
stones out-love him.

" Under the weight of sin the earth did fall,
And swallow'd Dathan, and the raging wind,
And stormy sea, and gaping whale, did call
For Jonas: and the air did bullets find,
And shot from Heav'n a stony show'r to grind:
The five proud kings, that for their idols fought,
The Sun itself stood still to fight it out,
And fire from Heav'n flew down, when sin to Heav'n
did shout.

" Should any to himself for safety fly?
The way to save himself, if any were,
Were to fly from himself: should he rely
Upon the promise of his wife? but there
What can he see, but that he most may fear,
A Siren, sweet to death? upon his friends?
Who that he needs, or that he hath not lends?
Or wanting aid himself aid to another sends?

" His strength? but dust: his pleasure? cause of pain:
His hope? false courtier: youth or beauty? brittle:
Entreaty? fond: repentance? late and vain:
Just recompence? the world were all too little:
Thy love? he hath no title to a title:
Hell's force? in vain her furies Hell shall gather:
His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?
His child, if good, shall judge; if bad, shall curse
his father.

" His life? that brings him to his end, and leaves
His end? that leaves him to begin his wŏ: [him:
His goods? what good in that, that so deceives him?
His gods of wood? their feet, alas! are slow
To go to help, that must be help'd to go:
Honour, great worth? ah! little worth they be
Unto their owners: wit? that makes him see
He wanted wit, that thought he had it, wanting
thee.

" The sea to drink him quick? that casts his dead:
Angels to spare? they punish: night to hide?
The world shall burn in light: the Heav'ns to spread
Their wings to save him? Heav'n itself shall slide,
And roll away like melting stars that glide
Along their oily threads: his mind pursues him:
His house to shroud, or hills to fall, and bruise
him?
As serjeants both attach, and witnesses accuse him.

" What need I urge what they must needs confess?
Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own lust;
I crave no more, and thou can'st give no less,
Than death to dead men, justice to unjust;
Shame to most shameful, and most shameless dust:
But if thy mercy needs will spare her friends,
Let mercy there begin, where justice ends.
'Tis cruel mercy, that the wrong from right
defends."

She ended, and the heav'nly hierarchies,
Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded were;
Like to an army that alarum cries,
And every one shakes his ydreaded spear,
And the Almighty's self, as he would tear
The Earth, and her firm basis quite in sunder,
Flam'd all in just revenge, and mighty thunder:
Heav'n stole itself from Earth by clouds that moisten'd under.

As when the cheerful Sun, clamping wide,
Glads all the world with his uprising ray,
And woos the widow'd Earth afresh to pride,
And paints her bosom with the flow'ry May,
His silent sister steals him quite away,
Wrapt in a sable cloud, from mortal eyes,
The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies:

But soon as he again dishadowed is,
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,
As though another day were newly his,
The coz'ned birds busily take their flight,
And wonder at the shortness of the night:
So Mercy once again herself displays
Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays
Those sunshine looks, whose beams would dim a
thousand days.

How may a worm, that crawls along the dust,
Clamber the azure mountains, thrown so high,
And fetch from thence thy fair idea just,
That in those sunny courts doth hidden lie,
Cloth'd with such light, as blinds the angels' eye?
How may weak mortal ever hope to fill
His unsmooth tongue, and his deprostrate style?
O, raise thou from his corse thy now entomb'd
exile!

One touch would rouse me from my sluggish herse,
One word would call me to my wished home,
One look would polish my afflicted verse, [lome,
One thought would steal my soul from her thick
And force it wand'ring up to Heav'n to come,
There to importune, and to beg apace
One happy favour of thy sacred grace, [face.
To see (what though it lose her eyes?) to see thy

If any ask why roses please the sight?
Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do bow'r:
If any ask why lilies are so white?
Because their blossoms in thy hand do flow'r:
Or why sweet plants so grateful odours show'r?
It is because their breath so like they be:
Or why the orient Sun so bright we see? [thee?
What reason can we give, but from thine eyes, and

Ros'd all in lively crimson are thy cheeks,
Where beauties indeflourishing abide,
And, as to pass his fellow either seeks,
Seems both to blush at one another's pride:
And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beside,
Ten thousand Graces sit, and when they move
To Earth their amorous belgards from above,
They fly from Heav'n, and on their wings convey
thy love.

And of discolour'd plumes their wings are made,
And with so wondrous art the quills are wrought,
That whensoever they cut the airy glade,
The wind into their hollow pipes is caught:
As seems, the spheres with them they down have
Like to the seven-fold reed of Arcady, [brought:
Which Pan of Syrinx made, when she did fly
To Ladon sands, and at his sighs sung merrily.

As melting honey dropping from the comb,
So still the words, that spring between thy lips,
Thy lips, where smiling sweetness keeps her home,
And heav'nly eloquence pure manna sips.
He that his pen but in that fountain dips,

How nimbly will the golden phrases fly,
And shed forth streams of choicest rhetory,
Wailing celestial torrents out of poesy?

Like as the thirsty land, in summer's heat,
Calls to the clouds, and gapes at every show'r,
As though her hungry cliffs all heaven would eat;
Which if high God unto her bosom pour,
Though much refresh'd, yet more she could devour:
So hang the greedy ears of angels sweet,
And every breath a thousand Cupids meet,
Some flying in, some out, and all about her fleet.

Upon her breast Delight doth softly sleep,
And of Eternal Joy is brought abed;
Those snowy mountlets, thorough which do creep
The milky rivers, that are inly bred
In silver cisterns, and themselves do shed
To weary travellers, in heat of day,
To quench their fiery thirst, and to allay
With dropping nectar floods, the fury of their way.

If any wander, thou dost call him back:
If any be not forward, thou incit'st him:
Thou dost expect, if any should grow slack:
If any seem but willing, thou invit'st him:
Or if he do offend thee, thou acquitt'st him:
Thou find'st the lost, and follow'st him that flies,
Healing the sick, and quick'ning him that dies:
Thou art the lame man's friendly staff, the blind man's eyes.

So fair thou art, that all would thee behold;
But none can thee behold, thou art so fair:
Pardon, O pardon then thy vassal bold,
That with poor shadows strives thee to compare,
And match the things which he knows matchless are.
O thou vile mirrour of celestial grace,
How can frail colours pourtray out thy face,
Or paint in flesh thy beauty, in such semblance base?

Her upper garment was a silken lawn,
With needle-work richly embroidered;
Which she herself with her own hand had drawn,
And all the world therein had pourtrayed,
With threads so fresh and lively coloured,
That seem'd the world she new created there;
And the mistaken eye would rashly swear
The silken trees did grow, and the beasts living were.

Low at her feet the Earth was cast alone
(As though to kiss her foot it did aspire,
And gave itself for her to tread upon)
With so unlike and different attire,
That every one that saw it, did admire
What it might be, was of so various hue;
For to itself it oft so diverse grew, [new.
That still it seem'd the same, and still it seem'd a

And here and there few men she scattered,
(That in their thought the world esteem but small,
And themselves great) but she with one fine thread
So short, and small, and slender wove them all,
That like a sort of busy ants that crawl
About some mole-hill, so they wandered;
And round about the waving sea were shed:
But for the silver sands, small pearls were sprinkled.

So curiously the underwork did creep,
And curling circlets so well shadowed lay,
That afar off the waters seem'd to sleep;
But those that near the margin pearl did play,
Hoarsely enwaved were with hasty sway,
As though they meant to rock the gentle ear,
And hush the former that enslumber'd were:
And here a dangerous rock the flying ships did fear.

High in the airy element there hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain
(As though his purer waves from Heaven sprung)
To crawl on Earth, as doth the sluggish main:
But it the Earth would water with his rain,
That ebb'd, and flow'd, as wind, and season would,
And oft the Sun would cleave the limber mould
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

Beneath those sunny banks, a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itself into a hollow shroud:
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bow enchace,
That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paint her locks with beams, so lively feign'd.

About her head a cypress heav'n she wore,
Spread like a veil, upheld with silver wire,
In which the stars so burnt in golden ore,
As seem'd the azure web was all on fire:
But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
That on his curded wave swift Argus wore,
And the immortal swan, that did her life deplore.

Yet strange it was, so many stars to see
Without a sun, to give their tapers light:
Yet strange it was not that it so should be:
For, where the Sun centres himself by right,
Her face, and locks did flame, that at the sight,
The heav'nly veil, that else should nimbly move,
Forgot his flight, and all incens'd with love,
With wonder, and amazement, did her beauty prove.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heav'nly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound:
And little angels, holding hands, danc'd all around.

Seemed those little sp'rits, through nimbles bold,
The stately canopy bore on their wings;
But them itself, as pendants did uphold,
Besides the crowns of many famous kings:
Among the rest, there David ever sings: [lays
And now, with years grown young, renews his
Unto his golden harp, and ditties plays,
Psalming aloud in well-tun'd songs his Maker's praise.

Thou self-idea of all joys to come,
Whose love is such, would make the rudest speak,
Whose love is such, would make the wisest dumb;
O when wilt thou thy too long silence break,
And overcome the strong to save the weak!

If thou no weapons hast, thine eyes will wound
Th' Almighty's self, that now stick on the ground,
As though some blessed object there did them
impound.

Ah, miserable object of disgrace,
What happiness is in thy misery!
I both must pity, and envy thy case;
For she, that is the glory of the sky,
Leaves Heaven blind to fix on thee her eye:
Yet her (though Mercy's self esteems not small)
The world despis'd, they her Repentance call,
And she herself despises, and the world, and all.

Deeply, alas! empassioned she stood,
To see a flaming brand toss'd up from Hell,
Boiling her heart in her own lustful blood,
That oft for torment she would loudly yell,
Now she would sighing sit, and now she fell
Crouching upon the ground, in sackcloth trust:
Early and late she pray'd; and fast she must;
And all her hair hung full of ashes, and of dust.

Of all most hated, yet hated most of all
Of her own self she was; disconsolate
(As though her flesh did but infuneral
Her buried ghost) she in an harbour sat
Of thorny briar, weeping her cursed state:
And her before a hasty river fled,
Which her blind eyes with faithful penance fed,
And all about, the grass with tears hung down his
head.

Her eyes, though blind abroad, at home kept fast,
Inwards they turn'd, and look'd into her head,
At which she often started, as aghast,
To see so fearful spectacles of dread;
And with one hand her breast she martyred,
Wounding her heart, the same to mortify,
The other a fair damsel held her by:
Which if but once let go, she sunk immediately.

But Faith was quick, and nimble as the Heav'n,
As if of love and life she all had been:
And though of present sight her sense were reav'n,
Yet she could see the things could not be seen.
Beyond the stars, as nothing were between,
She fix'd her sight, disdaining things below:
Into the sea she could a mountain throw, [flow.
And make the Sun to stand, and waters backwards

Such when as Mercy her beheld from high,
In a dark valley, drown'd with her own tears,
One of her Graces she sent hastily,
Smiling Eyrene, that a garland wears
Of guilded olive on her fairer hairs,
To crown the fainting soul's true sacrifice:
Whom when as sad Repentance coming spies,
The holy desperado wip'd her swollen eyes.

But Mercy felt a kind remorse to run
Through her soft veins, and therefore hying fast
To give an end to silence, thus begun:
"Aye honour'd father, if no joy thou hast
But to reward desert, reward at last
The devil's voice, spoke with a serpent's tongue,
Fit to hiss out the words so deadly stung,
And let him die, death's bitter charms so sweetly
sung.

"He was the father of that hopeless season,
That, to serve other gods, forgot their own.
The reason was, thou wast above their reason.
They would have other gods, rather than none,
A beastly serpent, or a senseless stone:
And these, as Justice hates, so I deplore.
But the up-ploughed heart, all rent and tore,
Though wounded by itself, I gladly would restore.

"He was but dust; why fear'd he not to fall?
And being fall'n, how can he hope to live?
Cannot the hand destroy him, that made all?
Could he not take away as well as give?
Should man deprave, and should not God deprive?
Was it not all the world's deceiving spirit
(That, bladder'd up with pride of his own merit,
Fell in his rise) that him of Heav'n did disinherit?

"He was but dust: how could he stand before him?
And being fall'n, why should he fear to die?
Cannot the hand that made him first restore him?
Deprav'd of sin, should he deprived lie
Of grace? can he not find infirmity,
That gave him strength? unworthy the forsaking,
He is, who ever weighs, without mistaking,
Or maker of the man, or manner of his making.

"Who shall thy temple incense any more;
Or to thy altar crown the sacrifice;
Or strew with idle flow'rs the hallow'd floor?
Or what should prayer deck with herbs, and spice,
Her vials, breathing orisons of price?
If all must pay that which all cannot pay,
O first begin with me, and Mercy slay, [stray.
And thy thrice honour'd Son, that now beneath doth

"But if or he, or I may live, and speak,
And Heav'n can joy to see a sinner weep;
Oh! let not Justice' iron sceptre break
A heart already broke, that low doth creep,
And with prone humbless her feet's dust doth sweep.
Must all go by desert? is nothing free?
Ah! if but those that only worthy be,
None should thee ever see, none should thee ever see.

"What hath man done, that man shall not undo,
Since God to him is grown so near a-kin?
Did his foe slay him? he shall slay his foe:
Hath he lost all? he all again shall win:
Is sin his master? he shall master sin:
Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try:
The only way to conquer, was to fly; [shall die.
But thus long death hath liv'd, and now death's self

"He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he?
To dead men life he is, to sick men health:
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

"Who can forget, never to be forgot,
The time, that all the world in slumber lies:
When, like the stars, the singing angels shot
To Earth, and Heav'n awaked all his eyes,
To see another Sun at midnight rise
On Earth? was never sight of peril fame:
For God before, man like himself did frame,
But God himself now like a mortal man became.

" A child he was, and had not learn'd to speak,
That with his word the world before did make:
His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,
That with one hand the vaults of Heav'n could shake.
See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold.
Who of his years, or of his age hath told?
Never such age so young, never a child so old.

" And yet but newly he was infanted,
And yet already he was sought to die;
Yet scarcely born, already banished;
Not able yet to go, and forc'd to fly:
But scarcely fled away, when by and by,
The tyrant's sword with blood is all defil'd,
And Rachel, for her sons with fury wild,
Cries, 'O thou cruel king, and O my sweetest child!'

" Egypt his nurse became, where Nilus springs,
Who straight, to entertain the rising Sun,
The hasty harvest in his bosom brings;
But now for drought the fields were all undone,
And now with waters all is overrun:
So fast the Cynthian mountains pour'd their snow,
When once they felt the Sun so near them glow,
That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.'

" The angels caroll'd loud their song of peace,
The cursed oracles were strucken dumb,
To see their Shepherd, the poor shepherds press,
To see their King, the kingly sophies come,
And them to guide unto his Master's home,
A star comes dancing up the orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent, [sent.
Where gold, to make their prince a crown, they all pre-

" Young John, glad child, before he could be born,
Leapt in the womb, his joy to prophesy:
Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,
Proclaims her Saviour to posterity:
And Simeon fast his dying notes doth ply.
Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace!
It is the fire of Heav'n thou dost embrace:
Sing Simeon, sing, sing Simeon, sing apace."

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
From God's unwary arm, now milder grown,
And melted into tears; as if to pray
For pardon, and for pity, it had known,
That should have been for sacred vengeance thrown:
There too the armies angelic devow'd
Their former rage, and all to mercy bow'd,
Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly strow'd.

" Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flaskets,
Painted with every choicest flow'r that grows,
That I may soon unflow'r your fragrant baskets,
To strow the fields with odours where he goes,
Let whatsoe'er he treads on be a rose."
So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
Upon the rivers of bright Palestine. [wine.
Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers skip with

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH ON EARTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Christ brought into the place of combat, the wilderness, among the wild beasts, Mark i. 13. ver. 1. Described by his *proper attributes*, the mercy of God, ver. 2, 3.; whom the creatures cannot but adore, ver. 4, 5. By his unity with the Godhead, ver. 6. His proper place, ver. 7. The beauty of his body, Cant. v. 11. Psal. xlv. 2. Gen. xlix. 12. Cant. v. 10. and Isai. liii. 2. ver. 8—13. By preparing himself to the combat with his adversary, that seemed what he was not, ver. 14, 15. Some devout essence, ver. 18, 19. (Closely tempting him to despair of God's providence, and provide for himself) ver. 20. But was what he seemeth not, Satan, and would fain have led him, 1st, To desperation; charactered by his place, countenance, apparel, horrible apparitions, &c. ver. 21—30. 2d, To presumption; charactered by her place, attendants, &c. ver. 31—36.; and by her temptation, 37.; to vain glory, ver. 38.; poetically described from the place where her court stood; a garden, ver. 39—49; from her court, and courtiers, ver. 50.; pleasure in drinking, ver. 51; in luxury, ver. 52. 2d, Avarice, ver. 53—55. 3d, Ambitious honour, ver. 56.; from her throne, and from her temptation, ver. 57—59. The effect of this victory in Satan, ver. 60.; the angels, ver. 61.; the creatures, ver. 62.

There, all alone, she spy'd, alas, the while!
In shady darkness, a poor desolate,
That now had measur'd many a weary mile,
Through a waste desert, whither heav'nly fate,
And his own will, him brought. he praying sat,
And him to prey, as he to pray began,
The citizens of the wild forest ran,
And all with open throat would swallow whole the man.

Soon did the lady to her Graces cry,
And on their wings herself did nimbly strow.
After her coach a thousand Loves did fly,
So down into the wilderness they throw:
Where she, and all her train, that with her flow
Thorough the airy wave, with sails so gay,
Sinking into his breast that weary lay,
Made shipwreck of themselves, and vanish'd quite away.

Seemed that man had them devoured all,
Whom to devour the beasts did make pretence;
But him their salvage thirst did nought appal,
Though weapons none he had for his defence:
What arms for innocence, but innocence?
For when they saw their Lord's bright cognizance
Shine in his face, soon did they disadvance,
And some unto him kneel, and some about him dance.

Down fell the lordly lion's angry mood,
And he himself fell down in congies low;
Bidding him welcome to his wasteful wood.
Sometime he kist the grass where he did go,
And, as to wash his feet he well did know,
With fawning tongue he lickt away the dust,
And every one would nearest to him thrust,
And every one, with new, forgot his former lust.

Unmindful of himself, to mind his Lord,
The lamb stood gazing by the tyger's side,
As though between them they had made accord,
And on the lion's back the goat did ride,
Forgetful of the roughness of the hide.
If he stood still, their eyes upon him baited,
If walkt, they all in order on him waited,
And when he slept, they as his watch themselves conceited.

Wonder doth call me up to see: O no,
I cannot see, and therefore sink in wonder,
The man that shines as bright as God, not so,
For God he is himself, that close lies under
That man, so close, that no time can dissunder
That band; yet not so close, but from him break
Such beams, as mortal eyes are all too weak
Such sight to see, or it, if they should see, to speak.

Upon a grassy hillock he was laid,
With woody primroses befreckled;
Over his head the wanton shadows played
Of a wild olive, that her boughs so spread,
As with her leaves she seem'd to crown his head,
And her green arms t' embrace the Prince of Peace:
The sun so near, needs must the winter cease,
The Sun so near, another spring seem'd to increase.

His hair was black, and in small curls did twine,
As though it were the shadow of some light,
And underneath his face, as day, did shine;
But sure the day shined not half so bright,
Nor the Sun's shadow made so dark a night.
Under his lovely locks her head to shroud,
Did make Humility herself grow proud: [crowd.
Hither, to light their lamps, did all the Graces

One of ten thousand souls I am, and more,
That of his eyes, and their sweet wounds, complain;
Sweet are the wounds of Love, never so sore,
Ah, might he often slay me so again!
He never lives, that thus is never slain.
What boots it watch? Those eyes, for all my art,
Mine own eyes looking on, have stole my heart:
In them love bends his bow, and dips his burning dart.

As when the Sun, caught in an adverse cloud,
Flies cross the world, and there anew begets
The watry picture of his beauty proud,
Throws all abroad his sparkeling spanglets,
And the whole world in dire amazement sets,
To see two days abroad at once, and all
Doubt whether now he rise, or now will fall:
So flam'd the godly flesh, proud of his heav'nly thrall.

His cheeks, as snowy apples sopt in wine,
Had their red roses quenched with lilies white,
And like to garden strawberries did shine,
Washt in a bowl of milk, or rose-buds bright,
Unbosoming their breasts against the light. [made
Here love-sick souls did eat, there drank, and
Sweet smelling posies, that could never fade,
But worldly eyes him thought more like some living shade.

For laughter never look'd upon his brow,
Though in his face all smiling joys did bide:
No silken banners did about him flow,
Fools made their fetters ensigns of their pride:
He was best cloth'd when naked was his side.

A Lamb he was, and woollen fleece he bore,
Wove with one thread, his feet low sandals wore:
But bared were his legs, so went the times of yore.

As two white marble pillars that uphold
God's holy place where he in glory sets,
And rise with goodly grace and courage bold,
To bear his temple on their ample jets,
Vein'd every where with azure rivulets,
Whom all the people, on some holy morn,
With boughs and flowry garlands to adorn:
Of such, though fairer far, this temple was upborne.

Twice had Diana bent her golden bow,
And shot from Heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse
The sluggish salvages, that den below,
And all the day in lazy covert drouse,
Since him the silent wilderness did house:
The Heav'n his roof, and arbour harbour was,
The ground his bed, and his moist pillow grass:
But fruit there none did grow, nor rivers none did pass.

At length an aged sire far off he saw
Come slowly footing, every step he guest
One of his feet he from the grave did draw.
Three legs he had, the wooden was the best,
And all the way he went, he ever blest
With benedicities, and prayers store,
But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more,
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

A good old hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sins he might awaken.
And them might wash away with dropping brine,
And alms, and fasts, and church's discipline;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

But when he nearer came, he lowted low
With prone obeisance, and with curtsey kind,
That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw:
What needs him now another saint to find?
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,
That to this Saint a thousand souls convey
Each hour: O happy pilgrims, thither stray!
What caren they for beasts, or for the weary way?

Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems modelled in time;
For well that aged sire could tip his tongue
With golden foil of eloquence, and lime,
And lick his rugged speech with phrases prime.
"Ay me," quoth he, "how many years have been,
Since these old eyes the Sun of Heav'n have seen!
Certes the Son of Heav'n they now behold, I ween.

"Ah! mote my humble cell so blessed be
As Heav'n to welcome in his lowly roof,
And be the temple for thy deity!
Lo, how my cottage worships thee aloof,
That under ground hath hid his head, in proof
It doth adore thee with the cieling low,
Here honey, milk, and chesnuts, wild do grow,
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestow.

" But oh!" he said, and therewith sigh'd full deep,
" The Heav'ns alas! too envious are grown,
Because our fields thy presence from them keep;
For stones do grow where corn was lately sown:"
(So stooping down, he gather'd up a stone)
" But thou with corn can'st make this stone to ear.
What needen we the angry Heav'ns to fear?
Let them envy us still, so we enjoy thee here."

Thus on they wandred; but these holy weeds
A monstrous serpent, and no man, did cover.
So under greenest herbs the adder feeds;
And round about that stinking corps did hover
The dismal prince of gloomy night, and over
His ever-damned head the shadows err'd
Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard,
And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear'd.

He was the son of blackest Acheron,
Where many frozen souls do chatt'ring lie,
And rul'd the burning waves of Phlegethon,
Where many more in flaming sulphur fry.
At once compelled to live, and forc'd to die,
Where nothing can be heard for the loud cry
Of "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "Out, alas! that I
Or once again might live, or once at length might die!"

Ere long they came near to a baleful bower,
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
That gaping stood all comers to devour,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave.
The ground no herbs, but venomous, did bear,
Nor ragged trees did leave; but every where
Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hanged were.

Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat,
Elonging joyful day with her sad note,
And through the shady air the fluttering bat
Did wave her leather sails, and blindly float,
While with her wings the fatal screech owl smote
Th' unblessed house: there on a craggy stone
Celeno hung, and made his direful moan,
And all about the murdered ghosts did shriek and groan.

Like cloudy moonshine in some shadowy grove,
Such was the light in which Despair did dwell;
But he himself with night for darkness strove.
His black uncombed locks dishevell'd fell
About his face; through which, as brands of Hell,
Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,
That made him deadly look, their glimpse did show
Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poison throw.

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pinn'd fast;
And as he musing lay, to stony fright
A thousand wild chimeras would him cast:
As when a fearful dream in midst of night,
Skips to the brain, and phansies to the sight
Some winged fury, straight the hasty foot,
Eager to fly, cannot pluck up his root:
The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without boot.

Now he would dream that he from Heaven fell,
And then would snatch the air, afraid to fall;
And now he thought he sinking was to Hell,
And then would grasp the earth, and now his stall
Him seemed Hell, and then he out would craul:
And ever, as he crept, would squint aside,
Lest him, perhaps, some fury had espied,
And then, alas! he should in chains for ever bide.

Therefore he softly shrunk, and stole away,
He ever durst to draw his breath for fear,
Till to the door he came, and there he lay
Panting for breath, as though he dying were;
And still he thought he felt their craples tear
Him by the heels back to his ugly den:
Out fain he would have leapt abroad, but then
The Heav'n, as Hell, he fear'd, that punish guilty men.

Within the gloomy hole of this pale wight
The serpent woo'd him with his charms to inn,
There he might bait the day, and rest the night:
But under that same bait a fearful grin
Was ready to entangle him in sin,
But he upon ambrosia daily fed,
That grew in Eden, thus he answered:
So both away were caught, and to the temple fled.

Well knew our Saviour this the serpent was,
And the old serpent knew our Saviour well;
Never did any this in falsehood pass,
Never did any him in truth excell:
With him we fly to Heav'n, from Heav'n we fell
With him: but now they both together met
Upon the sacred pinnacles, that threat,
With their aspiring tops, Astræa's starry seat.

Here did Presumption her pavilion spread
Over the temple, the bright stars among,
(Ah, that her foot should trample on the head
Of that most reverend place!) and a lewd throng
Of wanton boys sung her a pleasant song
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace,
And every one her dearly did embrace,
And she herself enamour'd was of her own face.

A painted face, belied with vermeyl store,
Which light Euëlpis every day did trim,
That in one hand a gilded anchor wore,
Not fixed on the rock, but on the brim
Of the wide air, she let it loosely swim!
Her other hand a sprinkle carried,
And ever when her lady wavered,
Court holy-water all upon her sprinkled.

Poor fool! she thought herself in wondrous price
With God, as if in Paradise she were:
But, were she not in a fool's paradise,
She might have seen more reason to despair;
But him she, like some ghastly fiend, did fear.
And therefore as that wretch hew'd out his cell
Under the bowels, in the heart of Hell;
So she above the Moon, amid the stars, would dwell.

Her tent with sunny clouds was ciel'd aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,
That Heav'n itself to her it seemed oft,
Heav'n without clouds to her deluded sight;
But clouds withouten Heav'n it was aright:
And as her house was built, so did her brain
Build castles in the air, with idle pain,
But heart she never had in all her body vain.

Like as a ship, in which no balance lies,
Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies,
And painted masts with silken sails embraves,
That Neptune's self the bragging vessel saves,
To laugh a while at her so proud array;
Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling day:

But all so soon as Heav'n his brows doth bend,
She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams,
The empty bark the raging billows send
Up to th' Olympic waves, and Argus seems
Again to ride upon our lower streams:
Right so Presumption did herself behave,
Tossed about with every stormy wave, [brave.
And in white lawn she went, most like an angel

Gently our Saviour she began to shrive,
Whether he were the Son of God, or no;
For any other she disdain'd to wife:
And if he were, she bid him fearless throw
Himself to ground; and therewithal did show
A flight of little angels, that did wait
Upon their glittering wings, to latch him straight;
And longed on their backs to feel his glorious weight.

But when she saw her speech prevailed nought,
Herself she tumbled headlong to the floor:
But him the angels on their feathers caught,
And to an airy mountain nimbly bore,
Whose snowy shoulders, like some chalky shore,
Restless Olympus seem'd to rest upon
With all his swimming globes: so both are gone,
The Dragon with the Lamb. Ah, unmeet paragon!

All suddenly the hill his snow devours,
In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew,
As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,
Which their sweet breath in subtle vapours threw:
That all about perfumed spirits flew.
For whatsoever might aggrate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetence,
Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

Not lovely Ida might with this compare,
Though many streams his banks besilvered,
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bare:
Nor Hybla, though his thyme depastured,
As fast again with honey blossomed:
No Rhodope, no Tempe's flow'ry plain:
Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
Though Plato on his beds a flood of praise did rain.

For in all these some one thing most did grow,
But in this one grew all things else beside;
For sweet Variety herself did throw
To every bank, here all the ground she dide
In lily white, there pinks eblazed white,
And damask all the earth; and here she shed
Blue violets, and there came roses red:
And every sight the yielding sense as captive led.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of Heav'n were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew,
That hung upon their azure leaves, did show
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of Vain-delight was built.
White and red roses for her face were plac't,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt:
Them broadly she displayed, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd:
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colours living stand:
Or how her gown with silken leaves is drest,
Or how her watchman, arm'd with boughy crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at every wind their leavy spears,
While she supinely sleeps ne to be waked fears?

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine,
For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And her with ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.

Under the shadow of these drunken elms
A fountain rose, where Pangloretta uses
(When her some flood of fancy overwhelms,
And one of all her favourites she chooses)
To bathe herself, whom she in lust abuses,
And from his wanton body sucks his soul,
Which, drown'd in pleasure in that shallow bowl,
And swimming in delight, doth amorously roll.

The font of silver was, and so his showers
In silver fell, only the gilded bowls
(Like to a furnace, that the min'ral powers)
Seem'd to have mol't it in their shining holes:
And on the water, like to burning coals,
On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:
But when Panglory here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ran, and milk it rain'd, they say.

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boys
Three gaping mermaids with their ewers did feed,
Whose breasts let fall the streams, with sleepy noise,
To lions' mouths, from whence it leapt with speed,
And in the rosy laver seem'd to bleed,
The naked boys unto the water's fall,
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
When Zephyr breath'd into their wat'ry interail.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts a-ground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered:
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Us'd manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bow'r,
(Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize)
Our first destroyer led our Saviour;
There in the lower room, in solemn wise,
They danc'd a round, and pour'd their sacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
Chanted wild orgials, in honour of the feast.

Others within their arbours swilling sat,
(For all the room about was arboured)
With laughing Bacchus, that was grown so fat,
That stand he could not, but was carried,
And every evening freshly watered,
To quench his fiery cheeks, and all about [out
Small cocks broke through the wall, and sallied
Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spuing rout.

This their inhumed souls esteem'd their wealths,
To crown the bousing can from day to night,
And sick to drink themselves with drinking healths,
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
Hence to a loft, carv'd all in ivory white,
They came, where whiter ladies naked went,
Melted in pleasure and soft languishment,
And sunk in beds of roses, amorous glances sent.

Fly, fly, thou holy Child, that wanton room,
And thou, my chaster Muse, those harlots shun,
And with him to a higher story come,
Where mounts of gold and floods of silver run,
The while the owners, with their wealth undone,
Starve in their store, and in their plenty pine,
Tumbling themselves upon their heaps of mine,
Glutting their famish'd souls with the deceitful shine.

Ah! who was he such precious berils found?
How strongly Nature did her treasures hide,
And threw upon them mountains of thick ground,
To dark their ory lustre! but quaint Pride
Hath taught her sons to wound their mother's side,
And gage the depth, to search for flaring shells,
In whose bright bosom spumy Bacchus swells,
That neither Heaven nor Earth henceforth in safety dwells.

O sacred hunger of the greedy eye,
Whose need hath end, but no end covetise,
Empty in fulness, rich in poverty,
That having all things, nothing can suffice,
How thou befanciest the men most wise!
The poor man would be rich, the rich man great,
The great man king, the king in God's own seat
Enthron'd, with mortal arm dares flames, and thunder threat.

Therefore above the rest Ambition sate,
His court with glitterant pearl was all inwall'd,
And round about the wall, in chairs of state,
And most majestic splendour, were install'd
A hundred kings, whose temples were impall'd
In golden diadems, set here and there
With diamonds, and gemmed every where,
And of their golden virges none disceptred were.

High over all, Panglory's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of Heaven, shone:
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught:
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that, most like her glass,
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictured:
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such wat'ry orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath till it be waved higher:
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came, she 'gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome him withal:

"Love is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows:
Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,
And the Sun doth burn in love:
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild:
Love no med'cine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leavy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame,
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

"See, see the flowers that below,
Now as fresh as morning blow,
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows;
How they all unleaved die,
Losing their virginity;
Like unto a summer-shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth pass away,
There is danger in delay:
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sand of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne:
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me.
All the stars in Heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine:
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be."

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embosomed:
But he her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered.
So with her sire to Hell she took her flight,
(The starting air flew from the damned spright)
Where deeply both aggriev'd, plunged themselves in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his Father him a banquet brought,
Through the fine element; for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew:
And as he fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;
All thought to pass, and each was past all thought divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
Attemper'd to the lays angelical;
And to the birds the winds attune their noise;
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And echo back again revoiced all;
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homewards fly:
See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Christ's triumph over death on the cross, expressed, 1st, In general by his joy to undergo it; singing before he went to the garden, ver. 1, 2, 3. Mat. 26. 30.; by his grief in the undergoing it, ver. 4—6.; by the obscure fables of the Gentiles typing it, ver. 7, 8.; by the cause of it in him, his love, ver. 9.; by the effect it should have in us, ver. 10—12.; by the instrument, the cursed tree, ver. 13. 2d, Expressed in particular; 1st, by his fore-passion in the garden, ver. 14—25.; by his passion itself, amplified, 1st, From the general causes, ver. 26, 27.; parts, and effects of it, ver. 28, 29. 2d, From the particular causes, ver. 30, 31.; parts, and effects of it in Heaven, ver. 32—36.; in the heavenly spirits, ver. 37.; in the creatures subcelestial, ver. 38.; in the wicked Jews, ver. 39.; in Judas, ver. 40—51.; in the blessed saints, Joseph, &c. ver. 52—67.

So down the silver streams of Eridan,
On either side bank't with a lily wall,
Whiter than both, rides the triumphant swan,
And sings his dirge, and prophecies his fall,
Diving into his wat'ry funeral!
But Eridan to Cedron must submit
His flowery shore; nor can he envy it,
If, when Apollo sings, his swans do silent sit.

That heav'nly voice I more delight to hear,
Than gentle airs to breathe, or swelling waves
Against the sounding rocks their bosoms tear,
Or whistling reeds, that rutty Jordan laves,
And with their verdure his white head embraves,
To chide the winds, or hiving bees, that fly
About the laughing blossoms of sallowy,
Rocking asleep the idle grooms that lazy ly.

And yet how can I hear thee singing go,
When men, incens'd with hate, thy death foreset?
Or else, why do I hear thee sighing so,
When thou, inflam'd with love, their life dost get!
That love and hate, and sighs and songs are met?
But thus, and only thus, thy love did crave,
To send thee singing for us to thy grave,
While we sought thee to kill, and thou sought'st us to save.

When I remember Christ our burden bears,
I look for glory, but find misery;
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears;
I look that we should live, and find him die;
I look for angels' songs, and hear him cry:
Thus what I look, I cannot find so well;
Or rather, what I find I cannot tell, [swell.
These banks so narrow are, those streams so highly

Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin,
Suffers for us, and our joy springs in this;
Suffers to death, here is his manhood seen;
Suffers to rise, and here his Godhead is:
For man, that could not by himself have rise,
Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise,
And God, that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live by that sweet sacrifice.

Go, giddy brains, whose wits are thought so fresh,
Pluck all the flow'rs that Nature forth doth throw;
Go, stick them on the cheeks of wanton flesh:
Poor idol (forc'd at once to fall and grow)
Of fading roses, and of melting snow:
Your songs exceed your matter, this of mine,
The matter which it sings shall make divine;
As stars dull puddles gild, in which their beauties shine.

Who doth not see drown'd in Deucalion's name
(When earth his men, and sea had lost his shore)
Old Noah? and in Nisus' lock the fame
Of Samson yet alive? and long before
In Phaethon's, mine own fall I deplore;
But he that conquer'd Hell, to fetch again
His virgin widow, by a serpent slain,
Another Orpheus was then dreaming poets feign.

That taught the stones to melt for passion,
And dormant sea, to hear him, silent lie;
And at his voice, the wat'ry nation
To flock, as if they deem'd it cheap to buy
With their own deaths his sacred harmony:
The while the waves stood still to hear his song,
And steady shore wav'd with the reeling throng
Of thirsty souls, that hung upon his fluent tongue.

What better friendship, than to cover shame?
What greater love, than for a friend to die?
Yet this is better to asself the blame,
And this is greater for an enemy:
But more than this, to die not suddenly,

Not with some common death, or easy pain,
But slowly, and with torments to be slain:
O depth without a depth, far better seen than say'n!

And yet the Son is humbled for the slave,
And yet the slave is proud before the Son:
Yet the Creator for his creature gave
Himself, and yet the creature hastes to run
From his Creator, and self-good doth shun:
And yet the Prince, and God himself doth cry
To man, his traitour, pardon not to fly;
Yet man his God, and traitour doth his Prince defy.

Who is it sees not that he nothing is,
But he that nothing sees? what weaker breast,
Since Adam's armour fail'd, dares warrant his?
That made by God of all his creatures best,
Straight made himself the worst of all the rest.
"If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, both pow'r and will:"
The dead man cannot rise, though he himself may kill.

But let the thorny school these punctuals
Of wills, all good, or bad, or neuter diss;
Such joy we gained by our parentals,
That good, or bad, whether I cannot wish,
To call it a mishap, or happy miss,
That fell from Eden, and to Heav'n did rise:
Albe the mitred card'nal more did prize
His part in Paris, than his part in Paradise.

A tree was first the instrument of strife,
Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute;
A tree is now the instrument of life,
Though all that trunk, and this fair body suit:
Ah, cursed tree! and yet O blessed fruit!
That death to him, this life to us doth give:
Strange is the cure, when things past cure revive,
And the Physician dies, to make his patient live.

Sweet Eden was the arbour of delight,
Yet in his honey flow'rs our poison blew;
Sad Gethseman the bow'r of baleful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poison grew:
So we from sweetest flow'rs could suck our bane,
And Christ from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

A man was first the author of our fall,
A man is now the author of our rise:
A garden was the place we perish'd all,
A garden is the place he pays our price:
And the old serpent with a new device,
Hath found a way himselfe for to beguile:
So he that all men tangled in his wile,
Is now by one man caught, beguil'd with his own guile.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade
Immantled all the world, and the stiff ground
Sparkled in ice, only the Lord, that made
All for himself, himself dissolved found,
Sweat without heat, and bled without a wound:
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and God, and man forlore,
Thrice begging help of those, whose sins he bore,
And thrice denied of those, not to deny had swore.

Yet had he been alone of God forsaken,
Or had his body been embroil'd alone
In fierce assault; he might, perhaps, have taken
Some joy in soul, when all joy else was gone,
But that with God, and God to Heav'n is flown;
And Hell itself out from her grave doth rise,
Black as the starless night, and with them flies,
Yet blacker than they both, the son of blasphemies.

As when the planets, with unkind aspect,
Calls from her cave the meagre pestilence:
The sacred vapour, eager to infect,
Obeys the voice of the sad influence,
And vomits up a thousand noisome scents,
The well of life, flaming his golden flood
With the sick air, fevers the boiling blood,
And poisons all the body with contagious food.

The bold physician, too incautelous,
By those he cures himself is murdered:
Kindness infects, pity is dangerous,
And the poor infant, yet not fully bred,
There where he should be born lies buried:
So the dark prince, from his infernal cell,
Casts up his grisly torturers of Hell,
And whets them to revenge with this insulting spell.

"See how the world smiles in eternal peace,
While we, the harmless brats, and rusty throng
Of night, our snakes in curls do prank and dress:
Why sleep our drowsy scorpions so long?
Where is our wonted virtue to do wrong?
Are we ourselves? or are we graces grown?
The sons of Hell, or Heav'n? was never known
Our whips soover-moss'd, and brands so deadly blown.

"O long-desired, never hop'd-for hour,
When our tormentor shall our torments feel!
Arm, arm yourselves, sad dires of my pow'r,
And make our judge for pardon to us kneel:
Slice, lanch, dig, tear him with your whips of steel,
Myself in honour of so noble prize,
Will pour you reeking blood, shed with the cries
Of hasty heirs, who their own fathers sacrifice."

With that a flood of poison, black as Hell,
Out from his filthy gorge the beast did spue,
That all about his blessed body fell,
And thousand flaming serpents hissing flew
About his soul, from hellish sulphur threw,
And every one brandish'd his fiery tongue,
And worming all about his soul they clung;
But he their stings tore out, and to the ground them flung.

So have I seen a rock's heroic breast,
Against proud Neptune, that his ruin threats,
When all his waves he hath to battle prest,
And with a thousand swelling billows beats
The stubborn stone, and foams, and chafs and frets
To heave him from his root, unmoved stand;
And more in heaps the barking surges band,
The more in pieces beat, fly weeping to the strand.

So may we oft a vent'rous father see,
To please his wanton son, his only joy,
Coast all about, to catch the roving bee,
And stung himself, his busy hands employ
To save the honey for the gamesome boy:
Or from the snake her ranc'rous teeth eraze,
Making his child the toothless serpent chace,
Or with his little hands her tim'rous gorge embrace.

Thus Christ himself to watch and sorrow gives,
While dew'd in easy sleep, dead Peter lies.
Thus man in his own grave securely lives,
While Christ alive, with thousand horrours dies,
Yet more for theirs, than his own pardon cries:
No sins he had, yet all our sins he bare,
So much doth God for others' evils care,
And yet so careless men for their own evils are.

See drowsy Peter, see where Judas wakes,
Where Judas kisses him whom Peter flies:
O kiss more deadly than the sting of snakes!
False love more hurtful than true injuries!
Aye me! how dearly God his servant buys?
For God his man at his own blood doth hold,
And man his God for thirty-pence had sold.
So tin for silver goes, and dunghill-dross for gold.

Yet was it not enough for Sin to choose
A servant, to betray his Lord to them;
But that a subject must his king accuse,
But that a Pagan must his God condemn,
But that a Father must his Son contemn,
But that the Son must his own death desire,
That prince, and people, servant, and the sire,
Gentile, and Jew, and he against himself conspire?

Was this the oil, to make thy saints adore thee,
The frothy spittle of the rascal throng?
Are these the virges, that are borne before thee,
Base whips of cord, and knotted all along?
Is this thy golden sceptre, against wrong,
A reedy cane? is that the crown adorns
Thy shining locks, a crown of spiny thorns?
Are these the angels' hymns, the priests' blasphemous scorns?

Who ever saw honour before asham'd;
Afflicted majesty, debased height,
Innocence guilty, honesty defam'd;
Liberty bound, health sick, the Sun in night?
But since such wrong was offer'd unto right,
Our night is day, our sickness health is grown,
Our shame is veil'd: this now remains alone
For us, since he was ours, that we be not our own.

Night was ordained for rest, and not for pain;
But they, to pain their Lord, their rest contemn,
Good laws to save, what bad men would have slain,
And not bad judges, with one breath, by them
The innocent to pardon, and condemn:
Death for revenge of murderers, not decay
Of guiltless blood, but now all headlong sway
Man's murderer to save, man's Saviour to slay.

Frail multitude! whose giddy law is list,
And best applause is windy flattering,
Most like the breath of which it doth consist,
No sooner blown, but as soon vanishing,
As much desir'd, as little profiting,
That makes the men that have it oft as light
As those that give it, which the proud invite,
And fear; the bad man's friend, the good man's hypocrite.

It was but now their sounding clamours sung,
"Blessed is he that comes from the Most High!"
And all the mountains with "Hosannah" rung;
And now, "Away with him, away!" they cry,
And nothing can be heard but "Crucify!"
It was but now, the crown itself they save,
And golden name of king unto him gave;
And now, no king, but only Cæsar, they will have.

It was but now they gathered blooming May,
And of his arms disrob'd the branching tree,
To strow with boughs and blossoms all thy way;
And now the branchless trunk a cross for thee,
And May, dismay'd, thy coronet must be:
It was but now they were so kind to throw
Their own best garments, where thy feet should go;
And now thyself they strip, and bleeding wounds they show.

See where the Author of all life is dying:
O fearful day! he dead, what hope of living?
See where the hopes of all our lives are buying:
O cheerful day! they bought, what fear of grieving?
Love, love for hate, and death for life is giving:
Lo, how his arms are stretch'd abroad to grace thee,
And, as they open stand, call to embrace thee:
Why stay'st thou then, my soul! O fly, fly, thither haste thee.

His radious head with shameful thorns they tear,
His tender back with bloody whips they rent,
His side and heart they furrow with a spear,
His hands and feet with riving nails they tent,
And, as to disentrail his soul they meant,
They jolly at his grief, and make their game,
His naked body to expose to shame,
That all might come to see, and all might see that came.

Whereat the Heav'n put out his guilty eye
That durst behold so execrable sight,
And sabled all in black the shady sky,
And the pale stars, struck with unwonted fright,
Quenched their everlasting lamps in night:
And at his birth, as all the stars Heav'n had
Were not enow, but a new star was made;
So now, both new, and old, and all away did fade.

The mazed angels shook their fiery wings,
Ready to lighten vengeance from God's throne;
One down his eyes upon the manhood flings,
Another gazes on the Godhead, none
But surely thought his wits were not his own.
Some flew to look if it were very he;
But when God's arm unarmed they did see,
Albe they saw it was, they vow'd it could not be.

The sadded air hung all in cheerless black,
Through which the gentle winds soft sighing flew,
And Jordan into such huge sorrow brake,
(As if his holy stream no measure knew)
That all his narrow banks he overthrew;
The trembling earth with horrour inly shook,
And stubborn stones such grief unused to brook,
Did burst, and ghosts awaking from their graves 'gan look.

The wise philosopher cried, all aghast,
"The God of nature surely languished;"
The sad Centurion cried out as fast,
"The Son of God, the Son of God was dead;"
The headlong Jew hung down his pensive head,
And homewards far'd; and ever, as he went,
He smote his breast, half desperately bent;
The very woods and beasts did seem his death lament.

The graceless traitour round about did look,
(He look'd not long, the devil quickly met him)
To find a halter, which he found, and took,
Only a gibbet now he needs must get him;
So on a wither'd tree he fairly set him;
And help'd him fit the rope, and in his thought
A thousand furies, with their whips, he brought;
So there he stands, ready to Hell to make his vault.

For him a waking bloodhound, yelling loud,
That in his bosom long had sleeping laid,
A guilty conscience, barking after blood,
Pursued eagerly, nay, never stay'd,
Till the betrayer's self it had betray'd.
Oft chang'd he place, in hope away to wind;
But change of place could never change his mind:
Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to find.

There is but two ways for this soul to have,
When parting from the body, forth it purges;
To flie to Heav'n, or fall into the grave,
Where whips of scorpions, with the stinging scourges,
Feed on the howling ghosts, and fiery surges
Of brimstone roll about the cave of night,
Where flames do burn, and yet no spark of light,
And fire both fries, and freezes the blaspheming spright.

There lies the captive soul, aye-sighing sore,
Reck'ning a thousand years since her first bands;
Yet stays not there, but adds a thousand more,
And at another thousand never stands,
But tells to them the stars, and heaps the sands:
And now the stars are told, and sands are run,
And all those thousand thousand myriads done,
And yet but now, alas! but now all is begun.

With that a flaming brand a fury catch'd,
And shook, and toss'd it round in his wild thought:
So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatch'd,
With every star of hope; and as he sought
(With present fear, and future grief distraught)
To fly from his own heart, and aid implore
Of him, the more he gives, that hath the more,
Whose storehouse is the Heav'ns, too little for his store.

"Stay wretch on Earth," cried Satan, "restless rest:
Know'st thou not justice lives in Heav'n? or can
The worst of creatures live among the best:
Among the blessed angels cursed man?
Will Judas now become a Christian? [mind?
Whither will hope's long wings transport thy
Or canst thou not thyself a sinner find?
Or cruel to thyself, wouldst thou have mercy kind?

"He gave thee life: why should thou seek to slay him?
He lent thee wealth, to feed thy avarice;
He call'd thee friend; what, that thou shouldst betray him?
He kiss'd thee, though he knew his life the price;
He wash'd thy feet: should'st thou his sacrifice?
He gave thee bread, and wine, his body, blood,
And at thy heart to enter in he stood;
But then I enter'd in, and all my snaky brood."

As when wild Pentheus, grown mad with fear,
Whole troops of hellish hags about him spies,
Two bloody suns stalking the dusky sphere,
And twofold Thebes runs rolling in his eyes:
Or through the scene staring Orestes flies,
With eyes flung back upon his mother's ghost,
That, with infernal serpents all emboss'd,
And torches quench'd in blood, doth her stern son accost.

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed forms
Of damned fiends, flew dancing in his heart,
That now, unable to endure their storms,
"Fly, fly," he cries, "thyself, whate'er thou art,
Hell, Hell already burns in every part."
So down into his torturers' arms he fell,
That ready stood his funerals to yell,
And in a cloud of night to waft him quick to Hell.

Yet oft he snatch'd, and started as he hung:
So when the senses half enslumber'd lie,
The headlong body, ready to be flung
By the deluding fancy from some high
And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
And clasps the yielding pillow, half asleep,
And, as from Heav'n it tumbled to the deep,
Feels a cold sweat through every trembling member creep.

There let him hang embowelled in blood,
Where never any gentle shepherd feed
His blessed flocks, nor ever heav'nly flood
Fall on the cursed ground, nor wholesome seed,
That may the least delight or pleasure breed:
Let never spring visit his habitation,
But nettles, kix, and all the weedy nation,
With empty elders grow, sad signs of desolation.

There let the dragon keep his habitance,
And stinking carcases be thrown avaunt,
Fauns, sylvans, and deformed satyrs dance,
Wild cats, wolves, toads, and screech-owls direly chant;
There ever let some restless spirit haunt,
With hollow sound, and clashing chains to scar
The passenger, and eyes like to the star,
That sparkles in the crest of angry Mars afar.

But let the blessed dews for ever show'r
Upon that ground, in whose fair fields I spy
The bloody ensign of our Saviour.
Strange conquest where the conqueror must die,
And he is slain, that wins the victory:
But he, that living, had no house to owe it,
Now had no grave, but Joseph must bestow it:
O run ye saints apace, and with sweet flowers bestrow it!

And ye glad spirits, that now sainted sit
On your celestial thrones, in beauty drest,
Though I your tears recount, O let it not
With after sorrow wound your tender breast,
Or with new grief unquiet your soft rest!
Enough is me your plaints to sound again,
That never could enough myself complain.
Sing then, O sing aloud, thou Arimathean swain!

But long he stood, in his faint arms upholding
The fairest spoil Heav'n ever forfeited,
With such a silent passion grief unfolding,
That, had the sheet but on himself been spread,
He for the corse might have been buried:
And with him stood the happy thief that stole
By night his own salvation, and a shoal
Of Maries drowned, round about him, sat in dole.

At length, (kissing his lips before he spake,
As if from thence he fetch'd again his ghost)
To Mary thus with tears his silence brake:
"Ah, woful soul! what joy in all our coast,
When him we hold, we have already lost?
Once didst thou lose thy son, but foundst again;
Now find'st thy son, but find'st him lost and slain.
Ah me! though he could death, how canst thou life sustain?

"Where'er, dear Lord! thy shadow hovereth,
Blessing the place, wherein it deigns abide;
Look how the Earth dark horrour covereth,
Clothing in mournful black her naked side,
Willing her shadow up to Heav'n to glide,
To see, and if it meet thee wand'ring there,
That so, and if herself must miss thee here,
At least her shadow may her duty to thee bear.

"See how the Sun in day-time clouds his face,
And lagging Vesper, loosing his late team,
Forgets in Heaven to run his nightly race:
But, sleeping on bright Œta's top, doth dream
The world a chaos is, no joyful beam
Looks from his starry bower, the Heav'ns do moan,
And trees drop tears, lest we should grieve alone,
The winds have learn'd to sigh, and waters hoarsely groan.

"And you, sweet flow'rs, that in this garden grow,
Whose happy states a thousand souls envy,
Did you your own felicities but know,
Yourselves uppluck'd would to his funeral hie,
You never could in better season die:
O that I might into your places slide!
The gates of Heav'n stand gaping in his side.
There in my soul should steal, and all her faults should hide.

"Are these the eyes that made all others blind?
Ah! why are they themselves now blemished!
Is this the face in which all beauty shin'd?
What blast hath thus his flowers debellished?
Are these the feet, that on the wat'ry head
Of the unfaithful ocean passage found?
Why go they now so lowly under ground,
Wash'd with our worthless tears, and their own precious wound?

"One hem but of the garments that he wore,
Could medicine whole countries of their pain;
One touch of this pale hand could life restore;
One word of these cold lips revive the slain:
Well the blind man thy Godhead might maintain,
What though the sullen Pharisees repin'd?
He that should both compare, at length would find
The blind man only saw, the seers all were blind.

"Why should they think thee worthy to be slain?
Was it because thou gav'st their blind men eyes?
Or that thou mad'st their lame to walk again?
Or for thou heal'dst their sick men's maladies?
Or mad'st their dumb to speak, and dead to rise!
O could all these but any grace have won,
What would they not to save thy life have done?
The dumb man would have spoke, and lame man would have run.

"Let me, O let me near some fountain lie,
That through the rock heaves up his sandy head;
Or let me dwell upon some mountain high,
Whose hollow root and baser parts are spread
On fleeting waters, in his bowels bred,
That I their streams, and they my tears may feed:
Or clothed in some hermit's ragged weed,
Spend all my days in weeping for this cursed deed!

"The life, the which I once did love, I leave;
The love, in which I once did live, I lothe;
I hate the light, that did my light bereave;
But love, and life, I do despise you both.
O that one grave might both our ashes clothe!
A love, a life, a light I now obtain,
Able to make my age grow young again,
Able to save the sick, and to revive the slain.

"Thus spend we tears that never can be spent,
On him, that sorrow now no more shall see;
Thus send we sighs; that never can be sent,
To him that died to live, and would not be,
To be there where he would: here bury we
This heav'nly earth; here let it softly sleep,
The fairest Shepherd of the fairest sheep."
So all the body kiss'd, and homewards went to weep.

So home their bodies went to seek repose;
But at the grave they left their souls behind:
O who the force of love celestial knows!
That can the chains of Nature's self unbind,
Sending the body home without the mind.
Ah, blessed Virgin! what high angel's art
Can ever count thy tears, or sing thy smart,
When every nail, that pierc'd his hand, did pierce thy heart?

So Philomel, perch'd on an aspen sprig,
Weeps all the night her lost virginity,
And sings her sad tale to the merry twig,
That dances at such joyful misery,
Ne ever lets sweet rest invade her eye:
But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast,
Expresses in her song grief not to be express'd.

So when the lark (poor bird!) afar espy'th
Her yet unfeather'd children (whom to save
She strives in vain) slain by the fatal scythe,
Which from the meadow her green locks doth shave,
That their warm nest is now become their grave;
The woeful mother up to Heav'n springs,
And all about her plaintive notes she flings,
And their untimely fate most pitifully sings.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH AFTER DEATH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Christ's triumph after death, 1st, In his resurrection, manifested by its effects in the creatures, ver. 1—7.; in himself, ver. 8—12. 2d, In his ascension into Heaven, whose joys are described, ver. 13—16.; 1st, By the access of all good, the blessed society of the saints, angels, &c. ver. 17—19. The sweet quiet and peace enjoyed under God, ver. 20.; shadowed by the peace we enjoy under our sovereign,— ver. 21 26. The beauty of the place, ver. 27.; the carity (as the school calls it) of the saints' bodies, ver. 28—31.; the impletion of the appetite, ver. 32, 33.; the joy of the senses, &c. ver. 34. 2d, By the amotion of all evil, ver. 35, 36.; by the access of all good again, ver. 37.; in the glory of the holy city, ver. 38.; in the beatifical visitation of God, ver. 39.

But now the second morning from her bow'r
Began to glister in her beams, and now
The roses of the day began to flow'r
In th' eastern garden; for Heav'n's smiling brow
Half insolent for joy begun to show;
The early Sun came lively dancing out,
And the brag lambs ran wantoning about,
That Heav'n and Earth might seem in triumph both to shout.

Th' engladden'd spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began t' emblazon from her leavy bed:
The waking swallow broke her half-year's sleep,
And every bush lay deeply purpured
With violets, the wood's late wintry head
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

And now the taller sons (whom Titan warms)
Of unshorn mountains, blown with easy winds,
Dandled the morning's childhood in their arms,
And, if they chanc'd to slip the prouder pines,
The under corylets did catch the shines,
To gild their leaves; saw never happy year
Such joyful triumph and triumphant cheer,
As though the aged world anew created were.

Say, Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
And stick'st thy habit full of daisies red?
Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
And some new-found-out bridegroom mean'st to wed:
Tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparelled,
So never let the spiteful canker waste you,
So never let the Heav'ns with lightning blast you,
Why go you now so trimly drest, or whither haste you?

Answer me, Jordan, why thy crooked tide
So often wanders from his nearest way,
As though some other way thy stream would slide,
And fain salute the place where something lay?
And you, sweet birds, that, shaded from the ray,
Sit caroling, and piping grief away,
The while the lambs to hear you dance and play,
Tell me, sweet birds, what is it you so fain would say?

And thou, fair spouse of Earth, that every year
Gett'st such a numerous issue of thy bride,
How chance thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st more near?
Sure thou somewhere some worthy sight hast spy'd,
That in one place for joy thou canst not hide;
And you, dead swallows, that so lively now
Through the fleet air your winged passage row,
How could new life into your frozen ashes flow?

Ye primroses, and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leavy bed,
And woo men's hands to rent you from your sets,
As though you would somewhere be carried,
With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished?
But ah! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
You all would to your Saviour's triumphs go:
There would ye all await, and humble homage do.

There should the Earth herself with garlands new
And lovely flow'rs embellished adore:
Such roses never in her garland grew,
Such lilies never in her breast she wore,
Like beauty never yet did shine before:
There should the Sun another Sun behold,
From whence himself borrows his locks of gold,
That kindle Heav'n and Earth with beauties manifold.

There might the violet, and primrose sweet,
Beams of more lively and more lovely grace,
Arising from their beds of incense, meet;
There should the swallow see new life embrace
Dead ashes, and the grave unheal his face,
To let the living from his bowels creep,
Unable longer his own dead to keep:
There Heav'n and earth should see their Lord awake from sleep.

Their Lord, before by others judged to die,
Now judge of all himself; before forsaken
Of all the world, that from his aid did fly,
Now by the saints into their armies taken;
Before for an unworthy man mistaken,
Now worthy to be God confess'd; before
With blasphemies by all the basest tore,
Now worshipped by angels, that him low adore.

Whose garment was before indipt in blood,
But now imbrighten'd into heav'nly flame,
The Sun itself outglitters, though he should
Climb to the top of the celestial frame,
And force the stars to hide themselves for shame:
Before, that under earth was buried,
But now above the Heav'ns is carried,
And there for ever by the angels heried.

So fairest Phosphor, the bright morning star,
But newly wash'd in the green element,
Before the drowsy night is half aware,
Shooting his flaming locks with dew besprent,
Springs lively up into the orient,
And the bright drove, fleec'd all in gold, he chases
To drink, that on the Olympic mountain grazes.
The while the minor planets forfeit all their faces.

So long he wand'red in our lower sphere,
That Heav'n began his cloudy stars despise,
Half envious, to see on Earth appear
A greater light than flam'd in his own skies:
At length it burst for spite, and out there flies
A globe of winged angels, swift as thought,
That on their spotted feathers lively caught
The sparkling earth, and to their azure fields it brought.

The rest, that yet amazed stood below,
With eyes cast up, as greedy to be fed,
And hands upheld, themselves to ground did throw:
So when the Trojan boy was ravished,
As through th' Idalian woods they say he fled,
His aged guardian stood all dismay'd,
Some lest he should have fallen back afraid,
And some their hasty vows, and timely prayers said.

"Toss up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of Glory enter in:
At whose brave volley of sidereal states,
The Sun to blush, and stars grow pale were seen;
When, leaping first from Earth, he did begin
To climb his angels' wings, then open hang
Your crystal doors;" so all the chorus sang
Of heav'nly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

Hark how the floods clap their applauding hands,
The pleasant valleys singing for delight,
And wanton mountains dance about the lands,
The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,
Set all their flow'rs a smiling at the sight;
The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the sound
Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown'd
The flaming lamb, breaking through Heav'n hath passage found.

Out leap the antique patriarchs all in haste,
To see the pow'rs of Hell in triumph led,
And with small stars a garland intercha'st
Of olive-leaves they bore to crown his head,
That was before with thorns degloried:
After them flew the prophets, brightly stol'd
In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their ivory harps, strung all in cords of gold.

To which the saints victorious carols sung,
Ten thousand saints at once, that with the sound
The hollow vaults of Heav'n for triumph rung:
The cherubims their clamours did confound
With all the rest, and clapt their wings around:
Down from their thrones the dominations flow,
And at his feet their crowns and sceptres throw,
And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

Nor can the martyrs' wounds them stay behind,
But out they rush among the heav'nly crowd,
Seeking their Heav'n out of their Heav'n to find,
Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud,
And all the virgin souls in pure array
Came dancing forth and making joyous play;
So him they led along into the courts of day.

So him they led into the courts of day,
Where never war, nor wounds abide him more,
But in that house eternal peace doth play,
Acquieting the souls that new besore
Their way to Heav'n through their own blood did score,
But now, estranged from all misery,
As far as Heav'n and Earth discoasted lie,
Swelter in quiet waves of immortality.

And if great things by smaller may be guest,
So, in the midst of Neptune's angry tide,
Our Britain island, like the weedy nest
Of true halcyon, on the waves doth ride,
And softly failing, scorns the water's pride:
While all the rest, drown'd on the continent,
And tost in bloody waves, their wounds lament,
And stand, to see our peace, as struck with wonderment.

The ship of France religious waves do toss,
And Greece itself is now grown barbarous;
Spain's children hardly dare the ocean cross,
And Belge's field lies waste, and ruinous;
That unto those, the heav'ns are envious,
And unto them, themselves are strangers grown,
And unto these, the seas are faithless known,
And unto her, alas! her own is not her own.

Here only shut we Janus' iron gates,
And call the welcome Muses to our springs,
And are put pilgrims from our heav'nly states,
The while the trusty Earth sure plenty brings,
And ships through Neptune safely spread their wings.
Go blessed island, wander where thou please,
Unto thy God, or men, Heav'n, lands, or seas:
Thou canst not lose thy way, thy king with all hath peace.

Dear prince, thy subjects' joy, hope of their heirs,
Picture of Peace, or breathing image rather,
The certain argument of all our prayers,
Thy Harries, and thy country's lovely father,
Let peace in endless joys for ever bathe her
Within thy sacred breast, that at my birth
Brought'st her with thee from Heav'n, to dwell on Earth,
Making our Earth a Heav'n, and paradise of mirth.

Let not my liege disdain these humble lays,
As lick't with soft and supple blandishment,
Or spoken to disparagon his praise;
For though pale Cynthia, near her brother's tent,
Soon disappears in the white firmament,
And gives him back the beams, before were his;
Yet when he verges, or is hardly ris,
She the vive image of her absent brother is.

Nor let the Prince of Peace his beadsman blame,
That with the steward dares his Lord compare,
And heav'nly peace with earthly quiet shame:
So pines to lowly plants compared are,
And lightning Phœbus to a little star:
And well I wot, my rhyme, albe unsmooth,
Ne says but what it means, ne means but sooth,
Ne harms the good, ne good to harmful person doth.

Gaze but upon the house where man embow'rs:
With flow'rs and rushes paved is his way,
Where all the creatures are his servitours,
The winds do sweep his chambers every day,
And clouds do wash his rooms, the cieling gay,
Starred aloft, the gilded knobs embrave:
If such a house God to another gave,
How shine those glittering courts, he for himself will have?

And if a sullen cloud, as sad as night,
In which the Sun may seem embodied
Depur'd of all his dross, we see so white,
Burning in melted gold his watery head,
Or round with ivory edges silvered;
What lustre super-excellent will he
Lighten on those that shall his sunshine see
In that all-glorious court, in which all glories be?

If but one sun with his diffusive fires [light,
Can paint the stars, and the whole world with
And joy and life into each heart inspires,
And every saint shall shine in Heav'n, as bright
As doth the sun in his transcendent might,
(As faith may well believe what truth once says)
What shall so many suns' united rays,
But dazzle all the eyes, that now in Heav'n we praise?

Here let my Lord hang up his conquering lance,
And bloody armour with late slaughter warm,
And looking down on his weak militants,
Behold his saints, mid'st of their hot alarm,
Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm.
And in this lower field dispacing wide,
Through windy thoughts, that would their sails misguide,
Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

Here may the band, that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heav'nly minds,
Pitcht round about in order glorious,
Their sunny tents, and houses luminous,
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end, without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

Full, yet without satiety, of that
Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,
Where never sun did rise, nor ever sat,
But one eternal day, and endless light
Gives time to those, whose time is infinite,
Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
Beholding him, whom never eye could see,
And magnifying him, that cannot greater be.

How can such joy as this want words to speak?
And yet what words can speak such joy as this?
Far from the world, that might their quiet break,
Here the glad souls the face of beauty kiss,
Pour'd out in pleasure on their beds of bliss.
And drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold
Their eyes on him, whose graces manifold
The more they do behold, the more they would behold.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
Their brain sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
That on God's sweating altar burning lies;
Their hungry ears feed on the heav'nly noise,
That angels sing, to tell their untold joys;
Their understanding naked truth, their wills
The all, and self-sufficient goodness fills,
That nothing here is wanting, but the want of ills.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace,
No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joys looks, and laughs at pain;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
And old man how he came so young again;
Still resting, though from sleep they still restrain,
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe;
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know;
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

For things that pass are past, and in this field
The indeficient spring no winter fears;
The trees together fruit and blossom yield,
Th' unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
And crimson rose a scarlet garment wears:
And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below:
Three rivers here of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

About the holy city rolls a flood
Of molten chrystal, like a sea of glass,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood,
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass:
Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
And little pearls, for dust, it seem'd to have,
On which soft-streaming manna, like pure snow,
did wave.

In mid'st of this city celestial,
Where the eternal temple should have rose,
Light'ned th' idea beatifical:
End, and beginning of each thing that grows,
Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows,
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear;
Yet sees, and hears, and is all eye, all ear,
That nowhere is contain'd, and yet is every where.

Changer of all things, yet immutable;
Before, and after all, the first, and last:
That moving all is yet immoveable;
Great without quantity, in whose forecast
Things past are present, things to come are past;
Swift without motion, to whose open eye
The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie;
At once absent, and present to them, far, and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light;
No sweet consent; or well-tim'd harmony;
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite;
Or flow'ry odour, mixt with spicery;
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily:
And yet it is a kind of inward feast;
A harmony, that sounds within the breast;
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

A heav'nly feast no hunger can consume;
A light unseen, yet shines in ev'ry place;
A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter; an entire embrace,
That no satiety can e'er unlace:
Ingrac'd into so high a favour, there
The saints, with their beau-peers, whole worlds outwear;
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains;
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains
Amongst those white flocks and celestial trains
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes; and frame
That heav'nly music of so wond'rous fame,
Psalming aloud the holy honours of his name!

Had I a voice of steel to tune my song;
Were every verse as smooth as smoothest glass;
And every member turned to a tongue;
And every tongue were made of sounding brass;
Yet all that skill, and all this strength, alas!
Should it presume t' adorn (were misadvis'd)
The place, where David had new songs devis'd,
As in his burning throne he sits emparadis'd.

Most happy prince, whose eyes those stars behold,
Treading ours under feet, now mayst thou pour
That overflowing skill, wherewith of old
Thou wont'st to smooth rough speech; now mayst thou show'r
Fresh streams of praise upon that holy bow'r,
Which well we Heav'n call, not that it rolls,
But that it is the Heaven of our souls:
Most happy prince, whose sight so heav'nly sight beholds!

Ah, foolish shepherds! who were wont t' esteem
Your God all rough, and shaggy-hair'd to be!
And yet far wiser shepherds than ye deem,
For who so poor (though who so rich) as he,
When sojourning with us in low degree,
He wash'd his flocks in Jordan's spotless tide;
And that his dear remembrance might abide,
Did to us come, and with us lived, and for us died.

But now such lively colours did embeam
His sparkling forehead; and such shining rays
Kindled his flaming locks, that down did stream
In curls along his neck, where sweetly plays
(Singing his wounds of love in sacred lays)
His dearest Spouse, Spouse of the dearest Lover,
Knitting a thousand knots over and over,
And dying still for love, but they her still recover.

Fairest of Fairs, that at his eyes doth dress
Her glorious face; those eyes, from whence are shed
Attractions infinite; where to express
His love, High God! all Heav'n as captive leads,
And all the banners of his grace dispreads,
And in those windows doth his arms englaze,
And on those eyes the angels all do gaze,
And from those eyes the lights of Heav'n obtain their blaze.

But let the Kentish lad*, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound,
Young Thyrsilis; and for his music brought
The willing spheres from Heav'n, to lead around
The dancing nymphs and swains, that sung, and crown'd
Eclecta's Hymen with ten thousand flow'rs
Of choicest praise; and hung her heav'nly bow'rs
With saffron garlands, dress'd for nuptial paramours.

Let his shrill trumpet, with her silver blast
Of fair Eclecta, and her spousal bed,
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth encomiast:
But my green Muse, hiding her younger head
Under old Camus' flaggy banks, that spread
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
With their own wat'ry shadows wanton play,
Dares not those high amours and love-sick songs assay.

Impotent words, weak lines, that strive in vain:
In vain, alas, to tell so heav'nly sight!
To heav'nly sight, as none can greater feign,
Feign what he can, that seems of greatest might:
Could any yet compare with Infinite?
Infinite sure those joys; my words but light;
Light is the palace where she dwells.—O then, how bright!

* The author of the Purple Island.

GEORGE WITHER.

Died about 1677.

Lo, this is he whose infant muse began
To brave the world before years styled him man!
Though praise he slight, and scorns to make his rhymes
Beg favours or opinion of the times,
Yet few by good men have been more approved,
None so unseen, so generally loved.

These verses are engraved under a portrait of the poet, bearing this circumscription: "G. W. An° Ætatis suæ 21. 1611. I grow and wither both together." This very rare print has been re-engraved for the British Bibliographer, in which work more information has been collected concerning George Wither and his numerous publications than has any where else been brought together. The print represents him as a youth not less ambitious in his attire than in his poetical aspirations; but the course of his perturbed life, however unfavourable it may have been in some respects to his moral and intellectual nature, soon weaned him from the pomps and vanities of the world.

George Wither was born at Bentworth, near Alton, in Hampshire, June 11. 1588. His father, George Wither, of Bentworth, was the first son by a second marriage of —— Wither of Manydowne, at which seat the representative of the family still resides. His first education he received under John Greaves of Colemore, a schoolmaster celebrated in his day. About 1604, he was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford; but almost as soon as he had begun to profit by the studies of the place, some low-minded advisers persuaded his father to put him to a mechanic trade, because, they pretended, nothing was to be got by learning. His spirit rose against this destination; there appeared some hope that he might make his way at court; to London, therefore, he went, entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and soon became known as a poet. In 1613, he published some satires, entitled "Abuses Stript and Whipt;" and though the satire was general (for there is not a personal allusion throughout), and the poems contain not a libellous line, nor an unseemly expression, nor an immoral thought, general satire was then so little tolerated, that he was committed to the Marshalsea for the publication. There he wrote "The Shepheards Hunting," which is the most poetical of his writings; and from thence he was released through the interference of the Princess Elizabeth, soon afterwards (to her misfortune) queen of Bohemia. From this time he led a most perturbed and restless life. Notwithstanding the best intentions, and the most disinterested conduct, he was regarded as a troublesome and dangerous person: a most obstinate and fearless one he certainly was, Lilburne himself was not more intrepid or untractable. He was often in prison, and always in trouble. During the plague of 1627 he remained in London to observe and record its progress, exposing himself to infection, in the confident persuasion that it was his appointed duty to be at his post, and from thence warn the nation as a faithful watchman. At this time he wrote "Britain's Remembrancer," the longest and most valuable of all his writings; and as he could not obtain a license to print it (though the poem is in all moral and political points unexceptionable), he printed it with his own hands.

When the civil war began he sold his estate, and with the purchase-money raised a troop of horse for the parliament, and was obnoxious enough in this cause to be in some danger of being hanged when he was taken prisoner. The rebellion did not leave him so uncorrupt as it had found him: for he was justice of peace in quorum under the long parliament for the three counties of Hampshire, Surrey, and Essex, and was Oliver's major-general for Surrey; in which offices, like his fellow-patriots, he took care to remunerate himself. There exists a pamphlet of his, which was presented to the members of the house of commons at their door, wherein he calls "for the sequestration of the property of all delinquents, towards the raising of supplies for disabling our enemies, and for the ease and encouragement of our friends,"—ourselves also being mentally included, and more than hinted at, in this proposal. Under the parliament he was sometimes in difficulties and in confinement, little regarding any laws but what seemed good in his own eyes; and declaring that he was neither for nor against the Presbyterians, Scots, English, king, parliament, members, or people, more or less, than according as he in his judgment and conscience thought it might conduce to the wrong or right way, from or toward the truth of God, and the peace of the kingdom.

He appears to have been more prosperous and less of a malcontent under the protectorate than in any other part of his life: and in a poem which he addressed to Cromwell, there is honest advice enough to exculpate him from any charge of adulation. From the imputation of becoming a time-server at last, he cannot be so fairly cleared; for in one publication he advised Monck to take upon himself the government of the republic, and in another congratulated Charles upon his restoration. If he had not dealt in church-lands, and in delinquents' estates, this readiness to acquiesce in any revolution might justly be ascribed to that desire of

rest which age brings with it, and to that hopelessness of any other good from any change which revolutionists usually learn at last, and which prepares the way for usurpations or restorations. On this point his own verses explain his views: —

My chief well-being totally consists
With that wind which blows when and where it lists:
And 'twill not mar my prime contentment, whether
We shall have parliaments, kings, both, or neither:
Whether or no the old lords, or the new,
All the secluded members, none or few,
Shall to this parliament admitted be;
Or to the next, and all men then be free
To choose or to be chose: whether this sect
Or that, the supreme power will best respect.
So justice henceforth over us may reign,
And truth may her due freedom still retain,
I shall be pleased, and my endeavour bend
To suffer what I know not how to mend.

Notwithstanding this acquiescent mood, Wither continued to write as boldly, and in the same tone of reprehension, under an avowed persuasion that he was appointed to be the national monitor; and that though there was in all his works "somewhat savouring of a natural spirit," there was also "somewhat dictated by a better spirit than his own." He complained loudly of the injustice done him in dispossessing him of delinquents' lands, which he had purchased to the amount of 300*l.* a year, and of prelates' lands, which were nearly twice that value. In these complaints there appears a strong sense of general right, an application of it to his own particular case, and an apparent forgetfulness of it when delinquents and prelates were to be benefited by it. One of these papers was voted a libel by the house of commons; and he was committed first to Newgate, afterwards to the Tower, where, *more suo*, he continued to write, and to defy the world. This praise is due to him, that no man ever bore more bravely or more philosophically the misfortunes which he brought upon himself.

It does not appear when he was released; but in 1665 he was residing in his house in the Savoy, and about 1677 he died in peace, leaving, of six children, only one daughter to survive him. The year of his marriage is not known; but the lady whom he married was Elizabeth Emerson, of South Lambeth, an accomplished and excellent person, to whose worth he bears frequent and affectionate testimony.

Wither's works will never be collected, because they are exceedingly numerous, and contain a very large proportion of what is comparatively worthless. But the better parts are numerous, and well deserve to be brought together in a much more copious selection than has yet been made; for they abound in curious, as well as interesting matter; and strains of sounder or manlier morality are not to be found in any of the English poets.

THE SHEPHEARDS HUNTING.

THE FIRST EGLOGUE.

ARGVMENT.

Willy leaues his flocke awhile,
Visits Roget in exile;
Where though prison'd he doth finde,
Hee's still free that's free in minde:
And in trouble no defence
Is so firme as innocence.

ROGET. WILLY.

Willy, thou now full iolly tun'st thy reedes,
Making the Nimphs enamor'd on thy straines;
And whilst thy harmelesse flocke vnscared feeds,
Hast thy contentment, of hils, groues, and plaines:
Trust me I ioy thou and thy Muse so speedes
In such an age, where so much mischief raignes:
And to my care it some redresse will be,
Fortune hath so much grace to smile on thee.

WILLY.

To smile on me? I nere yet knew her smile,
Vnlesse 'twere when she purpos'd to deceiue me;
Many a trayne, and many a painted wile
She castes, in hope of freedome to bereaue me:
Yet now, because she sees I scorne her guile
To fawne on fooles, she for my Muse doth leaue me;
And here of late her wonted spite doth tend,
To worke me care, by frowning on my friend.

ROGET.

Why then I see her copper-coyne's no starling,
'Twill not be currant still, for all the guilding;
A knaue, or foole, must euer be her darling,
For they haue mindes to all occasions yeelding:
If we get any thing by all our parling,
It seemes an apple, but it proues a weilding:
But let that passe; sweet shepheard tell me this,
For what beloued friend thy sorrow is?

WILLY.

Wrong me not, Roget: do'st thou suffer heere,
And ask me for what friend it is I grieue?
Can I suppose thy loue to me is deere,
Or this thy ioy for my content belieue,
When thou think'st thy cares touch not mee as neere,
Or that I pinne thy sorrowes at my sleeue?
Roget, my fayth in thee hath had such trust,
I neuer thought to finde thee so vniust.

ROGET.

Why Willy? Willy: Prithee do not aske me why.
Doth it diminish any of thy care,
That I in freedome maken melody,
And think'st I cannot as well somewhat spare
From my delight, to mone thy miserie?
Tis time our loues should these suspects forbeare:
Thou art that friend, which thou vnnam'd shold'st know,
And not haue drawn my loue in question so.

ROGET.

Forgiue me, and I'le pardon thy mistake,
And so shall this thy gentle-anger cease,
(I neuer of thy loue will question make)
Whilst that the number of our dayes encrease;
Yet to my selfe I much might seeme to take,
And something neere vnto presumtion prease:
To thinke me worthy loue from such a spirit,
But that I know thy kindnesse past my merit.

Besides; me thought thou spak'st now of a friend,
That seem'd more grieuous discontents to beare;
Some things I finde that doe in shew offend,
Which to my patience little trouble are,
And they e're long I hope will haue an end,
Or though they haue not, much I doe not care:
So this it was made me that question moue,
And not suspect of honest Willies loue.

WILLY.

Alas! thou art exiled from thy flocke,
And quite beyond the desarts here confin'd,
Hast nothing to conuerse with but a rocke,
Or at least out-lawes in their caues halfe pin'd,
And do'st thou at thy owne misfortune mocke,
Making thy selfe to; to thy selfe vnkinde?
When heretofore we talk't we did embrace:
But now I scarce can come to see thy face.

ROGET.

Yet all that, Willy, is not worth thy sorrow,
For I haue mirth, here thou would'st not beleeue,
From deepest cares the highest ioyes I borrow:
If ought chance out this day may make me grieue,
I'le learne to mend, or scorne it by to morrow;
This barren place yeels somewhat to relieue:
For I haue found sufficient to content me,
And more true blisse then euer freedom lent me.

WILLY.

Are prisons then growne places of delight?

ROGET.

Tis as the conscience of the prisoner is:
The very grates are able to affright
The guiltie man, that knows his deedes amisse;
All outward pleasures are exiled quite,
And it is nothing (of it selfe) but this:
Abhorred loanenesse, darkenesse, sadnesse, paines,
Num'n-cold, sharp-hunger, scorching thirst, & chaines.

WILLY.

And these are nothing?

ROGET.

——————Nothing yet to mee,
Onely my friends restraint is all my paine.
And since I truely finde my conscience free
From that my loanenesse to, I reape some gaine.

WILLY.

But grant in this no discontentment be,
It doth thy wished libertie restraine;
And to thy soule I thinke ther's nothing nearer,
For I could neuer heare thee prize ought dearer.

ROGET.

True, I did euer set it at a rate,
Too deare for any mortal's worth to buy;
Tis not our greatest shepheard's whole estate,
Shall purchase from me my least libertie:
But I am subiect to the powers of fate,
And to obey them is no slauerie:
They may do much, but when they haue done all,
Onely my body they may bring in thrall.

And 'tis not that (my Willy) 'tis my minde,
My mind's more pretious freedome I so weigh,
A thousand wayes they may my body binde,
In thousand thralls, but ne're my minde betray;
And thence it is that I contentment finde,
And beare with patience this my loade away:
I'me still myselfe, and that Ide rather bee,
Then to be lord of all these downes in fee.

WILLY.

Nobly resolu'd, and I doe ioy to hear't,
For 'tis the minde of man indeed that's all;
There's nought so hard but a braue heart will bear't
And guiltlesse men count great afflictions small;
They'le looke on death and torment, yet not fear't,
Because they know 'tis rising so to fall:
Tyrants may boast they to much power are born,
Yet he hath more that tyranies can scorne.

ROGET.

Tis right, but I no tyranies endure,
Nor haue I suffered ought worth name of care.

WILLY.

What e're thou'lt call't, thou may'st, but I am sure,
Many more pine that much less payned are;
Thy look me thinks doth say thy meaning's pure,
And by this past I finde what thou do'st dare:
But I could neuer yet the reason know,
Why thou art lodged in this house of wo.

ROGET.

Nor I by Pan, nor neuer hope to doe,
But thus it pleases some; and I doe gesse
Partly a cause that mooues them thereunto,
Which neither will auaile me to expresse,
Nor thee to heare, and therefore let it goe;
We must not say, they doe so that oppresse:
Yet I shall ne're to sooth them or the times,
Iniure my selfe by bearing others crimes.

WILLY. [heares,

Then now thou may'st speake freely, ther's none
But he, whom I doe hope thou do'st not doubt.

ROGET.

True; but if doores and walles haue gotten eares,
And closet-whisperings may be spread about:
Doe not blame him that in such causes feares
What in his passion he may blunder out:
In such a place, and such strict times as these,
Where what we speake is tooke as others please.

But yet to morrow if thou come this way,
I'le tell thee all my story to the end:
Tis long, and now I feare thou canst not stay,
Because thy flock must watred be and pend,
And night begins to muffle vp the day,
Which to informe thee how alone I spend,
I'le onely sing a sorrie prisoners lay, [fieldes,
I fram'd this morne, which though it suits not
Is such as fits me, and sad thraledome yeelds.

WILLY.

Well I will set my Kit another string,
And play vnto it whilst that thou do'st sing.

SONNET.

ROGET.

Now that my body dead-aliue,
Bereau'd of comfort lies in thrall,
Doe thou my soul begin to thriue,
And vnto honie turne this gall:
So shal we both through outward wo
The way to inward comfort know.

For as that foode my flesh I giue,
Doth keepe in me this mortall breath:
So soules on meditations liue,
And shunne thereby immortall death:
Nor art thou euer neerer rest,
Then when thou find'st me most opprest.

First thinke my soule; if I haue foes
Take a pleasure in my care,
And to procure these outward woes
Haue thus entrapt me vnaware:
Thou should'st by much more carefull bee,
Since greater foes lay waite for thee.

Then when mew'd vp in grates of steele,
Minding those ioyes mine eyes doe misse,
Thou find'st no torment thou do'st feele,
So grieuous as priuation is:
Muse how the damn'd in flames that glow,
Pine in the losse of blisse they know.

Thou seest there's giuen so great might
To some that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright;
Which if in any thou espie
Thus thinke, if mortals frownes strike feare,
How dreadfull will God's wrath appeare!

By my late hopes that now are crost,
Consider those that firmer bee,
And make the freedome I haue lost
A meanes that may remember thee:
Had Christ not thy Redeemer bin,
What horrid thrall thou had'st beene in.

These iron chaines, the bolt's of steele,
Which other poore offenders griende,
The wants and cares which they doe feele,
May bring some greater thing to minde:
For by their griefe thou shalt doe well,
To thinke vpon the paines of hell.

Or when through mee thou seest a man
Condemn'd vnto a mortall death,
How sad he lookes, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with feare his panting breath:
Thinke if in that such griefe thou see,
How sad will, *Goe yee cursed bee!*

Againe, when he that fear'd to dye
(Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,
Reade but the ioy that's in his eye,
And then conuay it to thy thought:
There thinke betwixt my heart and thee,
How sweet will, *Come ye blessed, bee!*

Thus if thou doe, though closed here,
My bondage I shall deeme the lesse,
I neither shall haue cause to feare,
Nor yet bewaile my sad distresse:
For whether liue, or pine, or dye,
We shall haue blisse eternally.

WILLY.

Trust me I see the cage doth some birds good,
And if they doe not suffer too much wrong,
Will teach them sweeter descants then the wood:
Beleeue't, I like the subiect of thy song;
It shewes thou art in no distempred mood;
But cause to heere the residue I long,
My sheepe to morrow I will neerer bring,
And spend the day to heare thee talk and sing.

Yet e're we part, Roget to me areed, [these,
Of whom thou learnd'st to make such songs as
I neuer yet heard any shepheards reede
Tune in mishap, a straine that more could please;
Surely thou do'st inuoke at this thy need
Some power, that we neglect in other layes:
For heer's a name, & words, that but few swains
Haue mentioned at their meeting on the plaines.

ROGET.

Indeede 'tis true, and they are sore to blame,
They doe so much neglect it in their songs;
For, thence proceedeth such a worthy fame,
As is not subiect vnto enuies wrongs:
That is the most to be respected name
Of our true Pan, whose worth sits on all tongues:
And the most ancient shepheards vse to prayse
In sacred anthemes sung on holy-dayes.

Hee that first taught his musicke such a straine,
Was that sweete shepheard, who (vntil a king)
Kept sheepe vpon the hony milkie plaine,
That is inrich't by Iordans watering;
Hee in his troubles eas'd the bodyes paines,
By measures rais'd to the soules rauishing:
And his sweete numbers onely most diuine,
Gaue the first being to this song of mine.

WILLY.

Let his good spirit euer with thee dwell,
That I might heare such musicke euery day.

ROGET.

Thankes; but would now it pleased thee to play:
Yet sure 'tis late, thy weather rings his bell,
And swaines to fold, or homeward driue away.

WILLY.

And yon goes Cuddy, therefore fare thou well:
I'le make his sheepe for me a little stay,
And if thou thinke it fit I'le bring him to,
Next morning hither.

ROGET.

Prethee, Willy, doo.

THE SECOND EGLOGUE.

ARGVMENT.

Cvddy tells how all the swaines
Pittie Roget on the plaines:
Who requested doth relate
The true cause of his estate;
Which broke off, because 'twas long,
They begin a three-mans song.

WILLY. CVDDY. ROGET.

Roget, thy old friend Cvddy here, and I,
Are come to visit thee in these thy bands,
Whil'st both our flockes in an inclosure by
Do picke the thin grasse from the fallow'd lands.
He tells me thy restraint of liberty,
Each one throughout the country vnderstands:
And there is not a gentle-natur'd lad,
On all these downes, but for thy sake is sad.

CVDDY.

Not thy acquaintance and thy friends alone
Pitty thy close restraint, as friends should doe:
But some that haue but seene thee for thee moane:
Yea, many that did neuer see thee to.
Some deeme thee in a fault, and most in noone;
So diuers wayes doe diuers rumours goe:
And at all meetings where our shepheards bee,
Now the maine newes that's extant, is of thee.

ROGET.

Why, this is somewhat yet: had I but kept
Sheepe on the mountaines, till the day of doome,
My name should in obscuritie haue slept,
In brakes, in briars, shrubbed furze and broome.
Into the worlds wide care it had not crept,
Nor in so many mens thoughts found a roome:
But what cause of my sufferings do they know?
Good Cuddy, tell me how doth rumour goe?

CVDDY.

Fayth, 'tis vncertaine; some speake this, some that:
Some dare say nought, yet seeme to thinke a cause,
And many a one prating he knowes not what,
Comes out with prouerbes and old auncient sawes,
As if hee thought thee guiltlesse, and yet not:
Then doth he speake half sentences, then pawse:
That what the most would say, we may suppose;
But what to say, the rumour is, none knowes.

ROGET.

Nor care I greatly, for it skills not much
What the vnsteady common-people deemes;
His conscience doth not alwayes feele least touch,
That blamelesse in the sight of others seemes:
My cause is honest, and because 'tis such
I hold it so, and not for mens esteemes:
If they speake iustly well of mee, I'me glad;
If falsely euill, it ne'ere makes me sad.

WILLY.

I like that minde; but, Roget, you are quite
Beside the matter that I long to heare:
Remember what you promis'd yester-night,
Youl'd put vs off with other talke, I feare;
Thou know'st that honest Cuddies heart's vpright,
And none but he, except my selfe, is neere:
Come therefore, and betwixt vs two relate,
The true occasion of thy present state.

ROGET.

My friends, I will; you know I am a swaine,
That keepe a poor flocke here vpon this plaine:
Who, though it seemes I could doe nothing lesse,
Can make a song, and woe a shepeardesse;
And not alone the fayrest where I liue
Haue heard me sing, and fauours daign'd to give:
But though I say't, the noblest Nimph of Thame,
Hath grac'd my verse vnto my greater fame.
Yet being young, and not much seeking prayse,
I was not noted out for shepheards layes:
Nor feeding flockes, as you know others be:
For the delight that most possessed me
Was hunting foxes, wolues, and beastes of pray;
That spoile our foulds, and beare our lambs away.
For this, as also for the loue I beare
Vnto my country, I lay'd by all care
Of gaine, or of preferment, with desire
Onely to keepe that state I had entire,
And lik a true-growne hunts-man sought to speed
My selfe with hounds of rare and choysest breed,
Whose names and natures ere I further goe,
Because you are my friends, I'le let you know.
My first esteemed dogge that I did find,
Was by descent of old Acteons kind;
A brache, which if I do not ayme amisse,
For all the world is iust like one of his:
She's named Loue, and scarce yet knowes her duty;
Her damme's my ladies pretty beagle Beauty.
I bred her vp my selfe with wondrous charge,
Vntill she grew to be exceeding large,
And waxt so wanton that I did abhorre it,
And put her out amongst my neighbours for it.
The next is Lust, a hound thats kept abroad,
Mongst some of mine acquaintance, but a toad
Is not more loathsome: 'tis a curre will range
Extreamely, and is euer full of mange;
And cause it is infectious, she's not wunt
To come among the rest, bvt when they hunt.
Hate is the third, a hound both despe and long.
His sire is true or else supposed wrong.
He'le haue a snap at all that passe him by,
And yet pursues his game most eagerly.
With him goes Enuie coupled, a leane curre,
And she'le hold out hunt we ne're so farre:
She pineth much, and feedeth little to,
Yet stands and snarleth at the rest that doe.
Then there's Reuenge, a wondrous deepe-mouth'd dog,
So fleet, I'me faine to hunt him with a clog,
Yet many times he'le much out-strip his bounds,
And hunts not closely with the other hounds:
He'le venter on a lion in his ire;
Curst Choller was his damme, and Wrong his sire.
This Choller is a brache, that's very old,
And spends her mouth too much to haue it hold:
She's very teasty, an vnpleasing curre,
That bites the very stones, if they but sturre:
Or when that ought but her displeasure moues,
She'le bite and snap at any one she loues:

But my quicke scented'st dog is Ielousie,
The truest of this breede's in Italie:
The damme of mine would hardly fill a gloue,
It was a ladies little dogge, call'd Loue.
The sire, a poor deformed curre, nam'd Feare;
As shagged and as rough as is a beare:
And yet the whelpe turn'd after neither kind,
For he is very large, and ne're-hand blind.
At the first sight he hath a pretty culler,
But doth not seeme so, when you view him fuller;
A vile suspitious beast, his lookes are bad,
And I doe feare in time, he will grow mad.
To him I couple Auarice, still poore;
Yet she deuoures as much as twenty more:
A thousand horse she in her paunch can put,
Yet whine as if she had an emptie gut:
And hauing gorg'd what might a land haue found,
She'le catch for more, and hide it in the ground.
Ambition is a hound as greedy full;
But hee for all the daintiest bits doth cull:
Hee scorns to licke vp crums beneath the table,
He'le fetch't from boards and shelues, if he be able:
Nay, he can climbe if need be; and for that,
With him I hunt the martine and the cat:
And yet sometimes in mounting he's so quicke,
He fetches falles, are like to breake his necke.
Feare is wel-mouth'd, but subiect to distrust;
A stranger cannot make him take a crust:
A little thing will soone his courage quaile,
And 'twixt his legges he euer claps his taile;
With him Despaire now often coupled goes,
Which by his roring mouth each hunts-man knows.
None hath a better minde vnto the game,
But he giues off, and alwayes seemeth lame.
My bloud-hound Cruelty, as swift as wind,
Hunts to the death, and neuer comes behinde;
Who but she's strapt, and musled to withall,
Would eate her fellowes, and the pray and all;
And yet she cares not much for any food,
Vnlesse it be the purest harmelesse blood.
All these are kept abroad at charge of menny,
They doe not cost me in a yeare a penny.
But there's two couple of a midling size,
That seldome passe the sight of my own eyes.
Hope, on whose head I'ue led my life to pawne;
Compassion, that on euery one will fawne.
This would when 'twas a welpe with rabets play
Or lambes, and let them goe vnhurt away:
Nay, now she is of grouth, she'le now and then
Catch you a hare, and let her goe agen.
The two last, Ioy and Sorrow, 'tis a wonder,
Can ne're agree, nor ne're bide farre a sunder.
Ioy's euer wanton, and no order knowes:
She'le run at larkes, or stand and barke at crowes.
Sorrow goes by her, and ne're moues his eye;
Yet both doe serue to helpe make vp the cry.
Then comes behinde all these to beare the base,
Two couple more of a far larger race, [good
Such wide-mouth'd trollops, that 'twould do you
To heare their loud loud echoes teare the wood.
There's Vanity, who, by her gaudy hide,
May far away from all the rest be spide, [there;
Though huge, yet quick, for she's now here, now
Nay, looke about you, and she's euery where:
Yet euer with the rest, and still in chase.
Right so, Inconstancie fills euery place;
And yet so strange a fickle natur'd hound,
Looke for her, and she's no where to be found.
Weaknesse is no faire dogge vnto the eye,
And yet she hath her proper qualitie:
But there's Presumption, when he heat hath got,
He drownes the thunder, and the canon-shot:
And when at start, hee his full roaring makes,
The Earth doth tremble, and the Heauen shakes.
These were my dogges, ten couple iust in all,
Whom by the name of Satyres I doe call:
Mad curs they be, and I can ne're come nigh them,
But I'me in danger to be bitten by them.
Much paines I tooke, and spent days not a few,
To make them keepe togeather, and hunt true:
Which yet I do suppose had neuer bin,
But that I had a scourge to keepe them in.
Now when that I this kennell first had got,
Out of my own demeanes I hunted not,
Saue on these downes, or among yonder rockes,
After those beasts that spoyl'd our parish flocks;
Nor during that time, was I euer wont,
With all my kennell, in one day to hunt:
Nor had done yet, but that this other yeere,
Some beasts of pray, that haunt the desarts heere,
Did not alone for many nights togeather
Deuoure, sometime a lamb, sometime a weather,
And so disquiet many a poore man's heard,
But that of loosing all, they were afeard:
Yea, I among the rest did fare as bad,
Or rather worse, for the best [1] ewes I had
(Whose breed should be my means of life and gaine)
Were in one euening by these monsters slaine:
Which mischiefe I resolued to repay,
Or else grow desp'rate, and hunt all away;
For in a fury (such as you shall see
Hunts-men in missing of their sport will bee)
I vow'd a monster should not lurke about,
In all this prouince, but I'de finde him out,
And there-vpon, without respect or care,
How lame, how full, or how vnfit they were.
In hast vnkennell'd all my roaring crew,
Who were as mad as if my minde they knew,
And e're they trail'd a flight-shot, the fierce curs
Had rous'd a hart, and through brakes and furres
Follow'd at gaze so close, that Loue and Feare
Got in togeather, so had surely there
Quite ouerthrowne him, but that Hope thrust in
'Twixt both, and sau'd the pinching of his skin,
Whereby he scap't, till coursing ouerthwart,
Despaire came in, and grip't him to the hart:
I hallowed in the resdue to the fall,
And for an entrance, there I flesh't them all:
Which hauing done, I dip'd my staffe in blood,
And onward led my thunder to the wood;
Where what they did, I'le tell you out anon,
My keeper calles me, and I must be gon.
Goe if you please a while, attend your flocks,
And when the Sunne is ouer yonder rocks,
Come to this caue againe, where I will be,
If that my guardian so much fauour me.
Yet if you please, let vs three sing a straine,
Before you turne your sheepe into the plaine.

WILLY.

I am content.

CVDDY.

As well content am I.

ROGET.

Then Will, begin, and we'le the rest supply.

[1] Hopes.

SONG.

WILLY.

Shepheard, would these gates were ope,
Thou might'st take with vs thy fortune.

ROGET.

No, I'le make this narrow scope,
Since my fate doth so importune
Meanes vnto a wider hope.

CVDDY.

Would thy shepeardesse were heere,
Who beloue'd, loues thee so dearely?

ROGET.

Not for both your flockes, I sweare,
And the gaine they yeeld you yearely,
Would I so much wrong my deare.

Yet to mee, nor to this place,
Would she now be long a stranger;
She would hold it in no disgrace,
If she fear'd not more my danger)
Where I am to shew her face.

WILLY.

Shepheard, we would wish no harmes,
But something that might content thee.

ROGET.

Wish mee then within her armes,
And that wish will ne're repent me,
If your wishes might proue charmes.

WILLY.

Be thy prison her embrace,
Be thy ayre her sweetest breathing.

CVDDY.

Be thy prospect her fayre face,
For each looke a kisse bequeathing,
And appoint thy selfe the place.

ROGET.

Nay pray, hold there, for I should scantly then;
Come meete you heere this afternoone agen:
But fare you well, since wishes haue no power,
Let vs depart, and keepe the poynted houre.

THE THIRD EGLOGUE.

ARGVMENT.

Roget set with his three friends,
Heere his hunting story ends;
Kind Alexis with much ruth,
Wayles the banish'd shepheards youth:
But he slighteth fortunes stings,
And in spight of thraldome, sings.

ROGET. CVDDY. ALEXIS. WILLY.

So now I see y'are shepheards of your word,
Thus were you wont to promise, and to do.

CVDDY.

More then our promise is, we can afford,
We come our selues, and bring another to:
Alexis whom thou know'st well is no foe,
Who loues thee much; and I doe know that he
Would faine a hearer of thy hunting bee.

ROGET.

Alexis you are welcome, for you know
You cannot be but welcome where I am,
You euer were a friend of mine in show:
And I haue found you are indeed the same,
Vpon my first restraint you hither came,
And proffered me more tokens of your loue,
Then it were fit my smal deserts should proue.

ALEXIS.

T'is still your vse to vnderprise your merit,
Be not so coy to take my proffered loue;
T'will neither vnbeseeme your worth nor spirit.
To offer curt'sie doth thy friend behoue:
And which are so, this is a place to proue.
Then once againe I say, if cause there be,
First make a tryall, if thou please, of me.

ROGET.

Thankes good Alexis; sit downe by me heere,
I haue a taske, these shepheards know, to doe;
A tale already told this morne well neere.
With which I very fayne would forward go,
And am as willing thou shouldst heare it to:
But thou canst neuer vnderstand this last,
Till I haue also tolde thee what is past.

WILLY.

Roget it shall not need, for I presum'd,
Your loues to each were firme, and was so bold,
That so much on my selfe I haue assum'd,
To make him know what is already told:
If I haue done amisse, then you may scolde.
But in my telling I preuised this,
He knowes not whose, nor to what end it is:

ROGET.

Well now he may, for heere my tale goes on,
My eager dogges and I to wood are gon,
Where beating through the couerts, euery hound
A seuerall game had in a moment found:
I rated them but they pursu'd their pray,
And as it fell (by hap) tooke all one way.
Then I began with quicker speed to follow,
And teaz'd them on with a more cheareful hallow,
That soone we passed many weary miles,
Tracing the subtile game through all these wiles.
These doubl'd, they redoubled on the scent,
Still keeping in full chase where ere they went:

Vp hils, down cliffes, through bogs, and ouer plaines,
Stretching their musicke to the highest straines,
That when some thicket hid them from mine eye,
My care was rauish'd with their melody.
Nor crost we onely ditches, hedges, furrowes,
But hamlets, tithings, parishes, and borrowes:
They followed where so eu'r the game did goe,
Through kitchin, parler, hall, and chamber too.
And as they pass'd the city and the court,
My prince look'd out, and daign'd to vew my sport
Which then (although I suffer for it now)
(If some say true) hee liking did allow;
And so much (had I had but wit to stay)
I might my selfe (perhaps) haue heard him say,
But I that time, as much as any daring,
More for my pleasure then my safetie caring;
Seeing fresh game from euery loope-hole rise,
Crossing by thousands still before their eyes.
After I rush'd, and following close my hounds,
Some beasts I found lye dead, some ful of wounds
Among the willows, scarce with strength to moue.
One I found here, another there, whom Loue
Had grip'd to death: and in the selfe-same state
Lay one deuour'd by Enuy, one by Hate,
Lust had bit some, but I soone past beside them,
Their festr'd wounds so stunck, none could abide
them;
Choller hurt diuers, but Reuenge kilde more
Feare frighted all behind him and before!
Despaire droue on a huge and mightie heape,
Forcing some downe from rocks and hils to leap:
Some into water, some into the fire,
Soon themselues he made them wreake his ire:
But I remember as I pass'd that way,
Where the great king and prince of shepheards lay,
About the wals were hid some once more known,
That my fell curre Ambition had o'thrown.
Many I heard pursu'd by Pitty cry,
And oft I saw my bloud-hound Crueltie,
Eating her passage euen to the hart,
Whither once gotten, shee is loath to part.
All pli'd it well, and made so loude a plea,
T'was heard through Britan, and beyond the sea;
Some rated them, some storm'd, some lik't the game,
Some thought me worthy praise, some worthy blame.
But I not fearing th' one, misteeming t'other,
Both, in shril hallows and loud yernings smoother:
Yea, the strong mettled and my long-breath'd crew,
Seeing the game increasing in their view,
Grew the more frolicke, and the courses length
Gaue better breath, and added to their strength;
Which Ioue perceiuing, for Ioue heard their cryes
Rumbling amongst the spheares concauities:
He mark'd their course and courages encrease,
Saying, t'were pitty such a chase should cease;
And therewith swore their mouths should neuer wast
But hunt as long's mortalitie did last.
Soone did they feele the power of his great gift,
And I began to finde their pace more swift:
I follow'd, and I rated but in vaine,
Striu'd to o'retake, or take them vp againe;
They neuer stay'd since, neither nights or dayes,
But too and fro still runne a thousand wayes:
Yea often to this place where now I lye,
They'll wheel about to cheere me with their cry;
And one day in good time will vengeance take
On some offenders, for their masters sake:
For know, my friends, my freedome in this sort
For them I lose, and making my selfe sport.

WILLY.

Why Roget, was there any harme in this?

ROGET.

No, Willy, and I hope yet none there is.

WILLY.

How comes this then?

ROGET.

Note, and I'le tell thee how.
Thou know'st that Trueth and Innocencie now,
If plac'd with Meanesse, suffers more despight
Then Villainies, accompan'ed with might:
But thus it fell, while that my hound pursu'd
Their noysome pray, and euery field lay strew'd
With monsters, hurt and slain mong'st many a beast,
Some viler, and more subtile then the rest,
On whom the bitch cal'd Enuy, hap't to light:
And as her wont is, did so surely bite,
That though she left behind small outward smarts
The wounds were deepe, and wrankled to their harts.
Then ioyning to some other that of late,
Were very eagerly pursu'd by Hate;
To fit their purpose hauing taken leasure,
Did thus conspire to worke me a displeasure.
For imitation farre surpassing apes,
They layd aside their foxe, and woluish shapes,
And shrowded in the skinnes of harmlesse sheepe
Into by-waies, and open pathes did creepe,
Where they (as hardly drawing breath) did ly,
Shewing their wounds to euery passer by;
To make them think that they were sheep so foil'd,
And by my dogges in their late hunting spoyl'd.
Beside some other that enuy'd my game,
And for their pastime kept such monsters tame:
As you doe know there's many for their pleasure
Keepe foxes, beares, and wolues, as some great treasure:
Yea, many get their liuing by them to,
And so did store of these, I speake of do,
Who seeing that my kennell had affrighted,
Or hurt some vermine wherein they delighted,
And finding their own power by much to weake
Their malice on my innocence to wreake,
Swolne with the deepest rancour of despight,
Some of our greatest shepheards folds by night
They closely entred; and there hauing stain'd
Their hands in villany, of me they plain'd,
Affirming, without shame or honesty,
I and my dogges had done it purposely:
Whereat they storm'd and call'd me to a tryall,
Where innocence preuails not, nor denyall:
But for that cause heere in this place I ly,
Where none so merry as my dogges and I.

CVDDY.

Beleeue it hee'rs a tale will suten well,
For shepheards in another age to tell.

WILLY.

And Roget shall be thought on with delight,
For this hereafter many a winters night;
For of this sport another age will ring:
Yea, nymphes vnborne now of the same shal sing,
When not a beauty on our greenes shall play,
That hath not heard of Roget's hunting day.

ROGET.

It may be so, for if that gentle swaine,
Who wonnes by Tauy, on the westerne plaine,
Would make the song, such life his verse can giue,
Then I doe know my name might euer liue.

ALEXIS.

But tell me; are our plaines and nymphes forgot,
And canst thou frolicke in thy trouble be?

ROGET.

Can I Alexis sayst thou? can I not
That am resolu'd to scorne more misery?

ALEXIS.

Oh, but thy youth's yet greene, and yong blood hot,
And libertie must needs bee sweet to thee,
But now most sweet whil'st euery bushy vale,
And groue and hill, rings of the nightingale.

Me thinks when thou remembrest those sweet laies
Which thou wol'st lead thy shepheardesse to heare
Each euening foorth among the leauy spraies,
The thoght of that shold make thy freedom dear;
For now whil'st euery nymph on holydayes
Sports with some iolly lad, and maketh cheere,
Thine sighes for thee, and mew'd vp from resort
Will neither play her selfe, nor see their sport.

There's shepheards that were many a morning wont,
Vnto their boyes to leaue the tender heard,
And beare thee company when thou didst hunt,
Cannot their songs thou hast so gladly heard,
Nor thy mist pleasure make thee thinke vpon't;
But seems all vaine, now that was once indeard.
It cannot be, for I could make relation,
How for lesse cause thou hast beene deepe in passion.

ROGET.

Tis true: my tender heart was euer yet,
Too capable of such conceits as these;
I neuer saw that obiect but from it,
The passions of my loue I could encrease
Those things which moue not other men a whit,
I can and doe make vse of, if I please:
When I am sad, to sadnesse I apply,
Each bird, and tree, and flower that I passe by.

So when I will be merry, I as well
Something for mirth from euery thing can draw,
From misery, from prisons, nay from hell:
And as when to my minde, griefe giues a flaw,
Best comforts doe but make my woes more fell,
So when I'me bent to mirth, from mischiefes paw
(Though ceas'd vpon me) I would something cull
That spight of care, should make my ioyes more full.

I feele those wants Alexis thou doest name,
Which spight of youth's affections I sustaine;
Or else for what is't I haue gotten fame,
And am more known then many an elder swaine?
If such desires I had not learn'd to tame,
Since many pipe much better on this plaine:
But tune your reedes, and I will in a song
Expresse my care, and how I take this wrong.

SONNET.

I that ere'st-while the world's sweet ayre did draw,
(Grac'd by the fayrest euer mortall saw;)
Now closely pent, with walls of ruth-lesse stone,
Consume my dayes and nights, and all alone.

When I was wont to sing of shepheards loues,
My walkes were fields, and downes, and hills, and groues:
But now (alas) so strict is my hard doome,
Fields, downes, hils, groues, and al's but one poore roome.

Each morne as soone as day-light did appeare,
With natures musicke birdes would charme mine eare,
Which now (instead) of their melodious straines,
Heare ratling shackles, gyues, and boults, and chaines.

But though that all the world's delight forsake mee,
I haue a Muse, and she shall musicke make mee;
Whose ayrie notes in spight of closest cages,
Shall giue content to me, and after ages.

Nor doe I passe for all this outward ill,
My hearts the same, and vndeiected still;
And which is more then some in freedome winne,
I haue true rest, and peace, and ioy within.

And then my minde that spight of prison's free,
When er'e she pleases, any where can bee;
Shee's in an houre in France, Rome, Turky, Spaine,
In Earth, in Hell, in Heauen, and heere againe.

Yet there's an other comfort in my woe,
My cause is spread, and all the world doth know,
My fault's no more but speaking truth and reason,
Nor debt, nor theft, nor murther, rape, or treason.

Nor shall my foes with all their might and power,
Wipe out their shame, nor yet this fame of our:
Which when they finde, they shall my fate enuy,
Till they grow leane, and sicke, and mad, and dye.

Then though my body here in prison rot,
And my poore Satyr's seeme a while forgot:
Yet when both fame and life haue left those men,
My verse and I'le reuiue and liue agen.

So thus enclos'd, I beare afflictions load,
But with more true content then some abroad;
For whilst their thoughts doe feele my scourges sting,
In bands Ile leape, and daunce, and laugh, and sing.

ALEXIS.

Why now I see thou droup'st not with thy care,
Neither exclaim'st thou on thy hunting day;
But dost with vnchang'd resolution beare,
The heauie burthen of exile away.

All that did truely know thee, did conceaue,
Thy actions with thy spirit still agree'd;
Their good conceit thou doest no whit bereaue,
But shewest that thou art still thy selfe indeed.
If that thy minde to basenesse now descends,
Thou'lt iniure Vertue, and deceaue thy friends.

WILLY.

Alexis, hee will iniure Vertue much,
But more his friends, and most of all, himselfe,
If on that common barre his minde but touch,
It wrackes his fame vpon Disgraces shelfe:
Yet Roget, if thou stere but on the course,
That in thy iust aduenture is begune;
No thwarting tide, nor aduerse blast shall force
Thy bark without the channels bounds to runne;
Thou art the same thou wert for ought I see,
When thou didst freely on the mountaines hunt,
In nothing changed yet, vnlesse it be
More merrily dispos'd then thou wert wont.
Still keepe thee thus, so other men shall know,
Vertue can giue content in midst of woe.
And he thogh mightines with frowns doth threat,
To be yet innocent is to be great.
Thriue and farewell.

ALEXIS.

In this thy trouble florish.

CVDDY.

While those that wish thee il, fret, pine, and perish.

THE FOURTH EGLOGUE.

TO

HIS TRULY BELOVED LOVING FRIEND,

M. WILLIAM BROWNE, OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

ARGVMENT.

Roget heere on Willy calls,
To sing out his pastorals:
Warrants Fame shall grace his rimes,
Spight of Enuy and the times;
And shewes how in care he vses,
To take comfort from his Muses.

ROGET. WILLY.

Prethee Willy tell me this,
What new accident there is,
That thou (once the blythest lad)
Art become so wondrous sad?
And so carelesse of thy quill,
As if thou had'st lost thy skill.
Thou wert wont to charme thy flocks,
And among these rudest rockes
Hast so cheer'd me with thy song,
That I haue forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee surely crost,
That thy old wont thou hast lost;
Tell me, haue I ought mis-said
That hath made thee illa-paid;
Hath some churle done thee a spight?
Dost thou misse a lambe to night?
Frownes thy fairest shepheards lasse?
Or how comes this ill to passe?
Is there any discontent
Worse then this my banishment?

WILLY.

Why, doth that so euill seeme
That thou nothing worse doest deeme?
Shepheard, there full many bee,
That will chang contens with thee.
Those that choose their walkes at will,
On the valley or the hill.
Or those pleasures boast of can,
Groues or fieldes may yeeld to man:
Neuer come to know the rest
Wherewithall thy minde is blest.
Many a one that oft resorts
To make vp the troope at sports,
And in company some while,
Happens to straine foorth a smile:
Feeles more want, more outward smart,
And more inward griefe of hart,
Then this place can bring to thee,
While thy minde remayneth free.
Thou condemn'st my want of mirth,
But what find'st thou in this earth,
Wherein ought may be beleeu'd,
Worth to make me ioy'd, or grieued;
And yet feele I (naithelesse)
Part of both I must confesse,
Sometime I of mirth doe borrow,
Otherwhile as much of sorrow,
But my present state is such,
I'm not ioy'd, nor grieued much.

ROGET.

Why hath Willy then so long
Thus forborne his wonted song?
Wherefore doth he now let fall,
His well-tuned pastorall?
And my cares that musicke barre,
Which I more long after farre,
Then the libertie I want.

WILLY.

That were very much to grant;
But doth this hold alway, lad,
Those that sing not, must be sad?
Did'st thou euer that bird heare
Sing well, that sings all the yeere?
Tom the piper doth not play
Till he weares his pipe away:
There's a time to slacke the string,
And a time to leaue to sing.

ROGET.

Yea, but no man now is still,
That can sing, or tune a quill.
Now to chant it, were but reason,
Song and musicke are in season;
Now in this sweet iolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride.
The faire lady of the May
Trim'd vp in her best array
Hath inuited all the swaines,
With the lasses of the plaines
To attend vpon her sport
At the places of resort.
Corridon (with his bould rout)
Hath already been about
For the elder shepheards dole,
And fetch'd in the summer-pole:
Whilest the rest haue built a bower,
To defend them from a shower,

Seil'd so close with boughs all greene,
Tytan cannot pry betweene.
Now the dayrie wenches dreame
Of their strawberries and creame:
And each doth her selfe aduance
To be taken in to dance:
Euery one that knowes to sing,
Fits him for his carolling;
So doe those that hope for meede,
Either by the pipe or reede:
And though I am kept away,
I doe heare (this very day)
Many learned groomes doe wend,
For the garlands to contend,
Which a nymph that hight Desart,
(Long a stranger in this part)
With her owne faire hand hath wrought
A rare worke (they say) past thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For she calles them wreathes of fame.
She hath set in their due place
Eu'ry flower that may grace,
And among a thousand moe,
(Whereof some but serue for show)
She hath woue in Daphnes tree,
That they may not blasted bee.
Which with time she edg'd about,
Least the worke should rauell out.
And that it might wither neuer,
Intermixt it with liue-euer.
These are to be shar'd among
Those that doe excell for song:
Or their passions can rehearse,
In the smooth'st and sweetest verse.
Then for those among the rest,
That can play and pipe the best,
There's a kidling with the damme,
A fat weather and a lambe.
And for those that leapen farre,
Wrastle, runne, and throw the barre,
There's appoynted guerdons to;
He that best the first can doe
Shall for his reward be payd,
With a sheepe-hooke, faire in-layd
With fine bone, of a strange beast,
That men bring from out the west.
For the next, a scrip of red,
Tassel'd with fine colour'd thred.
There's prepared for their need,
That in running make most speed,
Or the cunning measures foote,
Cups of turned maple-roote,
Whereupon the skilfull man
Hath ingrau'd the loues of Pan;
And the last hath for his due,
A fine napkin wrought with blew.
Then my Willy why art thou
Carelesse of thy merit now?
What dost here with a wight
That is shut vp from delight,
In a solitary den,
As not fit to liue with men?
Goe my Willy get thee gone,
Leaue me in exile alone.
Hye thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy song:
Thou art young, yet such a lay
Neuer grac'd the month of May,
As (if they prouoke thy skill)
Thou canst fit vnto thy quill;
I with wonder heard thee sing,
At our last yeers reuelling.
Then I with the rest was free,
When vnknowne I noted thee:
And perceiu'd the ruder swaines,
Enuy thy farre sweeter straines.
Yea, I saw the lasses cling
Round about thee in a ring:
As if each one iealous were,
Any but her selfe should heare.
And I know they yet doe long
For the res'due of thy song.
Haste thee then to sing it foorth,
Take the benefite of woorth.
And desert will sure bequeath
Fames fair garland for thy wreath.
Hye thee Willy, hye away.

WILLY.

Roget, rather let me stay,
And be desolate with thee,
Then at those their reuels bee,
Nought such is my skill I wis,
As in deed thou deem'st it is.
But what ere it be, I must
Be content, and shall I trust.
For a song I doe not passe,
Mong'st my friends, but what (alas)
Should I haue to doe with them
That my musicke doe contemne?
Some there are, as well I wot,
That the same yet fauour not:
Yet I cannot well auow,
They my carrols disallow:
But such malice I haue spid,
Tis as much as if they did.

ROGET.

Willy, what may those men bee,
Are so ill, to malice thee?

WILLY.

Some are worthy-well esteem'd,
Some without worth are so deem'd.
Others of so base a spirit,
They haue nor esteeme, nor merit.

ROGET.

What's the wrong?

WILLY.

A slight offence,
Wherewithall I can dispence;
But hereafter for their sake,
To my selfe I'le musicke make.

ROGET.

What, because some clowne offends,
Wilt thou punish all thy friends?

WILLY.

Honest Roget vnderstand me,
Those that loue me may command me.
But thou knowe'st I am but young,
And the pastrall I sung,
Is by some suppos'd to be,
(By a straine) too high for me:
So they kindely let me gaine,
Not my labour for my paine.

Trust me, I doe wonder why
They should me my owne deny.
Though I'me yong, I scorne to flit,
On the wings of borrowed wit.
I'le make my owne feathers reare me,
Whither others cannot beare mee.
Yet I'le keepe my skill in store,
Till I'ue seene some winters more.

ROGET.

But in earnest mean'st thou so?
Then thou art not wise, I trow.
Better shall aduise thee Pan,
For thou dost not rightly than:
Thats the ready way to blot
All the credit thou hast got.
Rather in thy ages prime,
Get an other start of time:
And make those that so fond bee,
(Spight of their owne dulnesse) see
That the sacred Muses can
Make a child in yeares, a man.
It is knowne what thou canst doe,
For it is not long agoe,
When that Cuddy, thou, and I,
Each the others skill to try,
At Saint Dunstanes charmed well,
(As some present there can tell)
Sang vpon a sodaine theame,
Sitting by the crimson streame:
Where, if thou didst well or no,
Yet remaines the song to show.
Much experience more I'ue had
Of thy skill (thou happy lad)
And would make the world to know it;
But that time will further show it:
Enuy makes their tongues now runne
More then doubt of what is done;
For that needs must be thy owne,
Or to be some others knowne:
But how then wilt suit vnto
What thou shalt hereafter do?
Or I wonder where is hee,
Would with that song part to thee:
Nay, were there so mad a swaine,
Could such glory sell for gaine;
Phœbus would not haue combin'd,
That gift with so base a minde.
Neuer did the Nine impart
The sweet secrets of their art
Vnto any that did scorne,
We should see their fauours worne.
Therefore vnto those that say,
Where they pleas'd to sing a lay,
They could doo't, and will not tho,
This I speake, for this I know:
None ere drunke the Thespian spring,
And knew how, but he did sing.
For that once infus'd in man,
Makes him shew't, doe what he can:
Nay those that doe onely sip
Or but eu'en their fingers dip
In that sacred fount (poor elues)
Of that brood will shew themselues;
Yea, in hope to get them fame,
They will speake though to their shame;
Let those then at thee repine,
That by their witts measure thine.
Needs those songs must be thine owne,
And that one day will be knowne,
The same imputation to,
I my selfe doe vndergoe:
But it will appeare ere long,
I'me abus'd, and thou hast wrong;
Who at twice ten hast sung more,
Then some will doe at fourscore.
Cheere thee (honest Willy) then,
And begin thy song agen.

WILLY.

Faine I would, but I doe feare
When againe my lines they heare,
If they yeeld they are my rimes,
They will faine some other crimes;
And 'tis no safe ventring by,
Where we see detraction ly,
For doe what I can, I doubt,
Shee will picke some quarrell out;
And I oft haue heard defended,
Little sayd, and soone amended.

ROGET.

See'st thou not in clearest dayes,
Oft thick fogges could heauens rayse?
And the vapours that doe breath
From the earths grosse wombe beneath,
Seeme they not with their blacke streames,
To pollute the sunnes bright beames
And yet vanish into ayre,
Leauing it (vnblemisht) faire?
So (my Willy) shall it bee
With detractions breath and thee.
It shall neuer rise so hie,
As to staine thy poesie.
As that sunne doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesie so sometime draines,
Grosse conceits from muddy braines;
Mists of enuie, fogs of spight,
Twixt mens iudgements and her light:
But so much her power may doo,
That she can dissolue them too.
If thy verse do brauely tower,
As she makes wing, she gets power:
Yet the higher she doth sore,
Shee's affronted still the more:
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she restes with Fame at last,
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy rime,
To the very starres I'de clime.
There begin againe, and flye,
Till I reach'd æternity.
But (alas) my Muse is slow:
For thy page she flagges too low:
Yes, the more's her haplesse fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late.
And poore I, her fortune ruing,
Am my selfe put vp a muing.
But if I my cage can rid,
I'le flye where I neuer did.
And thoûgh for her sake I'me crost,
Though my best hopes I haue lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more then ten times double:
I would loue and keepe her to,
Spight of all the world could doe.

For though banisht from my flockes,
And confin'd within these rockes,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keepes many cares away.
Though I misse the flowry fields,
With those sweets the spring-tyde yeelds,
Though I may not see those groues,
Where the shepheards chaunt their loues,
And the lasses more excell,
Then the sweet voyc'd Philomel,
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remaines at last,
But remembrance (poor reliefe)
That more makes, then mends my griefe:
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Enuies euill will.
(Whence she should be driuen to,
Wer't in mortals power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the mid'st of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former dayes of blisse,
His diuine skill taught me this,
That from euery thing I saw,
I could some inuention draw:
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest obiects sight;
By the murmure of a spring,
Or the least boughs rusteling.
By a dazie whose leaues spred,
Shut when Tytan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
Shee could more infuse in mee,
Then all natures beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her helpe I also now,
Make this churlish place allow
Somthings that may sweeten gladnes
In the very gall of sadnes,
The dull loaneness, the blacke shade,
That those hanging vaults haue made
The strange musicke of the waues,
Beating on these hollow caues,
This blacke den which rocks embosse,
Ouer-growne with eldest mosse.
The rude portals that giue light,
More to terrour then delight.
This my chamber of neglect,
Wal'd about with disrespect,
From all these, and this dull ayre,
A fit obiect for despaire;
Shee hath taught me by her might,
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore thou best earthly blisse,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesie, thou sweetest content
That ere Heau'n to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leaue thee,
Whose dull thoughts can not conceiue thee,
Though thou be to them a scorne,
That to nought but earth are borne;
Let my life no longer bee,
Then I am in loue with thee.

Though our wise ones call it madnes,
Let me neuer taste of sadnes,
If I loue not thy mad'st fits
Aboue all their greatest wits.
And though some too seeming holy,
Doe account thy raptures folly:
Thou dost teach me to contemne
What makes knaues and fooles of them.
Oh high power, that oft doth carry
Men aboue ——

WILLY.

Good Roget tarry:
I doe feare thou wilt be gon
Quite aboue my reach anon;
The kind flames of poesie
Haue now borne thy thoughts so high
That they vp in heauen bee,
And haue quite forgotten mee.
Call thy selfe to minde againe,
Are these raptures for a swaine,
That attends on lowly sheepe,
And with simple heards doth keepe?

ROGET.

Thankes my Willy; I had runne
Till that time had lodg'd the sunne,
If thou had'st not made me stay;
But thy pardon heere I pray.
Lou'd Apolo's sacred fire
Has rais'd vp my spirits higher
Through the loue of poesy,
Then in deed they vse to flye.
But as I sayd, I say still,
If that I had Willi's skill,
Enuie nor Detractions tongue
Should ere make me leaue my song:
But I'de sing it euery day
Till they pin'd themselues away;
Be thou then aduis'd in this,
Which both iust and fitting is:
Finish what thou hast begun,
Or at least still forward runne:
Haile and thunder ill hee'l beare
That a blast of winde doth feare:
And if words will thus afray thee,
Prethee how will deeds dismay thee?
Doe not thinke so rathe a song
Can passe through the vulgar throng,
And escape without a touch,
Or that they can hurt it much:
Frosts we see doe nip that thing
Which is forward's in the spring:
Yet at last for all such lets
Somewhat of the rest it gets:
And I'me sure that so maist thou,
Therefore my kinde Willy now;
Since thy folding time drawes on
And I see thou must be gon,
Thee I earnestly beseech
To remember this my speech
And some little counsell take,
For thy poore friend Rogets sake;
And I more of this will say,
If thou come next holy-day.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

1590—1645.

WILLIAM BROWNE was born at Tavistock of a good family, and from the school in that town was removed to Exeter College, Oxford. He afterwards entered at the Inner Temple; but delighting more in poetry and in such society as that age (and that only) afforded, than in the law, returned to Oxford, in middle life, as tutor to the Earl of Caernarvon. After he had discharged this office, the Earl of Pembroke took him into his family; and nothing more is known of him, except that he "got wealth and purchased an estate," and that there is reason to think the latter part of his life was past at Ottery St. Mary's, in his native county.

His poems were long undeservedly neglected, and had become extremely rare, when T. Davies, the bookseller, performed a good service to English literature in reprinting them. For Browne is a poet who produced no slight effect upon his contemporaries. George Wither, in his happiest pieces, has learnt the manner of his friend; and Milton may be traced to him. And in our days his peculiarities have been caught, and his beauties imitated, by men who will themselves find admirers and imitators hereafter.

He is said to have undertaken and nearly completed a series of lives of the English poets, beginning with Joseph of Exeter, and coming down to his own times. The loss of this work is the greatest which our poetical biography has sustained. Some of his unprinted poems were in the unhappy collection of Mr. Warburton the herald, and possibly may yet be recovered, as they disappeared not in that process of lighting the fire which has rendered that gentleman and his servant so unfortunately notorious, but in the dispersion of his library after his death.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

BOOK I.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Marina's love, ycleep'd the faire,
Celand's disdaine, and her despaire,
Are the first wings my Muse puts on
To reach the sacred Helicon.

I THAT whileare, neere Tavie's[1] stragling spring,
Unto my seely sheepe did use to sing,
And plai'd to please myselfe, on rusticke reede,
Nor sought for baye, (the learned shepheards meede)
But as a swayne unkent fed on the plaines,
And made the Eccho umpire of my straines:
And drawne by time (altho' the weak'st of many)
To sing those layes as yet unsung of any.
What neede I tune the swaines of Thessaly?
Or, bootelesse, adde to them of Arcadie?
No: faire Arcadia cannot be compleater,
My prayse may lesson, but not make thee greater.
My Muse for lofty pitches shall not rome,
But homely pipen of her native home:
And to the swaynes, love rural minstralsie,
Thus, deare Britannia, will I sing of thee.
High on the plaines of that renowned ile,
Which all men Beautie's Garden-plot enstyle,
A shepheard dwelt, whom fortune had made rich
With all the gifts that seely men bewitch.
Neere him a shepheardesse, for beautie's store
Unparallel'd of any age before.
Within those brests her face a flame did move,
Which never knew before what 'twas to love,
Dazeling each shepheard's sight that view'd her eyes,
And, as the Persians, did idolatrise
Unto the Sunne: they thought that Cinthia's light
Might well be spar'd, where she appear'd in night.
And as when many to the goale doe runne,
The prize is given never but to one:
So first, and onely Celandine was led,
Of destinies and Heaven much favoured,

[1] Tavie is a river, having his head in Dartmore, in Devon, some few miles from Marie-Tavy, and falls southward into Tamar: out of the same moore riseth, running northward, another, called Tau; which by the way the rather I speake of, because in the printed Malmesburie de Gest. Pontific. lib. 2. fol. 146. you reade, Est in Domnonia cœnobium Monachorum juxta Tau fluvium, quod Tavistock vocatur: whereas upon Tau stands (neere the north-side of the shire) Taustocke, being no remants of a monasterie: so that you must there reade, juxta Tavi Fluvium, as in a manuscript copie of Malmesburie, (the forme of the hand assuring Malmesburie's time) belonging to the abbey of S. Augustine, in Canterburie, I have seen, in the hands of my very learned friend M. Selden.

To gaine this beautie, which I here do offer
To memorie: his paynes (who would not proffer
Paynes for such pleasures?) were not great nor much,
But that his labour's recompence was such
As countervayled all: for she whose passion,
(And passion oft is love) whose inclination
Bent all her course to him-wards, let him know
He was the elme whereby her vine did grow:
Yea, told him, when his tongue began this taske,
She knew not to deny when he would aske.
Finding his suite as quickly got as mov'd,
Celandine, in his thoughts, not well approv'd
What none could disallow, his love grew fained,
And what he once affected, now disdained.
But faire Marina (for so was she call'd)
Having in Celandine her love install'd,
Affected so this faithlesse shepheard's boy,
That she was rapt beyond degree of joy.
Briefely, she could not live one houre without him,
And thought no joy like theirs that liv'd about him.
This variable shepheard for a while
Did Nature's jewell, by his craft, beguile:
And still the perfecter her love did grow,
His did appeare more counterfeit in show.
Which she perceiving that his flame did slake,
And lov'd her onely for his trophie's sake:
" For he that's stuffed with a faithlesse tumour,
Loves onely for his lust and for his humour:"
And that he often, in his merry fit,
Would say, his good came, ere he hop'd for it:
His thoughts for other subjects being prest,
Esteeming that as nought, which he possest:
" For, what is gotten but with little paine,
As little griefe we take to lose againe:"
Well-minded Marine, grieving, thought it strange,
That her ingratefull swaine did seeke for change.
Still by degrees her cares grew to the full,
Joyes to the wane: heart-rending griefe did pull
Her from herselfe, and she abandon'd all
To cryes and teares, fruits of a funerall:
Running, the mountaines, fields, by wat'ry springs,
Filling each cave with wofull ecchoings;
Making in thousand places her complaint,
And uttering to the trees what her tears meant.
" For griefes conceal'd (proceeding from desire)
Consume the more, as doth a close-pent fire."
Whilst that the daye's sole eye doth guide the seas,
In his daye's journey to th' Antipodes:
And all the time the jetty chariotere
Hurles her black mantle through our hemisphere,
Under the covert of a sprouding pyne
She sits and grieves for faithlesse Celandine.
Beginning thus: " Alas! and must it be
That love, which thus torments and trouble me
In settling it, so small advice hath lent
To make me captive, where enfranchisement
Cannot be gotten? Nor where, like a slave,
The office due to faithfull prisoners, have?
Oh! cruel Celandine! why shouldst thou hate
Her, who to love thee was ordain'd by Fate!
Should I not follow thee, and sacrifice
My wretched life to thy betraying eyes?
Aye me! of all, my most unhappy lot,
What others would, thou mai'st, and yet wilt not.
Have I rejected those that me ador'd,
To be of him, whom I adore, abhorr'd?
And pass'd by others' teares, to make election
Of one, that should so pass by my affection?
I have: and see, the heav'nly powers intend
' To punish sinners in what they offend! '
May be he takes delight to see in me
The burning rage of hellish jealousie;
Tries if in fury any love appeares;
And bathes his joy within my floud of teares.
But if he lov'd to soile my spotlesse soule,
And me amongst deceived maides enroule,
To publish to the world my open shame:
Then, heart, take freedome; hence accursed flame!
And, as queene regent, in my heart shall move
' Disdaine, that onely over-ruleth love:'
By this infranchiz'd sure my thoughts shall be,
And in the same sort love, as thou lov'st me.
But what! or can I cancell or unbinde
That which my heart hath seal'd and love hath sign'd?
No, no! griefe doth deceive me more each houre;
' For, whoso truely loves, hath not that power.'
I wrong to say so, since of all 'tis knowne,
' Who yeelds to love doth leave to be her owne.'
But what availes my living thus apart?
Can I forget him? or out of my heart
Can tears expulse his image? Surely no.
' We well may flye the place, but not the woe:
Love's fire is of a nature which by turnes
Consumes in presence, and in absence burnes.'
And knowing this, aye me! unhappy wight!
What meanes is left to helpe me in this plight?
And from that peevish, shooting, hood-winck't elfe,
To repossesse my love, my heart, myselfe?
Onely this helpe I finde, which I elect,
Since what my life, nor can nor will affect,
My ruine shall: and by it, I shall finde, [minde.'
' Death cures (when all helps faile) the grieved
And welcome here, (than love, a better guest,)
That of all labours art the onely rest:
Whilst thus I live, all things discomfort give,
The life is sure a death wherein I live:
Save life and death do differ in this one,
That life hath ever cares, and death hath none.
But if that he (disdainfull swaine) should know
That for his love I wrought my overthrow;
Will he not glory in't? and from my death
Draw more delights, and give new joyes their breath?
Admit he doe, yet better 'tis that I
Render myselfe to death than misery.
I cannot live, thus barred from his sight,
Nor yet endure, in presence, any wight
Should love him but myselfe. O reason's eye,
How art thou blinded with wilde jealousie!
And is it thus? Then which shall have my blood,
Or certaine ruine, or uncertaine good?
Why do I doubt? Are we not still adviz'd,
' That certaintie in all things best is priz'd?'
Then, if a certaine end can helpe my mone,
' Know death hath certaintie, but life hath none.'
" Here is a mount, whose toppe seemes to despise
The farre inferiour vale that under lies:
Who, like a great man rais'd aloft by Fate,
Measures his height by others' meane estate:
Neere to whose foote there glides a silver flood,
Falling from hence, I'll climbe unto my good:
And by it finish love and reason's strife,
And end my misery as well as life.
But as a coward's hartener in warre,
The stirring drumme, keeps lesser noyse from farre,
So seeme the murmuring waves tell in mine eare,
That guiltlesse bloud was never spilled there.
Then stay awhile; the beasts that haunt those
Of whom I heare the fearefull bellowings, [springs,
May doe that deede, (as moved by my cry)
Whereby my soule, as spotlesse ivory,

May turne from whence it came, and, freed from
Be unpolluted of that foule offence. [hence,
But why protract I time? Death is no stranger,
'And generous spirits never feare for danger:
Death is a thing most naturall to us,
And feare doth onely make it odious.'"
As when to seeke her foode abroad doth rove
The nuncius of peace, the seely dove,
Two sharpe set hawkes doe her on each side hem,
And she knowes not which way to flye from them:
Or like a shippe, that tossed to and fro
With winde and tyde, the winde doth sternely blow,
And drives her to the maine, the tyde comes sore
And hurles her backe againe towards the shore;
And since her balast and her sailes do lacke,
One brings her out, the other beates her backe;
Till one of them encreasing more his shockes,
Hurles her to shore, and rends her on the rockes:
So stood she long, 'twixt love and reason tost,
Untill despaire (who, where it comes, rules most,)
Wonne her to throw herselfe, to meete with death,
From off the rocke into the floud beneath.
The waves that were above, when as she fell,
For feare flew backe againe into their well;
Doubting ensuing times on them would frowne,
That they so rare a beauty help'd to drowne,
Her fall, in griefe, did make the streame so rore,
That sullen murmurings filled all the shore.
A shepheard (neere this floud that fed his sheepe,
Who at this chance left grazing, and did weepe,)
Having so sad an object for his eyes,
Left pipe and flocke, and in the water flyes,
To save a jewell, which was never sent
To be possest by one sole element:
But such a worke Nature dispos'd and gave,
Where all the elements concordance have.
He tooke her in his armes, for pittie cride,
And brought her to the river's further side:
Yea, and he sought by all his arte and paine,
To bring her likewise to herselfe againe:
While she that by her fall was senselesse left,
And almost in the waves had life bereft,
Lay long, as if her sweet immortall spirit
Was fled, some other palace to inherit.
But as cleere Phœbus, when some foggy cloud
His brightnesse from the world a while doth shrowd,
Doth by degrees beginne to shew his light
Unto the view: or, as the queene of night,
In her increasing hornes, doth rounder grow,
Till full and perfect she appeare in show:
Such order in this mayde the shepheard spyes,
When she beganne to shew the world her eyes.
Who (thinking now that she had past death's
dreame,
Occasion'd by her fall into the streame,
And that Hell's ferriman did then deliver
Her to the other side th' infernall river,)
Said to the swaine: "O Charon! I am bound
More to thy kindnesse, than all else, that round
Come thronging to thy boate: thou hast past over
The woful'st maide that ere these shades did cover:
But prithee, ferriman direct my spright
Where that blacke river runnes that Lethe hight,
That I of it (as other ghosts) may drinke,
And never of the world, or love, more thinke."
The swaine perceiving by her words ill sorted,
That she was wholy from herselfe transported;
And fearing lest those often idle fits
Might cleane expel her uncollected wits:
"Faire nymph," said he, "the powers above deny
So faire a beautie should so quickly dy:
The Heavens unto the world have made a loane,
And must for you have interest, three for one:
Call backe your thoughts, o'ercast with dolour's
night;
Do you not see the day, the heavens, the light?
Do you not know, in Pluto's darkesome place
The light of Heaven did never shew his face?
Do not your pulses beat, y' are warme, have breath,
Your sense is rapt with feare, but not with death?
I am not Charon, nor of Pluto's hoast;
Nor is there flesh and bloud found in a ghost:
But, as you see, a seely shepheard's swaine,
Who, though my meere revenues be the traine
Of milk-white sheepe, yet am I joy'd as much
In saving you, (O, who would not save such!)
As ever was the wand'ring youth of Greece[2],
That brought from Colchos home the golden fleece."
The never-too-much-praised faire Marine,
Hearing those words, beleev'd her eares and eyne:
And knew how she escaped had the flood
By meanes of this young swaine that neere her
stood.
Whereat, for griefe, she gan againe to faint,
Redoubling thus her cryes and sad complaint:
"Alas! and is that likewise barr'd from me,
Which for all persons else lies ever free?
Will life, nor death, nor aught abridge my paine?
But live still dying, dye to live againe?
The most unhappy I! which finde most sure,
The wound of love, neglected, is past cure.
Most cruell god of love! (if such there be)
That still to my desires art contrary!
Why should I not in reason this obtaine,
That as I love, I may be lov'd againe?
Alas! with thee, too, Nature playes her parts,
That fram'd so great a discord 'tweene two harts:
One flyes, and alwaies doth in hate persever;
The other followes, and in love growes ever.
Why dost thou not extinguish cleane this flame,
And plac't on him that best deserves the same?
Why had not I affected some kinde youth,
Whose everie word had bene the word of truth?
Who might have had to love, and lov'd to have
So true a heart as I to Celand gave.
For Psyche's love![3] if beautie gave thee birth,
Or if thou hast attractive power on Earth,
Dame Venus' sweetest childe, requite this love;
Or Fate yeeld meanes my soule may hence re-
move!"
Once seeing in a spring her drowned eyes,
"O cruell beautie, cause of this!" she cryes;
"Mother of love, (my joye's most fatall knife)
That work'st her death, by whom thyselfe hast
life!" [saint
The youthfull swaine, that heard this loving
So oftentimes to poure forth such complaint,
Within his heart such true affection prais'd,
And did perceive kinde love and pittie rais'd
His minde to sighes; yea, beautie forced this,
That all her griefe he thought was likewise his.
And having brought her what his lodge affords,
Sometime he wept with her, sometime with words
Would seeke to comfort; when, alas, poor elfe!
He needed then a comforter himselfe.

[2] Jason.
[3] See Apuleius' Golden Ass, 4th, 5th, and 6th v.

Daily whole troupes of griefe unto him came,
For her who languish'd of another flame.
If that she sigh'd, he thought him lov'd of her,
When 'twas another saile her winde did stirre:
But had her sighes and teares beene for this boy,
Her sorrow had beene lesse, and more her joy.
Long time in griefe he hid his love-maide paines,
And did attend her walkes in woods and plaines;
Bearing a fuell, which her sun-like eyes
Inflam'd, and made his heart the sacrifice.
Yet he, sad swaine! to shew it did not dare;
And she, least he should love, nye dy'd for feare.
She, ever-wailing, blam'd the powers above,
That night nor day give any rest to love.
He prais'd the Heavens in silence, oft was mute,
And thought with tears and sighs to winne his sute.
Once in the shade, when she by sleepe repos'd,
And her cleare eyes 'twixt her faire lids enclos'd;
The shepheard swaine beganne to hate and curse
That day unfortunate, which was the nurse
Of all his sorrowes. He had given breath
And life to her, which was his cause of death.
O Æsop's snake, that thirstest for his bloud,
From whom thyselfe receiv'd'st a certayne good.
Thus oftentimes unto himselfe alone
Would he recount his griefe, utter his mone;
And after much debating did resolve
Rather his grandame Earth should cleane involve
His pining body, ere he would make knowne
To her, what tares love in his breast had sowne.
Yea, he would say, when griefe for speech hath cride;
"'Tis better never aske than be denide."
But as the queene of rivers, fairest Thames,
That for her buildings other flouds inflames
With greatest envie; or the nymph[4] of Kent,
That statelyest ships to sea hath ever sent;
Some baser groome, for lucre's hellish course,
Her channell having stopt, kept back her source;
(Fill'd with disdaine) doth swell above her mounds,
And overfloweth all the neighb'ring grounds,
Angry she teares up all that stops her way,
And with more violence runnes to the sea:
So the kind shepheard's griefe (which, long uppent,
Grew more in powre, and longer in extent,)
Forth of his heart more violently thrust,
And all his vow'd intentions quickly burst.
Marina hearing sighes, to him drew neere,
And did entreate his cause of griefe to heare:
But had she knowne her beauty was the sting,
That caused all that instant sorrowing;
Silence in bands her tongue had stronger kept,
And sh'ad not ask'd for what the shepheard wept.
The swaine first, of all times, this best did thinke,
To show his love, whilst on the river's brinke
They sate alone, then thought, he next would move her
With sighes and teares (true tokens of a lover):
And since she knew what helpe from him she found,
When in the river she had else beene drown'd,
He thinketh sure she cannot but grant this,
To give reliefe to him, by whom she is:
By this incited, said: "Whom I adore,
Sole mistresse of my heart, I thee implore,
Doe not in bondage hold my freedome long;
And since I life or death hold from your tongue,
Suffer my heart to love, yea, dare to hope
To get that good of love's intended scope.

[4] Medway.

Grant I may praise that light in you I see,
And dying to myselfe, may live in thee.
Faire nymph, surcease this death-alluring languish,
So rare a beautie was not borne for anguish.
Why shouldst thou care for him that cares not for thee?
Yea, most unworthy wight, seemes to abhorre thee:
And if he be as you doe here paint forth him,
He thinkes you, best of beauties, are not worth him;
That all the joyes of love will not quit cost
For all lov'd freedome which by it is lost.
Within his heart such selfe-opinion dwels,
That his conceit in this he thinkes excels;
Accounting women beautie's sugred baites,
That never catch, but fooles, with their deceits:
'Who of himself harbours so vaine a thought,
Truely to love could never yet be brought.'
Then love that heart, where lies no faithlesse seed,
That never wore dissimulation's weed:
Who doth account all beauties of the spring,
That jocund summer-daies are ushering,
As foiles to yours. But if this cannot move
Your minde to pittie, nor your heart to love;
Yet, sweetest, grant me love to quench that flame,
Which burnes you now. Expel his worthlesse [name,
Cleane roote him out by me, and in his place
Let him inhabit, that will runne a race
More true in love. It may be for your rest.
And when he sees her, who did love him best,
Possessed by another, he will rate
The much of good he lost, when 'tis too late:
'For what is in our powers, we little deeme,
And things possest by others, best esteeme.'
If all this gaine you not a shepheard's wife,
Yet give not death to him which gave you life."
Marine the faire, hearing his woing tale,
Perceived well what wall his thoughts did scale,
And answer'd thus: "I pray, sir swaine, what
Is it to me to plucke up by the roote [boote
My former love, and in his place to sow
As ill a seede, for any thing I know?
Rather 'gainst thee I mortall hate retaine,
That seek'st to plant in me new cares, new paine:
Alas! th' hast kept my soule from death's sweet
To give me over to a tyrant's hands; [bands,
Who on his racks will torture by his powre,
This weakned, harmlesse body, every howre.
Be you the judge, and see if reason's lawes
Give recompence of favour for this cause:
You from the streames of death brought life on shore;
Releas'd one paine, to give me ten times more.
For love's sake let my thoughts in this be free;
Object no more your haplesse saving me:
That obligation which you thinke should binde,
Doth still encrease more hatred in my minde;
Yea, I doe think, more thankes to him were due
That would bereave my life, than unto you."
The thunder-stroken swaine lean'd to a tree,
As voyd of sense as weeping Niobe:
Making his teares the instruments to wooe her,
The sea wherein his love should swimme unto her:
And could there flow from his two-headed fount,
As great a floud as is the Hellespont,
Within that deepe he would as willing wander,
To meet his Hero, as did ere Leander.[5]

[5] See Musæus and Ovid's Epistles; likewise the Testyad, a poem in six books, begun by Christopher Marlow, and finished by George Chapman; highly esteemed by Ben Jonson.

Mean while the nymph withdrew herselfe aside,
And to a grove at hand her steps applide.
With that sad sight (O! had he never seene,
His heart in better case had ever beene),
Against his heart, against the streame he went,
With this resolve, and with a full intent,
When of that streame he had discovered
The fount, the well spring, or the bubbling head,
He there would sit, and with the well-drop vie,
That it before his eyes would first runne drie:
But then he thought the god[6] that haunts that lake,
The spoyling of his spring would not well take.
And therefore leaving soon the christall flood,
Did take his way unto the neerest wood:
Seating himselfe within a darkesome cave,
(Such places heavy Saturnists doe crave)
Where yet the gladsome day was never seene,
Nor Phœbus' piercing beams had ever beene,
Fit for the synode house of those fell legions,
That walke the mountains, and Silvanus' regions,
Where Tragedie might have her full scope given,
From men's aspects, and from the view to Heaven.
Within the same some crannies did deliver
Into the midst thereof a pretty river;
The nymph whereof came by out of the venyes
Of our first mother, having late tane paines
In scouring of her channell all the way,
From where it first beganne to leave the sea.
And in her labour thus farre now had gone,
When comming thro' the cave, she heard that one
Spake thus: "If I doe in my death persever,
Pittie may that effect, which love could never."
By this she can conjecture 'twas some swaine,
Who, overladen by a maide's disdaine,
Had here (as fittest) chosen out a place,
Where he might give a period to the race
Of his loath'd life: which she (for pittie's sake)
Minding to hinder, div'd into her lake,
And hast'ned where the ever-teeming earth
Unto her current gives a wished birth;
And by her new-delivered river's side,
Upon a banke of flow'rs, had soone espide
Remond, young Remond, that full well could sing,
And tune his pipe at Pan's birth carolling:
Who for his nimble leaping, sweetest layes,
A lawrell garland wore on holidayes;
In framing of whose hand dame Nature swore
There never was his like, nor should be more:
Whose locks (insnaring nets) were like the rayes,
Wherewith the Sunne doth diaper the seas:
Which if they had beene cut, and hung upon
The snow-white cliffes of fertile Albion,
Would have allured more, to be their winner,
Than all the diamonds[7] that are hidden in her.
Him she accosted thus: "Swaine of the wreathe,
Thou art not placed, only here to breathe;
But Nature, in thy framing, showes to me,
Doe good; and surely I myselfe perswade,
Thou never wert for evill action made,
In Heaven's consistory 'twas decreed,
That choisest fruit should come from choisest seede;
In baser vessels we doe ever put
Basest materials, doe never shut
Those jewels most in estimation set,
But in some curious costly cabinet.
If I may judge by th' outward shape alone,
Within, all vertues have convention:
'For't gives most lustre unto Vertue's feature,
When she appeares cloth'd in a goodly creature.'
Halfe way the hill, neere to those aged trees,
Whose insides are as hives for lab'ring bees,
(As who should say, before their rootes were dead,
For good worke's sake and almes, they harboured
Those whom nought else did cover but the skies:)
A path (untrodden but of beasts) there lies,
Directing to a cave in yonder glade,
Where all this forest's citizens, for shade,
At noone-time come, and are the first, I thinke,
That (running thro' that cave) my waters drinke:
Within this rocke there sits a wofull wight,
As voide of comfort as that cave of light;
And as I wot, occasion'd by the frownes
Of some coy shepheardesse that haunts these downes.
This I doe know, (whos'ever wrought his care)
He is a man nye treading to despaire.
Then hie thee thither, since 'tis charitie
To save a man; leave here thy flocke with me:
For whilst thou sav'st him from the Stygian bay,
I'le keepe thy lambkins from all beasts of prey."
The neernesse of the danger, (in his thought)
As it doth ever, more compassion wrought:
So that, with reverence to the nymph, he went
With winged speed, and hast'ned to prevent
Th' untimely seisure of the greedy grave:
Breathlesse, at last, he came into the cave;
Where by a sign directed to the man,
To comfort him he in this sort began:
"Shepheard, all haile; what mean these plaints? This cave
(Th' image of death, true portrait of the grave,)
Why dost frequent? and waile thee under ground,
From whence there never yet was pittie found?
Come forth and show thyselfe unto the light,
Thy griefe to me. If there be ought that might
Give any ease unto thy troubled minde,
We joy as much to give, as thou to finde."
The love-sicke swaine replide: "Remoud, thou art
The man alone to whom I would impart
My woes, more willing than to any swaine,
That lives and feeds his sheepe upon the plaine.
But vaine it is, and 'twould increase my woes
By their relation, or to thee or those
That cannot remedie. Let it suffise,
No fond distrust of thee makes me precise
To show my griefe. Leave me then, and forgo
This cave more sad, since I have made it so."
Here teares broke forth. And Remond gan anew:
With such intreaties earnest to pursue
His former suite, that he (though hardly) wan
The shepheard to disclose; and thus began:
"Know briefly, Remond, then, a heavenly face,
Nature's idea, and perfection's grace,
Within my breast hath kindled such a fire,
That doth consume all things, except desire;
Which daily doth increase, tho' alwaies burning,
And I want teares, but lacke no cause of mourning:
'For he whom Love under his colours drawes,
May often want th' effect, but ne're the cause.'"
Quoth th' other, "Have thy starres maligne bene
That their predominations sway so much [such,

[6] Deæ sanè et nymphæ, plerunque fontibus et fluviis præsunt apud poetas, quæ Ephydriades et Naiades dictæ: verum et nobis tamen deum præficere (sic Alpheum, Tyberinum, et Rhenum, et id genus alios divos legimus) haud illicitum.

[7] Julium Cæsarem, spe Margaritarum, Britanniam petisse, scribit Sueton. in Jul. cap. 47. et ex iis thoracem factum Veneri genetrici dicasse. Plin. Hist. Nat. 9. cap. 35. De Margaritis verò nostris consulas Camden. in Cornub. et Somerset.

Over the rest, that with a milde aspect
The lives and loves of shepheard's doe affect?
Then doe I thinke there is some greater hand,
Which thy endeavours still doth countermand:
Wherefore I wish thee quench the flame thus mov'd,
'And never love, except thou be belov'd:
For such an humour every woman seiseth,
She loves not him that plaineth, but that pleaseth.
When much thou lovest, most disdaine comes on thee, [thee;
And when thou thinkst to hold her, she flyes from
She follow'd, flyes; she fled from, followes post,
And loveth best where she is hated most.
'Tis ever noted, both in maides and wives,
Their hearts and tongues are never relatives.
Hearts full of holes, (so elder shepheard's saine)
As apter to receive than to retaine.'
Whose crafts and wiles did I intend to show,
This day would not permit me time, I know:
The daye's swift horses would their course have run,
And div'd themselves within the ocean,
Ere I should have performed halfe my taske,
Striving their craftie subtilties t' unmaske.
And gentle swaine some counsell take of me;
Love not still where thou mai'st; love, who loves thee;
Draw to the courteous, flye thy love's abhorrer,
'And if she be not for thee, be not for her.'
If that she still be wavering, will away,
Why should'st thou strive to hold what will not stay?
This maxime, reason never can confute,
'Better to live by losse, than dye by sute.'
If to some other love she is inclinde, [minde.
Time will at length cleane roote that from her
Time will extinct love's flames, his hell-like flashes,
And like a burning brand consum't to ashes.
Yet mai'st thou still attend, but not importune:
'Who seekes oft misseth, sleepers light on fortune,'
Yea, and on woman too. 'Thus doltish sots
Have fate and fairest women for their lots.
Favour and pittie waite on patience:'
And hatred oft attendeth violence.
If thou wilt get desire, whence love hath pawn'd it,
Believe me, take thy time, but ne'r demaund it.
Women, as well as men, retaine desire;
But can dissemble, more than men, their fire.
Be never caught with lookes, nor selfe-wrought rumour:
Nor by a quaint disguise nor singing humour.
Those out-side showes are toyes, which outwards
But virtue lodg'd within, is onely faire. [snare:
If thou hast seene the beauty of our nation,
And find'st her have no love, have thou no passion:
But seeke thou further: other places sure
May yeeld a face as faire, a love more pure:
Leave, (O, then leave,) fond swaine, this idle course,
For Love's a god no mortall weight can force."
Thus Remond said, and saw the faire Marine
Plac'd neere a spring, whose waters christaline
Did in their murmurings bear a part, and plained
That one so true, so faire, should be disdained:
Whilst in her cryes, that fil'd the vale along,
Still Celand was the burthen of her song.
The stranger shepheard left the other swaine,
To give attendance to his fleecy traine;
Who in departing from him, let him know,
That yonder was his freedome's over-throw,
Who sate bewailing (as he late had done)
That love by true affection was not wonne.
This fully known: Remond came to the mayde
And after some few words (her tears allay'd)
Began to blame her rigour, called her cruell,
To follow hate, and flye love's chiefest jewell.
"Faire, doe not blame him that he thus is moved;
For women sure were made to be beloved.
If beautie wanting lovers long should stay,
It like an house undwelt in would decay:
When in the heart if it have taken place,
Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface.
The adamant and beautie we discover
To be alike; for beautie drawes a lover,
The adamant is iron. Doe not blame
His loving then, but that which caused the same.
Who so is lov'd, doth glory so to be:
The more your lovers, more your victorie.
Know, if you stand on faith, most women's loathing,
'Tis but a word, a character of nothing.
Admit it somewhat, if what we call constance,
Within a heart hath no long time residence,
And in a woman, she becomes alone
Faire to herselfe, but foule to every one.
If in a man it once have taken place,
He is a foole, or doates, or wants a face
To winne a woman, and I thinke it be
No vertue, but a meere necessitie." ["have done;
"Heaven's powers deny it swaine" (quoth she)
Strive not to bring that in derision,
Which whosoe'er detracts in setting forth,
Doth truly derogate from his owne worth.
It is a thing which Heaven to all hath lent
To be their vertue's chiefest ornament:
Which whoso wants, is well compar'd to these
False tables, wrought by Alcibiades;[8]
Which noted well of all, were found t' have bin
Most faire without, but most deform'd within.
Then shepheard know that I intend to be
As true to one, as he is false to me."
"To one?" (quoth he) "why so? Maides pleasure take
To see a thousand languish for their sake:
Women desire for lovers of each sort,
And why not you? Th' amorous swaine for sport;
The lad that drives the greatest flocke to field,
Will buskins, gloves, and other fancies yeeld;
The gallant swaine will save you from the jawes
Of ravenous bears, and from the lyon's pawes.
Beleeve what I propound; doe many chuse,
'The least hearbe in the field serves for some use.'"
Nothing perswaded, nor asswag'd by this,
Was fairest Marine, or her heavinesse:
But prais'd the shepheard as he ere did hope,
His silly sheepe should fearelesse have the scope
Of all the shadowes that the trees do lend,
From Raynard's stealth, when Titan doth ascend,
And runne his mid-way course; to leave her there,
And to his bleating charge againe repaire.
He condescended; left her by the brooke,
And to the swaine and's sheepe himselfe betooke.
He gone; she with herselfe thus gan to saine;
"Alas! poore Marine, think'st thou to attaine
His love by sitting here? or can the fire
Be quencht with wood? can we allay desire
By wanting what's desired? O that breath,
The cause of life, should be the cause of death!
That who is shipwrackt on love's hidden shelfe,
Doth live to others, dyes unto herselfe.

[8] They represented a god or goddess without, and a Silenus or deformed piper within. Erasmus has a curious dissertation on Sileni Alcibiades.—Adag. p. 667. Edit. R. Stephens.

Why might I not attempt by death as yet
To gaine that freedom, which I could not get,
Being hind'red heretofore? a time as free,
A place as fit offers itselfe to me,
Whose seed of ill is growne to such a height,
That makes the earth groane to support his weight.
Who so is lull'd asleepe with Midas' treasures,
And onely feares by death to lose life's pleasures;
Let them feare death: but since my fault is such,
And onely fault, that I have lov'd too much,
On joyes of life why should I stand? for those
Which I neere had, I surely cannot lose.
Admit a while I to those thoughts consented,
'Death can be but deferred, not prevented.'"
Then raging with delay, her teares that fell
Usher'd her way, and she into a well
Straight wayes leapt after: 'O! how desperation
Attends upon the minde enthral'd to passion!'
The fall of her did make the god below,
Starting, to wonder whence that noyse should grow:
Whether some ruder clowne in spite did fling
A lambe, untimely falne, into his spring:
And if it were, he solemnely then swore
His spring should flow some other way: no more
Should it in wanton manner ere be seene
To writhe in knots, or give a gowne of greene
Unto their meadowes, nor be seene to play,
Nor drive the rushy-mills, that in his way
The shepheards made: but rather for their lot,
Send them red waters that their sheepe should rot.
And with such moorish springs embrace their field,
That it should nought but mosse and rushes yeeld.
Upon each hillocke, where the merry boy
Sits piping in the shades his notes of joy,
He'd shew his anger, by some floud at hand,
And turne the same into a running sand.
Upon the oake, the plumb-tree and the holme,
The stock-dove and the blackbird should not come,
Whose muting on those trees does make to grow
Rots curing hyphear[9], and the misseltoe. [failes,
Nor shall this helpe their sheep, whose stomackes
By tying knots of wooll neere to their tails:
But as the place next to the knot doth dye,
So shall it all the body mortifie.
Thus spake the god! but when as in the water
The corps came sinking downe, he spide the matter,
And catching softly in his arms the maide,
He brought her up, and having gently laid
Her on his banke, did presently command
Those waters in her, to come forth: at hand
They straight came gushing out, and did contest
Which chiefly should obey their god's behest.
This done, her then pale lips he straight held ope,
And from his silver haire let fall a drop
Into her mouth, of such an excellence, [thence,
That call'd backe life, which griev'd to part from
Being for troth assur'd, that, than this one,
She ne'er possest a fairer mansion.
Then did the god her body forwards steepe,
And cast her for a while into a sleepe:
Sitting still by her did his full view take
Of Nature's master-piece. Here for her sake,
My pipe in silence as of right shall mourne,
Till from the wat'ring we againe returne.

[9] Hyphear ad saginanda pecora utilissimus: nino autem satum nullo modo nascitur, nec nisi per alvum avium redditum maximè palumbis et turdi. Plin. Hist. Nat. 16. cap. 44. Hinc illud vetus verbum, Turdus sibi malum cacat.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Oblivion's spring, and Dory's love,
With faire Marina's rape, first move
Mine oaten pipe, which after sings
The birth of two renowned springs.

Now till the Sunne shall leave us to our rest,
And Cinthia have her brother's place possest,
I shall goe on: and first in diff'ring stripe,
The floud-god's speech thus tune on oaten pipe.
"Or mortall, or a power above,
Inrag'd by fury, or by love,
Or both, I know not, such a deede,
Thou would'st effected, that I blede,
To thinke thereon: alas! poore elfe,
What, growne a traitour to thyselfe?
This face, this haire, this hand so pure
Were not ordain'd for nothing sure.
Nor was it meant so sweet a breath
Should be expos'd by such a death;
But rather in some lover's brest
Be given up, the place that best
Befits a lover yeeld his soule.
Nor should those mortals ere controule
The gods, that in their wisdome sage
Appointed have what pilgrimage
Each one should runne: and why should men
Abridge the journey set by them?
But much I wonder any wight
If he did turne his outward sight
Into his inward, dar'd to act
Her death, who body is compact
Of all the beauties ever Nature
Laid up in store for earthly creature.
No savage beast can be so cruell
To rob the Earth of such a jewell.
Rather the stately unicorne
Would in his brest enraged scorne,
That maides committed to his charge
By any beast in forrest large
Should so be wrong'd. Satyres rude
Durst not attempt, or ere intrude
With such a minde the flowry balkes
Where harmelesse virgines have their walkes.
Would she be wonne with me to stay,
My waters should bring from the sea
The corrall red, as tribute due,
And roundest pearles of orient hue:
Or in the richer veines of ground
Should seeke for her the diamond,
And whereas now unto my spring
They nothing else but gravell bring,
They should within a mine of gold
In piercing manner long time hold,
And having it to dust well wrought,
By them it hither should be brought;
With which ile pave and over-spread
My bottome, where her foote shall tread.
The best of fishes in my flood
Shall give themselves to be her food.

The trout, the dace, the pike, the breame,
The eele, that loves the troubled streame,
The miller's thumbe, the hiding loach,
The perch, the ever nibling roach,
The shoales with whom is Tavie fraught,
The foolish gudgeon quickly caught,
And last the little minnow-fish,
Whose chief delight in gravell is.
" In right she cannot me despise
Because so low mine empire lyes.
For I could tell how Nature's store
Of majesty appeareth more
In waters, than in all the rest
Of elements. It seem'd her best
To give the waves most strength and powre:
For they doe swallow and devoure
The earth; the waters quence and kill
The flames of fire: and mounting still
Up in the aire, are seene to be,
As challenging a seignore
Within the Heavens, and to be one
That should have like dominion.
They be a seeling and a floore
Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours store
Arising from them, vitall spirit
By which all things their life inherit
From them is stopped, kept asunder.
And what's the reason else of thunder,
Of lightning's flashes all about,
That with such violence break out,
Causing such troubles and such jarres,
As with itselfe the world had warres?
And can there any thing appeare
More wonderfull, than in the aire
Congealed waters oft to spie
Continuing pendant in the skie?
Till falling downe in haile or snow,
They make those mortall wights below
To runne, and ever helpe desire,
From his foe element the fire,
Which fearing then to come abroad
Within doores maketh his aboade.
Or falling downe oft time in raine,
Doth give greene liveries to the plaine,
Make shepheard's lambs fit for the dish,
And giveth nutriment to fish.
Which nourisheth all things of worth
The earth produceth and brings forth:
And therefore well considering
The nature of it in each thing:
As when the teeming earth doth grow
So hard, that none can plow nor sow,
Her brest it doth so mollifie,
That it not onely comes to be
More easie for the share and oxe,
But that in harvest times the shocks
Of Ceres' hanging eared corne
Doth fill the hovell and the barne.
To trees and plants I comfort give,
By me they fructifie and live:
For first ascending from beneath
Into the skie, with lively breath,
I thence am furnish'd, and bestow
The same on hearbes, that are below.
So that by this each one may see
I cause them spring and multiply.
Who seeth this, can doe no lesse,
Than of his owne accord confesse,
That notwithstanding all the strength
The earth enjoyes in breadth and length,
She is beholding to each streame,
And hath received all from them.
Her love to him she then must give
By whom herselfe doth chiefly live."
This being spoken by this water's god,
He straight-way in his hand did take his rod,
And stroke it on his banke, wherewith the flood
Did such a roaring make within the wood, [shore,
That straight the nymph[1] who then sate on her
Knew there was somewhat to be done in store:
And therefore hasting to her brother's spring
She spied what caus'd the water's echoing.
Saw where faire Marine fast asleepe did lie,
Whilst that the god still viewing her sate by:
Who when he saw his sister nymphe draw neare,
He thus gan tune his voyce unto her eare:
" Fairest sister (for we come
Both from the swelling Thetis' wombe)
The reason why of late I strooke
My ruling wand upon my brooke
Was for this purpose: Late this maide
Which on my bank asleepe is laide,
Was by herselfe, or other wight,
Cast in my spring, and did affright,
With her late fall, the fish that take
Their chiefest pleasure in my lake:
Of all the fry within my deepe,
None durst out of their dwellings peepe.
The trout within the weeds did scud,
The eele him hid within the mud.
Yea, from this feare I was not free;
For as I musing sate to see
How that the pretty pibbles round
Came with my spring from under ground,
And how the waters issuing
Did make them dance about my spring;
The noyse thereof did me appall;
That starting upward therewithall,
I in my arms her body caught,
And both to light and life her brought:
Then cast her in a sleepe you see."
" But brother, to the cause," quoth she,
" Why by your raging waters wilde
Am I here called?"—" Thetis' childe,"
Replide the god, " for thee I sent,
That when her time of sleepe is spent,
I may commit her to thy gage,
Since women best know women's rage.
Mean while, faire nymph, accompany
My spring with thy sweet harmony;
And we will make her soule to take
Some pleasure, which is sad to wake,
Although the body hath his rest."
She gave consent: and each of them addrest
Unto their part. The watry nymph did sing
In manner of a pretty questioning:
The god made answer to what she propounded,
While from the spring a pleasant musicke sounded,
(Making each shrub in silence to adore them,)
Taking their subject from what lay before them.

NYMPH.

What's that, compact of earth, infus'd with ayre,
Acertaine, made full with uncertainties;
Sway'd by the motion of each severall spheare;
Who's fed with nought but infelicities;

[1] The watry nymph that spoke to Remond.

Indures nor heate nor colde; is like a swan,
That this hour sings, next dies?

GOD. It is a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, borne to be sicke, so alwayes dying,
That's guided by inevitable fate;
That comes in weeping, and that goes out crying;
Whose kalender of woes is still in date;
Whose life's a bubble, and in length a span;
A consort still in discords?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, whose thoughts are still quell'd in th' event,
Though ne'er so lawful, by an opposite,
Hath all things fleeting, nothing permanent:
And at his cares weares still a parasite:
Hath friends in wealth, or wealthy friends, who can
In want prove mere illusions?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, that what he is not, strives to seeme,
That doth support an Atlas-weight of care:
That of an outward good doth best esteeme,
And looketh not within how solid they are:
That doth not vertuous, but the richest scan;
Learning and worth by wealth?

GOD. It is a man.

NYMPH.

What's that possessor, which of good makes bad;
And what is worst makes choice still for the best;
That giveth most to thinke of what he had,
And of his chiefest losse accounteth least,
That doth not what he ought, but what he can;
Whose fancie's ever boundlesse?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

But what is it, wherein dame Nature[2] wrought
The best of workes, the onely frame of Heaven;
And having long to finde a present sought,
Wherein the world's whole beautie might be given;
She did resolve in it all arts to summon,
To joyne with Nature's framing?

GOD. 'Tis this woman.

NYMPH.

If beautie be a thing to be admired;
And if admiring draw to it affection;
And what we do affect, is most desired;
What wight is he to love denyes subjection?
And can his thoughts within himselfe confine?

Marine that waking lay, said; "Celandine.
He is the man that hates, which some admire;
He is the wight that loathes whom most desire:
'Tis onely he to love denies subjecting,
And but himselfe, thinkes none is worth affecting.
Unhappy me the while: accurst my fate,
That Nature gives no love where she gave hate."
The watry rulers then perceived plaine,
Nipt with the winter of love's frost, disdaine;
This non-pareil of beautie had been led
To doe an act which envy pittyed:
Therefore in pitty did conferre together,
What physicke best might cure this burning fever.
At last found out that in a grove below,
Where shadowing sicamours past number grow,
A fountaine takes his journey to the maine,
Whose liquor's nature was so soveraigne,
(Like to the wond'rous well and famous spring,
Which in Boetia[3] hath his issuing,)
That who so of it doth but onely taste,
All former memory from him doth waste.
Not changing any other worke of Nature,
But doth endowe the drinker with a feature
More lovely. Fair Medea tooke from hence
Some of this water; by whose quintessence,
Æson[4] from age came backe to youth. This knowne,
The god thus spake:

"Nymph be thine owne,
And after mine. This goddesse here
(For she's no lesse) will bring thee where
Thou shalt acknowledge springs have done
As much for thee as any one.
Which ended, and thou gotten free,
If thou wilt come and live with me,
No shepheard's daughter, nor his wife,
Shall boast them of a better life,
Meane while I leave thy thoughts at large,
Thy body to my sister's charge;
Whilst I into my spring do dive,
Te see that they do not deprive
The meadows neare, which much do thirst,
Thus heated by the Sunne."—"May first"
(Quoth Marine) "swaines give lambs to thee;
And may thy flouds have seignorie
Of all flouds else; and to thy fame
Meete greater springs, yet keep thy name.
May never euet, nor the toade,
Within thy banks make their abode!
Taking thy journey from the sea,
Maist thou ne'er happen in thy way
On nitre or on brimstone myne,
To spoyle thy taste! this spring of thine
Let it of nothing taste but earth,
And salt conceived, in their birth
Be ever fresh! Let no man dare
To spoil thy fish, make locke or ware,
But on thy margent still let dwell
Those flowers which have the sweetest smell.
And let the dust upon thy strand
Become like Tagus' golden sand.
Let as much good bet.de to thee,
As thou hast favour shew'd to me."
Thus said; in gentle paces they remove,
And hast'ned onward to the shady grove:
Where both arriv'd; and having found the rocke,
Saw how this precious water it did locke.
As he whom avarice possesseth most,
Drawne by necessitie unto his cost,

[2] The first woman is fayned to be named Pandora, i. e. a creature framed of the concurrence of the gifts and ornaments of all the gods. As Hesiod. Ὅτι πάντες ὀλυμπία δώματ' ἔχοντες Δῶρον ἐδώρησαν.

[3] Plinie writes of two springs rising in Boetia, the first helping memory, called Μνήμων. The latter causing oblivion, called Λήθη.

[4] Ovid. Metam. B. 6.

Doth drop by piece-meale downe his prison'd gold,
And seemes unwilling to let goe his hold.
So the strong rocke the water long time stops
And by degrees lets it fall downe in drops.
Like hoording huswives that doe mold their food,
And keep from others, what doth them no good.
The drops within a cesterne fell of stone
Which fram'd by Nature, art had never one
Halfe part so curious. Many spels then using,
The water's nymph twixt Marine's lips infusing
Part of this water, she might straight perceive
How soone her troubled thoughts began to leave
Her love-swolne breast; and that her inward flame
Was cleane asswaged, and the very name
Of Celandine forgotten; did scarce know
If there were such a thing as love or no.
And sighing, therewithall threw in the ayre
All former love, all sorrow, all despaire;
And all the former causes of her mone
Did therewith bury in oblivion.
Then must'ring up her thoughts, growne vagabonds,
Prest to relieve her inward bleeding wounds,
She had as quickly all things past forgotten,
[illegible]men doe monarchs that in earth lie rotten.
[illegible]e new borne she seem'd, so all descerning:
[illegible]gh things long learned are the longst un-
learning."
[illegible]lk'd they to a grove but neare at hand,
[illegible]ery Titan had but small command,
[illegible] the leaves conspiring kept his beames,
[illegible]re of hurting (when he's in extreames)
[illegible]nder-flowers, which did enrich the ground
[illegible]n sweeter sents than in Arabia found. [exhale)
The earth doth yeeld (which they through pores
Earth's best of odours, th' aromaticall:
Like to that smell, which oft our sense descries
Within a field which long unplowed lyes,
Some-what before the setting of the Sunne;
And where the rainebow in the horizon
Doth pitch her tips: or as when in the prime,
The earth being troubled with a drought long time,
The hand of Heaven his spungy clouds doth straine,
And throwes into her lap a showre of raine;
She sendeth up (conceived from the Sunne)
A sweete perfume and exhalation.
Not all the ointments brought from Delos isle;
Nor from the confines of seaven-headed Nyle:
Nor that brought whence Phœnicians have abodes;
Nor Cyprus' wilde vine-flowers; nor that of Rhodes;
Nor roses-oyle from Naples, Capua,
Saffron confected in Cilicia;
Nor that of quinces, nor of marioram,
That ever from the isle of Coös came.
Nor these, nor any else, though ne're so rare,
Could with this place for sweetest smels compare,
There stood the elme[5], whose shade so mildly dym
Doth nourish all that groweth under him.
Cipresse that like piramides runne topping,
And hurt the least of any by their dropping.
The alder, whose fat shadow nourisheth,
Each plant set neere to him long flowrisheth.
The heavie-headed plane-tree, by whose shade
The grasse growes thickest, men are fresher made.
The oake, that best endures the thunder shocks:
The everlasting ebene, cedar, boxe.
The olive that in wainscot never cleaves:
The amorous vine which in the elme still weaves.
The lotus, juniper, where wormes ne'er enter:
The pyne, with whom men through the ocean venter.
The warlike yewgh, by which (more than the lance)
The strong-arm'd English spirits conquer'd France.
Amongst the rest the tamariske there stood,
For huswive's besomes onely knowne most good.
The cold-place-loving birch, and servis tree:
The walnut loving vales, and mulbury.
The maple, ashe, that doe delight in fountaines,
Which have their currents by the sides of moun-
The laurell, mirtle, ivy, date, which hold [taines.
Their leaves all winter, be it ne'er so cold.
The firre, that oftentimes doth rosin drop:
The beach that scales the welkin with his top:
All these, and thousand more within this grove,
By all the industry of nature strove
To frame an arbour that might keepe within it
The best of beauties that the world hath in it.
Here ent'ring, at the entrance of which shroud,
The Sunne half angry hid him in a cloud,
As raging that a grove should from his sight
Locke up a beauty whence himselfe had light.
The flowers pull'd in their heads as being sham'd
Their beauties by the others were defam'd.
Neare to this wood there lay a pleasant meade,
Where fairies often did their measures treade,
Which in the meadow made such circles greene,
As if with garlands it had crowned beene,
Or like the circle where the signes we tracke,
And learned shepheards call't the zodiacke:
Within one of these rounds was to be seene
A hillock rise, where oft the fairie queene
At twy-light sate, and did command her elves,
To pinch those maids that had not swept their
And further if by maidens' over-sight, [shelves:
Within doores water were not brought at night:
Or if they spread no table, set no bread,
They should have nips from toe unto the head:
And for the maid that had perform'd each thing,
She in the water-pale bad leave a ring.
Upon this hill there sate a lovely swaine,
As if that Nature thought it great disdaine
That he should (so through her his genius told him)
Take equall place with swaines, since she did hold
him
Her chiefest worke, and therefore thought it fit,
That with inferiours he should never sit.
Narcissus' change sure Ovid cleane mistooke,
He dy'd not looking in a christall brooke,
But (as those which in emulation gaze)
He pinde to death by looking on this face.
When he stood fishing by some river's brim,
The fish wou'd leape, more for a sight of him
Than for the flie. The eagle highest bred,
Was taking him once up for Ganimed.
The shag-hair'd satyres, and the tripping fawnes;
With all the troope that frolicke on the lawnes,
Would come and gaze on him, as who should say
They had not seen his like this many a day.
Yea Venus knew no difference 'twixt these twaine
Save Adon[6] was a hunter, this a swaine.
The wood's sweet quiristers from spray to spray
Would hop them nearest him, and then there stay:
Each joying greatly from his little hart,
That they with his sweet reed might beare a part.
This was the boy, (the poets did mistake)
To whom bright Cynthia so much love did make;

[5] See Spenser's Fairie Queene, b. 1. c. 1. st. 8, 9.

[6] See Shakespear's Venus and Adonis.

And promis'd for his love no scornfull eyes
Should ever see her more in horned guize:
But she at his command would as of dutie
Become as full of light as he of beautie.
Lucina at his birth for midwife stucke:
And Citherea nurs'd and gave him sucke.
Who to that end, once dove-drawn from the sea,
Her full paps dropt, whence came the milkie-way.
And as when Plato did i' th' cradle thrive,
Bees to his lips brought honey from their hive:
So to this boy they came, I know not whether
They brought, or from his lips did honey gather.
The wood-nymphs oftentimes would busied be,
And pluck for him the blushing strawberie:
Making of them a bracelet on a bent,
Which for a favour to this swaine they sent.
Sitting in shades, the Sunne would oft by skips
Steale through the boughes, and seize upon his lips.
The chiefest cause the Sunne did condiscend
To Phäeton's request[7], was to this end,
That whilst the other did his horses reyne, [swaine;
He might slide from his spheare, and court this
Whose sparkling eyes vi'd lustre with the starres,
The truest center of all circulars.
In briefe, if any man in skill were able
To finish up Apelles' halfe-done table[8],
This boy (the man left out) were fittest sure
To be the patterne of that portraiture.
Piping he sate, as merry as his looke,
And by him lay his bottle and his hooke,
His buskins (edg'd with silver) were of silke,
Which held a legge more white than morning's milke.
Those buskins he had got and brought away
For dancing best upon the revell day.
His oaten reede did yeeld forth such sweet notes,
Joyned in consort with the birds shrill throtes,
That equaliz'd the harmony spheares,
A musicke that would ravish choisest cares.
Long look'd they on (who would not long looke on,
That such an object had to looke upon?)
Till at the last the nymph did Marine send,
To aske the neerest way, whereby to wend
To those faire walkes where sprung Marina's ill
Whilst she would stay: Marine obey'd her will,
And hast'ned towards him (who would not doe so,
That such a pretty journey had to goe?)
Sweetly she came and with a modest blush,
Gave him the day, and then accosted thus:
"Fairest of men, that (whilst thy flocke doth feed)
Sit'st sweetly piping on thine oaten reed
Upon this little berry (some ycleep
A hillocke) voide of care, as are thy sheepe
Devoid of spots, and sure on all this greene
A fairer flocke as yet were never seene:
Doe me this favour (men should favour maides)
That whatsoever path directly leades,
And voide of danger, thou to me doe show,
That by it to the Marish I might goe."
"Marriage!" (quoth he) mistaking what she said,
"Nature's perfection, thou most fairest maid,
(If any fairer than the fairest may be)
Come sit thee downe by me; know, lovely ladie,
Love is the readiest way: if tane aright
You may attaine thereto full long ere night."

The maiden thinking he of Marish spoke,
And not of marriage, straight-way did invoke,
And praid the shepheard's god might alwayes keepe
Him from all danger, and from wolves his sheepe.
Wishing with all that in the prime of spring
Each sheep he had, two lambes might yearely bring.
"But yet" (quoth she) "arede good gentle swaine,
If in the dale below, or on yond plaine;
Or is the village scituate in a grove,
Through which my way lyes, and ycleeped Love."
"Nor on yond plaine, nor in this neighbouring wood;
Nor in the dale where glides the silver flood.
But like a beacon on a hill so hie,
That every one may see't which passeth by,
Is Love yplac'd: there's nothing can it hide,
Although of you as yet 'tis unespide." [true?"
"But on which hill" (quoth she) "pray tell me
"Why here" (quoth he) "it sits and talkes to you."
"And are you Love?" quoth she) "fond swaine, adue.
You guide me wrong, my way lies not by you."
"Though not your way, yet may you lye by m.
Nymph, with a shepheard thou as merrily
Maist love and live, as with the greatest lord,
'Greatnesse doth never most content afford.'
I love thee onely, not affect world's pelfe,
'She is not lov'd, that's lov'd not for herself
How many shepheard's daughters who in d
To griping fathers, have inthral'd their beat
To waite upon the gout, to walke when ple
Olde January hault. O that diseases
Should linke with youth! She hath such a ma
Is like two twinnes borne both incorporate:
Th' one living, the other dead: the living twinne
Must needs be slaine through noysomnesse of him
He carrieth with him: such are their estates,
Who merely marry wealth and not their mates."
As ebbing waters freely slide away,
To pay their tribute to the raging sea;
When meeting with the floud they justle stout,
Whether the one shall in, or th' other out:
Till the strong floud new power of waves doth bring,
And drives the river back into his spring:
So Marine's words off'ring to take their course,
By love then ent'ring, were kept backe, and force
To it, his sweet face, eyes, and tongue assign'd,
And threw them backe againe into her minde.
"How hard it is to leave and not to do
That which by nature we are prone unto?
We hardly can (alas! why not?) discusse,
When nature hath decreed it must be thus.
It is a maxime held of all, knowne plaine,
Thrust nature off with forkes, she'll turn againe."
Blithe Doridon (so men this shepheard hight)
Seeing his goddesse in a silent plight,
("Love often makes the speeche's organs mute,")
Began againe thus to renue his sute:
"If by my words your silence hath been such,
Faith I am sorry I have spoke so much.
Barre I those lips? fit to be th' utt'rers, when
The Heavens would parly with the chiefe of men.
Fit to direct (a tongue all hears convinces)
When best of scribes writes to the best of princes,
Were mine like yours of choicest words compleatest,
'Ide show how grief's a thing weighes downe the greatest,
The best of forms (who knows not?) griefe doth taint it,
The skilfull'st pencill never yet could paint it.'

[7] See Ovid's Metam. b. 2. Apollonius Argonaut. l. 4. Lucretius, l. 5.
[8] An unfinished Venus. Plin. l. 35. c. 10. Cicero, l. 3. de Officiis, lib. 1. epist. 9. Ep[illegible] Famil.

And reason good, since no man yet could finde
What figure represents a grieved minde.
Me thinkes a troubled thought is thus exprest,
To be a chaos rude and indigest:
Where all doe rule, and yet none beares chiefe sway:
Checkt onely by a power that's more than they.
This do I speake, since to this every lover
That thus doth love, is thus still given over.
If that you say you will not, cannot love:
Oh Heavens! for what cause then do you here move?
Are you not fram'd of that expertest molde,
For whom all in this round concordance holde?
Or are you framed of some other fashion,
And have a forme and heart, but not a passion?
It cannot be: for then unto what end
Did the best worke-man this great worke intend?
Not that by minde's commerce, and joynt estate,
The world's continuers still should propagate?
Yea, if that reason (regent of the senses)
Have but a part amongt your excellences,
She'll tell you what you call virginitie,
Is fitly lik'ned to a barren tree;
Which when the gardner on it paines bestowes,
[illegible]graff and impe thereon, in time it growes
[illegible]uch perfection, that it yeerely brings
[illegible]odly fruit as any tree that springs.
[illegible]me, maiden, vow no chastitie,
[illegible]lens but imperfect creatures be."
[illegible]s, poor boy!" quoth Marine, "have the Fates
[illegible]oted no degrees? Are no estates
[illegible]ee from love's rage? Be rul'd: unhappy swaine,
Call backe thy spirits, and recollect againe
Thy vagrant wits. I tell thee for a truth,
'Love is a syren that doth shipwracke youth.'
Be well advis'd, thou entertain'st a guest
That is the harbinger of all unrest:
Which like the viper's young, that licke the earth,
Eate out the breeder's wombe to get a birth."
"Faith," quoth the boy, "I know there cannot be
Danger in loving or in enjoying thee.
For what cause were things made and called good,
But to be loved? If you understood
The birds that prattle here, you would know then,
As birds wooe birds, maides should be woo'd of men.
But I want power to wooe, since what was mine
Is fled, and lye as vassals at your shrine:
And since what's mine is yours, let that same move,
Although in me you see nought worthy love."
Marine about to speake, forth of a sling
(Fortune to all misfortune's plyes her wing
More quicke and speedy) came a sharp'ned flint,
Which in the faire boye's neck made such a dint,
That crimson bloud came streaming from the wound,
And he fell downe into a deadly swound.
The bloud ranne all along where it did fall,
And could not finde a place of buriall:
But where it came, it there congealed stood,
As if the earth loath'd to drinke guiltlesse blood.
Gold-hair'd Apollo, Muses' sacred king,
Whose praise in Delphos' ile doth ever ring:
Physicke's first founder, whose art's excellence
Extracted nature's chiefest quintessence,
Unwilling that a thing of such a worth
Should so be lost; straight sent a dragon forth
To fetch his bloud, and he perform'd the same:
And now apothecaries give it name,
From him that fetch'd it: (doctors know it good
In physicke's use) and call it dragon's blood.[9]
Some of the blood by chance did down-ward fall,
And by a veine got to a minerall,
Whence came a red, decayed dames infuse it
With Venice ceruse, and for painting use it.
Marine, astonisht, (most unhappy maide)
O'er-come with feare, and at the view afraid,
Fell downe into a trance, eyes lost their sight,
Which being open made all darknesse light.
Her bloud ranne to her heart, or life to feed,
Or loathing to behold so vilde a deed.
And as when winter doth the earth array
In silver sute, and when the night and day
Are in dissension, night lockes up the ground,
Which by the helpe of day is oft unbound;
A shepheard's boy, with bow and shafts addrest,
Ranging the fields, having once pierc'd the brest
Of some poore fowle, doth with the blow straight
To catch the bird lies panting in the bush: [rush
So rusht the striker in, up Marine tooke,
And hast'ned with her to a neare-hand brooke,
Olde shepheards saine (olde shepheards sooth have saine)
Two rivers[10] took their issue from the maine,
Both neare together, and each bent his race,
Which of them both should first behold the face
Of radiant Phœbus: one of them in gliding
Chanc'd on a veine where niter had abiding:
The other, loathing that her purer wave
Should be defil'd with that the niter gave,
Fled fast away; the other follow'd fast,
Till both beene in a rocke ymet at last.
As seemed best, to rocke did first deliver
Out of his hollow sides the purer river:
(As if it taught those men in honour clad,
To helpe the vertuous and suppresse the bad;)
Which gotten loose, did softly glide away.
As men from earth, to earth; from sea, to sea
So rivers runne: and that from whence both came
Takes what she gave: waves, earth: but leaves a name.
As waters have their course, and in their place
Succeeding streames well out, so is man's race:
The name doth still survive, and cannot die,
Untill the channels stop, or spring grow dry.
As I have seen upon a bridall-day
Full many maides clad in their best array,
In honour of the bride come with their flaskets
Fill'd full with flowres: others in wicker-baskets
Bring from the marish rushes, to o'er-spread
The ground, whereon to church the lovers tread;
Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the plaine
Ushers their way with many a piping straine:
So, as in joy, at this faire river's birth,
Triton came up a channell with his mirth,
And call'd the neighb'ring nymphes, each in her turne,
To poure their pretty rivilets from their urne;
To waite upon this new-delivered spring.
Some, running through the meadows, with them bring
Cowslip and mint: and 'tis another's lot
To light upon some gardener's curious knot,
Whence she upon her brest (love's sweete repose)
Doth bring the queene of flowers, the English rose.

[9] The tears of a tree bearing a fruit something like a cherry; the skin of which pulled off, they say, ressembles a dragon.
[10] *An expression of the natures of two rivers rising neere* together and differing in their tastes and manner of running.

Some from the fen bring reeds, wilde-thyme from downes;
Some from a grove the bay that poets crownes;
Some from an aged rocke the mosse hath torne,
And leaves him naked unto winter's storme:
Another from her bankes (in meere good-will)
Brings nutriment for fish, the camomill.
Thus all bring somewhat, and doe over-spread
The way the spring unto the sea doth tread.
This while the floud, which yet the rocke up pent,
And suffered not with jocund merriment
To tread rounds in his spring; came rushing forth,
As angry that his waves (he thought) of worth
Should not have libertie, nor helpe the prime.
And as some ruder swaine composing rhyme,
Spends many a gray goose quill unto the handle,
Buries within his socket many a candle;
Blots paper by the quire, and dryes up incke,
As Xerxes' armie did whole rivers drinke,
Hoping thereby his name his worke should raise,
That it should live untill the last of dayes:
Which finished, he boldly doth addresse
Him and his workes to under-goe the presse;
When loe (O fate!) his worke not seeming fit
To walke in equipage with better wit,
Is kept from light, there gnawn by moathes and worms,
At which he frets: right so this river stormes:
But broken forth, as Tavy creepes upon
The westerne vales [11] of fertile Albion,
Here dashes roughly on an aged rocke,
That his extended passage doth up locke;
There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander,
Losing himself in many a wry meander:
Here, amorously bent, clips some faire meade;
And then disperst in rills, doth measures treade
Upon her bosom 'mongst her flow'ry rankes:
There in another place beares downe the bankes
Of some day-labouring wretch: heere meets a rill,
And with their forces joynde cut out a mill
Into an iland, then in jocund guise
Survayes his conquest, lauds his enterprise:
Here digs a cave at some high mountaine's foote:
There undermines an oak, tears up his roote:
Thence rushing to some country farme at hand,
Breakes o'er the yeoman's mounds, sweepes from his land
His harvest hope of wheate, of rye, or pease:
And makes that channell which was shepheard's lease:
Here, as our wicked age doth sacriledge,
Helpes downe an abbey, then a naturall bridge,
By creeping under ground he frameth out,
As who should say he eyther went about
To right the wrong he did, or hid his face,
For having done a deed so vild and base:
So ranne this river on, and did bestirre
Himselfe, to finde his fellow-traveller.
But th' other fearing least her noyse might show
What path she tooke, which way her streames did flow:
As some way-faring man strayes through a wood,
Where beasts of prey, thirsting for humane bloud,
Lurke in their dens, he softly list'ning goes,
Not trusting to his heeles, treades on his toes:
Dreads every noyse he eares, thinkes each small bush
To be a beast, that would upon him rush:
Feareth to dye, and yet his winde doth smother;
Now leaves this path, takes that, then to another;
Such was her course. This feared to be found,
The other not to finde, swels o'er each mound,
Roares, rages, foames, against a mountaine dashes,
And in recoile, makes meadowes standing plashes:
Yet findes not what he seeks in all his way,
But in despaire runnes headlong to the sea.
This was the cause them by tradition taught,
Why one floud ranne so fast, th' other so soft,
Both from one head. Unto the rougher streame,
(Crown'd by that meadowe's flow'ry diadeame,
Where Doridon lay hurt,) the cruell swaine
Hurries the shepheardesse, where having layne
Her in a boate like the cannowes of Inde [12],
Some seely trough of wood, or some tree's rinde;
Puts from the shoare, and leaves the weeping strand,
Intends an act by water, which the land
Abhorr'd to boulster; yea, the guiltlesse earth
Loath'd to be mid-wife to so vilde a birth:
Which to relate, I am inforc'd to wrong
The modest blushes of my maiden-song.
Then each faire nymph, whom Nature doth endow
With beautie's cheeke, crown'd with a shamefast brow;
Whose well-tun'd eares, chast-object-loving eyne,
Ne'er heard nor saw the workes of Aretine [13];
Who ne'er came on the Citherean shelfe,
But is as true as *chastitie itselfe*,
Where hated *impudence* ne'er set *her seede*
Where lust *lies not* vail'd *in a virgin's weed*
Let her with-draw, *Let each young shephe*
Walke by, or stop his eare, *the whilst I sing*.
But yee, whose bloud, like kids upon a pla
Doth skip, and daunce lavoltoes in each veine;
Whose brests are swolne with the Venerean game,
And warme yourselves at lust's alluring flame;
Who dare to act as much as men dare thinke,
And wallowing lie within a sensuall sinke;
Whose fained gestures doe entrap our youth
With an apparancie of simple truth;
Insatiate gulphs, in your defective part
By art helpe nature, and by nature, art:
Lend me your eares, and I will touch a string
Shall lull your sense asleepe the while I sing.
But stay: me thinkes I heare something in me
That bids me keepe the bounds of modestie;
Sayes, " Each man's voice to that is quickly moved
Which of himselfe is best of all beloved;
By utt'ring what thou know'st lesse glory's got,
Than by concealing what thou knowest not."
If so, I yeeld to it, and set my rest
Rather to loose the bad, than wrong the best.
My maiden Muse flies the lascivious swaines,
And scornes to soyle her lines with lustfull straines.
Will not dilate (nor on her fore-head beare
Immodestie's abhorred character)
His shamelesse pryings, his undecent doings;
His curious searches, his respectlesse wooings;
How that he saw. But what? I dare not breake it,
You safer may conceive than I dare speake it.
Yet verily, had he not thought her dead,
Sh'ad lost, ne'er to be found, her maiden-head.
The rougher streame, loathing a thing compacted
Of so great shame, should on his floud be acted,
(According to our times not well allow'd
In others, what he in himselfe avow'd)

[11] Devonsh[ire].

[12] See Th. De Bry's America, vol. 1. fol. part 1. Virginia Tabul. 12mo. Lintrium conficiendorum Ratio. See likewise Sir Thomas Herbert's Travels, fol. 3d edit. p. 30.

[13] An obscene Italian poet. See Bayle's Dict.

Bent hard his fore-head, furrow'd up his face,
And danger led the way the boate did trace.
And as within a landtskip that doth stand
Wrought by the pencill of some curious hand,
We may descry, here meadow, there a wood:
Here standing ponds, and there a running floud:
Here on some mount a house of pleasure vanted,
Where once the roaring cannon had been planted:
There on a hill a swaine pipes out the day,
Out-braving all the quiristers of May.
A huntsman here followes his cry of hounds,
Driving the hare along the fallow grounds:
Whilst one at hand seeming the sport t' allow,
Followes the hounds, and carelesse leaves the plow.
There in another place some high-rais'd land,
In pride beares out her breasts unto the strand.
Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit-head:
Here round a May-pole some the measures tread:
There boyes the truant play and leave their booke:
Here stands an angler with a bayted hooke.
There for a stagge one lurkes within a bough:
Here sits a maiden milking of her cow.
There on a goodly plaine (by time throwne downe)
Lies buried in his dust some auncient towne;
Who now invillaged, there's onely seene
In his vaste ruines what his state has beene:
And all of these in shadowes so exprest,
Make the beholder's eyes to take no rest,
So for the swaine the floud did meane to him
To show in nature (not by art to limbe)
A tempest's rage, his furious waters threate,
Some on this shoare, some on the other, beate.
Here stands a mountaine, where was once a dale;
There, where a mountaine stood, is now a vale.
Here flowes a billow, there another meetes:
Each, on each side the skiffe, unkindely greetes.
The waters underneath gan upward move,
Wond'ring what stratagems were wrought above:
Billowes that mist the boate, still onward thrust,
And on the cliffes, as swoln with anger, burst.
All these, and more, in substance so exprest,
Made the beholder's thoughts to take no rest.
Horrour in triumph rid upon the waves;
And all the Furies from their gloomy caves
Come hovering o'er the boate, summon'd each sence
Before the fearefull barre of Conscience;
Where guilty all, and all condemned were
To under-goe their horrours which despaire.
What Muse? what powre? or what thrice sacred herse,
That lives immortall in a wel tun'd verse,
Can lend me such a sight, that I might see
A guilty conscience' true anatomie;
That well-kept register, wherein is writ,
All ils men doe, all goodnesse they omit?
His pallid feares, his sorrowes, his affrightings;
His late wisht had-I-wists, remorcefull bitings:
His many tortures, his heart-renting paine:
How were his griefes composed in one chaine,
And he by it let downe into the seas,
Or through the centre to the antipodes?
He might change climates, or be barr'd Heaven's face:
Yet finde no salve, nor ever change his case.
Feares, sorrowes, tortures, sad affrights, nor any,
Like to the conscience stung, tho' thrice as many;
Yet all these torments by the swaine were borne,
Whilst Death's grimme visage lay upon the storme.
But as when some kinde nurse doth longe time keepe
Her pretty babe at sucke, whom, falne asleepe,
She layes downe in his cradle, stints his cry
With many a sweet and pleasing lullaby;
Whilst the sweet childe, not troubled with the shocke,
As sweetly slumbers, as his nurse doth rocke.
So lay the maide, th' amazed swaine sate weeping,
And death in her was dispossest by sleeping.
The roaring voyce of winds, the billowes' raves,
Nor all the mutt'ring of the sullen waves,
Could once disquiet, or her slumber stirre:
But lull'd her more asleepe than wakened her.
Such are their states, whose soules, from foul offence,
Enthroned sit in spotlesse innocence.
Where rest my Muse; till (jolly shepheard's swaines) plaines,
Next morne with pearles of dew bedecks our
We'll fold our flockes, then in fit time go on
To tune mine oaten pipe for Doridon.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE THIRD SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The shepheard's swaine, here singing on,
Tels of the cure of Doridon:
And then unto the water's fals
Chanteth the rusticke pastorals.

Now had the Sunne, in golden chariot hurl'd,
Twice bid good-morrow to the nether world:
And Cynthia, in her orbe and perfect round,
Twice view'd the shadowes of the upper ground.
Twice had the day-starre usher'd forth the light;
And twice the evening-starre proclaim'd the night;
Ere once the sweet-fac'd boy (now all forlorne)
Came with his pipe to re-salute the morne.
When grac'd by time, (unhappy time the while)
The cruell swaine (who ere knew swaine so vile?)
Had stroke the lad, in came the wat'ry nymph,
To raise from sound poore Doridon, (the impe,
Whom Nature seem'd to have selected forth
To be ingraffed on some stocke of worth;)
And the maides helpe, but since "to domes of fate
Succour, tho' ne'er so soone, comes still too late."
She rais'd the youth, then with her armes inrings him, him.
And so with words of hope she home-wards brings
At doore expecting him his mother sate,
Wond'ring her boy would stay from her so late;
Framing for him unto herselfe excuses:
And with such thoughts gladly herselfe abuses:
As that her sonne, since day grew olde and weake,
Staid with the maides to runne at barlibreake:
Or that he cours'd a parke with females fraught,
Which would not runne except they might be
Or in the thickets lay'd some wily snare, caught.
To take the rabbet or the pourblinde hare.
Or taught his dogge to catch the climbing kid:
Thus shepheards doe; and thus she thought he did.
"In things expected meeting with delay,
Tho' there be none, we frame some cause of stay.

And so did she, (as she who doth not so)
Conjecture Time unwing'd, he came so slow.
But Doridon drew neere, so did her griefe:
"Ill lucke, for speede, of all things else is chiefe."
For as the blinde-man [1] sung, "Time so provides,
That joy goes still on foote, and sorrow rides."
Now when she saw (a wofull sight!) her sonne,
Her hopes then fail'd her, and her cryes begun
To utter such a plaint, that scarce another,
Like this, ere came from any love-sicke mother,
"If man hath done this, Heaven, why mad'st thou men?
Not to deface thee in thy children; [men?
But by the worke the worke-man to adore;
Framing that something, which was nought before.
Aye me, unhappy wretch! if that in things
Which are as we, (save title) men feare kings,
That be their postures to the life limb'd on
Some wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,
'Tis death to stab: why then should earthly things,'
Dare to deface his forme who formed kings?
When the world was but in his infancy,
Revenge, desires unjust, vilde jealousie,
Hate, envy, murther, all these sixe then raigned,
When but their halfe of men the world contained.
Yet but in part of these, those ruled then,
When now as many vices live as men.
Live they? Yes, live, I feare, to kill my sonne,
With whom my joyes, my love, my hopes, are done."
"Cease," quoth the water's nymph, that led the swaine;
"Tho' tis each mother's cause thus to complaine:
Yet 'abstinence in things we must professe,
Which Nature fram'd for neede, not for excesse.'"
"Since the least bloud, drawne from the lesser part
Of any childe, comes from the mother's hart,
We cannot choose but grieve, except that we
Should be more senslesse than the senslesse tree,"
Reply'd his mother. "Doe but cut the limbe
Of any tree, the trunke will weepe for him:
Rend the cold sicamore's [2] thin barke in two,
His name and teares would say, 'So love should do.'
'That mother is all flint (than beasts lesse good)
Which drops no water when her childe streames blood.'"
At this the wounded boy fell on his knee,
"Mother, kind mother," (said) "weepe not for me,
Why, I am well! indeed I am. If you
Cease not to weepe, my wound will bleed anew.
When I was promist first the light's fruition,
You oft have told me, 'twas on this condition,
That I should hold it with like rent and paine
As others doe, and one time leave 't againe.
Then, dearest mother, leave, oh! leave to wayle,
'Time will effect where teares can nought availe.'"
Herewith Marinda, taking up her sonne,
Her hope, her love, her joy, her Doridon,
She thank'd the nymph, for her kind succour lent,
Who straite tript to her wat'ry regiment.
Downe in a dell (where in that month [3] whose fame
Growes greater by the man who gave it name,
Stands many a well-pil'd cocke of short sweet hay,
That feeds the husband's neate each winter's day)
A mountaine had his foote, and 'gan to rise
In stately height to parlee with the skies.
And yet as blaming his owne lofty gate,
Waighing the fickle props in things of state,
His head began to droope, and down-wards bending,
Knockt on that brest which gave it birth and ending:
And lyes so with an hollow hanging vaut,
As when some boy, trying the somersaut,
Stands on his head, and feete, as he did lie
To kicke against earth's spangled canopie;
When seeing that his heeles are of such weight,
That he cannot obtaine their purpos'd height,
Leaves any more to strive; and thus doth say:
"What now I cannot do, another day
May well effect: it cannot be denyde
I show'd a will to act, because I tride."
The Scornfull-hill men call'd him, who did scorne
So to be call'd, by reason he had borne
No hate to greatnesse, but a mind to be
The slave of greatnesse through humilitie:
For had his mother Nature thought it meete,
He, meekely bowing, would have kist her feete.
Under the hollow hanging of this hill
There was a cave, cut out by Nature's skill:
Or else it seem'd the mount did open's brest,
That all might see what thoughts he there possest.
Whose gloomy entrance was environ'd round
With shrubs that cloy ill husbands' meadow-ground:
The thicke-growne haw-thorne and the binding bryer,
The holly that out-dares cold winter's ire:
Who all intwinde, each limbe with limbe did deale,
That scarse a glympse of light could inward steale.
An uncouth place, fit for an uncouth minde,
That is as heavy as that cave is blinde;
Here liv'd a man his hoary haires call'd olde,
Upon whose front time many yeares had tolde.
Who, since dame Nature in him feeble grew,
And he unapt to give the world aught new,
The secret power of hearbes, that grow on molde,
Sought aught, to cherish and relieve the olde.
Hither Marinda all in haste came running,
And with her tears desir'd the olde man's cunning.
When this good man (as goodnesse still is prest,
At all assays, to helpe a wight distrest)
As glad and willing was to ease her sonne,
As she would ever joy to see it done.
And giving her a salve in leaves up bound,
And she directed how to cure the wound,
With thankes, made home-wards, (longing still to see
Th' effect of this good hermit's surgerie)
There carefully, her sonne laid on a bed,
(Enriched with the bloud he on it shed)
She washes, dresses, binds his wound, (yet sore)
That griev'd, it could weepe bloud for him no more.
Now had the glorious Sunne tane up his inne,
And all the lamps of Heav'n inlight'ned bin,
Within the gloomy shades of some thicke spring,
Sad Philomel 'gan on the haw-thorne sing
(Whilst every beast at rest was lowly laid)
The outrage done upon a seely maide.
All things were husht, each bird slept on his bough;
And night gave rest to him, day tir'd at plough:
Each beast, each bird, and each day-toyling wight,
Receiv'd the comfort of the silent night:
Free from the gripes of sorrow every one,
Except poore Philomel and Doridon;
She on a thorne sings sweet tho' sighing straines;
He, on a couch more soft, more sad complaines:

[1] Homer.
[2] Alluding to our English pronunciation, and indifferent orthographie.
[3] July took its name from Julius Cæsar.

Whose in-pent thoughts him long time having pained,
He sighing wept, and weeping thus complained.
" Sweet Philomela!" (then he heard her sing)
" I do not envy thy sweet carolling,
But doe admire thee, that each even and morrow,
Canst carelesly thus sing away thy sorrow.
Would I could doe so too! and ever be
In all my woes still imitating thee:
But I may not attaine to that; for then
Such most unhappy, miserable men,
Would strive with Heaven, and imitate the Sunne,
Whose golden beames in exhalation,
Tho' drawne from fens, or other grounds impure,
Turne all to fructifying nouriture.
When we draw no thing by our sun-like eyes,
That ever turnes to mirth, but miseries:
Would I had never seene, except that she
Who made me wish so, love to looke on me.
Had Colin Clout[4] yet liv'd, (but he is gone)
That best on Earth could tune a lover's mone.
Whose sadder tones infore'd the rockes to weepe,
And laid the greatest griefes in quiet sleepe:
Who, when he sung (as I would do to mine)
His truest loves to his faire Rosaline,
Entic'd each shepheard's eare to heare him play,
And, rapt with wonder, thus admiring say:
'Thrice happy plaines, (if plaines thrice happy may be)
Where such a shepheard pipes to such a ladie!'
Who made the lasses long to sit downe neere him,
And woo'd the rivers from their springs to heare him.
Heaven rest thy soule, (if so a swaine may pray)
And as thy workes live here, live there for aye.
Meane while (unhappy) I shall still complaine
Love's cruell wounding of a seely swaine."
Two nights thus past: the lilly-handed morne
Saw Phœbus stealing dewe from Ceres' corne.
The mounting larke (daie's herauld) got on wing,
Bidding each bird choose out his bow and sing.
[5]The lofty treble sung the little wren;
Robin the meane, that best of all loves men;
The nightingale the tenor: and the thrush
The counter-tenor sweetly in a bush:
And that the musicke might be full in parts,
Birds from the groves flew with right willing harts:
But (as it seem'd) they thought (as do the swaines,
Which tune their pipes on sack'd Hibernia's plaines)
There should some droaning part be, therefore will'd
Some bird to flie into a neighb'ring field,
In embassie unto the king of bees,
To aide his partners on the flowres and trees:
Who condiscending gladly flew along
To beare the base to his well tuned song.
The crow was willing they should be beholding
For his deep voyce, but being hoarse with skolding,
He thus lends aide; upon an oake doth climbe,
And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.
O true delight! enharboring the brests
Of those sweet creatures with the plumy crests.
Had Nature unto man such simpl'esse given,
He would, like birds, be farre more neere to Heaven.
But Doridon well knew (who knowes no lesse?)
" Man's compounds have o'erthrowne his simplenesse." [yeeld,
None-tide the morne had woo'd, and she gan
When Doridon (made ready for the field)
Goes sadly forth, (a wofull shepheard's lad)
Drowned in teares, his minde with griefe yclad,
To ope his fold, and let his lamkins out,
(Full jolly flocke they seem'd, a well fleec'd rout)
Which gently walk'd before, he sadly pacing,
Both guides and followes them towards their grazing.
When from a grove the wood-nymphs held full
Two heavenly voyces did intreat his eare, [deare
And did compell his longing eyes to see
What happy wight enjoy'd such harmonie.
Which joyned with five more, and so made seaven,
Would parallel in mirth the spheares of Heaven.
To have a sight at first he would not presse,
For feare to interrupt such happinesse:
But kept aloofe the thicke growne shrubs among,
Yet so as he might heare this wooing song.

F. Fye, shepheard's swaine, why sit'st thou all alone,
Whilst other lads are sporting on the leyes?
R. Joy may have company, but griefe hath none:
Where pleasure never came, sports cannot please.
F. Yet may you please to grace our this daye's sport,
Though not an actor, yet a looker on.
R. A looker on indeed, so swaines of sort,
Cast low, take joy to looke whence they are throwne.
F. Seeke joy and finde it.
R. Griefe doth not minde it.

BOTH.

" Then both agree in one,
Sorrow doth hate
To have a mate;
True griefe is still alone."

F. Sad swaine, areade, (if that a maide may aske?)
What cause so great effects of griefe hath wrought?
R. Alas! love is not hid, it weares no maske;
To view 'tis by the face conceiv'd and brought.
F. The cause I grant: the causer is not learned:
Your speech I doe entreat about this taske.
R. If that my heart were seene, 'twould be discerned;
And Fida's name found graven on the caske.
F. Hath love young Remond moved?
R. 'Tis Fida that is loved.

BOTH.

" Although 'tis said that no men
Will with their hearts,
Or good's chiefe parts,
Trust either seas or women."

F. How may a maiden be assur'd of love,
Since falshood late in every swaine excelleth?
R. When protestations faile, time may approve
Where true affection lives, where falshood dwelle
F. The truest cause elects a judge as true:
Fie, how my sighing my much loving telleth!
R. Your love is fixt in one, whose heart to you
Shall be as constancy, which ne'er rebelleth.
F. None other shall have grace.
R. None else in my heart place.

BOTH.

" Go, shepheard swaine, and wive all,
For love and kings
Are two like things,
Admitting no corrivall."

[4] Edmund Spenser.
[5] A description of a musicall consort of birds.

As when some malefactor judg'd to die
For his offence, his execution nye,
Casteth his sight on states unlike to his,
And weighs his ill by other's happinesse:
So Doridon thought every state to be
Further from him, more neere felicitie.
"O blessed sight! where such concordance meetes,
Where truth with truth, and love with liking greetes.
Had," quoth the swaine, "the Fates given me some
Of true delight's inestimable treasure, [measure
I had bene fortunate: but now so weake,
My bankrupt heart will be infore'd to breake.
Sweet love, that drawes on Earth a yoake so even;
Sweet life, that imitates the blisse of Heaven;
Sweet death they needs must have, who so unite
That two distinct make one Hermaphrodite[6]:
Sweet love, sweet life, sweet death, that so do meet
On Earth! in death, in Heaven, be ever sweet!
Let all good wishes ever waite upon you,
And happinesse as hand-maid tending on you.
Your loves within one centre meeting have!
One houre your deaths, your corps possesse one grave! [plore)
Your name's still greene, (thus doth a swaine im-
Till time and memory shall be no more!"
Herewith the couple hand in hand arose,
And tooke the way which to the sheep-walke goes.
And whilst that Doridon their gate look'd on,
His dogge disclos'd him, rushing forth upon
A well fed deere, that trips it o'er the meade,
As nimbly as the wench did whilome tread
On Ceres' dangling eares, or shaft let goe
By some faire nymph that beares Diana's bowe.
When turning head, he not a foote would sturre,
Scorning the barking of a shepheard's curre:
So should all swaines as little weigh their spite,
Who at their songs do bawle, but dare not bite.
Remond, that by the dogge the master knew,
Came backe, and angry bad him to pursue:
"Dory" (quoth he) "if your ill-tuter'd dogge
Have naught of awe, then let him have a clogge.
Do you not know this seely timerous deere,
(As usuall to his kinde) hunted whileare,
The Sunne not ten degrees got in the signes,
Since to our maides, here gathering columbines,
She weeping came, and with her head low laid
In Fida's lap, did humbly begge for aide.
Whereat unto the hounds they gave a checke,
And saving her, might spie about her necke
A collar hanging, and (as yet is seene)
These words in gold wrought on a ground of greene:
'Maidens: since 'tis decreed a maid shall have me,
Keepe me till he shall kill me that must save me.'
But whence she came, or who the words concerne,
We neither know, nor can of any learne.
Upon a pallat she doth lie at night,
Where Fida's bed, nor will she from her sight:
Upon her walkes she all the day attends,
And by her side she trips where ere she wends."
"Remond," (replide the swaine) "if I have
Fida in ought which unto her belong'd, [wrong'd
I sorrow for't, and truely doe protest,
As yet I never heard speech of this beast:
Nor was it with my will; or if it were,
Is it not lawfull we should chase the deere,
That, breaking our inclosures every morne,
Are found at feede upon our crop of corne?
Yet had I known this deere, I had not wrong'd
Fida in ought which unto her belong'd."
"I thinke no lesse," quoth Remond; "but I pray
Whither walkes Doridon this holy-day?
Come, drive your sheepe to their appointed feeding,
And make you one at this our merry meeting.
Full many a shepheard, with his lovely lasse,
Sit telling tales upon the clover grasse:
There is the merry shepheard of the hole;
Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinoll,
Alexis, Silvan, Teddy of the glen,
Rowly, and Perigot here by the fen,
With many more, I cannot reckon all,
That meet to solemnize this festivall."
"I grieve not at their mirth," said Doridon:
"Yet had there beene of feasts not any one
Appointed or commanded, you will say,
'Where there's content 'tis ever holy-day.'"
"Leave further talke," quoth Remond, "let's be gone;
Ile helpe you with your sheepe, the time drawes on.
Fida will call the hinde, and come with us."
Thus went they on, and Remond did discusse
Their cause of meeting, till they wonne with pacing
The circuit chosen for the maidens' tracing.
It was a roundell seated on a plaine,
That stood as sentinell unto the maine,
Environ'd round with trees and many an arbour,
Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour:
And on a bough, within the quick'ning spring,
Would be a teaching of their young to sing;
Whose pleasing noates the tyred swaine have made
To steale a nappe at noone-tide in the shade.
Nature herselfe did there in triumph ride,
And made that place the ground of all her pride,
Whose various flowres deceiv'd the rasher eye
In taking them for curious tapistrie.
A silver spring forth of a rocke did fall,
That in a drought did serve to water all.
Upon the edges of a grassie bancke,
A tuft of trees grew circling in a rancke,
As if they seem'd their sports to gaze upon,
Or stood as guard against the winde and Sunne:
So faire, so fresh, so greene, so sweet a ground,
The piercing eyes of Heaven yet never found.
Here Doridon all ready met doth see
(O who would not at such a meeting be?)
Where he might doubt, who gave to other grace,
Whether the place the maides, or maides the place.
Here gan the reede and merry bag-pipe play,
Shrill as a thrush upon a morne of May,
(A rurall musicke for an heavenly traine)
And every shepheardesse dane'd with her swaine.
As when some gale of winde doth nimbly take
A faire white locke of wooll, and with it make
Some pretty driving; here it sweeps the plaine:
There staies, here hops, there mounts, and turnes again:
Yet all so quicke, that none so soone can say
That now it stops, or leapes, or turnes away:
So was their dancing, none look'd thereupon,
But thought their severall motions to be one.
A crooked measure was their first election,
Because all crooked tends to best perfection.
And as I weene this often bowing measure,
Was chiefly framed for the women's pleasure.
Tho', like the ribbe, they croocked are and bending,
Yet to the best of formes they aime their ending:
Next in an (I) their measure made a rest,
Shewing when love is plainest, it is best.

[6] See the Hermaphrodite in F. Beaumont's poems. Our author has a short copy of verses in commendation of it.

Then in a (Y), which thus doth love commend,
Making of two at first, one in the end.
And lastly closing in a round do enter:
Placing the lusty shepheards in the center:
About the swaines they dauncing seem'd to roule,
As other planets round the heav'nly pole.
Who by their sweet aspect or chiding frowne,
Could raise a shepheard up, or cast him downe.
Thus were they circled till a swaine came neere,
And sent this song unto each shepheard's eare:
The note and voyce so sweet, that for such mirth,
The gods would leave the Heavens, and dwell on Earth.

"Happy are you so inclosed,
May the maides be still disposed,
In their gestures and their dances,
So to grace you with intwining,
That Envy wish in such combining
Fortune's smile with happy chances.

"Here it seems as if the Graces
Measur'd out the plaine in traces,
In a shepheardesse disguising.
Are the spheares so nimbly turning,
Wand'ring lampes in Heaven burning,
To the eye so much intising?

"Yes, Heaven meanes to take these thither,
And adde one joy to see both dance together.

"Gentle nymphes, be not refusing,
Love's neglect is time's abusing:
They and beauty are but lent you;
Take the one and keepe the other:
Love keepes fresh what age doth smother,
Beauty gone, you will repent you.

"'Twill be said when ye have proved,
Never swaines more truely loved:
O then fly all nice behaviour!
Pitty faine would (as her dutie)
Be attending still on Beautie,
Let her not be out of favour.

"Disdaine is now so much rewarded,
That Pitty weepes since she is unregarded."

The measure and the song here being ended,
Each swaine his thoughts thus to his love commended.

The first presents his Dogge, with these:

When I my flocke neere you doe keepe,
And bid my dogge goe take a sheepe,
He cleane mistakes what I bid doe,
And bends his pace still towards you.
Poore wretch! he knowes more care I keepe
To get you, than a seely sheepe.

The second, his Pipe, with these:

Bid me to sing, (faire maide) my song shall prove
There ne'er was truer pipe sung truer love.

The third, a paire of Gloves, thus:

These will keepe your hands from burning,
Whilst the Sunne is swiftly turning;
But who can any veile devise
To shield my heart from your faire eyes?

The fourth, an Anagram.

MAIDEN AND MEN.

Maidens should be ayding men,
And for love give love agen:
Learne this lesson from your mother
"One good wish requires another."
They deserve their names best, when
Maides most willingly ayd men.

The fift, a Ring, with a picture in a Jewell on it.

Nature hath fram'd a jemme beyond compare,
The world's the ring, but you the jewell are.

The sixt, a Nosegay of Roses, with a Nettle in it.

Such is the posie Love composes;
A stinging nettle mixt with roses.

The seventh, a Girdle.

This during light I give to clip your wast:
Faire, grant mine armes that place when day is past.

The eight, a Heart.

You have the substance, and I live
But by the shadow which you give:
Substance and shadow, both are due
And given of me to none but you.
Then whence is life but from that part
Which is possessor of the heart?

The ninth, a Shepherd's Hooke.

The hook of right belongs to you; for when
I take but seely sheep, you still take men.

The tenth, a Combe.

Lovely maiden, best of any,
Of our plaines though thrice as many:
Vaile to love, and leave denying,
Endless knots let Fates be tying.
Such a face, so fine a feature,
(Kindest, fairest, sweetest creature)
Never yet was found, but loving:
O then let my plaints be moving!
Trust a shepherd, though the meanest,
Truth is best when she is plainest.
Love not with vowes contesting:
Faith is faith without protesting.
Time, that all things doth inherit,
Renders each desert his merit.
If that faile in me, as no man,
Doubtless time nere won a woman.
Maidens still should be relenting,
And once flinty, still repenting.
Youth with youth is best combined,
Each one with his like is twined.
Beauty should have beauteous meaning,
Ever that hope easeth playning.
Unto you, whom Nature dresses,
Needs no combe to smooth your tresses.
This way it may doe his dutie,
In your locks to shade your beautie.
Doe so, and to love be turning,
Else each heart it will be burning.

The eleventh, a KNOT.

[In the old editions, the following lines are inclosed in the figure of a knot.]

THIS is love and worth commending,
Still beginning, never ending;
Like a wilie net ensnaring,
In a round shuts up all squaring,
In and out whose every angle
More and more doth still entangle;
Keeps a measure still in moving,
And is never light but loving.
Twining arms, exchanging kisses,
Each partaking other's blisses;
Laughing, weeping, still together,
Bliss in one is mirth in either.
Never breaking, ever bending:
This is love, and worth commending.

The twelfth, CUPID.

LOE, Cupid leaves his bowe: his reason is,
Because your eyes wound when his shaftes do misse.

Whilst every one was off'ring at the shrine
Of such rare beauties, might be stil'd divine,
This lamentable voyce towards them flyes:
"O Heaven, send aid, or else a maiden dyes!"
Herewith some ranne the way the voyce them led;
Some with the maidens staid which shooke for dread:
What was the cause time serves not now to tell.
Hearke! for my jolly weather rings his bell,
And almost all our flockes have left to graze;
Shepheards, 'tis almost night, hie home apace;
When next we meet, (as we shall meet ere long)
Ile tell the rest in some ensuing song.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE FOURTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fida's distrest, the hinde is slaine,
Yet from her ruines lives againe.
Riot's description next I rime,
Then Aletheia, and old Time:
And lastly, from this song I goe,
Having describ'd the Vale of Woe.

HAPPY, ye dayes of olde, when every waste
Was like a sanctuarie to the chaste:
When incests, rapes, adulteries, were not knowne;
All pure as blossomes, which are newly blowne.
Maides were as free from spots, and soiles within,
As most unblemisht in the outward skinne.
Men every plaine and cottage did afford,
As smooth in deedes, as they were faire of word.
Maidens with men, as sisters with their brothers;
And men and maides convers'd as with their mothers;
Free from suspition, or the rage of bloud,
Strife only raign'd, for all striv'd to be good.
But then, as little wrens but newly fledge,
First, by their nests hop up and downe the hedge;
Then one from bough to bough gets up a tree:
His fellow, noting his agilitie,
Thinkes he as well may venter as the other,
So flushing from one spray unto another,
Gets to the top, and then enbolden'd flyes,
Unto an height past ken of humane eyes:
So time brought worse, men first desir'd to talke;
Then came suspect; and then a private walke;
Then by consent appointed times of meeting,
Where most securely each might kisse his sweeting;
Lastly, with lusts their panting brests so swell,
They came to — but to what I blush to tell.
And ent'red thus, rapes used were of all,
Incest, adultery, held as veniall:
The certaintie in doubtfull ballance rests,
If beasts did learne of men, or men of beasts.
Had they not learn'd of man, who was their king,
So to insult upon an underling,
They civilly had spent their lives' gradation,
As meeke and milde as in their first creation;
Nor had th' infections of infected mindes
So alter'd nature, and disorder'd kindes,
Fida had beene lesse wretched, I more glad,
That so true love so true a progresse had.
When Remond left her, (Remond then unkinde)
Fida went downe the dale to seeke the hinde;
And found her taking soyle within a floud:
Whom when she call'd, straight follow'd to the wood.
Fida, then wearied, sought the cooling shade,
And found an arbour, by the shepheards made
To frolicke in, (when Sol did hotest shine)
With cates which were farre cleanlier than fine.
For in those dayes men never us'd to feede
So much for pleasure as they did for neede.
Enriching then the arbour, downe she sate her;
Where many a busie bee came flying at her:
Thinking, when she for ayre her breasts discloses,
That there had growne some tuft of damaske-roses,
And that her azure veynes, which then did swell,
Were conduit-pipes brought from a living well,
Whose liquor might the world enjoy for money,
Bees would be bankerupt, none would care for honey.
The hinde lay still without, (poor silly creature,
How like a woman art thou fram'd by Nature!
Timerous, apt to teares, wilie in running,
Caught best when force is entermixt with cunning)
Lying thus distant, different chances meete them,
And with a fearefull object Fate doth greete them.
Something [1] appear'd, which seem'd, farre off, a man,
In stature, habit, gate, proportion:
But when the eyes their object's masters were,
And it for stricter censure came more neere,
By all his properties one well might ghesse,
Than of a man he sure had nothing lesse.
For verily since olde Deucalion's [2] flood
Earth's slime did ne'er produce a viler brood.
Upon the various earth's embrodered gowne
There is a weed, upon whose head growes downe;
Sow-thistle 'tis ycleep'd, whose downy wreath,
If any one can blow off at a breath,
We deeme her for a m[illegible]. such was his haire,
Ready to shed at any stirring aire.

[1] Description of Riot. [2] Ovid's Metamorphoses, book 1.

His eares were strucken deafe when he came nie,
To hear the widowe's or the orphan's crie.
His eyes encircled with a bloody chaine,
With poaring in the bloud of bodies slaine.
His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did flie
Vollies of execrable blasphemie;
Banning the Heavens, and he that rideth on them,
Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall upon him:
Like Scythian wolves, or men [3] of wit bereaven,
Which howle and shoote against the lights of Heaven. [corse,
His hands (if hands they were) like some dead
With digging up his buried ancestors;
Making his father's tombe and sacred shrine
The trought wherein the hog-heard fed his swine.
And as that beast hath legs, (which shepheards feare,
Ycleep'd a badger, which our lambs doth teare,)
One long, the other short, that when he runnes
Upon the plaines, he halts; but when he wonnes
On craggy rocks, or steepy hills, we see
None runnes more swift, nor easier, than he:
Such legs the monster had, one sinew shrunk,
That in the plaines he reel'd, as being drunk;
And halted in the paths to virtue tending;
And therefore never durst be that way bending:
But when he came on carved monuments,
Spiring colosses, and high raised rents,
He pass'd them o'er, quick, as the easterne winde
Sweepes through a meadow; or a nimble hinde;
Or satyre on a lawne; or skipping roe;
Or well-wing'd shaft forth of a Parthian bowe.
His body made (still in consumptions rife)
A miserable prison for a life.
Riot he hight; whom some curs'd fiend did raise
When like a chaos were the nights and dayes;
Got and brought up in the Cimmerian clime,
Where sunne nor moone, nor daies nor nights do time:
As who should say, they scorn'd to show their faces
To such a fiend, should seeke to spoil the graces.
At sight whereof, Fida nigh drown'd in feare,
Was cleane dismaide when he approached neare;
Nor durst she call the deere, nor whistling winde her,
Fearing her noise might make the monster finde her;
Who slilie came, for he had cunning learn'd him,
And seiz'd upon the hinde, ere she discern'd him.
Oh how she striv'd and strugled; every nerve
Is prest at all assaies a life to serve:
Yet soon we lose, what we might longer keepe
Were not prevention commonly a sleepe.
Maides, of this monster's brood be fearfull all,
What to the hinde may hap to you befall.
Who with her feete held up instead of hands,
And tears which pittie from the rocke commands,
She sighes, and shrikes, and weepes, and looks upon him:
Alas! she sobs, and many a groan throwes on him;
With plaints which might abate a tyrant's knife,
She begges for pardon, and entreates for life;
The hollow caves resound her moanings neere it;
That heart was flint which did not grieve to heare it;
The high topt firres which on that mountain keepe,
Have ever since that time been seene to weepe.
The owle till then, 'tis thought, full well could sing,
And tune her voice to every bubling spring:
But when she heard [illegible] plaints, then forth she yode
Out of the covert of an ivy rod,

[3] Men of Scirum shoote against the starres.

And hollowing for aide, so strain'd her throate,
That since she cleane forgot her former noate.
A little robin sitting on a tree,
In doleful noates bewail'd her tragedie. [semble,
An aspe, who thought him stout, could not dis-
But show'd his feare, and yet is seene to tremble.
Yet cruelty was deafe, and had no sight
In ought which might gaine-saye the appetite:
But with his teeth rending her throat asunder,
Besprinckel'd with her blood the green grasse under,
And gurmundizing on her flesh and bloud,
He vomiting returned to the wood.
Riot but newly gone, as strange a vision
Though far more heavenly, came in apparition.
As that Arabian bird [4] (whom all admire)
Her exequies prepar'd, and funerall fire,
Burnt in a flame conceived from the Sunne,
And nourished with slips of cynamon,
Out of her ashes hath a second birth,
And flies abroad, a wonderment on Earth:
So from the ruines of this mangled creature [5]
Arose so faire and so divine a feature,
That Envy for her heart would doat upon her;
Heaven could not chuse but be enamour'd on her:
Were I a starre, and she a second spheare,
Ide leave the other, and be fixed there.
Had faire Arachne wrought this maiden's haire,
When she with Pallas [6] did for skill compare,
Minerva's worke had never been esteem'd,
But this had been more rare and highly deem'd.
Yet gladly now she would reverse her doome,
Weaving this haire within a spider's loome.
Upon her fore-head, as in glory sate,
Mercy and majesty, for wond'ring at,
As pure and simple as Albania's snow, [of Po;
Or milke-white swannes which stem the streames
Like to some goodly fore-land bearing out,
Her haire, the tufts which fring'd the shoare about.
And least the man which sought those coasts might slip,
Her eyes like starres, did serve to guide the ship.
Upon her front (Heaven's fairest promontory)
Delineated was th' authentique story
Of those elect, whose sheepe at first began
To nibble by the springs of Canaan:
Out of whose sacred loynes, (brought by the stem
Of that sweet singer of Jerusalem)
Came the best shepheard ever flockes did keepe,
Who yielded up his life to save his sheepe.
O thou Eterne! by whom all beings move,
Giving the springs beneath, and springs above;
Whose finger doth this universe sustaine,
Bringing the former and the latter raine:
Who dost with plenty meades and pastures fill,
By drops distil'd like dew on Hermon hill;
Pardon a silly swaine, who (farre unable
In that which is so rare, so admirable)
Dares on an oaten-pipe, thus meanely sing
Her praise immense, worthy a silver string.
And thou which through the desart and the deepe,
Didst lead thy chosen like a flocke of sheepe:
As sometimes by a starre thou guidedst them,
Which fed upon the plaines of Bethelem;
So by thy sacred spirit direct my quill,
When I shall sing ought of thy holy hill,
That times to come, when they my rimes rehearse,
May wonder at me, and admire my verse:

[4] See Claudian's Phenix.
[5] Description of truth.
[6] Ovid's Metamorphoses, book 6.

For who but one rapt in cœlestiall fire,
Can by his Muse to such a pitch aspire?
That from aloft he might behold and tell
Her worth, whereon an iron pen might dwell.
When she was borne, Nature in sport began,
To learne the cunning of an artizan,
And did vermilion with a white compose,
To mocke herselfe, and paint a damaske rose.
But scorning Nature unto art should seeke,
She spilt her colours on this maiden's cheeke.
Her mouth the gate from whence all goodnesse came,
Of power to give the dead a living name.
Her words embalmed in so sweet a breath,
That made them triumph both on Time and Death,
Whose fragrant sweets, since the camelion knew,
And tasted of, he to this humour grew:
Left other elements, held this so rare,
That since he never feeds on ought but ayre.
O had I Virgil's verse, or Tullie's tongue!
Or raping numbers like the Thracian's[7] song,
I have a theame would make the rockes to dance,
And surly beasts, that through the desart prance,
Hie from their caves, and every gloomy den,
To wonder at the excellence of men.
Nay, they would think their states for ever raised,
But once to look on one so highly praised.
Out of whose maiden brests (that sweetly rise)
The seers suckt their hidden prophecies:
And told that, for her love in times to come,
Many should seeke the crown of martyrdome,
By fire, by sword, by tortures, dungeons, chaines,
By stripes, by famine, and a world of paines;
Yet constant still remaine (to her they loved)
Like Syon mount, that cannot be removed.
Proportion on her armes and hands recorded,
The world for her no fitter place afforded.
Praise her who list, he still shall be her debtor:
For art ne'er fain'd, nor Nature fram'd a better.
As when a holy father hath began
To offer sacrifice to mightie Pan,
Doth the request of every swaine assume,
To scale the welkin in a sacred fume,
Made by a widow'd turtle's loving mate,
Or lamkins, or some kid immaculate,
Th' off'ring heaves aloft, with both his hands:
Which all adore, that neere the altar stands:
So was her heavenly body comely rais'd
On two faire columnes; those that Ovid prais'd
In Julia's[8] borrowed name, compar'd with these,
Were crabs to apples of th' Hesperides;
Or stumpe-foote Vulcan in comparison
With all the height of true perfection.
Nature was here so lavish of her store,
That she bestow'd until she had no more.
Whose treasure being weak'ned (by this dame)
She thrusts into the world so many lame.
The highest synode of the glorious skye,
(I heard a wood-nymph sing) sent Mercurie
To take a survay of the fairest faces,
And to describe to them all women's graces:
Who long time wand'ring in a serious quest,
Noting what parts by beauty were possest:
At last he saw this maide, then thinking fit
To end his journey, here, Nil ultra, writ.
Fida in adoration kiss'd her knee,
And thus bespake: "Hayle glorious Deitie!
(If such thou art, and who can deeme you lesse?)
Whether thou raign'st queene of the wildernesse,
Or art that goddesse ('tis unknowne to me)
Which from the ocean drawes her pettigree:
Or one of those, who by the mossie banckes
Of drisling Helicon, in airie ranckes
Tread rounde-layes upon the silver sands,
While shaggy satyres tripping o'er the strands,
Stand still at gaze, and yeeld their sences thrals
To the sweet cadence of your madrigals:
Or of the faiery troope which nimbly play,
And by the springs daunce out the summer's day;
Teaching the little birds to build their nests,
And in their singing how to keepen rests:
Or one of those, who watching where a spring
Out of our grandame Earth hath issuing,
With your attractive musicke wooe the streame
(As men by faieries led, falne in a dreame)
To follow you, which sweetly trilling wanders
In many mazes, intricate meanders;
Till at the last, to mocke th' enamour'd rill,
Ye bend your traces up some shady hill;
And laugh to see the wave no further treade;
But in a chafe runne foaming on his head,
Being enforc'd a channell new to frame,
Leaving the other destitute of name.
If thou be one of these, or all, or more,
Succour a seely maid, that doth implore
Aide, on a bended heart, unfain'd and meeke,
As true as blushes of a maiden cheeke."
"Maiden arise," replide the new borne maide:
"'Pure innocence the stones will aide.'
Nor of the fairie troope, nor Muses nine;
Nor am I Venus, nor of Proserpine:
But daughter to a lusty aged swaine,
That cuts the greene turffs of th' enamel'd plaine;
And with his sythe hath many a summer shorne
The plow'd-lands lab'ring with a crop of corne;
Who from the could-clipt mountaine by his stroake
Fels downe the lofty pine, the cedar, oake:
He opes the flood gates as occasion is,
Sometimes on that man's land, sometimes on this.
When Verolame, a stately nymph of yore,
Did use to decke herselfe on Isis' shore,
One morne (among the rest) as there she stood,
Saw the pure channel all besmear'd with bloud;
Inquiring for the cause, one did impart,
Those drops came from her holy Alban's[9] heart;
Herewith in griefe she gan entreate my syre,
That Isis' streame, which yeerely did attire
Those gallant fields in changeable array,
Might turn her course and run some other way,
Least that her waves might wash away the guilt
From off their hands which Alban's bloud had spilt:
He condescended, and the nimble wave
Her fish no more within that channell drave:
But as a witness left the crimson gore
To staine the earth, as they their hands before.
He had a being ere there was a birth,
And shall not cease until the sea and earth,
And what they both containe, shall cease to be.
Nothing confines him but eternitie.
By him the names of good men ever live,
Which short-liv'd men unto oblivion give.

[7] Orpheus.
[8] Corinna, Ovid, Amor. lib. 1. el. 5.

[9] He was slain and suffered martyrdom in the days of Diocletian and Maximinian, at the place of his execution was an hill in a wood called Holmehurst, where at one stroke his head was smitten off. See the Golden Legend; Robert of Gloucester; Harding, c. 57, &c.

And in forgetfulnesse he lets him fall,
That is no other man than naturall:
'Tis he alone that rightly can discover,
Who is the true, and who the fained lover.
In summer's heate when any swaine to sleepe
Doth more addict himselfe than to his sheepe;
And whilst the leaden god sits on his eyes,
If any of his folde, or strayes, or dyes,
And to the waking swaine it be unknown,
Whether his sheepe be dead, or straid, or stolne;
To meete my syre he bends his course in paine,
Either where some high hill survaies the plaine;
Or takes his step toward the flow'ry vallyes,
Where Zephyre with the cowslip hourely dallyes;
Or to the groves, where birds from heate or weather,
Sit sweetly tuning of their noates together;
Or to a meade a wanton river dresses
With richest collers of her turning esses;
Or where the shepheards sit old stories telling,
Chronos, my syre, hath no set place of dwelling;
But if the shepheard meete the aged swaine,
He tells him of his sheepe, or shewes them slaine.
So great a gift the sacred powers of Heaven
(Above all others) to my syre have given,
That the abhorred stratagems of night,
Lurking in cavernes from the glorious light,
By him (perforce) are from their dungeons hurl'd,
And show'd as monsters to the wond'ring world.
" What mariner is he sailing upon
The watry desart clipping Albion,
Heares not the billowes in their daunces roare
Answer'd by eccoes from the neighbour shoare?
To whose accord the maids trip from the downes,
And rivers dancing come, ycrown'd with townes,
All singing forth the victories of Time,
Upon the monsters of the western clime,
Whose horrid, damned, bloody plots, would bring
Confusion on the laureate poet's king.
Whose hell-fed hearts devis'd how never more
A swan might singing sit on Isis' shore:
But croaking ravens, and the scrich-owle's crie,
The fit musicians for a tragedie,
Should evermore be heard about her strand,
To fright all passengers from that sad land.
" Long summer's dayes I on his worth might spend,
And yet beginne againe when I would end.
All ages since the first age first begun,
Ere they could know his worth their age was done:
Whose absence all the treasury of Earth
Cannot buy out. From farre-fam'd Tagus' birth,
Not all the golden gravell he treades over,
One minute past, that minute can recover.
I am his onely childe (he hath no other)
Cleep'd Aletheia, borne without a mother.
Poore Aletheia long despis'd of all,
Scarce Charitie would lend an hospitall
To give my month's cold watching one night's rest,
But in my roome tooke in the miser's chest.
" In winter's time when hardly fed the flockes,
And isicles hung dangling on the rockes;
When Hyems bound the floods in silver chaines,
And hoary frosts had candy'd all the plaines;
When every barne rung with the threshing flailes,
And shepheards' boyes for cold gan blow their nailes:
(Wearied with toyle in seeking out some one
That had a sparke of true devotion;)
It was my chance, (chance onely helpeth neede)
To find an house ybuilt for holy deede,
With goodly architect, and cloisters wide,
With groves and walkes along a river's side;
The place itself afforded admiration,
And every spray a theme of contemplation.
But (woe is me) when knocking at the gate,
I gan intreat an entrance thereat:
The porter askt my name: I told; he swell'd,
And bad me thence: wherewith in griefe repell'd,
I sought for shelter to a ruin'd house,
Harb'ring the weasell, and the dust-bred mouse;
And others none, except the two-kinde bat,
Which all the day there melancholy sate:
Here sate I downe with winde and raine ybeate;
Grief fed my minde, and did my body eate.
Yet Idlenesse I saw (lam'd with the gout)
Had entrance when poor Truth was kept without.
There saw I Drunkenesse with dropsies swolne;
And pamper'd Lust that many a night had stolne
Over the abby-wall when gates were lock'd,
To be in Venus' wanton bosom rock'd:
And Gluttony that surfetting had bin,
Knocke at the gate and straight-way taken in:
Sadly I sate, and sighing griev'd to see
Their happinesse, my infelicitie.
At last came Envy by, who having spide
Where I was sadly seated, inward hide,
And to the convent egerly she cryes,
' Why sit you here, when with these eares and eies
I heard and saw a strumpet dares to say,
She is the true faire Aletheia,
Which you have boasted long to live among you?
Yet suffer not a peevish girl to wrong you.'
With this provok'd, all rose, and in a rout
Run to the gate, strove who should first get out,
Bad me begone, and then (in terms uncivil)
Did call me counterfait, witch, hag, whore, divell;
Then like a strumpet drove me from their cels,
With tinckling pans, and with the noise of bels.
And he that lov'd me, or but moan'd my case,
Had heapes of fire-brands banded at his face.
" Thus beaten thence (distrest, forsaken wight)
Inforc'd in fields to sleepe, or wake all night;
A seely sheepe seeing me straying by,
Forsooke the shrub where once she meant to lie;
As if she in her kinde (unhurting elfe)
Did bid me take such lodging as herselfe:
Gladly I took the place the sheepe had given,
Uncanopy'd of any thing but Heaven. [quented,
Where nigh benumb'd with cold, with griefe fre-
Unto the silent night I thus lamented:
" Faire Cynthia, if from thy silver throne,
Thou ever lent'st an eare to virgin's mone!
Or in thy monthly course one minute staid
Thy palfrayes' trot, to heare a wretched maid!
Pull in their reynes, and lend thine eare to me,
Forlorne, forsaken, cloath'd in miserie:
But if a woe hath never woo'd thine eare,
To stop those coursers in their full carriere;
But as stone-hearted men, uncharitable,
Passe carelesse by the poore, when men lesse able,
Hold not the needie's helpe in long suspence,
But in their hands poure their benevolence.
O! if thou be so hard to stop thine eares;
When stars in pity drop down from their spheares,
Yet for a while in gloomy vaile of night,
Enshroud the pale beames of thy borrowed light;
O! never once discourage goodnesse (lending
One glimpse of light) to see misfortune spending
Her utmost rage on Truth, dispisde, distressed,
Unhappy, unrelieved, yet undressed.
Where is the heart at virtue's suff'ring grieveth?
Where is the eye that pittying relieveth?

Where is the hand that still the hungry feedeth?
Where is the eare that the decrepit steedeth?
That heart, that hand, that ear, or else that eye,
Giveth, relieveth, feedes, steedes, misery?
O Earth, produce me one (of all thy store)
Enjoyes; and be vain-glorious no more.
" By this had Chanticlere, the village-cocke,
Bidden the good-wife for her maides to knocke:
And the swart plow-man for his breakfast staid,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid;
The hills and vallies here and there resound
With the re-echoes of the deepe-mouth'd hound;
Each shepheard's daughter with her cleanly peale,
Was come a field to milke the morning's meale;
And ere the Sunne had clym'd the easterne hils,
To gild the mutt'ring bournes, and pritty rils,
Before the lab'ring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes which in rivers dive,
Began to leape, and catch the drowned flie,
I rose from rest, not infelicitie.
Seeking the place of Charitie's resort,
Unware I hap'ned on a prince's court;
Where meeting Greatnesse, I requir'd reliefe,
(O happy undelayed) she said in briefe,
'To small effect thine oratorie tends,
How can I keepe thee and so many friends?
If of my houshold I should make thee one,
Farewell my servant Adulation:
I know she will not stay when thou art there:
But seeke some great man's service other-where.
Darkenesse and light, summer and winter's weather
May be at once, ere you two live together.'
Thus with a nod she left me cloath'd in woe.
" Thence to the citie once I thought to goe,
But somewhat in my mind this thought had
throwne,
'It was a place wherein I was not knowne.'
And therefore went unto these homely townes,
Sweetly environ'd with the dazied downes.
" Upon a streame washing a village end
A mill is plac'd, that never difference kend
'Twixt dayes for worke, and holy tides for rest,
But always wrought and ground the neighbour's
Before the dore I saw the miller walking, [grest.
And other two (his neighbours) with him talking;
One of them was a weaver, and the other
The village tayler, and his trusty brother;
To them I came, and thus my sute began:
'Content the riches of a country-man
Attend your actions, be more happy still,
Than I am haplesse! and as yonder mill,
Though in his turning it obey the streame,
Yet by the head-strong torrent from his beame
Is unremov'd, and till the wheele be tore,
It dayly toyles; then rests, and works no more:
So in life's motion may you never be
(Though sway'd with griefes) o'er-borne with
miserie.'
" With that the miller laughing, brush'd his
cloathes,
Then swore by cocke and other dunghill oathes,
I greatly was to blame, that durst so wade
Into the knowledge of a wheel-wright's trade.
'I, neighbour,' quoth the tayler, (then he bent
His pace to me, spruce like a Jacke of Lent,)
'Your judgement is not seame-rent when you spend
Nor is it botching, for I cannot mend it. [it,
And maiden, let me tell you in displeasure,
You must not presse the cloath you cannot measure:
But let your steps be stitcht to wisedome's chalk-
ing, [ing.'
And cast presumptuous shreds out of your walk-
The weaver said, 'Fie wench, yourselfe you wrong,
Thus to let slip the shuttle of your tong:
For marke me well, yea, marke me well, I say,
I see you worke your speeche's web astray.'
" Sad to the soule, o'er laid with idle words,
'O Heaven,' quoth I, 'where is the place affords
A friend to helpe, or any heart that ruth
The most dejected hopes of wronged Truth!'
'Truth!' quoth the miller, 'plainley for our
parts,
I and the weaver hate thee with our hearts:
The strifes you raise I will not now discusse,
Between our honest customers and us:
But get you gone, for sure you may despaire
Of comfort here, seeke it some other-where.'
'Maide,' quoth the tayler, 'we no succour owe
you,
For as I guesse here's none of us doth know you:
Nor my remembrance any thought can seize
That I have ever seene you in my dayes.
Seene you? nay, therein confident I am;
Nay till this time I never heard your name,
Excepting once, and by this token chiefe,
My neighbour at that instant cal'd me theefe.
By this you see you are unknowne among us,
We cannot help you, though your stay may
wrong us.'
" Thus went I on, and further went in woe:
For as shrill sounding Fame, that's never slow,
Growes in her going, and encreaseth more,
Where she is now, than where she was before:
So Griefe (that never healthy, ever sicke,
That froward scholler to arithmeticke,
Who doth devision and subtraction flie,
And chiefly learnes to adde and multiply,)
In longest journeys hath the strongest strength,
And is at hand, supprest, unquail'd at length.
" Betweene two hills, the highest Phœbus sees
Gallantly crown'd with large skie-kissing trees,
Under whose shade the humble vallyes lay:
And wilde-bores from their dens their gamboles
play:
There lay a gravel'd walke ore-growne with greene,
Where neither tract of man nor beast was seene.
And as the plow-man when the land he tils,
Throwes up the fruitfull earth in riged hils,
Betweene whose chevron forme he leaves a balke;
So 'twixt those hils had Nature fram'd this walke,
Not over darke, nor light, in angles bending,
And like the gliding of a snake descending:
All husht, and silent as the mid of night:
No chatt'ring pie, nor crow appear'd in sight;
But further in I heard the turtle-dove,
Singing sad dirges on her lifelesse love,
Birds that compassion from the rocks could bring,
Had onely license in that place to sing:
Whose dolefull notes the melancholly eat
Close in a hollow tree sate wond'ring at.
And trees that on the hill-side comely grew,
When any little blast of Æol blew,
Did nod their curled heads, as they would be
The judges to approve their melody.
" Just halfe the way this solitary grove,
A christiall spring from either hill-side strove,
Which of them first should wooe the meeker grou
And make the pibbles dance unto their sound.

But as when children having leave to play,
And neare the master's eye sport out the day,
(Beyond condition) in their childish toyes
Oft vext their tutor with too great a noyce,
And make him send some servant out of dore,
To ceasse their clamour, lest they play no more;
So when the prettie rill a place espies,
Where with the pibbles she would wantonize;
And that her upper streame so much doth wrong her,
To drive her thence, and let her play no longer;
If she with too loud mutt'ring ranne away,
As being much incens'd to leave her play;
A westerne, milde, and pretty whispering gale,
Came dallying with the leaves along the dale,
And seem'd as with the water it did chide,
Because it ranne so long unpacifide:
Yea, and me thought it bad her leave that coyle,
Or he would choake her up with leaves and soyle:
Whereat the rivelet in my minde did weepe,
And hurl'd her head into a silent deepe.
" Now he that guides the chariot of the Sunne,
Upon th' eclipticke circle had so runne,
That his brasse-hoof'd fire-breathing horses wanne
The stately height of the meridian:
And the day lab'ring man (who all the morne
Had from the quarry with his pick-axe torne
A large well squared stone, which he would cut
To serve his stile, or for some water shut,)
Seeing the Sunne preparing to decline,
Tooke out his bagge, and sate him downe to dine.
When by a sliding, yet not steepe descent,
I gain'd a place, ne'er poet did invent
The like for sorrow: not in all this round
A fitter seate for passion can be found.
As when a dainty fount and christall spring,
Got newly from the earth's imprisoning,
And ready prest some channell cleere to win,
Is round his rise by rockes immured in,
And from the thirsty earth would be with-held,
Till to the cesterne toppe the waves have swell'd:
But that a carefull hinde the well hath found,
As he walkes sadly through his parched ground;
Whose patience suff'ring not his land to stay
Until the water o'er the cesterne play,
He gets a picke-axe, and with blowes so stout,
Digs on the rocke, that all the groves about
Resound his stroke, and still the rocke doth charge,
Till he hath made a hole both long and large,
Whereby the waters from their prison run,
To close earth's gaping wounds made by the Sun;
So through these high rais'd hils, embracing round
This shady, sad, and solitary ground,
Some power (respecting one whose heavy mone
Requir'd a place to sit and weepe alone)
Had cut a path, whereby the grieved wight
Might freely take the comfort of this scyte.
About the edges of whose roundly forme,
In order grew such trees as doe adorne
The sable hearse, and sad forsaken mate;
And trees whose teares their losse commisserate;
Such are the sypresse, and the weeping myrrhe,
The dropping amber, and the refin'd fyrrhe,
The bleeding vine, the watry sicamour,
And willough for the forlorne paramour,
In comely distance: underneath whose shade
Most neate in rudenesse Nature arbours made:
Some had a light; some to obscure a seate,
Would entertaine a sufferance ne'er so great:
Where grieved wights sate (as I after found,
Whose heavy harts the height of sorrow crown'd,)
Wailing in saddest tunes the doomes of fate
On men by virtue cleeped fortunate.
" The first note that I heard, I soon was wonne
To thinke the sighes of faire Endymion [10];
The subject of whose mournefull heavy lay
Was his declining with faire Cynthia.
" Next him a great man [11] sate, in woe no lesse;
Teares were but barren shadowes to expresse
The substance of his griefe, and therefore stood
Distilling from his heart red streames of bloud:
He was a swaine whom all the Graces kist,
A brave, heroicke, worthy martialist:
Yet on the downes he oftentimes was seene
To draw the merry maidens of the greene
With his sweet voyce: once, as he sate alone,
He sung the outrage of the lazy drone [12]
Upon the lab'ring bee, in straines so rare,
That all the flitting pinnionists of ayre
Attentive sate, and in their kinds did long
To learne some noate from his well-timed song.
" Exiled Naso (from whose golden pen
The Muses did distill delights for men)
Thus sang of Cephalus [13] (whose name was worne
Within the bosome of the blushing morne):
He had a dart was never set on wing,
But death flew with it: he could never fling,
But life fled from the place where stucke the head:
A hunter's frolicke life in woods he lead
In separation from his yoked mate,
Whose beauty, once he valued at a rate
Beyond Aurora's cheeke, when she (in pride)
Promist their offspring should be deifide:
Procris she hight; who (seeking to restore
Herselfe that happinesse she had before)
Unto the greene wood wends, omits no paine
Might bring her to her lord's embrace againe:
But Fate thus crost her, comming where he lay
Wearied with hunting all the summer's day,
He somewhat heard within the thicket rush,
And deeming it some beast hid in a bush,
Raised himselfe, then set on wing a dart,
Which took a sad rest in the restlesse hart
Of his chast wife; who with a bleeding brest
Left love and life, and slept in endlesse rest.
With Procris' heavie fate this shepheard's wrong
Might be compar'd, and aske as sad a song.
" In th' autumne of his youth, and manhood's
Desert (growne now a most dejected thing) [spring,
Wonne him the favour of a royall maide,
Who with Diana's nymphes in forrests straide,
And liv'd a huntresse life exempt from feare.
She once encount'red with a surly beare [14],
Neare to a christall fountaine's flow'ry brinke;
Heate brought them thither both and both would
drinke,
When from her golden quiver she tooke forth
A dart above the rest esteemde for worth,
And sent it to his side: the gaping wound
Gave purple streames to coole the parched ground,

[10] Sir Walter Raleigh was for some time in disgrace at court. See Mr. Oldys.
[11] Earl of Essex.
[12] The Buzzing Bee's Complaint; by the Earl of Essex.
[13] Art of Love, book 3.
[14] Earl of Leicester. Osborn calls him that terrestrial Lucifer: Mem. of Q. Elizabeth, Sect. 5. p. 23. Among others whom he murdered, Leicester was the author of the death of the Earl of Essex's father in Ireland. Osborn, ditto, p. 26. In an old collection of poems, by Lodge, Watson, Breton, Peel, earl of Oxford, and others, called the Phœnix Nest, in 4to. 1593, there is a defence of Leicester, called the Dead Man's Right, in prose.

Whereat he gnasht his teeth, storm'd his hurt lym,
Yeelded the earth what it denied him:
Yet sunke not there, but (wrapt in horrour) hy'd
Unto his hellish cave, despair'd, and dy'd. [Sunne
" After the beare's just death, the quick'ning
Had twice sixe times about the zodiacke run,
And (as respectlesse) never cast an eye,
Upon the night-invail'd Cimmerii,
When this brave swaine (approved valerous,
In opposition of a tyrannous
And bloudy savage,) being long time gone
Quelling his rage with faithlesse Gerion[15],
Returned from the stratagems of warres,
(Inriched with his quail'd foes bootlesse scarres)
To see the cleare eyes of his dearest love,
And that her skill in hearbs might helpe remove
The freshing of a wound which he had got
In her defence, by Envie's poyson'd shot,
And coming through a grove wherein his faire
Lay with her brests displaid to take the aire,
His rushing through the boughs made her arise,
And dreading some wild beast's rude enterprise,
Directs towards the noyse a sharp'ned dart,
That reach'd the life of his undaunted heart;
Which when she [16] knew, twice twentie moones nie
spent
In teares for him, and dy'd in languishment.
" Within an arbour shadow'd with a vine,
Mixed with rosemary and eglantine,
A shepheardesse was set, as faire as yoong,
Whose praise full many a shepheard whilome sung,
Who on an altar faire had to her name,
In consecration many an anagram:
And when with sugred straines they strove to raise
Worth, to a garland of immortall bayes;
She as the learned'st maide was chose by them,
(Her flaxed hair crown'd with an anadem)
To judge who best deserv'd, for she could fit
The height of praise unto the height of wit.
But well-a-day those happy times were gone
(Millions admit a full substraction).
" And as the yeere hath first his jocund spring,
Wherein the leaves, to birds' sweet carrolling,
Dance with the winde: then sees the summer's day
Perfect the embrion blossome of each spray:
Next commeth autumne, when the threshed sheafe
Looseth his graine, and every tree his leafe:
Lastly, cold winter's rage, with many a storme,
Threats the proud pines which Ida's toppe adorne,
And makes the sappe leave succourlesse the shoote,
Shrinking to comfort his decaying roote.
Or as a quaint musitian being won,
To run a point of sweet division,
Gets by degrees unto the highest key;
Then, with like order falleth in his play
Into a deeper tone; and lastly, throwes
His period in a diapazon close:
So every humane thing terrestriall,
His utmost height attain'd, bends to his fall.
And as a comely youth, in fairest age,
Enamour'd on a maide, (whose parentage
Had Fate adorn'd, as Nature deckt her eye,
Might at a becke command a monarchie,)
But poore and faire could never yet bewitch
A miser's minde, preferring foule and rich;
And therefore (as a king's heart left behind,
When as his corps are borne to be enshrin'd)
(His parent's will, a law) like that dead corse,
Leaving his heart, is brought unto his horse,
Carried unto a place that can impart
No secret embassie unto his heart,
Climbes some proud hill, whose stately eminence
Vassals the fruitfull vale's circumference:
From whence, no sooner can his lights descry
The place enriched by his mistresse' eye:
But some thicke cloud his happy prospect blends,
And he, in sorrow rais'd, in teares descends:
So this sad nymph (whom all commisserate)
Once pac'd the hill of greatnesse and of state,
And got the toppe; but when she gan adresse
Her sight, from thence to see true happinesse,
Fate interpos'd an envious cloud of feares,
And she withdrew into this vale of teares,
Where Sorrow so enthral'd best Vertue's jewell,
Stones check'd grief's hardinesse, call'd her too too
cruell,
A streame of teares upon her faire cheekes flowes,
As morning dewe upon the damaske-rose,
Or christall-glasse vailing vermilion;
Or drops of milke on the carnation:
She sang and wept, (O ye sea-binding cleeves,
Yeeld tributary drops, for Vertue grieves!)
And to the period of her sad sweet key
Intwin'd her case with chaste Penelope."
But see the drisling south, my mournfull straine
Answers, in weeping drops of quick'ning raine,
And since this day we can no further goe,
Restlesse I rest within this Vale of Woe,
Until the modest morne on Earth's vast zone,
The ever gladsome day shall re-inthrone.

[15] Earle of Essex's expedition to Cales.
[16] Queen Elizabeth.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE FIFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

In noates that rockes to pittie move,
Idya sings her buried love:
And from her horne of plentie gives
Comfort to Truth, whom none relieves.
Repentance house next calls me on,
With Riot's true conversion:
Leaving Aminta's love to Truth,
To be the theame the Muse ensu'th.

Here full of Aprill, vail'd with sorrowe's wing,
For lovely layes, I dreary dirges sing.
Whoso hath seen young lads (to sport themselves)
Run in a lowe ebbe to the sandy shelves:
Where seriously they worke in digging welles,
Or building childish forts of cockle-shels:
Or liquid water each to other bandy;
Or with the pibbles play at handy-dandy,
Till unawares the tyde hath clos'd them round,
And they must wade it through or else be drown'd,
May (if unto my pipe he listen well)
My Muse' distresse with theirs soone paralell.
For where I whilome sung the loves of swaines,
And woo'd the christall currents of the plaines,

Teaching the birds to love, whilst every tree
Gave his attention to my melodie:
Fate now (as envying my too happy theame)
Hath round begirt my song with sorrowe's streame,
Which, till my Muse wade through and get on shore,
My grief-swolne soul can sing of love no more.
But turne we now (yet not without remorse)
To heavenly Alethia's sad discourse,
That did from Fida's eyes salt teares exhale,
When thus she show'd the solitary vale.
"Just in the midst this joy-forsaken ground
A hillocke stood, with springs embraced round:
(And with a christall ring did seeme to marry
Themselves, to this small ile sad-solitarie:)
Upon whose breast (which trembled as it ranne)
Rode the fare downie-silver-coated swan:
And on the banckes each cypresse bow'd his head,
To heare the swan sing her owne epiced.[1]
"As when the gallant youth which live upon
The westerne downes of lovely Albion,
Meeting, some festivall to solemnize,
Choose out two, skil'd in wrestling exercise,
Who strongly at the wrist or coller cling,
Whilst arme in arme the people make a ring.
So did the water round this ile inlincke,
And so the trees grew on the water's brincke:
Waters their streames about the iland scatter;
And trees performed as much unto the water:
Under whose shade the nightingale would bring
Her chirping young, and teach them how to sing.
The woods' most sad musitians hither hye,
As it had beene the silvian's Castaly,
And warbled forth such elegyacke straines,
That struke the windes dumbe; and the motly plaines
Were fill'd with envy, that such shady places
Held all the world's delights in their imbraces.
"O how (me thinkes) the impes of Mneme bring
Dewes of invention from their sacred spring!
Here could I spend that spring of poesie,
Which not twice ten sunnes have bestow'd on me;
And tell the world, the Muse's love appeares
In nonag'd youth, as in the length of yeeres.
But ere my Muse erected have the frame,
Wherein t' enshrine an unknowne shepheard's name,
She many a grove and other woods must treade,
More hills, more dales, more founts, must be displaid,
More meadowes, rockes, and from them all elect
Matter befitting such an architect.
"As children on a play-day leave the schooles,
And gladly runne unto the swimming pooles,
Or in the thickets, all with nettles stung,
Rush to dispoile some sweet thrush of her young;
Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a brooke
Withouten paine: but when the morne doth looke
Out of the easterne gates, a snayle would faster
Glide to the schooles, than they unto their master:
So when before I sung the songs of birds,
(Whilst every moment sweet'ned lines affords)
I pip'd devoid of paine; but now I come
Unto my taske, my Muse is stricken dumbe.
My blubbering pen her sable teares lets fall,
In characters right hyrogliphicall,
And mixing with my teares, are ready turning
My late white paper to a weede of mourning;
Or incke or paper strive how to impart
My words, the weedes they wore, within my hart:
Or else the blots unwilling are my rimes
And their sad cause should live till after-times;
Fearing, if men their subject should descry,
They forthwith would dissolve in teares, and die.
"Upon the island's craggy rising hill
A quadrant ranne, wherein, by artlesse skill,
At every corner Nature did erect
A columne rude, yet voyde of all defect:
Whereon a marble lay. The thick-growne bryer,
And prickled hawthorne (woven all entyre)
Together clung, and barred the gladsome light
From any enterance, fitting onely night.
No way to it but one, steepe and obscure,
The staires of rugged stone, seldome in ure,
All over-growne with mosse, as Nature sate
To entertaine Griefe with a cloth of state.
"Hardly unto the toppe I had ascended,
But that the trees (siding the steps) befriended
My weary limbes, who bowing downe their armes,
Gave hold unto my hands to scape from harmes:
Which evermore are ready, still present
Our feete, in climbing places eminent.
Before the doore (to hinder Phœbus' view)
A shady boxe-tree grasped with an yewgh,
As in the place' behalfe they menac'd warre
Against the radyance of each sparkling starre.
And on their barkes (which time had nigh deprav'd)
These lines it seems) had beene of old engrav'd:
'This place was fram'd of yore, to be possest
By one which sometime hath beene happiest.'
"Lovely Idya,[2] the most beautious
Of all the darlings of Oceanus,
Hesperia's envy and the westerne pride,
Whose party-coloured garment Nature dy'd
In more eye-pleasing hewes, with richer graine,
Than Iris' bow attending Aprill's raine.
Whose lilly-white, inshaded with the rose,
Had that man[3] seene, who sung th' Æneidos,
Dido had in oblivion slept, and she
Had given his Muse her best eternitie.
Had brave Atrides (who did erst imploy
His force to mixe his dead with those of Troy)
Beene proffered for a truce her fained peece,
Helen had staid, and that had gone to Greece:
The Phrygian soile had not bin drunk with bloud,
Achilles longer breath'd, and Troy yet stood:
The prince of poets[4] had not sung his story,
My friend[5] had lost his ever-living glory.
"But as a snowy swan, who many a day
On Thamar's swelling breasts hath had his play,
For further pleasure doth assay to swimme
My native Tavy, or the sandy Plim:
And on the panting billowes bravely rides,
Whilst country-lasses, walking on the sides,
Admire her beauty, and, with clapping hands,
Would force her leave the streame, and tread the sands,
When she regardlesse swims to th' other edge,
Until an envious bryer, or tangling sedge,
Dispoyles her plumes; or else a sharpened beame
Pierceth her breast, and on the bloudy streame
She pants for life: so whilome rode this maide
On streames of worldly blisse, more rich array'd
With Earth's delight, than thought could put in ure,
To glut the sences of an epicure.
Whilst neigh'bring kings upon their frontiers stood,
And offer'd for her dowre huge seas of bloud
And perjur'd Gerion,[6] to win her, rente
The Indian rockes for gold, and bootlesse spent

[1] A funerall song before the corpse be interred.

[2] Britannia. [3] Virgil. [4] Homer.
[5] G. Chapman, who was in that age famous for his translation of Homer's works. [6] K. Philip of Spain.

Almost his patrimony for her sake,
Yet nothing like respected as the Drake,[7]
That skowr'd her channels, and destroy'd the weede,
Which spoy'ld her sister's nets, and fishes' breede.
At last her truest love she threw upon
A royall youth,[8] whose like, whose paragon,
Heaven never lent the Earth: so great a spirit
The world could not containe, nor kingdomes merit;
And therefore Jove did with the saintes in throne him,
And left his lady nought but teares to moane him.
" Within this place (as wofull as my verse)
She with her christale founts bedew'd his herse,
Invailed with a sable weede she sat,
Singing this song, which stones dissolved at.

' What time the world, clad in a mourning robe,
A stage made for a wofull tragedie;
When showers of teares from the cœlestiall globe
Bewaild the fate of sea-lov'd Britanie;
When sighs as frequent were as various sight,
When Hope lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying,
When Envy wept,
And Comfort slept;
When Crueltie itself sate almost crying,
Nought being heard but what the minde affrights,
When Autumne had disrob'd the Summer's pride,
Then England's honour, Europe's wonder, dy'd!

' O saddest straine that e'er Muses sung!
A text of woe for griefe to comment on;
Teares, sighes, and sobs, give passage to my tongue,
Or I shall spend you till the last is gone.
Which done, my heart in flames of burning love
(Wanting his moisure) shall to cynders turne;
But first, by me
Bequeathed be
To strew the place wherein his sacred urne
Shall be inclos'd, this might in many move
The like effect: (who would not do it?) when
No grave befits him but the hearts of men.

' That man, whose masse of sorrow hath bene such,
That by their waight, laid on each severall part,
His fountaines are so dry, he but as much
As one poore drop hath left to ease his heart;
Why should he keepe it? since the time doth call,
That he ne'er better can bestow it in:
If so he feares
That others' teares
In greater number, greatest prizes winne;
Know none gives more than he which giveth all.
Then he which hath but one poore teare in store,
O let him spend that drop, and weepe no more.

' Why flowes not Helicon beyond her strands?
Is Henrie dead, and do the Muses sleepe?
Alas! I see each one amazed stands,
' Shallow fords mutter, silent are the deepe:'
Faine would they tell their griefes, but know not where;
All are so full, nought can augment their store:
Then how should they
Their griefes display
To men, so cloyde, they faine would heare no more?
Though blaming those whose plaints they cannot heare:
And with this wish, their passions I allow,
May that Muse never speake that 's silent now!

[7] Sir Francis. [8] Prince Henry.

Is Henrie dead? Alas! and do I live
To sing a scrich-owle's noate that he is dead?
If any one a fitter theame can give,
Come, give it now, or never to be read.
But let him see it doe of horrour taste,
Anguish, destruction: could it rend in sunder
With fearfulle grones
The senselesse stones,
Yet should we hardly be enforc'd to wonder,
Our former griefes would so exceed their last:
Time cannot make our sorrowes aught compleater;
Nor adde one griefe to make our mourning greater.

' England was ne'er ingirt with waves till now;
Till now it held part with the continent:
Aye me! some one in pitty shew me, how
I might in dolefull numbers so lament,
That any one which loved him, hated me,
Might dearely love me, for lamenting him.
Alas! my plaint
In such constraint [swimme
Breakes forth in rage, that through my passions
Yet are they drowned ere they landed be:
Imperfect lines! O happy! were I hurl'd
And cut from life, as England from the world.

' O happier had we bene! if we had beene
Never made happy by enjoying thee!
Where hath the glorious eye of Heaven seene
A spectacle of greater misery?
Time, turne thy course, and bring againe the spring
Breake Nature's lawes; search the records of old,
If ought befell
Might paralell
Sad Brittaine's case: weepe, rockes, and Heaven behold,
What seas of sorrow she is plunged in.
Where stormes of woe so mainely have beset her;
She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better.

' Brittaine was whilom known (by more than fame)
To be one of the ilands fortunate;
What franticke man would give her now that name,
Lying so ruefull and disconsolate?
Hath not her watery zone, in murmuring,
Fill'd every shore with echoes of her crie?
Yes Thetis raves,
And bids her waves
Bring all the nymphs within her emperie
To be assistant in her sorrowing:
See where they sadly sit on Isis' shore,
And rend their hayres as they would joy no more.

' Isis, the glory of the western world,
When our heroe (honour'd Essex) dy'd,
Strucken with wonder, backe againe she hurl'd,
And fill'd her banckes with an unwonted tyde:
As if she stood in doubt, if it were so,
And for the certaintie had turn'd her way.
Why doe not now
Her waves reflow?
Poore nymph, her sorrowes will not let her stay;
Or flyes to tell the world her countrie's woe:
Or cares not to come backe, perhaps, as showing
Our teares should make the flood, not her reflowing.

Sometimes a tyrant helde the reynes of Rome,
Wyshing to all the citie but one head,
That all at once might undergoe his doome,
And by one blow from life be severed.
Fate wisht the like on England, and 'twas given:
(O miserable men, enthral'd to Fate!)
Whose heavy hand,
That never scand
The misery of kingdomes, ruinates,
Minding to leave her of all joyes bereaven,
With one sad blow (alas! can worser fall!)
Hath given this little ile her funerall.

'O come, ye blessed impes of memorie,
Erect a newe Parnassus on his grave!
There tune your voyces to an elegie,
The saddest noate that ere Apollo gave.
Let every accent make the stander by
Keepe time unto your song with dropping teares,
Till drops that fell
Have made a well
To swallow him which still unmoved heares!
And though myselfe prove sencelesse of your cry,
Yet gladly should my light of life grow dim,
To be intomb'd in teares are wept for him.

'When last he sick'ned, then we first began
To tread the labyrinth of woe about;
And by degrees we further inward ran,
Having his thread of life to guide us out.
But Destinie no sooner saw us enter
Sad Sorrow's maze, immured up in night,
Where nothing dwells
But cryes and yels,
Throwne from the hearts of men depriv'd of light;
When we were almost come into the center,
Fate (cruelly) to barre our joyes returning,
Cut off our thread, and left us all in mourning.'

'If you have seene, at foote of some brave hill,
Two springs arise, and delicately trill,
In gentle chidings, through an humble dale,
(Where tufty daizies nod at every gale)
And on the bankes a swaine (with lawrell crown'd)
Marrying his sweet noates with their silver sound:
When as the spongy clouds, swolne bigge with water,
Throw their conception on the world's theater:
Downe from the hils the rained waters roare,
Whilst every leafe drops to augment their store:
Grumbling the stones fall o'er each other's backe,
Rending the greene turfes with their cataract,
And through the meadows runne in such a noyse,
That, taking from the swaine the fountain's voyce,
Inforce him leave their margent, and alone
Couple his base pipe with their baser tone.
Know (shepheardesse) that so I lent an eare
To those sad wights whose plaints I told whileare:
But when this goodly lady gan addresse
Her heavenly voyce to sweeten heavinesse,
It drown'd the rest, as torrents little springs;
And, strucken mute at her great sorrowings,
Lay still and wonder'd at her pitious mone,
Wept at her griefes, and did forget their owne,
Whilst I attentive sate, and did impart
Teares, when they wanted drops, and from a hart
As hie in sorrow as e'er creature wore,
Lent thrilling groanes to such as had no more.

"Had wise Ulysses[9] (who regardlesse flung
Along the ocean when the Syrens sung)
Pass'd by and seene her on the sea-torne cleeves
Waile her lost love, (while Neptune's watry theeves
Durst not approach for rockes) to see her face
He would have hazarded his Grecian race,
Thrust head-long to the shoare, and to her eyes
Offer'd his vessel as a sacrifice.
Or had the Syrens, on a neighbour shore,
Heard in what raping noates she did deplore
Her buried glory, they had left their shelves,
And, to come neere her, would have drown'd themselves.

"Now silence lock'd the organs of that voyce,
Whereat each merry silvan wont rejoyce;
When with a bended knee to her I came,
And did impart my griefe and hated name:
But first a pardon begg'd, if that my cause
So much constrain'd me as to breake the lawes
Of her wish'd sequestration, or ask'd bread
(To save a life) from her, whose life was dead:
But lawlesse famine, selfe-consuming hunger,
Alas! compell'd me: had I stayed longer,
My weakened limmes had beene my wants' forc'd meede,
And I had fed, on that I could not feede.
When she (compassionate) to my sad mone
Did lend a sigh, and stole it from her owne;
And (wofull lady, wrackt on haplesse shelfe)
Yeelded me comfort, yet had none herselfe:
Told how she knew me well since I had beene,
As chiefest consort of the faiery queene;
O happy queene[10]! for ever, ever praise
Dwell on thy tombe! the period of all dayes
Onely seale up thy fame; and as thy birth
Inrich'd thy temples on the fading earth,
So have thy vertues crown'd thy blessed soule,
Where the first Mover with his word's controule
As with a girdle the huge ocean bindes;
Gathers into his fist the nimble windes;
Stops the bright courser in his hot careere;
Commands the Moone twelve courses in a yeere:
Live thou with him in endlesse blisse; while we
Admire all virtues in admiring thee.

"Thou, thou, the fautresse of the learned well;
Thou nursing mother of God's Israel;
Thou, for whose loving truth, the Heaven raines
Sweet MEL and MANNA on our flow'ry plaines:
Thou, by whose hand the sacred Trine did bring
Us out of bonds, from bloudy Bonnering.
Ye suckling babes, for ever blesse that name
Releas'd your burning in your mother's flame!
Thrice blessed maiden, by whose hand was given
Free libertie to taste the foode of Heaven.
Never forget her, (Albion's lovely daughters)
Which led you to the springs of living waters!
And if my Muse her glory faile to sing,
May to my mouth my tongue for ever cling!

"Herewith (at hand) taking her horne of plentie,
Fill'd with the choyse of every orchard's daintie,
As peares, plums, apples, the sweet raspis-berry,
The quince, the apricoke, the blushing cherry;
The mulberry, (his blacke from Thisbe taking)
The cluster'd filberd, grapes oft merry-making.
(This fruitfull horne th' immortall ladies fill'd
With all the pleasures that rough forrests yeeld,
And gave Idya, with a further blessing,
That thence, (as from a garden) without dressing,

[9] See Homer's Odyssey, b. 12. [10] Elizabeth.

She these should ever have; and never want
Store, from an orchard without tree or plant.)
With a right willing hand she gave me hence,
The stomacke's comforter, the pleasing quince;
And for the chiefest cherisher she lent
The royall thistle's milkie nourishment.
"Here staid I long: but when to see Aurora,
Kisse the perfumed cheekes of dainty Flora,
Without the vale I trode one lovely morne,
With true intention of a quicke returne,
An unexpected chance strove to deferre
My going backe, and all the love of her.
But, maiden, see the day is waxen olde,
And gins to shut in with the marigold:
The neat-heard's kine do bellow in the yard;
And dairy maidens for the milke prepar'd,
Are drawing at the udder, long ere now
The plow-man hath unyoak'd his teame from plow:
My transformation to a fearefull hinde
Shall to unfold a fitter season finde;
Weane while yond pallace, whose brave turrets' tops
Over the stately wood survay the cops,
Promis'th (if sought) a wished place of rest,
Till Sol our hemisphere have repossest."
Now must my Muse afford a straine to Riot,
Who, almost kil'd with his luxurious diet,
Lay eating grasse (as dogges) within a wood,
So to digorge the undigested food:
By whom faire Aletheia past along
With Fida, queene of every shepheard's song,
By them unseene, (for he securely lay
Under the thicke of many a leaved spray)
And through the level'd meadowes gently threw
Their neatest feet, washt with refreshing dew,
Where he durst not approach, but on the edge
Of th' hilly wood, in covert of a hedge,
Went onward with them, trode with them in paces,
And farre off much admir'd their formes and graces.
Into the plaines at last he headlong venter'd:
But they the hill had got and pallace enter'd.
When, like a valiant well resolved man
Seeing new paths i' th' pathlesse ocean,
Unto the shores of monster-breeding Nyle;
Or through the north to the unpeopled Thyle,
Where from the equinoctiall of the spring,
To that of autumne, Titan's golden ring
Is never off; and till the spring againe
In gloomy darknesse all the shoares remaine.
Or if he furrow up the brynie sea,
To cast his anchors in the frozen bay
Of woody Norway; (who hath ever fed
Her people more with scaly fish than bread)
Tho' ratling mounts of ice thrust at his helme,
And by their fall still threaten to o'erwhelme
His little vessell: and though winter throw [snow,
(What age should) on their heads white caps of
Strives to congeale his blood; he cares not for 't,
But, arm'd in minde, gets his intended port:
So Riot, though full many doubts arise,
Whose unknowne ends might graspe his enterprise,
Climbes towardes the palace, and with gate demure,
With hanging head, a voyce as faining pure,
With torne and ragged coate, his hairy legs
Bloudy, as scratch'd with bryers, he ent'rance begs.
Remembrance sate as portresse of this gate:
A lady alwayes musing as she sate,
Except when sometime suddainely she rose,
And with a backe bent eye, at length, she throwes
Her hand to Heaven: and in a wond'ring guize,
Star'd on each object with her fixed eyes:
As some way-faring man passing a wood,
(Whose waving top hath long a sea-marke stood)
Goes jogging on, and in his minde nought hath,
But how the primrose finely strew the path,
Or sweetest violets lay downe their heads
At some tree's roote on mossie feather-beds,
Until his heele receives an adder's sting,
Whereat he starts, and backe his head doth fling.
She never mark'd the sute he did preferre,
But (carelesse) let him pass along by her.
So on he went into a spatious court,
All trodden bare with multitudes' resort:
At th' end whereof a second gate appeares,
The fabricke shew'd full many thousand years:
Whose posterne-key that time a lady kept,
Her eyes all swolne, as if she seldome slept;
And would by fits her golden tresses teare,
And strive to stop her breath with her owne haire:
Her lilly hand (not to be lik'd by art)
A paire of pincers held; wherewith her heart
Was hardly grasped, while the piled stones
Re-eccoed to her lamentable grones.
Here at this gate the custome long had bin,
When any sought to be admitted in,
Remorce thus us'd them ere they had the keye,
And all, these torments felt, pass'd on their way.
When Riot came, the ladie's paines nigh done,
She past the gate; and then Remorce begunne,
To fetter Riot in strong iron chaines;
And doubting much his patience in the paines,
As when a smith and 's man (lame Vulcan's fellowes)
Call'd from the anvile or the puffing bellowes,
To clappe a well-wrought shoe (for more than pay)
Upon a stubborne nagge of Galloway;
Or unback'd jennet, or a Flanders mare,
That at the forge stand snuffing of the ayre;
The swarth smith spits in his buckehorne fist,
And bids his men bring out the five-fold twist,
His shackles, shacklockes, hampers, gives, and chaines,
His linked bolts; and with no little paines
These make him fast: and lest all these should faulter,
Unto a poste with some sixe doubled halter
He bindes his head: yet all are of the least
To curbe the fury of the head-strong beast:
When if a carrier's jade be brought unto him,
His man can hold his foote whilst he can shoe him:
Remorce was so inforc'd to binde him stronger,
Because his faults requir'd infliction longer,
Than any sinne-prest wight, which many a day
Since Judas hung himselfe had past that way.
When all the cruell torments he had borne,
Galled with chaines, and on the racke nigh torne,
Pinching with glowing pincers his owne heart,
All lame and restlesse, full of wounds and smart,
He to the posterne creepes, so inward hyes,
And from the gate a two-fold path descryes:
One leading up a hill, Repentance' way;
And (as more worthy) on the right-hand lay:
The other head-long, steepe, and lik'ned well
Unto the path which tendeth downe to Hell:
All steps that thither went shew'd no returning,
The port to paines, and to eternall mourning.
Where certaine Death liv'd; in an ebon chaire
The soule's blacke homicide, meager Despaire,[11]
Had his abode: there 'gainst the craggy rockes
Some dasht their braines out with relentlesse knockes;

[11] See Spenser's Fairie Queene, b. 1. c. 9. s. 33. &c. Fletcher's Purple Island, c. 12. s. 32. &c.

Others on trees (O most accursed elves!)
Are fastening knots, so to undoe themselves.
Here one in sinne not daring to appeare
At Mercie's seate with one repentant teare,
Within his breast was launcing of an eye,
That unto God it might for vengeance cry:
There from a rock a wretch but newly fell,
All torne in pieces, to goe whole to Hell.
Here with a sleepie potion one thinkes fit
To graspe with death, but would not knowe of it:
There in a poole two men their lives expire,
And die in water to revive in fire.
Here hangs the bloud upon the guiltlesse stones;
There wormes consume the flesh of humane bones.
Here lyes an arme; a legge there; here a head,
With other limmes of men unburied,
Scatt'ring the ground, and as regardlesse hurl'd,
As they at vertue spurned in the world. [sterving,
Fye, haplesse wretch! O thou! whose graces
Measur'st God's mercy by thine owne deserving;
Which cry'st, (distrustfull of the power of Heaven)
"My sinnes are greater than can be forgiven:"
Which still art ready to "curse God and die,"
At every stripe of worldly miserie;
O learne, (thou in whose brests the dragon lurkes)
God's mercy (ever) is o'er all his workes:
Know he is pittifull, apt to forgive:
Would not a sinner's death, but that he live.
O ever, ever rest upon that word,
Which doth assure thee, tho' his two-edg'd sword
Be drawne in justice 'gainst thy sinfull soule,
To separate the rotten from the whole;
Yet if a sacrifice of prayer be sent him,
He will not strike; or, if he strucke, repent him.
Let none despaire; for cursed Judas' sinne
Was not so much in yeelding up the King
Of Life to death, as when he thereupon
Wholy despair'd of God's remission.
Riot long doubting stood which way were best
To leade his steps. at last, preferring rest
(As foolishly he thought) before the paine
Was to be past ere he could well attaine
The high-built palace; gan adventure on
That path, which led to all confusion,
When sodainly a voyce, as sweet as cleare,
With words divine began entice his eare:
Whereat, as in a rapture, on the ground
He prostrate lay, and all his senses found
A time of rest; onely that facultie
Which never can be seene, nor ever dye,
That in the essence of an endless nature
Doth sympathize with the all-good Creator,
That onely wak'd which cannot be interr'd,
And from a heavenly quire this ditty heard:

"Vain man, doe not mistrust
Of Heaven winning;
Nor (though the most unjust)
Despaire for sinning:
God will he seene his sentence changing,
If he behold thee wicked wayes estranging.

"Climbe up where pleasures dwell
In flow'ry allies:
And taste the living well
That decks the vallies.
Faire Metanoia[12] is attending [ending."
To crowne thee with thost joyes which know no

Herewith on leaden wings sleepe from him flew,
When on his arme he rose, and sadly threw
Shrill acclamations; while an hollow cave
Or hanging hill, or Heaven, an answer gave.
"O sacred Essence, light'ning me this houre!
How may I lightly stile thy great power?"
ECCHO. Power.

"Power? but of whence? under the greene-wood
Or liv'st in Heav'n? say." [spray,
ECCHO. In Heavens aye.

"In Heavens aye! tell, may I it obtaine
By almes, by fasting, prayer, by paine?"
ECCHO. By paine.

"Shew me the paine, it shall be undergone:
I to mine end will still go on."
ECCHO. Go on.

"But whither? On! Shew me the place, the time:
What if the mountaine I do climbe?"
ECCHO. Do climbe.

"Is that the way to joyes which still endure?
O bid my soule of it be sure!"
ECCHO. Be sure.

"Then, thus assured, doe I climbe the hill,
Heaven be my guide in this thy will."
ECCHO. I will."

As when a maide, taught from her mother's wing
To tune her voyce unto a silver string, [run,
When she should run, she rests; rests, when should
And ends her lesson, having now begun:
Now miseth she her stop, then in her song,
And, doing of her best, she still is wrong;
Begins againe, and yet againe strikes false,
Then in a chafe forsakes her virginals;
And yet within an hour she tries a-new,
That with her dayly paines (art's chiefest due)
She gaines that charming skill: and can no lesse
Tame the fierce walkers of the wildernesse,
Than that Œagrian harpist,[13] for whose lay
Tigers with hunger pinde and left their pray.
So Riot, when he gan to climbe the hill,
Here maketh haste, and there long standeth still,
Now getteth up a step, then falls againe,
Yet not despairing, all his nerves doth straine
To clamber up a-new, then slide his feet,
And downe he comes; but gives not over yet,
For (with the maide) he hopes, a time will be
When merit shall be linckt with industrie.
Now as an angler melancholy standing,
Upon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,
A wrigling yealow worme thrust on his hooke,
Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke:
Here pulls his line, there throws it in againe,
Mending his croke and baite, but all in vaine,
He long stands viewing of the curled streame;
At last a hungry pike, or well-growne breame,
Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away
He, knowing it a fish of stubborne sway,
Puls up his rod, but soft; (as having skill)
Wherewith the hooke fast holds the fishe's gill.
Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,
Whilst furiously all up and downe doth swimme

[12] Μετανοια, Repentance.

[13] Orpheus, the son of Œagrus and Calliope, according to Plato, in Conv. Apollon. Argonaut. l. 1. and himself, if the Argonautics be his: of Apollo and Calliope, by some; of others, by others.

Th' insnared fish, here on the toppe doth scud,
There underneath the banckes, then in the mud;
And with his franticke fits so scares the shole:
That each one takes his hyde or starting hole;
By this the pike, cleane wearied, underneath
A willow lyes, and pants (if fishes breathe);
Wherewith the angler gently puls him to him,
And, leaste his haste might happen to undoe him,
Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
And by degrees getting the fish to land,
Walkes to another poole: at length is winner
Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner:
So when the climber halfe the way had got,
Musing he stood, and busily gan plot,
How (since the mount did always steeper tend)
He might with steps secure his journey end.
At last (as wand'ring boyes to gather nuts)
A hooked pole he from a hasell cuts;
Now throwes it here, then there, to take some hold,
But bootlesse and in vaine, the rocky molde
Admits no cranny, where his hasell hooke
Might promise him a step, till in a nooke
Somewhat above his reach he hath espide
A little oake, and having often tride
To catch a bough with standing on his toe,
Or leaping up, yet not prevailing so;
He rols a stone towards the little tree,
Then gets upon it, fastens warily
His pole unto a bough, and at his drawing
The early rising crow with clam'rous kawing,
Leaving the greene bough flyes about the rocke,
Whilst twentie twentie couples to him flocke:
And now within his reach the thinne leaves wave,
With one hand onely then he holds his stave,
And with the other grasping first the leaves,
A pretty bough he in his fist receives;
Then to his girdle making fast the hooke,
His other hand another bough hath tooke;
His first, a third, and that, another gives,
To bring him to the place where his roote lives.
Then, as a nimble squirrill from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filberd-food,
Sits partly on a bough his browne nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernell taking,
Till (with their crookes and bags) a sort of boyes
(To share with him) come with so great a noyse,
That he is forc'd to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leape to a neighbour oake;
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;
Whilst thro' the quagmires and red water plashes,
The boyes runne dabling thro' thicke and thin,
One teares his hose, another breakes his shin;
This, torne and tatter'd, hath with much adoe
Got by the bryers; and that hath lost his shooe:
This drops his band; that head-long fals for haste;
Another cryes behind for being last:
With stickes and stones, and many a sounding hollow,
The little foole, with no small sport, they follow,
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray:
Such shift made Riot, ere he could get up.
And so from bough to bough he wonne the toppe,
Though hind'rances, from ever coming there,
Were often thrust upon him by Despaire.
Now at his feete the stately mountaine lay,
And with a gladsome eye he gan survay
What perils he had trode on since the time
His weary feete and armes assayde to climbe.
When with a humble voyce (withouten feare,
Tho' he look'd wilde and over-growne with haire)
A gentle nymph, in russet course array,
Comes and directs him onward in his way.
First, brings she him into a goodly hall,
Faire, yet not beautified with minerall;
But in a carelesse art, and artlesse care,
Made loose Neglect, more lovely farre than rare.
Upon the floore (ypav'd with marble slate,
With sack-cloath cloth'd) many in ashes sate:
And round about the wals, for many yeares,
Hung christall vyals of repentance' teares;
And bookes of vows, and many a heavenly deede,
Lay ready open for each one to reade.
Some were immured up in little sheads,
There to contemplate Heaven, and bid their beads.
Others with garments thinne of cammel's haire,
With head, and arms, and legs, and feete all bare,
Were singing hymnes to the eternall Sage,
For safe returning from their pilgrimage:
Some with a whip their pamper'd bodyes beate,
Others in fasting live, and seldome eate:
But, as those trees which doe in India grow,
And call'd of elder swaines, full long agoe,
The Sunne and Moone's faire trees, (full goodly height)
And tenne times tenne feete challenging their height)
Having no helpe (to over-looke brave towers)
From coole refreshing dew, or drisling showers;
When as the Earth (as often times is seene)
Is interpos'd 'twixt Sol and night's pale queene;
Or when the Moone ecclipseth Titan's light,
The trees (all comfortlesse) rob'd of their sight,
Weepe liqued drops, which plentifully shoote
Along the outward barke downe to the roote,
And by their owne shed teares they ever flourish;
So their owne sorrowes their owne joyes do nourish:
And so within this place full many a wight
Did make his teares his food, both day and night.
And had it granted, (from th' Almighty great)
Swimme thorough them unto his mercy-seate.
Faire Metanoia in a chayre of earth,
With count'nance sad, yet sadnesse promis'd mirth,
Sate vail'd in coursest weedes of cammel's hayre,
Inriching poverty; yet never fayre
Was like to her, nor since the world begun
A lovelyer lady kist the glorious Sun.
For her the god of thunder, mighty, great,
Whose foote-stoole is the Earth, and Heaven his seate,
Unto a man, who from his crying birth
Went on still shunning what he carryed, earth:
When he could walke no further for his grave,
Nor could step over, but he there must have
A seate to rest, when he would faine go on;
But age in every nerve, in every bone.
Forbad his passage: for her sake hath Heaven
Fill'd up the grave, and made his path so eaven,
That fifteen courses had the bright steedes run,
(And he was weary) ere his course was done,
For scorning her, the courts of kings, which throw
A proud rais'd pinnacle to rest the crow;
And on a plaine out-brave a neighbour rocke
In stout resistance of a tempest's shocke.
For her contempt Heaven (reyning his disasters)
Hath made those towers but piles to burne their masters.
To her the lowly nymph (Humblessa hight)
Brought (as her office) this deformed wight;

To whom the lady courteous semblance shewes;
And pittying his estate, in sacred thewes,
And letters (worthily yeleep'd divine)
Resolv'd t' instruct him: but her discipline
She knew of true effect would surely misse,
Except she first his metamorphosis
Should cleane exile: and knowing that his birth
Was to enherit reason, though on Earth,
Some witch had thus transform'd him by her skill,
Expert in changing, even the very will,
In few dayes' labours with continuall prayer,
(A sacrifice transcends the buxome ayre)
His griesly shape, his foule deformed feature,
His horrid lookes, worse than a savage creature,
By Metanoia's hand from Heaven, began
Receive their sentence of divorce from man.
And as a lovely maiden, pure and chaste,
With naked iv'rie necke, and gowne unlac'd
Within her chamber, when the day is fled,
Makes poore her garments to enrich her bed:
First, puts she off her lilly-silken gowne,
That shrikes for sorrow as she layes it downe;
And with her armes graceth a wast-coate fine,
Imbracing her as it would ne'er untwine.
Her flexen haire, insnaring all beholders,
She next permits to wave about her shoulders;
And though she cast it backe, the silken slips
Still forward steale, and hang upon her lips:
Whereat she, sweetly angry, with her laces
Binds up the wanton lockes in curious traces,
Whilst (twisting with her joynts) each haire long lingers,
As loath to be inchain'd, but with her fingers.
Then on her head a dressing like a crowne;
Her breasts all bare, her kirtle slipping downe,
And all things off, (which rightly ever be
Call'd the foule-faire markes of our miserie)
Except her last, which enviously doth seize her,
Least any eye partake with it in pleasure,
Prepares for sweetest rest, while silvans greete her,
And (longingly) the downe-bed swels to meet her:
So by degrees his shape, all brutish wilde,
Fell from him, (as loose skin from some young childe)
In lieu whereof a man-like shape appeares,
And gallant youth scarce skill'd in twenty yeares,
So faire, so fresh, so young, so admirable
In every part, that since I am not able
In words to shew his picture, gentle swaines,
Recall the prayses in my former straines;
And know if they have graced any limme,
I onely lent it those, but stole 't from him.
Had that chaste Romane dame [14] beheld his face,
Ere the proud king possest her husband's place,
Her thoughts had beene adulterate, and this staine
Had wonne her greater fame, had she beene slaine.
The larke that many mornes herselfe makes merry
With the shrill chanting of her teery-larry,
(Before he was transform'd) would leave the skyes,
And hover o'er him to behold his eyes.
Upon an oaten pipe well could he play,
For when he fed his flocke upon the leye,
Maidens to heare him from the plaines came tripping,
And birds from bough to bough full nimbly skipping;
His flocke (then happy flocke) would leave to feede,
And stand amaz'd to listen to his reede:

Lyons and tygers, with each beast of game,
With hearing him were many times made tame:
Brave trees and flow'res would towards him bending,
And none that heard him wisht his song an ending;
Maids, lyons, birds, flockes, trees, each flowre, each spring,
Were rapt with wonder, when he us'd to sing.
So faire a person to describe to men
Requires a curious pencill, not a pen.
Him Metanoia clad in seemly wise,
(Not after our corrupted age's guise,
Where gaudy weedes lend splendour to the limb,
While that his cloaths receiv'd their grace from him.)
Then to a garden set with rarest flowres,
With pleasant fountaines stor'd, and shady bowres,
She leads him by the hand; and in the groves,
Where thousand pretty birds sung to their loves,
A thousand thousand blossomes (from their stalkes)
Milde Zephyrus threw downe to paint the walkes,
Where yet the wilde boare never durst appeare:
Here Fida (ever to kinde Raymond deare)
Met them, and shew'd where Aletheia lay,
(The fairest maide that ever blest the day.)
Sweetly she lay, and cool'd her lilly hands
Within a spring that threw up golden sands:
As if it would intice her to persever
In living there, and grace the banckes forever.
To her Amintas (Riot now no more)
Came, and saluted: never man before
More blest, nor like this kisse hath beene another,
But when two dangling cherries kist each other:
Nor ever beauties like, met at such closes,
But in the kisses of two damaske-roses.
O, how the flowres (prest with their treadings on them)
Strove to cast up their heads to looke upon them!
How jealously the buds, that so had seene them,
Sent forth the sweetest smels to step betweene them,
As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their powers,
Once knowne of them, they might neglect the flowres.
How often wisht Amintas, with his heart,
His ruddy lips from hers might never part:
And that the Heavens this gift were them bequeathing,
To feed on nothing but each other's breathing!
A truer love the Muses never sung,
Nor happyer names ere grac'd a golden tongue:
O! they are better fitting his sweet stripe,
Who [15] on the bankes of Ancor tun'd his pype:
Or rather for that learned swaine,[16] whose layes
Divinest Homer crown'd with deathlesse bayes:
Or any one sent from the sacred well
Inheriting the soule of Astrophel.[17]
These, these in golden lines might write this story,
And makes these loves their owne eternall glory:
Whilst I, a swaine, as weake in yeares as skill,
Should in the valley heare them on the hill.
Yet (when my sheepe have at the cesternes beene,
And I have brought them backe to sheare the greene)
To misse an idle houre, and not for meede,
Whose choicest relish shall mine oaten reede
Record their worths: and though in accents rare
I misse the glory of a charming ayre,
My Muse may one day make the courtly swaines
Enamour'd on the musicke of the plaines.
And as upon a hill she bravely sings,
Teach humble dales to weepe in christall springs.

[14] Lucretia. See Shakspeare's Rape of Lucrece.
[15] Mich. Drayton. [16] Geo Chapman.
[17] Sir Philip Sydney.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

BOOK II.

THE FIRST SONG.

DEDICATION.

TO THE TRUELY NOBLE AND LEARNED

WILLIAM, EARLE OF PEMBROOKE,

LORD CHAMBERLAYNE TO HIS MAIESTIE, &c.

Nor that the gift (great lord) deserves your hand,
(Held ever worth the rarest workes of men)
Offer I this; but since in all our land
None can more rightly clayme a poet's pen:
That noble bloud and vertue truely knowne,
Which circular in you united run,
Makes you each good, and every good your owne,
If it can hold in what my Muse hath done.
But weake and lowly are these tuned layes,
Yet though but weake to win faire memorie,
You may improve them, and your gracing raise;
For things are priz'd as their possessors be.
If for such favour they have worthlesse striven,
Since love the cause was, be that love forgiven!
Your honour's,
W. BROWNE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Marina's freedome now I sing,
And of her endangering:
Of Famine's cave, and then th' abuse
Tow'rds buryed Colyn and his Muse.

As when a mariner (accounted lost)
Upon the wat'ry desert long time tost,
In summer's parching heate, in winter's cold,
In tempests great, in dangers manifold,
Is by a fay'ring winde drawne up the mast,
Whence he descryes his native soyle at last;
For whose glad sight he gets the hatches under,
And to the ocean tels his joys in thunder,
(Shaking those barnacles into the sea,
At once, that in the wombe and cradle lay)
When sodainly the still inconstant winde
Masters before, that did attend behinde;
And growes so violent, that he is faine
Command the pilot stand to sea againe;
Least want of sea-roome in a channel streight,
Or casting anchor might cast o'er his freight:
Thus, gentle Muse, it happens in my song,
A journey, tedious, for a strength so yong,
I undertook: by silver-seeming floods,
Past gloomy bottomes, and high-waving woods,
Climb'd mountaines, where the wanton kidling dallyes,
Then with soft steps enseal'd the meekned valleys,
In quest of Memory: and had possest
A pleasant garden, for a welcome rest;
No sooner than a hundred theames come on,
And hale my bark a-new for Helicon.

Thrice sacred powers! (if sacred powers there be
Whose milde aspect engyrland poesie)
Ye happy sisters of the learned spring,
Whose heavenly notes the woods are ravishing!
Brave Thespian maidens, at whose charming layes
Each mosse-thrumb'd mountaine bends, each current playes!
Piërian singers? O ye blessed Muses!
Who as a jem too deare the world refuses!
Whose truest lovers never clip with age,
O be propitious in my pilgrimage!
Dwell on my lines! and till the last sand fall,
Run hand in hand with my weak pastorall!
Cause every coupling cadence flow in blisses,
And fill the world with envy of such kisses.
Make all the rarest beauties of our clyme,
That deigne a sweet looke on my younger ryme,
To linger on each line's inticing graces
As on their lovers' lips and chaste imbraces!
Thro' rouling trenches of self-drowning waves,
Where stormy gusts throw up untimely graves,
By billows, whose white fome show'd angry mindes,
For not out-roaring all the high-rais'd wyndes,
Into the ever-drinking thirsty sea
By rocks that under water hidden lay,
To shipwracke passengers (so in some den
Theeves bent to robb'ry watch way-faring men.)
Fairest Marina, whom I whilome sung,
In all this tempest (violent though long)
Without all sence of danger lay asleepe:
Till tossed where the still inconstant deepe,
With wide-spred armes, stood ready for the tender
Of daily tribute, that the swolne floods render
Into her chequer: (whence as worthy kings
She helps the wants of thousand lesser springs:)
Here waxt the windes dumbe, (shut up in their caves)
As still as midnight were the sullen waves,
And Neptune's silver ever-shaking brest
As smooth as when the halcyon builds her nest.
None other wrinckles on his face were seene
Than on a fertile meade, or sportive greene,
Where never plow-share ript his mother's wombe,
To give an aged seed a living tombe,
Nor blinded mole the batning earth e'er stir'd,
Nor boyes made pit-fals for the hungry bird.
The whistling reeds upon the water's side
Shot up their sharp heads in a stately pride,
And not a bynding ozyer bow'd his head,
But on his roote him bravely carryed.
No dandling leafe plaid with the subtill ayre,
So smooth the sea was, and the skye so fayre.
Now with his hands, instead of broad-palm'd oares,
The swaine attempts to get the shell-strewed shores,
And with continuall lading making away,
Thrusts the small boate into as fayre a bay
As ever merchant wisht might be the rode
Wherein to ease his sea-torne vessel's lode.
It was an iland, (hugg'd in Neptune's armes,
As tending it against all forraigne harmes)
And Mona hight: so amiably fayre,
So rich in soyle, so healthfull in her ayre,
So quicke in her encrease, (each dewy night
Yeelding that ground as greene, as fresh of plight,
As't was the day before, whereon then fed
Of gallant steeres full many a thousand head.)
So deckt with floods, so pleasant in her groves,
So full of well-fleec'd flockes and fatned droves;
That the brave issue of the Trojan line,
(Whose worths, like diamonds, yet in darknesse shine)

Whose deeds were sung by learned bards as hye,
In raptures of immortal poesie,
As any nation's, since the Grecian lads
Were famous made by Homer's Iliads.
Those brave heroicke spirits, 'twixt one another
Proverbially call Mona Cambria's mother.[1]
Yet Cambria is a land from whence have come
Worthies well worth the race of Ilium;
Whose true desert of praise could my Muse touch,
I should be proud that I had done so much.
And though of mighty Brute I cannot boast,
Yet doth our warlike strong Deuonian coast
Resound his worth, since on her wave-worne strand
He and his Trojans first set foot on land,
Struke saile, and anchor cast on Totnes' shore,[2]
Though now no ship can ride there any more.
In th' iland's rode the swaine now moares his boate
Unto a willow, (least it outwards floate)
And with a rude embracement taking up
The maid (more faire than she[3] that fill'd the cup
Of the great thunderer, wounding with her eyes
More harts than all the troops of deities.)
He wades to shore, and sets her on the sand,
That gently yeelded when her foot should land.
Where bubling waters through the pibbles fleet,
As if they strove to kisse her slender feet.
Whilst like a wretch, whose cursed hand hath tane
The sacred reliques from a holy phane,
Feeling the hand of Heaven (inforcing wonder)
In his returne, in dreadful cracks of thunder,
Within a bush his sacriledge hath left,
And thinkes his punishment freed with the theft:
So fled the swaine, from one, had Neptune spide
At half an ebbe, he would have fore'd the tyde
To swell anew; whereon his carre should sweepe,
Deckt with the riches of th' unsounded deepe,
And he from thence would with all state on shore,
To wooe this beautie, and to wooe no more.
Divine Electra, (of the sisters seven
That beautifie the glorious orbe of Heaven)
When Ilium's stately towres serv'd as one light
To guide the ravisher in ugly night
Unto her virgin bed, with-drew her face,
And never would looke down on humane race
Til this maid's birth; since when some power hath won her
By often fits to shine, as gazing on her.
Grim Saturne's sonne, the dread Olimpicke Jove,
That dark't three days to frolicke with his love,
Had he in Alcmen's stead clipt this faire wight,
The world had slept in everlasting night.
For whose sake onely (had she lived then)
Deucalion's flood had never rag'd on men;
Nor Phaëton perform'd his father's duty,
For fear to rob the world of such a beauty:
In whose due praise, a learned quill might spend
Houres, dayes, months, yeeres, and never make an end.
What wretch inhumane, or what wilder blood,
(Suckt in a desert from a tiger's brood)
Could leave her so disconsolate? but one
Bred in the wastes of frost-bit Calydon;
For had his veynes beene heat with milder ayre,
He had not wrong'd so foule, a maide so faire.
Sing on, sweet Muse; and whilst I feed mine eyes
Upon a jewell of unvalued prize,

As bright as starre, a dame as faire, as chaste
As eye behold, or shall, till Nature's last.
Charme her quicke senses! and with raptures sweet
Make her affection with your cadence meet!
And if her gracefull tongue admire one straine,
It is the best reward my pipe would gaine.
In lieu whereof, in laurell-worthy rymes
Her love shall live until the end of times,
And, spite of age, the last of days shall see
Her name embalm'd in sacred poesie.
Sadly alone upon the aged rocks,
Whom Thetis grac'd in washing oft their locks
Of branching sampire, sate the maid o'ertaken
With sighes and teares, unfortunate, forsaken;
And with a voyce that floods from rocks would borrow,
She thus both wept and sung her noates of sorrow:
"If Heaven be deafe, and will not heare my cryes,
But adds new dayes to add new miseries;
Heare, then, ye troubled waves and flitting gales,
That coole the bosomes of the fruitfull vales!
Lend, one, a flood of teares, the other winde,
To weepe and sigh that Heaven is so unkinde!
But if ye will not spare, of all your store,
One teare, one sigh, unto a wretch so poore;
Yet, as ye travell on this spatious round,
Thro' forrests, mountaines, or the lawny ground,
If 't happ' you see a maide weepe forth her woe,
As I have done, oh! bid her, as ye goe,
Not lavish teares! for when her own are gone,
The world is flinty, and will lend her none.
If this be eke denyde, O hearken then,
Each hollow vaulted rocke, and crooked den!
And if within your sides one eccho be,
Let her begin to rue my destinie!
And in your clefts her plainings do not smother,
But let that eccho teach it to another!
Til round the world in sounding coombe and plaine,
The last of them tell it the first againe:
Of my sad fate so shall they never lin,
But where one ends another still begin.
Wretch that I am! my words I vainely waste;
Eccho, of all woes, onely speakes the last;
And that 's enough: for should she utter all,
As at Medusa's head[4], each heart would fall
Into a flinty substance, and repine
At no one griefe, except as great as mine.
No carefull nurse would wet her watchfull eye,
When any pang should gripe her infantry;
Nor though to Nature it obedience gave,
And kneel'd, to do her homage, in the grave,
Would she lament her suckling from her torne:
Scaping by death those torments I have borne."
This sigh'd, she wept, (now leaning on her hand)
Her briny teares downe rayning on the sand,
Which scene by (them, that sport it in the seas
On dolphins' backes) the fair Nereides,
They came on shore, and slily as they fell
Convai'd each teare into an oyster-shell;
And by some power that did effect the girles,
Transform'd those liquid drops to oryent pearles,
And strew'd them on the shore: for whose rich prize
In winged pines the Roman colonies
Flung thro' the deep abysse to our white rockes,
For jems to decke their ladyes' golden lockes:
Who valew'd them as highly in their kindes
As those the sun-burnt Æthiopian findes.
Long on the shore distrest Marina lay:
For he that opes the pleasant sweets of May,

[1] Mom Mam Kumbry.
[2] Petunt classem omnibus bonis onustam, prosperis ventis mare sulcantes, in Totenesio littore feliciter applicarunt. Galf. Monum.
[3] Hebe.
[4] Which turned the beholders into stone.

Beyond the noonstead so farre drove his teame,
That harvest-folkes (with curds and clouted creame,
With cheese and butter, cakes and cates ynow,
That are the yeoman's from the yoake or cowe)
On sheafes of corne were at their noonshun's close,
Whilst by them merrily the bag-pipe goes:
Ere from her hand she lifted up her head,
Where all the Graces then inhabited.
When casting round her over-drowned eyes,
(So have I seene a jemme of mickle price
Roule in a scallop shell with water fil'd)
She, on a marble rock at hand, behild,
In characters deepe cut with iron stroke,
A shepheard's moane, which read by her, thus spoke:

"Glide soft, ye silver floods,
And every spring:
Within the shady woods,
Let no bird sing!
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seene to couple with her love,
But silence on each dale and mountaine dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But (of great Thetis' trayne)
Ye mermaides faire,
That on the shores do plaine
Your sea-greene haire,
As ye in tramels knit your locks,
Weepe ye; and so inforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell,
How Willy bad his friend and joy farewell.

"Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds,
To move a wave;
But if with troubled minds
You seeke his grave,
Know, 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deepe, then on the shelves,
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weepes, and bids all joy farewell.

"Had he, Arion like,
Beene judg'd to drowne,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a swon',
A thousand dolphins would have come,
And joyntly strive to bring him home.
But he on ship-board dyde, by sicknesse fell,
Since when his Willy bad all joy farewell.

"Great Neptune, heare a swaine!
His coffin take,
And with a golden chaine
(For pittie) make
It fast unto a rock neere land!
Where ev'ry calmy morne I'le stand,
And ere one sheepe out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell."

"Ah, heavy shepheard! who so ere thou be,"
Quoth faire Marina, "I do pitty thee:
For who by death is in a true friend crost,
Till he be earth he halfe himselfe hath lost.
More happy deeme I thee, lamented swaine,
Whose body lyes among the scaly traine,
Since I shall never thinke that thou canst dye,
Whilst Willy lives, or any poetry.
For well it seemes in versing he hath skill,
And though he (ayded from the sacred hill)
To thee with him no equall life can give,
Yet by his pen thou maist for ever live."
With this, a beame of sudden brightnes flyes
Upon her face, so dazeling her cleare eyes,
That neyther flower nor grasse, which by her grew,
She could discerne cloath'd in their perfect hue.
For as a wag (to sport with such as passe)
Taking the sun-beames in a looking-glasse,
Convays the ray into the eyes of one
Who (blinded) eyther stumbles at a stone,
Or, as he dazeled walkes the peopled streets,
Is ready justling every man he meets:
So then Apollo did in glory cast
His bright beames on a rocke with gold enchast,
And thence the swift reflection of their light
Blinded those eyes, the chiefest starres of night.
When streight a thick-swolne cloud (as if it sought
In beautie's minde to have a thankfull thought)
Invayl'd the lustre of great Titan's carre,
And she beheld, from whence she sate not farre,
Cut on a high-brow'd rocke, (inlaid with gold)
This epitaph, and read it, thus enrol'd:

"In depth of waves long hath Alexis slept,
So choicest jewels are the closest kept;
Whose death the land had seene, but it appeares
To countervaile his losse, men wanted teares.
So here he lyes, whose dirge each mermaid sings,
For whom the clouds weepe raine, the Earth her springs."

Her eyes these lines acquainted with her minde
Had scarcely made; when, o'er the hill behinde,
She heard a woman cry: "Ah, well a-day!
What shall I do? Goe home, or flye, or stay?"
Admir'd Marina rose, and with a pace
As gracefull as the goddesses did trace
O'er stately Ida, (when fond Paris' doome [5]
Kindled the fire should mighty Troy entombe)
She went to aide the woman in distress,
(True beauty never was found mercilesse)
Yet durst she not goe nye, least (being spide)
Some villaine's outrage, that might then betyde
(For aught she knew) unto the crying maide,
Might graspe with her: by thickets, which array'd
The high sea-bounding hill, so neare she went,
She saw what wight made such lowd dreriment.
Lowd? yes: sung right: for since the azure skye
Imprison'd first the world, a mortal's cry
With greater clangor never pierc'd the ayre.
A wight she was so farre from being faire,
None could be foule esteem'd, compar'd with her.
Describing foulnes, pardon if I erre,
Ye shepheards' daughters, and ye gentle swaines!
My Muse would gladly chaunt more lovely straines:
Yet since on miry grounds she trode, for doubt
Of sinking, all in haste, thus wades she out.
As when great Neptune, in his height of pride,
The inland creeks fils with a high spring-tyde,
Great sholes of fish, among the oysters hye,
Which, by a quicke ebbe, on the shores, left dry,
The fishes yawne, the oysters gapen wide:
So broad her mouth was: as she stood and cride,
She tore her elvish knots of hayre, as blacke
And full of dust as any collyer's sacke.
Her eyes unlike, were like her body right,
Squint and mishapen, one dun, t'other white.
As in a picture limb'd unto the life,
Or carved by a curious workman's knife,

[5] The judgment of Paris.

If twenty men at once should come to see
The great effects of untirde industry,
Each severally would thinke the picture's eye
Was fixt on him, and on no stander by:
So as she (bawling) was upon the bancke,
If twice five hundred men stood on a rancke,
Her ill-face tow'rds them, every one would say
She lookes on me; when she another way
Had cast her eyes, as on some rocke or tree,
And on no one of all that company.
Her nose (O crooked nose!) her mouth o'er hung,
As it would be directed by her tongue:
Her fore-head such, as one might neere avow
Some plow-man, there, had lately beene at plow.
Her face so schorcht was and so vylde it showes,
As on a pear-tree she had scar'd the crowes.
Within a tanner's fat I oft have eyde
(That three moones there had laine) a large oxe hyde
In liquor mixt with strongest barke, (for gaine)
Yet had not tane one halfe so deep a staine
As had her skin: and that as hard well-nye
As any brawne's, long hardened in the stye.
Her shoulders such as I have often seene
A silly cottage on a village greene
Might change his corner posts, in good behoofe,
For four such under-proppers to his roofe.
Huswives, go, hire her; if you yearly gave
A lamkin more than use, you that might save
In washing beetles; for her hands would passe
To serve that purpose, though you daily wash.
For other hidden parts, thus much I say:
As ballad-mongers on a market-day
Taking their stand, one (with as harsh a noyce
As ever cart wheele made) squeakes the sad choice
Of Tom the miller with a golden thumbe,
Who crost in love, ran mad, and deafe, and dumbe,
Halfe part he chants, and will not sing it out,
But thus bespeakes to his attentive rout:
" Thus much for love I warbled from my brest,
And gentle friends for money take the rest:"
So speake I to the over-longing eare,
That would the rest of her description heare,
Much have I sung for love, the rest (not common)
Martial will shew for coyne, in's crabbed woman.
If e're you saw a pedant gin prepare
To speake some gracefull speech to master maior,
And being bashfull, with a quaking doubt
That in his eloquence he may be out:
He oft steps forth, as oft turns backe againe;
And long 'tis e're he hope is learned veyne:
Thinke so Marina stood: for now she thought
To venture forth, then some conjecture wrought
Her to be jealous, least this ugly wight,
(Since like a witch she lookt) through spels of night,
Might make her body thrall (that yet was free)
To all the foule intents of witchery:
This drew her backe againe. At last she broke
Through all fond doubts, went to her, and bespoke
In gentle manner thus: " Good day, good maide;"
With that her cry she on a sodaine staid,
And rub'd her squint eyes with her mighty fist.
But as a miller having ground his grist,
Lets down his flood-gates with a speedy fall,
And quarring up the passage therewithall,
The waters swell in spleene, and never stay
Till by some cleft they find another way:
So when her teares were stopt from eyther eye
Her singults, blubbrings, seem'd to make them flye
Out at her oyster-mouth and nose-thrils wide.
"Can there," quoth faire Marina, "ere betide
(In these sweet groves) a wench, so great a wrong,
That should inforce a cry so loud, so long?
On these delightfull plaines how can there be
So much as heard the name of villany?
Except when shepheards in their gladsome fit
Sing hymnes to Pan that they are free from it.
" But shew me, what hath caus'd thy grievous yell?"
" As late" (quoth she) " I went to yonder well,
(You cannot see it here; that grove, doth cover
With his thicke boughes his little channell over)
To fetch some water (as I use) to dresse
My master's supper, (you may think of flesh;
But well I wot he tasteth no such dish)
Of rotchets, whitings, or such common fish,
That with his net he drags into his boate.
Among the flags below, there stands his coate
(A simple one) thatch'd o're with reede and broome;
It hath a kitchin, and a severall roome
For each of us." " But this is nought: you flee,"
Replyde Marine, " I prithee answer me
To what I question'd." " Doe but heare me first,"
Answer'd the hag. " He is a man so curst,
Although I toyle at home, and serve his swine,
Yet scarce allows he me whereon to dine:
In summer time on black-berries I live,
On crabs and hawes, and what wild forrests give:
In winter's cold, bare-foot I run to seeke
For oysters and small wrinckles in each creeke
Whereon I feed, and on the meager slone,
But if he home returne and find me gon,
I still am sure to feele his heavy hand.
Alas and weale away, since now I stand
In such a plight: for if I seeke his dore
Hee'l beate me ten times worse than e're before."
" What hast thou done?" (yet askt Marina) "say?"
" I with my pitcher lately took my way
(As late I said) to thilke same shaded spring,
Fill'd it, and homewards rais'd my voice to sing;
But in my backe return, I (hapless) spyde
A tree of cherries wilde, and them I eyde
With such a longing, that unwares my foot
Got underneath a hollow-growing root,
Carrying my pot as maides use on their heads,
I fell with it, and broke it all to shreads.
This is my griefe, this is my cause of mone;
And if some kinde wight goe not to attone
My surly master, with me wretched maid,
I shall be beaten dead." " Be not afraid,"
Said sweet Marina, "hasten thee before;
I'le come to make thy peace; for since I sore
Doe hunger, and at home thou hast small cheere,
(Need and supply grow farre off, seldom neere.)
To yonder grove I'le goe to taste the spring,
And see what it affords for nourishing."
Thus parted they. And sad Marina blest
The hour she met the maid, who did invest
Her in assured hope, she once should see
Her flocke againe (and drive them merrily
To their flowre-decked layre, and tread the shores
Of pleasant Albion) through the well poys'd oares
Of the poore fisher-man that dwelt thereby.
But as a man who in a lottery
Hath ventur'd of his coyne, ere he have aught,
Thinkes this or that shall with his prize be bought,
And so enricht, march with the better rancke,
When sodainly he 's call'd, and all is blancke:
To chaste Marina so doth Fortune prove,
" Statesman and she are never firme in love."

No sooner had Marina got the wood,
But as the trees she nearly search'd for food,
A villaine [6], leane, as any rake appeares,
That look't, as pinch'd with famine, Ægypt's yeares,
Worne out and wasted to the pithlesse bone,
As one that had a long consumption.
His rusty teeth (forsaken of his lips
As they had serv'd with want two prentiships)
Did through his pallid cheekes, and lankest skin
Bewray what number were enranckt within.
His greedy eyes deep sunk into his head,
Which with a rough hayre was o'er covered.
How many bones made up this starved wight
Was soon perceiv'd; a man of dimmest sight
Apparently might see them knit, and tell
How all his veynes and every sinew fell.
His belly (inwards drawne) his bowels prest,
His unfill'd skin hung dangling on his brest,
His feeble knees with paine enough uphold
That pined carkasse, casten in a mold
Cut out by death's grim forme. If small legs wan
Ever the title of a gentleman;
His did acquire it. In his flesh pull'd downe
As he had liv'd in a beleaguered towne,
Where plenty had so long estranged beene
That men most worthy note, in grief were seene
(Though they rejoyc'd to have attain'd such meat)
Of rats, and halfe-tann'd hydes, with stomackes great,
Gladly to feed; and where a nurse most vilde
Druncke her own milke, and starv'd her crying child.
Yet he through want of food not thus became:
But Nature first decreed, that as the flame
Is never seene to flye his nourishment,
But all consumes: and still the more is lent
The more it covets. And as all the floods
(Downe trenching from small groves, and greater woods)
The vast insatiate sea doth still devoure,
And yet his thirst not quenched by their power;
So ever should befall this starved wight;
The more his vyands, more his appetite;
What ere the deepes bring forth, or earth, or ayre,
He ravine should, and want in greatest fare;
And what a citie twice seaven yeares would serve,
He should devoure, and yet be like to starve.
A wretch so empty; that if e're there be
In Nature found the least vacuitie,
'Twill be in him. The grave to Ceres' store;
A caniball to lab'rers old and poore;
A spunge-like dropsie, drinking till it burst;
The sickness tearm'd the wolfe, vilde and accurst;
In some respects like the art of alchymy
That thriv'd least, when it long'st doth multiply:
Limos he cleeped was; whose long-nayl'd paw
Seizing Marina, and his sharpe-fang'd jaw
(The strongest part he had) fixt in her weeds,
He forc'd her thence, through thickets and high reeds,
Towards his cave. Her fate the swift windes rue,
And round the grove in heavy murmures flew.
The limbes of trees, that (as in love with eyther)
In close imbracements long had liv'd together,
Rubb'd each on other, and in shreeks did show
The windes had mov'd more parteners of their woe.
Olde and decayed stockes, that long time spent
Upon their armes, their rootes chiefe nourishment;
And that drawne dry, as freely did impart
Their boughes a feeding on their father's hart,
Yet by respectlesse impes when all was gone,
Pithlesse and saplesse, naked left alone,
Their hollow truncks, fill'd with their neighbour's moanes,
Sent from a thousand vents ten thousand groanes.
All birds flew from the wood, as they had been
Scar'd with a strong bolt rattling 'mong the treen.
Limos with his sweet theft full slily rushes
Through sharp-hook'd brambles, thornes and tangling bushes,
Whose tenters sticking in her garments, sought
(Poore shurbs) to help her, but availing nought,
As angry (best intents miss'd best proceeding)
They scratch'd his face and legs, cleare water bleeding.
Not greater haste a fearefull school-boy makes
Out of an orchard whence by stealth he takes
A churlish farmer's plums, sweet pares or grapes,
Than Limos did, as from the thicke he scapes
Downe to the shore. Where resting him a space,
Restlesse Marina gan entreat for grace
Of one whose knowing it as desp'rate stood,
As where each day to get supply of food.
O! had she (thirsty) such entreaty made
At some high rocke, proud of his evening shade,
He would have burst in two, and from his veynes
(For her avail) upon the under plaines
A hundred springs a hundred wayes should swimme,
To show her tears inforced floods from him.
Had such an oratresse beene heard to plead
For fair Polixena, the murth'rer's head
Had been her pardon, and so scap'd that shocke,
Which made her lover's toombe her dying blocke.
Not an inraged lion, surly, wood,
No tyger reft her yong, nor savage brood,
No, not the foaming boare, that durst approve
Lovelesse to leave the mighty queene of love,
But her sad plaints, their uncouth walkes among,
Spent, in sweet numbers from her golden tongue,
So much their great hearts would in softnesse steep,
They at her foot would groveling lye, and weepe.
Yet now, alas! nor words, nor floods of teares
Did aught availe. "The belly hath no eares."
As I have knowne a man loath meet with gaine
That carrieth in his front least show of paine,
Who for his vittailes all his raiment pledges,
Whose stackes for firing are his neighbour's hedges,
From whence returning with a burden great,
Wearied, on some green bancke he takes his seat,
But fearefull (as still theft is in his stay)
Gets quickly up, and hasteth fast away:
So Limos sooner eased than yrested
Was up, and through the reeds (as much molested
As in the brakes) who lovingly combine,
And for her ayde together twist and twine,
Now manacling his hands, then on his legs
Like fetters hang the under growing segs:
And had his teeth not beene of strongest hold,
He there had left his prey. Fates uncontrol'd,
Denide so great a blisse to plants or men,
And lent him strength to bring her to his den.
West, in Apollo's course to Tagus' streame,
Crown'd with a silver circling dyademe
Of wet exaled mists, there stood a pile
Of aged rockes, (torne from the neighbour ile
And girt with waves) against whose naked brest
The surges tilted, on his snowy crest

[6] See Mr. Sackville's Induction to the Mirrour of Magistrates.

The tow'ring falcon whilome built, and kings
Strove for that eirie, on whose scaling wings
Monarchs, in gold refin'd as much would lay
As might a month their army royall pay. [kin
Brave birds they were, whose quick selfe-less'ning
Still wonne the girlonds from the peregrin.
Not Cerna ile[7] in Affric's silver mayne,
Nor lustfull-bloody Tereus' Thracian strayne,
Nor any other lording of the ayre
Durst with his eirie for their wing compare.
About his sides a thousand seaguls bred,
The mevy, and the halcyon famosed
For colours rare, and for the peacefull seas
Round the Sicilian coast, her brooding dayes.
Puffins (as thicke as starlings in a fen)
Were fetcht from thence: there sate the pewet hen,
And in the clefts the martin built his nest.
But those by this curst caitife dispossest
Of root and nest, the least; of life, the most:
All left that place, and sought a safer coast.
Instead of them the caterpiller hants,
And cancre-worme among the tender plants,
That here and there in nooks and corners grew:
Of cormorants and locusts not a few;
The cramming raven, and a hundred more
Devouring creatures; yet when from the shore
Limos came wading (as he easily might
Except at high tydes,) all would take their flight,
Or hide themselves in some deep hole or other
Lest one devourer should devour another.

Neere to the shore that bord'red on the rocke
No merry swaine was seene to feed his flocke,
No lusty neat-heard thither drove his kine,
Nor boorish hog-heard fed his rooting swine;
A stony ground it was, sweet herbage fail'd: [nayl'd,
Nought there but weeds, which Limos, strongly
Tore from their mothers brest, to stuffe his maw.
No crab-tree bore his loade, nor thorn his haw.
As in a forest well compleat with deere
We see the hollyes, ashes, every where
Rob'd of their cloathing by the browsing game:
So neere the rocke, all trees where e're you came
To cold December's wrath stood void of barke.
Here danc'd no nymph, no early-rising larke
Sung up the plow-man and his drowsie mate:
All round the rocke barren and desolate.

In midst of that huge pyle was Limos' cave
Full large and round, wherein a miller's knave
Might for his horse and querne have roome at will;
Where was out-drawne by some inforced skill,
What mighty conquests were achiev'd by him.
First stood the siege of great Jerusalem,[8]
Within whose triple wall and sacred citie
(Weepe ye stone-hearted men! oh read and pittie!
'Tis Sion's cause invokes your briny tears:
Can any dry eye be when she appears
As I must sing her? Oh! if such there be;
Flye, flye th' abode of men! and hasten thee
Into the desart, some high mountaine under,
Or at thee boyes will hisse, and old men wonder.)
Here sits a mother weeping, pale and wan,
With fixed eyes, whose hopeles thought seem'd ran
How (since for many dayes no food she tasted,
Her meale, her oyle consum'd, all spent, all wasted)
For one poore day she might attaine supply,
And desp'rate of aught else, sit, pine, and dye.

At last her mind meets with her tender childe
That in the cradle lay (of ozyers wilde)
Which taken in her arms, she gives the teate,
From whence the little wretch with labour great
Not one poor drop can sucke: whereat she wood,
Cryes out. "O Heaven! are all the founts of food
Exhausted quite? and must my infant yong
Be fed with shoes? yet wanting those ere long,
Feed on itselfe? No; first the roome that gave
Him soule and life, shall be his timelesse grave:
My dugs, thy best reliefe, through griping hunger
Flow now no more my babe; then since no longer
By me thou canst be fed nor any other,
Be thou the nurse, and feed thy dying mother."
Then in another place she straight appeares,
Seething her suckling in her scalding teares.
From whence not farre the painter made her stand
Tearing his sod flesh with her cruell hand,
In gobbets which she ate. O cursed wombe,
That to thyselfe art both the grave and tombe.

A little sweet lad, there, seems to entreat
(With held up hands) his famisht sire for meate,
Who wanting aught to give his hoped joy
But throbs and sighes; the over hungry boy,
For some poore bit, in darke nookes making quest,
His sachell findes, which grows a gladsome feast
To him and both his parents. Then, next day
He chewes the points, wherewith he us'd to play:
Devouring last, his bookes of ev'ry kinde,
They fed his body which should feede his minde:
But when his sachell, points, bookes all were gone,
Before his sire he droopes, and dyes anone.

In height of art then had the work-man done
A pious, zealous, most religious sonne,
Who on the enemy excursion made,
And spite of danger strongly did invade
Their vittailes' convoy, bringing from them home
Dry'd figs, dates, almonds, and such fruits as come
To the beleag'ring foe, and sates the want
Therewith of those, who, from a tender plant
Bred him a man for armes: thus oft he went,
And storke-like sought his parent's nourishment,
Till fates decreed, he on the Roman speares
Should give his bloud for them, who gave him theirs.
A million of such throes did famine bring
Upon the citie of the mighty king,
Till, as her people, all her buildings rare
Consum'd themselves and dim'd the lightsome ayre.

Neere this the curious pencell did expresse
A large and solitary wildernesse,
Whose high well-limed oakes in growing show'd
As they would ease strong Atlas of his load:
Here underneath a tree in heavy plight
(Her bread and pot of water wasted quite)
Ægyptian Hagar[9], (nipt with hunger fell)
Sate rob'd of hope: her infant Ishmael
(Farre from her being laid) full sadly seem'd
To cry for meate, his cry she nought esteem'd,
But kept her still, and turn'd her face away,
Knowing all meanes were bootlesse to assay
In such a desert: and since now they must
Sleepe their eternal sleepe, and cleave to dust,
She chose (apart) to graspe one death, alone,
Rather than by her babe a million.

Then Erisichthon's case in Ovid's song[10]
Was portrayed out; and many moe along
The insides of the cave; which were descride
By many loope-holes round on every side.

[7] Not the Cerne of Pliny, but the island of Mauritius, discovered by the Hollanders, 1598; fowls are here innumerable and of great variety; some so tame that they will suffer a man almost to touch them. See Ogleby's Africa, p. 715.

[8] See Josephus's Wars of the Jews, b. 7. c. 8.

[9] Genesis, ch. 21.

[10] Metamorphoses, b. 8.

These faire Marina view'd, left all alone,
The cave fast shut. Limos for pillage gone:
Neere the wash'd shore 'mong roots, and breers, and thorns,
A bullocke findes, who delving with his hornes
The hurtlesse earth, (the while his tough hoofe toore
The yeelding turffe) in furious rage he bore
His head among the boughs that held it round,
While with his bellowes all the shores resound:
Him Limos kil'd, and hal'd with no small paine
Unto the rocke; fed well; then goes againe:
Which serv'd Marina fit, for had his food
Fail'd him, her veynes had fail'd their deerest bloud.

Now great Hyperion left his golden throne
That on the dancing waves in glory shone,
For whose declining on the western shore
The orientall hils blacke mantles wore,
And thence apace the gentle twi-light fled,
That had from hideous caverns ushered
All-drowsie night; who in a carre of jet,
By steeds of iron-gray (which mainely swet [skye,
Moist drops on all the world) drawne through the
The helpes of darknesse waited orderly.
First, thicke clouds rose from all the liquid plaines:
Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose veynes
Were conduit pipes to many a christall spring.
From standing pooles and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs: each river, every rill
Sent up their vapours to attend her will.
These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt Earth and Heaven,
And as Night's chariot through the arye was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepheard's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echo; satyres broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Onely the curled streames soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the greene leafe swept
Dry summer's dust, in fearefull whisp'rings stir'd,
As loath to waken any singing bird.

Darknesse no lesse than blind Cimmerian
Of Famine's cave the full possession wan,
Where lay the shepheardesse inwarpt with night,
(The wished garment of a mournfull wight)
Here silken slumbers and refreshing sleepe
Were seldom found; with quiet mindes those keepe,
Not with disturbed thoughts; the beds of kings
Are never prest by them, sweet rest inrings
The tyred body of the swarthy clowne,
And oft'ner lies on flocks than softest downe.
Twice had the cocke crowne, and in cities strong
The bel-man's dolefull noyse and carefull song,
Told men, whose watchfull eyes no slumber hent
What store of houres theft-guilty night had spent.
Yet had not Morpheus with his maiden been,
As fearing Limos; (whose impetuous teen
Kept gentle rest from all to whom his cave
Yeelded inclosure (deadly as the grave.)
But to all sad laments left her, forlorne,
In which three watches she had nye outworne.

Fair silver-footed Thetis that time threw
Along the ocean with a beautious crew
Of her attending sea-nymphes (Jove's bright lamps
Guiding from rockes her chariot's hyppocamps,[11])
A journey, onely made, unwares to spye.
If any mighties of her empery
Opprest the least, and forc'd the weaker sort
To their designes, by being great in court.

O! should all potentates whose higher birth
Enroles their titles, other gods on Earth,
Should they make private search, in vaile of night,
For cruell wrongs done by each favourite;
Here should they finde a great one paling in
A mean man's land, which many yeeres had bin
His charge's life, and by the other's heast,
The poore must starve to feede a scurvy beast.
If any recompence drop from his fist,
His time's his owne, the mony, what he list.
There should they see another that commands
His farmer's teame from furrowing his lands,
To bring him stones to raise his building vast,
The while his tenant's sowing time is past.
Another (spending) doth his rents inhance,
Or gets by trickes the poore's inheritance.
But as a man whose age hath dim'd his eyes
Useth his spectacles, and as he pryes
Through them all characters seeme wond'rous faire,
Yet when his glasses quite removed are
(Though with all carefull heed he neerly looke)
Cannot perceive one tittle in the booke,
So if a king behold such favourites
(Whose being great, was being parasites,)
With th' eyes of favour; all their actions are
To him appearing plaine and regular:
But let him lay his sight of grace aside,
And see what men he hath so dignifide,
They all would vanish, and not dare appeare,
Who atom-like, when their sun shined cleare,
Danc'd in his beame; but now his rayes are gone,
Of many hundred we perceive not one.
Or as a man who standing to descry
How great floods farre off run, and vallies lye,
Taketh a glasse prospective good and true,
By which things most remote are full in view:
If monarchs, so, would take an instrument
Of truth compos'd to spie their subjects drent
In foule oppression by those high in seate,
(Who care not to be good, but to be great).
In full aspect the wrongs of each degree
Would lye before them; and they then would see.
The divelish polititian all convinces,
In murd'ring statesmen and in pois'ning princes;
The prelate in pluralities asleepe
Whilst that the wolfe lyes preying on his sheepe;
The drowsie lawyer, and the false atturnies
Tire poore men's purses with their life-long journyes;
The country gentleman, from his neighbour's hand
Forceth th' inheritance, joynes land to land,
And (most insatiate) seekes under his rent
To bring the world's most spacious continent;
The fawning citizen (whose love's bought deerest)
Deceives his brother when the Sun shines clearest,
Gets, borrowes, breakes, lets in, and stops out light,
And lives a knave to leave his sonne a knight;
The griping farmer hoords the seed of bread,
While in the streets the poore lye famished;
And free there 's none from all this worldly strife,
Except the shepheard's heaven-blest happy life.

But stay, sweet Muse! forbeare this harsher straine,
Keepe with the shepheards; leave the satyres veyne,
Coupe not with beares; let Icarus alone
To scorch himselfe within the torrid zone,
Let Phaëton run on, Ixion fall,
And with a humble stiled pastorall
Tread through the vallies, dance about the streame
The lowly dales will yeeld us anadems

[11] Sea-horses.

To shade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,
No better girlond seekes mine oaten reede;
Let others climbe the hils, and to their praise
(Whilst I sit girt with flowers) be crown'd with bayes.
Show now faire Muse what afterward became
Of great Achilles' mother: she whose name
The mermaids sing, and tell the weeping strand
A braver lady never tript on land,
Except the ever living Fayerie Queene,
Whose vertues by her swaine so written beene,
That time shall call her high enhanced story
In his rare song, "The Muse's chiefest glory."
So mainely Thetis drove her silver throne,
Inlaid with pearles of price and precious stone,
(For whose gay purchase, she did often make
The scorched negro dive the briny lake)
That by the swiftness of her chariot wheels
(Scouring the maine as well-built English keels)
She of the new-found world all coasts had seene,
The shores of Thessaly, where she was queene,
Her brother Pontus' waves, imbras'd, with those
Mœotian fields and vales of Tenedos, [sound
Streit Hellespont, whose high-brow'd cliffes yet
The mournefull name of young Leander drown'd,
Then with full speede her horses doth she guide
Through the Ægæan sea, that takes a pride
In making difference 'twixt the fruitfull lands,
Europe and Asia almost joining hands,
But that she thrusts her billowes all affront
To stop their meeting through the Hellespont.
The midland sea so swiftly was she scouring,
The Adriaticke gulfe brave ships devouring,
To Padus' silver streame then glides she on
(Enfamoused by rekeles Phaëton[12])
Padus that doth beyond his limits rise,
When the hot dog-starre raines his maladies,
And robs the high and ayre-invading Alpes
Of all their winter suites and snowy scalpes,
To drowne the level'd lands along his shore,
And make him swell with pride. By whom of yore
The sacred Heliconian damsels sate,
(To whom was mighty Pindus consecrate)
And did decree (neglecting other men)
Their height of art should flow from Maro's pen;
And prattling eccho's evermore should long
For repetition of sweet Naso's song.
It was enacted here, in after dayes [with bayes;
What wights should have their temples crown'd
Learn'd Ariosto, holy Petrarch's quill,
And Tasso[13] should ascend the Muses' hill;
Divinest Bartas, whose enriched soule
Proclaim'd his Maker's worth, should so enroule
His happy name in brasse, that time nor fate
That swallow all, should ever ruinate;
Delightful Salust, whose all blessed layes
The Shepheards make their hymnes on holy-dayes,
And truly say thou in one weeke hast pend
What time may ever study, ne're amend;
Marot and Ronsard, Garnier's[14] buskin'd Muse
Should spirit of life in very stones infuse;
And many another swain whose powerfull straine
Should raise the golden world to life againe.
But let us leave (faire Muse) the bankes of Po,
Thetis forsooke his brave streame long agoe,
And we must after. See in haste she sweepes
Along the Celtic shores, th' Armoric deepes
She now is ent'ring: beare up then a-head
And by that time she hath discovered
Our alabaster rockes, we may discry
And stem with her the coasts of Britany.
There will she anchor cast, to heare the songs
Of English shepheards, whose all tunefull tongues
So pleas'd the Nayades, they did report
Their songs perfection in great Nereus' court:
Which Thetis hearing, did appoint a day
When she would meet them in the British sea,
And thither for each swaine a dolphin bring
To ride with her, while she would heare him sing.
The time prefixt was come; and now the starre
Of blissefull light appear'd, when she her carre
Stai'd in the narrow seas. At Thames' faire port
The nymphes and shepheards of the isle resort;
And thence did put to sea with mirthfull rounds,
Whereat the billowes dance above their bounds,
And bearded goates, that on the clouded head
Of any sea-survaying mountaine fed,
Leaving to crop the ivy, list'ning stood
At those sweet ayres which did intrance the flood.
In jocund sort the goddesse thus they met.
And after rev'rence done, all being set
Upon their fenny coursers, round her throne,
And she prepar'd to cut the watry zone
Ingirting Albion; all their pipes were still,
And Colin Clout[15] began to tune his quill,
With such deepe art that every one was given
To think Apollo (newly slid from Heav'n)
Had tane a human shape to win his love,
Or with the westerne swaines for glory strove.
He sung th' heroicke knights of Faiery-land
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had-the Thracian[16] plaid but halfe so well
He had not left Eurydice in Hell.
But e're he ended his melodious song
An host of Angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt this swain from his attentive mates,
To make him one of their associates [praise
In Heaven's faire quire: where now he sings the
Of Him that is the first and last of dayes.
Divinest Spencer, heav'n-bred, happy Muse!
Would any power into my braine infuse
Thy worth, or all that poets had before,
I could not praise till thou deserv'st no more.
A dampe of wonder and amazement strooke
Thetis' attendants, many a heavy looke
Follow'd sweet Spencer, till the thick'ning ayre
Sight's further passage stop'd. A passionate teare
Fell from each nymph, no shepheard's cheeke was
A dolefull dirge, and mournefull elegie [dry,
Flew to the shore. When mighty Nereus' queene
(In memory of what was heard and seene)
Imploy'd a factor, (fitted well with store
Of richest jemmes, refined Indian ore)
To raise, in honour of his worthy name
A piramis, whose head (like winged Fame) [kisse,
Should pierce the clouds, yea seeme the stars to
And Mausolus' great toome might shrowd in his.
Her will had been performance, had not Fate
(That never knew how to commiserate)
Suborn'd curs'd Avarice to lye in waite
For that rich prey: (gold is a taking baite)
Who closely lurking like a subtile snake
Under the covert of a thorny brake,
Seiz'd on the factor by fayre Thetis sent,
And rob'd our Colin of his monument.

[12] Plin. lib. 3. cap. 16. [13] Three Italian poets. [14] French poets. [15] Spencer. [16] Orpheus.

The English shepheards, sonnes of memory,
For satyres change your pleasing melody,
Scourge, raile, and curse that sacrilegious hand,
That more than fiend of Hell, that Stygian brand,
All-guilty Avarice: that worst of evill,
That gulfe devouring offspring of a divell!
Heape curse on curse so direfull and so fell,
Their waight may presse his damned soul to Hell.
Is their a spirit so gentle can refraine
To torture such? O let a satyre's veyne
Mixe with that man! to lash his hellish lym,
Or all our curses will descend on him.
For mine owne part, although I now commerce
With lowly shepheards, in as low a verse;
If of my dayes I shall not see an end [spend
Till more yeeres press me; some few houres ile
In rough hewn satyres, and my busied pen
Shall jerke to death this infamy of men.
And, like a fury, glowing coulters bare,
With which — But see how yonder foundlings teare
Their fleeces in the brakes; I must go free
Them of their bonds; rest you here merrily
Till my returne; when I will touch a string
Shall make the rivers dance, and vallyes ring.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

What shepheards on the sea were seene
To entertaine the Ocean's queene,
Remond in search of Fida gone,
And for his love young Doridon,
Their meeting with a wofull swaine,
Mute, and not able to complaine
His metamorphos'd mistresse' wrong;
Is all the subject of this song.

The Muse's friend (gray-eyede Aurora) yet
Held all the meadows in a cooling sweat,
The milk-white gossamores not upwards snow'd,
Nor was the sharp and usefull steering goad
Laid on the strong-neckt oxe; no gentle bud
The Sun had dryde; the cattle chew'd the cud
Low leveld on the grasse; no flye's quicke sting
Inforc'd the stonehorse in a furious ring
To teare the passive earth, nor lash his taile
About his buttockes broad; the slimy snayle
Might on the wainscot (by his many mazes,
Winding meanders, and selfe-knitting traces,)
Be follow'd, where he stucke, his glittering slime
Not yet wipt off. It was so earely time
The carefull smith had in his sooty forge
Kindled no coale; nor did his hammers urge
His neighbour's patience: owles abroad did flye,
And day as then might plead his infancy.
Yet of faire Albion all the westerne swaines
Were long since up, attending on the plaines
When Nereus' daughter with her mirthfull hoast
Should summon them, on their declining coast.
But since her stay was long: for feare the Sunne
Should find them idle, some of them begunne
To leape and wrastle, others threw the barre,
Some from the company removed are
To meditate the songs they meant to play,
Or make a new round for next holiday;
Some tales of love their love-sicke fellowes told:
Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.
This, all alone, was mending of his pipe:
That, for his lasse sought fruits most sweet, most ripe.
Here, (from the rest) a lovely shepheard's boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
Would still endure, or else that age's frost
Should never make him thinke what he had lost.
Yonder a shepheardesse knits by the springs,
Her hands still keeping time to what she sings:
Or seeming, by her song, those fairest hands
Were comforted working. Neere the sands
Of some sweet river sits a musing lad,
That moanes the losse of what he sometimes had,
His love by death bereft: when fast by him
An aged swaine takes place, as neere the brim
Of 's grave as of the river; showing how
That as those floods, which passe along right now,
Are follow'd still by others from their spring,
"And in the sea have all their burying:"
Right so our times are knowne, our ages found,
(Nothing is permanent within this round:)
One age is now, another that succeedes,
Extirping all things which the former breedes:
Another followes that, doth new times raise,
New yeers, new months, new weeks, new hours, new days,
Mankinde thus goes like rivers from their spring
"And in the earth have all their burying."
Thus sate the olde man counselling the yong;
Whilst, underneath a tree which overhung
The silver streame, (as, some delight it tooke
To trim his thick boughes in the chrystall brooke)
Were set a jocund crew of youthfull swaines
Wooing their sweetings with dilicious straynes.
Sportive Oreades the hills descended,
The Hamadryades their hunting ended,
And in the high woods left the long-liv'd harts
To feed in peace, free from their winged darts;
Floods, mountains, vallies, woods, each vacant lyes
Of nymphs that by them danc'd their haydigyes:
For all those powers were ready to embrace
The present meanes, to give our shepheards grace.
And underneath this tree (till Thetis came)
Many resorted; where a swaine, of name
Lesse, than of worth: (and we doe never owne
Nor apprehend him best, that most is knowne.)
Fame is uncertaine, who so swiftly flyes
By th' unregarded shade where Vertue lyes,
She (ill inform'd of Vertue's worth) pursu'th
(In haste) opinion for the simple truth.
True Fame is ever likened to our shade,
He soonest misseth her, that most hath made
To over-take her; who so takes his wing,
Regardlesse of her, she 'll be following:
Her true proprietie she thus discovers,
"Loves her contemners, and contemnes her lovers."
Th' applause of common people never yet
Pursu'd this swaine; he knew 't the counterfeit
Of settled praise, and therefore at his songs
Though all the shepheards, and the graceful throngs
Of semi-gods compar'd him with the best
That ever touch'd a reede, or was addrest
In shepheard's coate, he never would approve
Their attributes, given in sincerest love;
Except he truly knew them, as his merit.
Fame gives a second life to such a spirit.

This swaine, intreated by the mirthfull rout,
That with intwined armes lay round about
The tree 'gainst which he lean'd. (So have I seene
Tom Piper stand upon our village greene,
Backt with the May-pole, whilst a jocund crew
In gentle motion circularly threw
Themselves about him.) To his fairest ring
Thus 'gan in numbers well according sing:

" Venus by Adonis' side
Crying kist and kissing cryde,
Wrung her hands and tore her hayre
For Adonis dying there.

" 'Stay,' (quoth she) 'O stay and live!
Nature surely doth not give
To the earth her sweetest flowres
To be seene but some few houres.'

" On his face, still as he bled
For each drop a tear she shed,
Which she kist or wipt away,
Else had drown'd him where he lay.

" 'Fair Proserpina' (quoth she)
'Shall not have thee yet from me;
Nor thy soul to flye begin
While my lips can keepe it in.'

" Here she clos'd again. And some
Say, Apollo would have come
To have cur'd his wounded lym,
But that she had smother'd him."

Looke as a traveller in summer's day,
Nye chookt with dust, and molt with Titan's ray,
Longs for a spring to coole his inward heate,
And to that end, with vowes, doth Heaven intreat,
When going further, finds an apple-tree
(Standing as did old Hospitalitie,
With ready armes to succour any needes:)
Hence pluckes an apple, tastes it, and it breedes
So great a liking in him for his thirst,
That up he climbes, and gathers to the first
A second, third; nay, will not cease to pull
Till he have got his cap and pockets full.
" Things long desir'd so well esteemed are,
That when they come we hold them better farre.
There is no meane 'twixt what we love and want,
Desire in men is so predominant."
No lesse did all his quaint assembly long
Than doth the traveller: this shepheard's song
Had so ensnar'd each acceptable eare,
That but a second, nought could bring them cleare
From an affected snare; had Orpheus beene
Playing, some distance from them, he had seene
Not one to stirre a foote for his rare straine,
But left the Thracian for the English swaine.
Or had suspicious Juno (when her Jove
Into a cowe transform'd his fairest love[1])
Great Inachus' sweet stem in durance given
To this young lad; the messenger[2] of Heaven
(Fair Maia's off-spring), with the depth of art
That ever Jove or Hermes might impart,
In fing'ring of a reede had never wonne
Poor Iö's freedome. And though Arctor's sonne
(Hundred-ey'd Argus) might be lull'd by him,
And loose his pris'ner: yet in every lym

[1] Iö.
[2] Mercury. See Nonnus, Dyonys. l. 3, Ovid. Metam. l. 1.

That god of wit had felt this shepheard's skill,
And by his charms brought from the Muse's hill
Inforc'd to sleepe; then, rob'd of pipe and rod,
And vanquish'd so, turne swaine, this swaine a god.
Yet to this lad not wanted Envie's sting,
(" He's not worth ought that's not worth envying.")
Since many at his praise were seene to grutch.
For as a miller in his boulting hutch
Drives out the pure meale neerly, (as he can)
And in his sifter leaves the coarser bran:
So doth the canker of a poet's name
Let slip such lines as might inherit fame,
And from a volume culs some small amisse,
To fire such dogged spleenes as mate with his.
Yet, as a man that (by his art) would bring
The ceaslesse current of a christall spring
To over-looke the lowly flowing head,
Sinckes, by degrees, his soder'd pipes of lead
Beneath the fount, whereby the water goes
High, as well as on a mountaine flowes:
So when detraction and a Cynnic's tongue
Have sunk desert unto the depth of wrong,
By that, the eye of skill, true worth shall see
To brave the starres, though low his passage be.
But, here I much digresse, yet pardon, swaines:
For as a maiden gath'ring on the plaines
A sentfull nosegay (to set neere her pap,
Or as a favour for her shepheard's cap,)
Is seene farre off to stray, if she have spide
A flower that might increase her posie's pride:
So if to wander I am sometime prest,
'Tis for a straine that might adorne the rest.
Requests, that with deniall could not meet,
Flew to our shepheard, and the voyces sweet
Of fairest nymphes intreating him to say
What wight he lov'd; he thus began his lay:

" Shall I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then a while to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versifie;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone.

" Nature did her so much right,
As she scornes the help of art.
In as many vertues dight
As e're yet imbrac'd a hart.
So much good so truely tride
Some for lesse were deifide.

" Wit she hath without desire
To make knowne how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Ful of pitty as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

" Reason masters every sense,
And her vertues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Onely worth could kindle love.

" Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she browne, or faire, or so,
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone."

Eöus [3] and his fellowes in the teame,
(Who, since their wat'ring in the westerne streame,
Had run a furious journey to appease
The night-sicke eyes of our antipodes,)
Now (sweating) were in our horizon seene
To drinke the cold dew from each flow'ry greene:
When Triton's trumpet (with a shrill command)
Told silver-footed Thetis was at hand.
As I have seene when on the brest of Thames
A heavenly beavy of sweet English dames,
In some calme ev'ning of delightfull May,
With musicke give a farewell to the day,
Or as they would (with an admired tone)
Greet night's ascension to her ebon throne,
Rapt with her melodie, a thousand more
Run to be wafted from the bounding shore:
So ran the shepheards, and with hasty feet
Strove which should first increase that happy fleet.
The true presagers [4] of a coming storme
Teaching their fins, to steere them, to the forme
Of Thetis' will; like boates at anchor stood,
As ready to convey the Muse's brood
Into the brackish lake, that seem'd to swell,
As proud so rich a burden on it fell. [5]
Ere their arivall Astrophel [6] had done
His shepherd's lay, yet equaliz'd of none.
Th' admired mirrour, glory of our isle,
Thou farre-farre-more than mortal man, whose stile
Stroke more men dumbe to harken to thy song
Than Orpheus' harpe, or Tully's golden tongue.
To him (as right) for wit's deepe quintessence,
For honour, value, virtue, excellence,
Be all the garlands, crowne his tombe with bay,
Who spake as much as ere our tongue can say.
Happy Arcadia! while such lovely straines
Sung of thy vallyes, rivers, hills and plaines;
Yet most unhappy other joyes among,
That never heard'st his musicke nor his song.
Deafe men are happy so, whose vertues praise
(Unheard of them) are sung in tunefull layes.
And pardon me, ye sisters of the mountaine,
Who wayle his losse from the Pegasian fountaine,
If (like a man for portraiture unable)
I set my pencil to Apelles' table [7];
Or dare to draw his curtaine, with a will
To show his true worth, when the artist's skill
Within that curtaine fully doth expresse,
His owne art's mastry my unablenesse.
He sweetly touched, what I harshly hit,
Yet thus I glory in what I have writ;
Sidney began (and if a wit so meane
May taste with him the dewes of Hippocrene),
I sung the past'rall next; his Muse, my mover;
And on the plaines full many a pensive lover
Shall sing us to their loves, and praising be,
My humble lines, the more, for praising thee.
Thus shall we live with them, by rockes, by springs,
As well as Homer by the death of kings.
Then in a straine beyond an oaten quill
The learned shepheard [8] of faire Hitching hill
Sung the heroicke deeds of Greece and Troy,
In lines so worthy life, that I imploy
My reede in vaine to overtake his fame.
All praisefull tongues doe wait upon that name.

[3] Eöus, Pyrocis, Æthon, and Phlegon, were fained to be the horses of the Sun.
[4] Dolphins.
[5] Gesner de Aquatilibus. Hist. Natural. l. 4. p. 426.
[6] Sir Philip Sidney. [7] See b. 1. s. 2.
[8] Mr. Chapman, who translated the works of Homer.

Our second Ovid, the most pleasing Muse
That Heav'n did e'er in mortal's braine infuse,
All-loved Draiton, in soule-raping straines,
A genuine noate, of all the nimphish traines
Began to tune: on it all eares were hung,
As sometimes Dido's on Æneas' tongue.
Johnson, whose full of merit to rehearse
Too copious is to be confinde in verse;
Yet therein onely fittest to be knowne,
Could any write a line which he might owne.
One, so judicious; so well knowing; and
A man whose least worth is to understand;
One so exact in all he doth preferre,
To able censure: for the theater
No Seneca transcends his worth of praise;
Who writes him well shall well deserve the bayes.
Well-languag'd Danyel: Brooke [9], whose polisht lines
Are fittest to accomplish high designes;
Whose pen (it seemes) still young Apollo guides;
Worthy the forked hill for ever glides
Streames from thy braine, so faire, that time shall see
Thee honour'd by thy verse, and it by thee.
And when thy temple's well deserving bayes,
Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praise,
As in a christall glasse, fill'd to the ring
With the cleare water of as cleare a spring,
A steady hand may very safely drop
Some quantitie of gold, yet o're the top
Not force the liquor run; although before
The glasse (of water) could containe no more:
Yet so all-worthy Brooke though all men sound
With plummets of just praise thy skill profound,
Thou in thy verse those attributes canst take,
And not apparent ostentation make,
That any second can thy vertues raise,
Striving as much to hide as merit praise.
Davies [10] and Wither, by whose Muse's power
A naturall day to me seems but an houre,
And could I ever heare their learned layes,
Ages would turne to artificial dayes.
These sweetly chanted to the queene of waves,
She prais'd, and what she prais'd, no tongue depraves.
Then, base Contempt, (unworthy our report)
Fly from the Muses and their faire resort,
And exercise thy spleene on men like thee:
Such are more fit to be contemn'd than we.
'Tis not the rancour of a cank'red heart
That can debase the excellence of art,
Nor great in titles make our worth obey,
Since we have lines farre more esteem'd than they.
For there is hidden in a poet's name
A spell, that can command the wings of Fame,
And, maugre all Oblivion's hated birth,
Begin their immortalitie on Earth,
When he that 'gainst a Muse with hate combines,
May raise his toombe in vaine to reach our lynes.
Thus Thetis rides along the narrow seas,
Encompast round with lovely Naides,
With gaudy nymphes, and many a skilfull swaine,
Whose equals Earth cannot produce againe,
But leave the times and men that shall succeede them,
Enough to praise that age which so did breed them.
Two of the quaintest swaines that yet have beene
Fail'd their attendance on the Ocean's queene,

[9] Christopher Brooke.
[10] Not sir John, but John Davies, of Hereford.

Remond and Doridon, whose haplesse fates
Late sever'd them from their more happy mates;
For (gentle swaines) if you remember well
When last I sung on brim of yonder dell,
And, as I ghesse, it was that sunny morne,
When in the grove thereby my sheepe were shorne,
I weene I told you, while the shepheards yong
Were at their past'rall, and their rurall song,
The shrikes of some poore maide, fallen in mis-
chance,
Invokt their aide, and drew them from their dance:
Each ran a sev'rall way to helpe the maide;
Some tow'rds the vally, some the green wood straid:
Here one the thicket beates, and there a swaine
Enters the hidden caves, but all in vaine.
Nor could they find the wight, whose shrikes and cry
Flew through the gentle ayre so heavily,
Nor see or man or beast, whose cruell teene
Would wrong a maiden or in grave or greene.
Backe then return'd they all to end their sport,
But Doridon and Remond; who resort
Backe to those places which they erst had sought,
Nor could a thicket be by Nature wrought
In such a webb, so intricate, and knit
So strong with bryers, but they would enter it.
Remond his Fida cals; Fida, the woods
Resound againe, and Fida, speake the floods,
As if the rivers and the hils did frame
Themselves no small delight, to heare her name.
Yet she appears not. Doridon would now
Have call'd his love too, but he knew not how:
Much like a man, who dreaming in his sleepe
That he is falling from some mountaine steepe
Into a soundlesse lake, about whose brim
A thousand crocodiles doe waite for him,
And hangs but by one bough, and should that breake,
His life goes with it; yet to cry or speake,
Though faine he would, can move nor voyce nor
tongue;
So when he Remond heard the woods among
Call for his Fida, he would gladly too
Have call'd his fairest love, but knew not who,
Or what to call; poor lad, that canst not tell
Nor speake the name of her thou lov'st so well.
Remond, by hap, neere to the arbour found,
Where late the hynd was slayne, the hurtlesse ground,
Besmear'd with bloud; to Doridon he cride,
And tearing then his hayre, "O haplesse tide!"
(Quoth he) "behold! some cursed hand hath tane
From Fida this! O what infernall bane,
Or more than hellish fiend, inforced this!
Pure as the streame of aged Simois,
And as the spotlesse lilly, was her soule!
Ye sacred powers, that round about the pole
Turne in your sphears! O could you see this deed,
And keepe your motion? If the eldest seed [11]
Of chained Saturne hath so often beene
In hunters' and in shepheards' habit seene
To trace our woods, and on our fertile plaines
Woo shepheards' daughters with melodious straines,
Where was he now, or any other powre?
So many sev'rall lambs have I each howre,
And crooked horned rams, brought to your shrines,
And with perfumes clouded the Sun that shines,
Yet now forsaken! To an uncouth state
Must all things run, if such will be ingrate."
"Cease, Remond," quoth the boy, "no more
complaine,
Thy fairest Fida lives; nor do thou staine
With vilde reproaches any power above,
They all, as much as thee, have beene in love:
Saturne his Rhea; Jupiter had store,
As Iö, Leda, Europa, and more;
Mars entred Vulcan's bed, pertooke his joy;
Phœbus had Daphne and the sweet-fac'd boy [12];
Venus Adonis; and the god of wit
In chastest bonds was to the Muses knit;
And yet remaines so, nor can any sever
His love, but brother-like affects them ever:
Pale changefull Cinthia her Endimion had,
And oft on Latmus sported with that lad:
If these were subject (as all mortall men)
Unto the golden shafts, they could not then,
But by their owne affections, rightly ghesse
Her death would draw on thine; thy wretchednesse
Charge them respectlesse; since no swaine than thee
Hath off'red more unto each deitie.
But feare not, Remond, for those sacred powres
Tread on oblivion; no desert of ours
Can be intoomb'd in their celestial breasts;
They weigh our off'rings, and our solemne feasts,
And they forget thee not! Fida (thy deere)
Treads on the earth; the bloud that's sprinkled
here
Nere fill'd her veynes; the hynd possest this gore:
See, where the coller lyes she whilome wore!
Some dog hath slaine her, or the griping carle
That spoiles our plaines in digging them for marle."
Looke, as two little brothers, who addrest
To search the hedges for a thrushe's nest,
And have no sooner got the leavy spring,
When, mad in lust with fearefull bellowing,
A strong-neckt bull pursues throughout the field,
One climbes a tree, and takes that for his shield,
Whence looking from one pasture to another,
What might betide to his much lov'd brother,
Further than can his over-drowned eyes
Aright perceive, the furious beast he spyes,
Tosse something on his hornes, he knowes not what;
But one thing feares, and therefore thinkes it that:
When, comming nigher, he doth well discerne
It of the wondrous one-night-seeding ferne
Some bundle was: yet thence he home-ward goes,
Pensive and sad, nor can abridge the throes
His feare began, but still his minde doth move
Unto the worst: "Mistrust goes still with love."
So far'd it with our shepheard, though he saw
Not aught of Fida's rayment, which might draw
A more suspition; though the coller lay
There on the grasse, yet goes he thence away
Full of mistrust, and vowes to leave that plaine
Till he embrace his chastest love againe.
Love-wounded Doridon entreats him then
That he might be his partner, since no men
Had cases liker; he with him would goe,
Weepe when he wept, and sigh when he did so:
"I," quoth the boy, "will sing thee songs of love,
And as we sit in some all-shady grove,
Where Philomela, and such sweet'ned throates,
Are for the mastry tuning various noates,
I'le strive with them, and tune so sad a verse,
That, whilst to thee my fortunes I reherse,
No bird but shall be mute, her noate decline,
And cease her woe, to lend an eare to mine;
I'le tell thee tales of love, and show thee how
The gods have wand'red as we shepheards now.
And when thou plain'st thy Fida's lost, will I
Eccho the same, and with mine own supply.

[11] Jupiter.

[12] Hyacinth.

Know, Remond, I do love, but, well-a-day !
I know not whom ; but as the gladsome May
She's faire and lovely : as a goddesse she
(If such as her's a goddesse beauty be)
First stood before me, and inquiring was
How to the marish she might soonest passe,
When rusht a villaine in, Hell be his lot !
And drew her thence, since when I saw her not,
Nor know I where to search ; but, if thou please,
'Tis not a forrest, mountaine, rockes, or seas,
Can in thy journey stop my going on.
Fate so may smile on haplesse Doridon,
That he reblest may be with her faire sight,
Though thence his eyes possesse eternall night."
Remond agreed : and many weary dayes
They now had spent in unfrequented wayes :
About the rivers, vallies, holts, and crags,
Among the ozyers and the waving flags,
They neerely pry, if any dens there be,
Where from the Sun might harbour crueltie :
Or if they could the bones of any spy,
Or torne by beasts, or humane tyranny.
They close inquirie make in caverns blinde,
Yet what they looke for would be death to finde,
Right as a curious man that would discrie
(Led by the trembling hand of Jealousie)
If his faire wife have wrong'd his bed or no,
Meeteth his torment if he finde her so.
One ev'n e're Phœbus (neere the golden shore
Of Tagus' streame) his journey gan give o'er
They had ascended up a woody hill,
(Where oft the Fauni with their bugles shrill
Wakened the Eccho, and with many a shout
Follow'd the feareful deere the woods about,
Or thro' the breakes that hide the craggy rockes,
Dig'd to the hole where lyes the wily foxe.)
Thence they beheld an underlying vale,
Where Flora set her rarest flowres at sale,
Whither the thriving bee came oft to sucke them,
And fairest nymphes to decke their haire did pluck them.
Where oft the goddesses did run at base,
And on white hearts begun the wilde-goose chase :
Here various Nature seem'd adorning this,
In imitation of the fields of blisse ;
Or as she would intice the soules of men
To leave Elizium, and live here agen.
Not Hybla mountaine, in the jocund prime,
Upon her many bushes of sweet thyme,
Showes greater number of industrious bees,
Than were the birds that sung there on the trees.
Like the trim windings of a wanton lake,
That doth his passage through a meadow make,
Ran the delightfull vally 'tween two hils,
From whose rare trees the precious balme distils :
And hence Apollo had his simples good,
That cur'd the gods, hurt by the Earth's ill brood.
A christall river on her bosome slid,
And (passing) seem'd in sullen mutt'rings chid
The artlesse songsters, that their musicke still
Should charme the sweet dale, and the wistfull hill,
Not suffering her shrill waters, as they run,
Tun'd with a whistling gale in unison,
To tell as high they priz'd the bord'red vale,
As the quick lennet or sweet nightingale.
Downe from a steepe rocke came the water first,
(Where lusty satyres often quench'd their thirst)
And with no little speed seem'd all in haste,
Till it the lovely bottome had imbrac'd :
Then, as intranc'd to heare the sweet birds sing,
In curled whirlpools she her course doth bring,
As loath to leave the songs that lull'd the dale,
Or waiting time when she and some soft gale
Should speake what true delight they did possesse
Among the rare flowres which the vally dresse.
But since those quaint musitians would not stay,
Nor suffer any to be heard but they :
Much like a little lad, who gotten new
To play his part amongst a skilfull crew
Of choise musitians, on some softer string
That is not heard : the others' fingering
Drowning his art ; the boy would gladly get
Applause with others that are of his set,
And therefore strikes a stroke loud as the best,
And often descants when his fellowes rest ;
That, to be heard, (as usual singers do)
Spoiles his owne musicke and his part'ners' too :
So at the further end the waters fell
From off an high bancke downe a lowly dell,
As they had vow'd ere passing from that ground,
The birds should be inforc'd to heare their sound.
No small delight the shepheards tooke to see
A coombe[13] so dight in Flora's livery,
Where faire Feronia[14] honour'd in the woods,
And all the deities that haunt the floods,
With powerfull Nature strove to frame a plot,
Whose like the sweet Arcadia yeelded not.
Downe through the arched wood the shepheards wend,
And seeke all places that might helpe their end,
When comming neere the bottome of the hill,
A deepe fetch'd sigh, which seem'd of power to kill
The breast that held it, pierc'd the list'ning wood,
Whereat the carefull swaines no longer stood
Where they were looking on a tree, whose rynde
A love-knot held, which two joyn'd hearts intwynde ;
But searching round, upon an aged root,
Thicke lynde with mosse, which (though to little boot)
Seem'd as a shelter it had lending beene
Against cold winter's stormes and wreakfull teene ;
Or clad the stocke in summer with that hue,
His withered branches not a long time knew :
For in his hollow trunke and perish'd graine,
The cuckowe now had many a winter laine,
And thriving pismires laid their egges in store ;
The dormouse slept there, and a many more.
Here sate the lad, of whom I thinke of olde
Virgil's prophetique spirit had foretold,
Who whilst dame Nature, for her cunning's sake,
A male or female doubted which to make,
And to adorne him, more than all, assaid,
This pritty youth was almost made a maid.
Sadly he sate, (and as would griefe) alone,
As if the boy and tree had beene one,
Whilst downe neere boughs did drops of amber creepe,
As if his sorrow made the trees to weepe.
If ever this were true in Ovid's verse,
That teares have powre an adamant to pierce,
Or move things void of sence, 'twas here approv'd.
Things vegetative, once, his teares have mov'd.
Surely the stones might well be drawne, in pitty
To burst that he should mone, as for a ditty
To come and range themselves in order all,
And of their owne accord raise Thebes a wall.

[13] Vally.
[14] According to that of Silius, lib. xiii. Punicor. — Itur in agros, Dives ubi ante omnes colitur Feronia luco.

Or else his teares (as did the other's song)
Might have th' attractive power to move the throng
Of all the forrests, citizens, and woods,
With ev'ry denizon of ayre and floods,
To sit by him and grieve ; to leave their jarres,
Their strifes, dissentations, and all civill warres ;
And though else disagreeing, in this one
Mourning for him should make an union.
For whom the Heavens would weare a sable sute,
If men, beasts, fishes, birds, trees, stones, were mute.
His eyes were fixed, (rather fixed starres)
With whom it seem'd his tears had beene in warres,
The diff'rence this, (a hard thing to discry)
Whether the drops were clearest or his eye.
Teares, fearing to conquest the eye might fall,
An innundation brought and drowned all.
Yet like true Vertue from the top of state.
(Whose hopes vilde Envy hath seene ruinate)
Being lowly cast, her goodnesse doth appeare
(Uncloath'd of greatnesse) more apparant cleere :
So, though dejected, yet remain'd a feature
Made sorrow sweet, plac'd in so sweet a creature.
" The test of misery the truest is,
In that none hath, but what is surely his."
His armes a crosse, his sheep-hooke lay beside him :
Had Venus pass'd this way, and chanc'd t' have spide
him,
With open brest, lockes on his shoulders spred,
She would have sworne (had she not seene him dead)
It was Adonis ; or, if e're there was
Held transmigration by Pithagoras,
Of soules, that certaine then, her lost-love's spirit
A fairer body never could inherit.
His pipe, which often wont upon the plaine
To sound the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian straine,
Lay from his hooke and bagge cleane cast apart,
And almost broken like his master's heart.
Yet, till the two kinde shepheards neere him stept,
I finde he nothing spake, but that he wept.
" Cease, gentle lad," quoth Remond, " let no
teare
Cloud those sweet beauties in thy face appeare ;
Why dost thou call on that which comes alone,
And will not leave thee till thyselfe art gone ?
Thou maist have griefe when other things are reft
thee,
All else may slide away, this still is left thee :
And when thou wantest other company,
Sorrow will ever be imbracing thee.
But, fairest swaine, what cause hast thou of woe ?
Thou hast a well-fleec'd flocke feede to and fro,"
(His sheepe along the vally that time fed
Not farre from him, although unfollowed)
" What doe thy yewes abortive bring ? or lambs,
For want of milke, seeke to their fellowes' dams ?
No gryping land-lord hath inclos'd thy walkes,
Nor toyling plowman furrow'd them in balkes.
Ver hath adorn'd thy pastures all in greene
With clover grasse as fresh as may be seene :
Cleare gliding springs refresh thy meadowe's heate,
Meades promise to thy charge their winter-meate,
And yet thou griev'st. O ! had some swaines thy
store, [more.
Their pipes should tell the woods they ask'd no
Or have the Parcæ, with unpartiall knife,
Left some friend's body tenantlesse of life,
And thou bemon'st that Fate, in his youth's morne,
Ore-cast with clods his light but newly borne ?
' Count not how many yeeres he is bereav'd,
But those which he possest and had receiv'd ;
If I may tread no longer on this stage,
Though others thinke me yong ; it is mine age :
For who so hath his fate's full period told,
He full of yeeres departs, and dyeth old.'
May be that avarice thy minde hath crost,
And so thy sighes are for some trifle lost.
Why shouldst thou hold that deare the world
throwes on thee? [thee.'
' Thinke nothing good which may be taken from
Looke as some pond'rous weight or massie packe
Laid to be carried on a porter's back, [him,
Doth make his strong joynts cracke, and forceth
Maugre the helpe of every nerve and lym,
To straggle in his gate, and goeth double,
Bending to earth, such is his burden's trouble :
So any one by avarice ingirt,
And prest with wealth, lyes groveling in the dirt.
His wretched minde bends to no poynt but this,
That who hath most of wealth hath most of blisse.
Hence comes the world to seeke such traffique forth
And passages thro' the congealed north,
Who, when their haires with isicles are hung,
And that their chatt'ring teeth confound their tongue,
Show them a glitt'ring stone, will streight wayes say,
' If paines thus prosper, oh ! what fooles would
play ? '
Yet I could tell them, (as I now doe thee)
' In getting wealth we lose our *libertie*.
Besides, it robs us of our better powres,
And we should be ourselves were *these* not ours.
He is not poorest that hath least in store,
But he which hath enough, yet asketh more :
Nor is he rich by whom are all possest,
But he which nothing hath, yet asketh least.
If thou a life by Nature's leading pitch,
Thou never shalt be poore, nor never rich
Led by Opinion ; for their states are such,
Nature but little seekes, Opinion much.'
Amongst the many buds proclaiming May,
(Decking the fields in holy-daye's aray,
Striving who shall surpasse in bravery)
Marke the faire blooming of the hawthorne-tree ;
Who, finely cloathed in a robe of white,
Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight :
Yet, for the bravery that she is in,
Doth neyther handle carde nor wheele to spin [15],
Nor changeth robes but twice, is never seene
In other colours than in white or greene. [tree,
Learne then content, young shepheard, from this
Whose greatest wealth is Nature's livery ;
And richest ingots never toyle to finde,
Nor care for povertie, but of the minde." [16]
This spoke yong Remond : yet the mourneful lad
Not once replyde ; but with a smile, though sad,
He shooke his head, then crost his armes againe,
And from his eyes did showres of salt teares rain ;
Which wrought so on the swains, they could not
smother
Their sighes, but spent them freely as the other.
" Tell us," quoth Doridon, " thou fairer farre
Than he [17] whose chastitie made him a starre,
More fit to throw the wounding shafts of love,
Than follow sheepe, and pine here in a grove.
O do not hide thy sorrowes, show them briefe :
' He oft findes ayde that doth disclose his griefe.'
If thou wouldst it continue, thou dost wrong ;
' No man can sorrow very much and long : '

[15] Luke, c. xii. v. 27. Spenser's Fairie Queen, b. 2. c. 6. s. 16. ver. 8. and Prior's Solomon, b. 1.
[16] Mat. c. v. v. 3.
[17] Hippolitus.

For thus much loving Nature hath dispos'd,
That 'mongst the woes that have us round enclos'd,
That comfort's left, (and we should blesse her for't)
That we may make our griefes be borne, or short.
Beleeve me, shepheard, we are men no lesse
Free from the killing throes of heavinesse
Than thou art here, and but this diff'rence sure,
That use hath made us apter to endure."
More he had spoke, but that a bugle shrill
Run through the vally from the higher hill;
And as they turn'd them tow'rds the hart'ning sound,
A gallant stag, as if he scorn'd the ground,
Came running with the winde, and bore his head
As he had been the king of forrests bred.
Not swifter comes the messenger of Heaven,
Or winged vessell with a full gale driven,
Nor the swift swallow flying neere the ground,
By which the ayre's distemp'rature is found:
Nor Mirrha's course, nor Daphna's speedy flight,
Shunning the daliance of the god of light,
Than seem'd the stag, that had no sooner crost them,
But in a trice their eyes as quickly lost him.
The weeping swaine ne'er mov'd; but as his eyes
Wer[illegible]nely given to show his miseries,
Att[illegible]aded those; and could not once be won
To leave that object whence his teares begun.
O had that man [18], who (by a tyrant's hand)
Seeing his children's bodies strew the sand,
And he next morne for torments prest to goe,
Yet from his eyes not let one small teare flow,
But being ask'd how well he bore their losse,
Like to a man affliction could not crosse,
He stoutly answer'd: "Happier sure are they
Than I shall be by space of one short day."
No more his griefe was. But, had he beene here,
He had beene flint had he not spent a teare.
For still that man the perfecter is knowne,
Who other's sorrowes feeles more than his owne.
Remond and Doridon were turning then
Unto the most disconsolate of men,
But that a gallant dame, faire as the morne,
Or lovely bloomes the peach-tree that adorne,
Clad in a changing silke, whose lustre shone
Like yealow flowres and grasse farre off, in one;
Or like the mixture Nature doth display
Upon the quaint wings of the popiniay.
Her horne about her necke with silver tip,
Too hard a mettall for so soft a lip:
Which it no oft'ner kist, than Jove did frowne,
And in a mortal's shape would faine come downe
To feede upon those dainties, had not he
Beene still kept backe by Juno's jealousie:
And ivory dart she held of good command,
White was the bone, but whiter was her hand;
Of many pieces was it neatly fram'd,
But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd.
Upon her head a greene light silken cap,
A piece of white lawne shadow'd eyther pap,
Betweene which hillockes many Cupids lay,
Where with her necke or with her teates they play,
Whilst her quicke hart will not with them dispence,
But heaves her brests as it would beat them thence,
Who, fearing much to lose so sweet repaire,
Take faster hold by her dishevell'd haire.
Swiftly she ran: the sweet bryers to receive her
Slipt their embracements, and (as loath to leave her)
Stretch'd themselves to their length: yet on she goes.
So great Diana frayes a heard of roes,
And speedy followes: Arethusa fled
So from the river [19] that her ravished. [drew,
When this brave huntresse neere the shepheards
Her lilly arme in full extent she threw,
To plucke a little bough (to fanne her face)
From off a thicke-leav'd ash: (no tree did grace
The low grove as did this, the branches spred
Like Neptune's trident upwards from the head.)
No sooner did the grieved shepheard see
The nymph's white hand extended tow'rds the tree,
But rose and to her ran; yet she had done
Ere he came neere, and to the wood was gone;
Yet now approach'd the bough the huntresse tore,
He suckt it with his mouth, and kist it o're
A hundred times, and softly gan it binde
With dock-leaves, and a slip of willow rinde,
Then round the trunke he wreathes his weak'ned
armes, [warmes,
And with his scalding teares the smooth barke
Sighing and groaning, that the shepheards by
Forgot to helpe him, and lay down to cry;
"For 'tis impossible a man should be
Griev'd to himselfe, or faile of company."
Much the two swaines admir'd, but pitty'd more
That he no powre of words had, to deplore
Or show what sad misfortune 'twas befell
To him, whom Nature (seem'd) regarded well.
As thus they lay, and while the speechlesse swaine
His teares and sighes spent to the woods in vaine,
One like a wilde man over-growne with hayre,
His nayles long growne, and all his body bare,
Save that a wreath of ivy twist did hide
Those parts which Nature would not have discride,
And the long hayre that curled from his head
A grassie garland rudely covered. [late,
But, shepheards, I have wrong'd you; 'tis now
For see, our maid stands hollowing on yond gate,
'Tis supper-time with all, and we had need
Make haste away, unlesse we meane to speed
With those that kisse the hare's foot: rhumes are bred,
Some say, by going supperlesse to bed,
And those I love not; therefore cease my rime,
And put my pipes up till another time.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE THIRD SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

A redbrest doth from pining save
Marina, shut in Famine's cave.
The golden age described plaine,
And Limos by the shepheard slaine,
Doe give me leave a while to move
My pipe of Tavy and his love.

Alas! that I have done so great a wrong
Unto the fairest maiden of my song,
Divine Marina, who in Limos' cave
Lyes ever fearefull of a living grave,

[18] Phiton.

[19] Alpheus.

And night and day upon the hard'ned stones
Rests, if a rest can be amongst the mones
Of dying wretches; where each minute all
Stand still afraid to heare their death's-man call.
Thrice had the golden Sun his hote steedes washt
In the west maine, and thrice them smartly lasht
Out of the baulmy east, since the sweet maide
Had in that dismall cave beene sadly laid:
Where hunger pinch'd her so, she need not stand
In feare of murd'ring by a second hand:
For thro' her tender sides such darts might passe,
'Gainst which strong wals of stone, thicke gates of brasse,
Deny no ent'rance, nor the campes of kings,
Since soonest there they bend their flaggy wings.
But Heav'n, that stands still for the best's availe,
Lendeth his hand when humane helpings faile;
For 'twere impossible that such as she
Should be forgotten of the deitie;
Since in the spacious orbe could no man finde
A fairer face match'd with a fairer minde.
A little robbin-redbrest, one cleare morne,
Sate sweetly singing on a well leav'd thorne:
Whereat Marina rose, and did admire
He durst approach from whence all else retire:
And pittying the sweet bird, what in her lay
She fully strove to fright him thence away.
"Poore harmles wretch!" quoth she, "goe seeke some spring,
And to her sweet fall with thy fellowes sing;
Fly to the well-replenish'd groves, and there
Doe entertaine each swaine's harmonious eare;
Traverse the winding branches; chant so free,
That every lover fall in love with thee;
And if thou chance to see that lovely boy,
(To looke on whom the Silvans count a joy)
He whom I lov'd no sooner than I lost,
Whose body all the Graces hath ingrost,
To him unfold, (if that thou dar'st to be
So neare a neighbour to my tragedie)
As farre as can thy voyce, (in plants so sad,
And in so many mournefull accents clad,
That, as thou sing'st upon a tree thereby,
He may some small time weepe, yet know not why)
How I in death was his, though powres divine
Will not permit that he in life be mine.
Doe this, thou loving bird; and haste away
Into the woods: but if so be thou stay
To doe a deede of charitie on me,
When my pure soule shall leave mortalitie,
By cov'ring this poore body with a sheet
Of greene leaves, gath'red from a vally sweet;
It is in vaine: these harmlesse lims must have
Than in the caityfe's wombe no other grave.
Hence then, sweet robin; least, in staying long,
At once thou chance forgoe both life and song."
With this she husht him thence, he sung no more,
But (fraid the second time) flew tow'rds the shore.
Within a short time, as the swiftest swaine
Can to our May-pole run and come againe,
The little red-brest to the prickled thorne
Return'd, and sung there as he had beforne.
And faire Marina to the loope-hole went,
Pittying the pretty bird, whose punishment
Limos would not deferre if he were spide.
No sooner had the bird the maiden eyde,
But, leaping on the rocke, downe from a bough
He takes a cherry up, (which he but now
Had thither brought, and in that place had laid,
Till to the cleft his song had drawne the maid)
And flying with the small stem in his bill,
(A choiser fruit, than hangs on Bacchus' hill[1])
In faire Marina's bosome tooke his rest,
A heavenly seat fit for so sweet a guest:
Where Citherea's doves might billing sit,
And gods and men with envy look on it;
Where rose two mountaines, whose rare sweets to crop
Was harder than to reach Olympus' top:
For those the gods can; but to climbe these hils
Their powres no other were than mortall wils.
Here left the bird the cherry, and anone
Forsooke her bosome, and for more is gone,
Making such speedy flights into the thicke,
That she admir'd he went and came so quick.
Then, least his many cherries should distast,
Some other fruit he brings than he brought last.
Somtime of strawberries a little stem,
Oft changing colours as he gath'red them:
Some greene, some white, some red, on them infus'd,
These lov'd, those fear'd, they blush'd to be so us'd.
The peascod greene, oft with no little toyle
He'd seeke for in the fattest, fertil'st soile,
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
And in her bosom for acceptance woo her.
No berry in the grove or forrest grew,
That fit for nourishment the kinde bird knew,
Nor any powrefull hearb in open field,
To serve her brood the teeming earth did yeeld,
But with his utmost industry he sought it,
And to the cave for chaste Marina brought it.
So from one well-stor'd garden to another,
To gather simples, runs a carefull mother,
Whose onely childe lyes on the shaking bed
Grip'd with a fever, (sometime honoured
In Rome as if a god[2]) nor is she bent
To other herbes than those for which she went.
The feathred houres five times were over-told,
And twice as many floods and ebbs had rold
The small sands out and in, since fair Marine
(For whose long losse a hundred shepheards pine)
Was by the charitable robin fed:
For whom (had she not so beene nourished)
A hundred doves would search the sun-burnt hils,
Or fruitfull vallies lac'd with silver rils,
To bring her olives. Th' eagle, strong of sight,
To countries farre remote would bend her flight,
And with unwearied wing strip through the skie
To the choise plots of Gaule and Italy,
And never lin till home-ward she escape
With the pomegranat, lemmon, oringe, grape,
Or the lov'd citron, and attain'd the cave.
The well plum'd goshawke (by th' Egyptians grave
Used in misticke characters for speede)
Would not be wanting at so great a neede,
But from the well-stor'd orchards of the land
Brought the sweet pare, (once by a cursed hand
At Swinsted[3] us'd with poyson, for the fall
Of one who on these plaines rul'd lord of all.)
The sentfull osprey by the rocke had fish'd,
And many a prittie shrimp in scallops dish'd,
Some way convay'd her; no one of the shole
That haunt the waves, but from his lurking hole

[1] Cithæron in Bœotia.
[2] Febrem ad minus nocendum templis colebant, ait Val. Maximus. Vide Tullium in tertio de Nat. Deorum, et secundo de Legibus.
[3] One writes, that king John was poisoned, at Swinsted, with a dish of peares: others, there, in a cup of wine: some, that he died at Newark of the fluxe. A fourth, by the distemperature of peaches eaten in his fit of an ague. Among so many doubts, I leave you to beleeve the author most in credit with our best of antiquaries.

Had pull'd the cray-fish, and with much adoe
Brought that the maid, and perywinkles too.
But these for others might their labours spare,
And not with robin for their merit share.
Yet as a heardesse in a summer's day,
Heat with the glorious Sun's all-purging ray,
In the calme evening (leaving her faire flocke)
Betakes herselfe unto a froth-girt rocke,
On which the head-long Tavy throwes his waves,
(And foames to see the stones neglect his braves:)
Where sitting to undoe her buskins white,
And wash her neate legs, (as her use each night)
Th' inamour'd flood before she can unlace them,
Rowles up his waves as hast'ning to imbrace them,
And tho' to helpe them some small gale doe blow,
And one of twenty can but reach her so;
Yet will a many little surges be
Flashing upon the rocke full busily,
And doe the best they can to kisse her feet,
But that their power and will not equall meet:
So as she for her nurse look'd tow'rds the land,
(And now beholds the trees that grace the strand,
Then lookes upon a hill, whose sliding sides
A goodly flocke, like winter's cov'ring, hides,
And higher on some stone that jutteth out,
Their carefull master guiding his trim rout
By sending forth his dog, (as shepheards doe)
Or piping sate, or clouting of his shoe.)
Whence, nearer band drawing her wand'ring sight,
(So from the earth steales the all-quick'ning light)
Beneath the rocke, the waters, high, but late,
(I know not by what sluce or emptying gate)
Were at a low ebb; on the sand she spyes
A busie bird, that to and fro still flyes,
Till pitching where a hatefull oyster lay,
Opening his close jawes, (closer none than they,
Unlesse the griping fist, or cherry lips
Of happy lovers in their melting sips.)
Since the decreasing waves had left him there,
He gapes for thirst, yet meetes with nought but ayre,
And that so hote, ere the returning tyde,
He in his shell is likely to be fride;
The wary bird a prittie pibble takes,
And claps it 'twixt the two pearle hiding flakes
Of the broad yawning oyster, and she then
Securely pickes the fish out, (as some men
A tricke of policie thrust 'tweene two friends,
Sever their powres, and his intention ends.)
The bird, thus getting that for which she strove,
Brought it to her, to whom the queene of love
Serv'd as a foyle, and Cupid could no other,
But fly to her, mistaken for his mother.
Marina from the kind bird tooke the meate,
And (looking downe) she saw a number great
Of birds, each one a pibble in his bill,
Would doe the like, but that they wanted skill:
Some threw it in too farre, and some too short;
This could not beare a stone fit for such sport,
But, harmelesse wretch, putting in one too small,
The oyster shuts, and takes his head withall.
Another, bringing one too smooth and round,
(Unhappy bird, that thine owne death hast found)
Layes it so little way in his hard lips,
That, with their sodaine close, the pibble slips
So strongly forth, (as when your little ones
Doe 'twixt their fingers flip their cherry-stones)
That it in passage meets the breast or head
Of the poore wretch, and layes him there for dead.
A many striv'd, and gladly would have done
As much, or more, than he which first begun;
But all in vaine, scarce one of twenty could
Performe the deede, which they full gladly would.
For this not quicke is to that act he go'th,
That wanteth skill, this cunning, and some both:
Yet none a will, for (from the cave) she sees,
Not in all-lovely May, th' industrious bees
More busie with the flowres could be, than these
Among the shell-fish of the working seas.
Limos had all this while beene wanting thence,
And, but just Heav'n preserv'd pure innocence
By the two birds, her life to ayre had flit,
Ere the curst caytife should have forced it.
The first night that he left her in his den,
He got to shore, and neare th' abodes of men,
That live as we by tending of their flockes,
To enterchange for Ceres' golden lockes,
Or with the neatheard for his milke and creame,
Things we respect more than the diademe
His choise made dishes; O! the golden age
Met all contentment in no surplusage
Of dainty viands, but (as we doe still)
Dranke the pure water of the christall rill,
Fed on no other meates than those they fed,
Labour, the sallad that their stomackes bred,
Nor sought they for the downe of silver swans,
Nor those sow-thistle lockes each small gale fans,
But hydes of beasts, which when they liv'd they kept,
Serv'd them for bed and cov'ring when they slept,
If any softer lay, 'twas (by the losse
Of some rock's warmth) on thicke and spungy mosse,
Or on the ground: some simple wall of clay
Parting their beds from where their cattle lay.
And on such pallats one man clipped then
More golden slumbers than this age agen.
That time physitians triv'd not: or if any,
I dare say, all: yet then were thrice as many
As now profess't, and more; for every man
Was his own patient and physician.
None had a body then so weake and thin,
Bankrupt of Nature's store, to feede the sinne
Of an insatiate female, in whose wombe,
Could Nature all hers past, and all to come
Infuse, with vertue of all drugs beside,
She might be tyr'd, but never satisfied.
To please which orke her husband's weak'ned peece
Must have his cullis mixt with amber-greece,
Pheasant and partridge into jelly turn'd,
Grated with gold, seven times refin'd and burn'd,
With dust of orient pearle, richer the east
Yet ne're beheld: (O Epicurean feast!)
This is his breakfast; and his meale at night
Possets, no lesse provoking appetite,
Whose deare ingredients valew'd are at more
Than all his ancestors were worth before.
When such as we by poore and simple fare
More able liv'd and dyde not without heyre,
Sprung from our own loynes, and a spotlesse bed
Of any other powre unseconded:
When th' other's issue, like a man falne sicke,
Or through the fever, gout, or lunatike,
Changing his doctors oft, each as his notion
Prescribes a sev'rall dyet, sev'rall potion,
Meeting his friend (who meet we now-a-dayes
That hath not some receipt for each disease?)
He tels him of a plaister, which he takes;
And finding after that his torments slakes,
(Whether because the humour is out-wrought,
Or by the skill which his physitian brought,
It makes no matter:) for he surely thinkes
None of their purges, nor their dyet drinkes

Have made him sound; but his beliefe is fast
That med'cine was his health which he tooke last:
So (by a mother) being taught to call
One for his father, though a sonne to all,
His mother's often 'scapes, (though truely knowne)
Cannot divert him; but will ever owne
For his begetter, him, whose name and rents
He must inherit. Such are the descents
Of these men: to make up whose limber heyre
As many as in him, must have a share;
When he that keepes the last yet least adoe,
Fathers the people's childe, and gladly too.
Happyer those times were, when the flaxen clew
By faire Arachne's hand the Lydians knew,
And sought not to the worme for silken threds,
To rowle their bodies in, or dresse their heads.
When wise Minerva did th' Athenians learne
To draw their milk-white fleeces into yarne;
And knowing not the mixtures which began
(Of colours) from the Babilonian,
Nor wool in Sardis dyde, more various knowne
By hues, than Iris to the world hath showne:
The bowels of our mother were not ript
For mader-pits, nor the sweet meadowes stript
Of their choice beauties, nor for Ceres' loade
The fertile lands burd'ned with needlesse woade.
Through the wide seas no winged pine did goe
To lands unknowne for staining indico;
Nor men in scorching clymates moor'd their keele
To trafficke for the costly coucheneele.
Unknown was then the Phrygian brodery,
The Tyrian purple, and the scarlet dye,
Such as their sheepe clad, such they wove and wore,
Russet or white, or those mixt, and no more:
Except sometimes (to bravery inclinde)
They dyde them yealow caps with alder rynde.
The Græcian mantle, Tuscan robes of state,
Tissue nor cloth of gold of highest rate,
They never saw; onely in pleasant woods,
Or by th' embordered margin of the floods,
The dainty nymphs they often did behold
Clad in their light silke robes, stitcht oft with gold.
The arras hangings round their comely hals,
Wanted the cerite's web and minerals:
Greene boughes of trees, with fat'ning acornes lade,
Hung full with flowres and garlands quaintly made,
Their homely cotes deck'd trim in low degree,
As now the court with richest tapistry.
Instead of cushions wrought in windowes laine,
They pick'd the cockle from their fields of graine,
Sleepe-bringing poppy (by the plow-men late
Not without cause to Ceres consecrate)
For being round and full at his halfe birth
It signifi'd the perfect orbe of Earth;
And by his inequalities when blowne,
The Earth's low vales and higher hills were showne;
By multitude of graines it held within,
Of men and beasts the number noted bin;
And she since taking care all earth to please,
Had in her Thesmophoria[4] off'red these.
Or cause that seede our elders us'd to eate,
With honey mixt (and was their after meate)
Or since her daughter that she lov'd so well,
By him[5] that in th' infernall shades doth dwell,
And on the Stygian bankes for ever raignes
(Troubled with horrid cryes and noyse of chaines)
(Fairest Proserpina) was rapt away;
And she in plaints, the night; in teares, the day
Had long time spent; when no high power could
Any redresse; the poppy[6] did relieve her: [give her
For eating of the seedes they sleepe procur'd,
And so beguild those griefes she long endur'd.
Or rather since her love (then happy man)
Micon, (ycleep'd) the brave Athenian,
Had beene transform'd into this gentle flowre
And his protection kept from Flora's powre.
The daizy scattred on each meade and downe,
A golden tuft within a silver crowne
(Fayre fall that dainty flowre! and may there be
No shepheard grac'd that doth not honour thee!)
The primrose, when with sixe leaves gotten grace
Maids as a true-love in their bosomes place;
The spotlesse lilly, by whose pure leaves be
Noted, the chaste thoughts of virginitie;
Carnations sweet with colour like the fire,
The fit impresa's for inflam'd desire;
The hare-belle, for her stainlesse azur'd hue,
Claimes to be worne of none but those are true;
The rose, like ready youth, inticing stands,
And would be cropt if it might choose the hands;
The yealow king-cup, Flora them assign'd
To be the badges of a jealous minde;
The oringe-tawny marigold, the night
Hides not her colour from a searching sight.
To thee then, dearest friend, (my song's chief mate)
This colour chiefely I appropriate,
That, spite of all the mists oblivion can
Or envious frettings of a guilty man,
Retain'st thy worth; nay, mak'st it more in prise,
Like tennis-bals throwne downe hard, highest rise.
The columbine in tawny often taken,
Is then ascrib'd to such as are forsaken:
Flora's choice buttons of a russet dye
Is hope even in the depth of misery.
The pansie, thistle, all with prickles set,
The cowslip, honeysuckle, violet,
And many hundreds more that grac'd the meades,
Gardens and groves (where beauteous Flora treads)
Were by the shepheards' daughters (as yet are
Us'd in our cotes) brought home with speciall care:
For bruising them they not alone would quell
But rot the rest, and spoile their pleasing smell.
Much like a lad, who in his tender prime
Sent from his friends to learn the use of time,
As are his mates, or good or bad, so he
Thrives to the world, and such his actions be.
As in the rainbowe's many coloured hewe,
Here see we watchet deep'ned with a blewe,
There a darke tawny with a purple mixt,
Yealow and flame, with streakes of greene betwixt,
A bloudy streame into a blushing run
And ends still with the colour which begun,
Drawing the deeper to a lighter staine,
Bringing the lightest to the deep'st againe,
With such rare art each mingleth with his fellow,
The blew with watchet, greene and red with yealow;
Like to the changes which we daily see
About the dove's neck with varietie,
Where none can say (though he it strict attends)
Here one begins; and there the other ends:
So did the maidens with their various flowres
Decke up their windowes, and make neat their
Using such cunning as they did dispose [bowres:
The ruddy piny with the lighter rose,

[4] Θεσμοφόρια and δημήτρια were sacrifices peculiar to Ceres, the one for being a law-giver, the other as goddesse of the grounds.

[5] See Claudian's Rape of Proserpine.

[6] Vide Servium in Virg. Georg. 1.

The monck's-hood with the buglosse, and intwine
The white, the blewe, the flesh-like columbine
With pinckes, sweet-williams; that farre offe the
Could not the manner of their mixtures spye. [eye
Then with those flowres they most of all did prise
(With all their skill and in most curious wise
On tufts of hearbs or rushes) would they frame
A daintie border round the shepheard's name.
Or posies make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,
As if the Muses onely lived there:
And that the after world should strive in vaine
What they then did to counterfeit againe.
Nor will the needle nor the loome e're be
So perfect in their best embroderie,
Nor such composures make of silke and gold,
As theirs, when Nature all her cunning told.
The word of mine did no man then bewitch,
They thought none could be fortunate if rich.
And to the covetous did wish no wrong,
But what himself desir'd: to live here long.
As of their songs so of their lives they deem'd,
Not of the long'st, but best perform'd, esteem'd.
They thought that Heav'n to him no life did give,
Who onely thought upon the meanes to live.
Nor wish'd they 'twere ordain'd to live here ever,
But as life was ordain'd they might persever.
O happy men! you ever did possesse
No wisedome, but was mixt with simplenesse;
So, wanting malice: and from folly free,
Since reason went with your simplicitie.
You search'd yourselves if all within were faire,
And did not learne of others what you were.
Your lives the patterns of those vertues gave
Which adulation tels men now they have.
With povertie, in love we onely close,
Because our lovers it most truely showes:
When they who in that blessed age did move,
Knew neyther poverty nor want of love.
The hatred which they bare was onely this,
That every one did hate to do amisse.
Their fortune still was subject to their will:
Their want (O happy!) was the want of ill.
Ye truest, fairest, lovelyest nymphs that can
Out of your eyes lend fire Promethian,
All-beauteous ladies, love-alluring dames,
That on the banks of Isca, Humber, Thames,
By your incouragement can make a swaine
Climbe by his song where none but soules attaine:
And by the gracefull reading of our lines
Renew our heate to further brave designes:
(You, by whose meanes my Muse thus boldly sayes:
Though she doe sing of shepheards' loves and layes,
And flagging weakly lowe gets not on wing
To second that of Hellen's ravishing:
Nor hath the love nor beauty of a queene
My subject grac'd, as other workes have beene;
Yet not to doe their age nor ours a wrong, [song)
Though queenes, nay goddesses, fam'd Homer's
Mine hath been tun'd and heard by beauties more
Than all the poets that have liv'd before.
Not 'cause it is more worth: but it doth fall
That Nature now is turn'd a prodigall,
And on this age so much perfection spends,
That to her last of treasure it extends;
For all the ages that are slid away
Had not so many beauties as this day.
O what a rapture have I gotten now!
That age of gold, this of the lovely browe
Have drawne me from my song! I onward run
Cleane from the end to which I first begun.
But ye the heavenly creatures of the west,
In whom the vertues and the graces rest,
Pardon! that I have run astray so long,
And grow so tedious in so rude a song,
If you yourselves should come to add one grace
Unto a pleasant grove or such like place,
Where here the curious cutting of a hedge,
There, by a pond, the trimming of the sedge;
Here the fine setting of well shading trees,
The walkes there mounting up by small degrees,
The gravell and the greene so equall lye,
It, with the rest, drawes on your lingring eye:
Here the sweet smels that doe perfume the ayre,
Arising from the infinite repayre
Of odoriferous buds, and hearbs of price
(As if it were another paradice)
So please the smelling sence, that you are faine
Where last you walk'd to turne and walke againe.
There the small birds with their harmonious notes
Sing to a spring that smileth as she floates:
For in her face a many dimples show,
And often skips as it did dancing goe:
Here further downe an over-arched alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You spy at end thereof a standing lake
Where some ingenious artist strives to make
The water (brought in turning pipes of lead
Through birds of earth most lively fashioned)
To counterfeit and mocke the Silvans all
In singing well their owne set madrigall.
This with no small delight retaynes your eare,
And makes you think none blest but who live there.
Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant clusters decking each good tree
Invite your hand to crop them from the stem,
And liking one, taste every sort of them:
Then to the arbours walk, then to the bowres,
Thence to the walkes againe, thence to the flowres,
Then to the birds, and to the cleare spring thence,
Now pleasing one, and then another sence:
Here one walkes oft, and yet anew begin'th,
As if it were some hidden laborinth;
So loath to part, and so content to stay,
That when the gardner knocks for you away,
It grieves you so to leave the pleasures in it,
That you could wish that you had never seene it:
Blame me not then, if while to you I told
The happiness our fathers clipt of old,
The mere imagination of their blisse
So rapt my thoughts, and made me sing amisse.
And still the more they ran on those dayes' worth,
The more unwilling was I to come forth.
O! if the apprehension joy us so,
What would the action in a humane show!
Such were the shepheards (to all goodness bent)
About whose thorps[7] that night curs'd Limos went.
Where he had learn'd, that next day all the swaines
That any sheepe fed on the fertill plaines,
The feast of Pales, goddesse of their grounds,
Did meane to celebrate. Fitly this sounds
He thought, to what he formerly intended,
His stealth should by their absence be befriended:
For whilst they in their off'rings busied were,
He 'mongst the flockes might range with lesser feare.
How to contrive his stealth he spent the night.
The morning now in colours richly dight
Stept o're the easterne thresholds, and no lad
That joy'd to see his pastures freshly clad,

7. Villages.

But for the holy rites himselfe addrest
With necessaries proper to that feast.
The altars every where now smoaking be
With beane-stalkes, savine, laurell, rosemary,
Their cakes of grummell-seed they did preferre,
And pailes of milke in sacrifice to her.
Then hymne of praise they all devoutly sung
In those Palilia for increase of young.
But ere the ceremonies were half past
One of their boyes came down the hill in haste,
And told them Limos was among their sheepe;
That he, his fellowes, nor their dogs could keepe
The rav'ner from their flockes; great store were kil'd, [fild.
Whose blood he suck'd, and yet his paunch not
O hasten then away! for in an houre
He will the chiefest of your fold devour.
With this most ran; (leaving behind some few
To finish what was to fair Pales due)
And as they had ascended up the hill
Limos they met, with no meane pace and skill,
Following a well fed lambe: with many a shout
They then pursu'd him all the plaine about.
And eyther with fore-laying of his way,
Or he full gorg'd ran not so swift as they,
Before he could recover downe the strand
No swaine but on him had a fast'ned hand.
Rejoicing then (the worst wolfe to their flocke
Lay in their powres) they bound him to a rocke,
With chaines tane from the plow, and leaving him
Return'd back to their feast. His eyes late dim
Now sparkle forth in flames, he grindes his teeth,
And strives to catch at every thing he seeth:
But to no purpose: all the hope of food
Was tane away; his little flesh, lesse bloud,
He suck'd and tore at last, and that denyde,
With fearefull shriekes most miserably dyde.
Unfortunate Marina, thou art free
From his jawes now, though not from misery.
Within the cave thou likely art to pine,
If (O may never) faile a helpe divine;
And though such ayd thy wants doe still supply,
Yet in a prison thou must ever lye:
But Heav'n, that fed thee, will not long defer
To send thee thither some deliverer:
For, then to spend thy sighes there to the maine,
Thou fitter wert to honour Thetis' trayne.
Who so far now with her harmonious crew
Scour'd through the seas (O who yet ever knew
So rare a consort?) she had left behinde
The Kentish, Sussex shores, the isle [8] assignde
To brave Vespasian's conquest, and was come
Where the shrill trumpet and the ratling drum
Made the waves tremble (ere befell this chance)
And to no softer musicke us'd to dance.
Hail thou my native soil! thou blessed plot
Whose equall all the world affordeth not!
Show me who can so many christall rils,
Such sweet-cloath'd vallies, or aspiring hils, [mynes,
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy
Such rockes in whom the diamond fairely shines?
And if the earth can show the like agen;
Yet will she faile in her sea-ruling men.
Time never can produce men to ore-take
The fames of Greenvil, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more
That by their powre made the Devonian shore
Mocke the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoyle
The boasting Spaniard left the India soyle
Banckrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
By winning this though all the rest were lost.
As oft the sea-nimphes on her strand have set,
Learning of fishermen to knit a net,
Wherein to wind up their dishevel'd hayres,
They have beheld the frolicke mariners
For exercise (got early from their beds)
Pitch bars of silver, and cast golden sleds.
At Ex, a lovely nymph with Thetis met,
She singing came, and was all round beset
With other watry powres, which by her song
She had allur'd to flowe with her along.
The lay she chanted she had learn'd of yore,
Taught by a skilfull swaine [9], who on her shore
Fed his faire flocke: a worke renown'd as farre
As his brave subject of the Trojan warre.
When she had done, a prittie shepheard's boy
That from the neare downes came (though he small joy
Tooke in his tunefull reede, since dire neglect
Crept to the brest of her he did affect,
And that an ever-busie watchfull eye
Stood as a barre to his felicitie)
Being with great intreaties of the swaines
And by the faire queene of the liquid plaines
Woo'd to his pipe, and bad to lay aside
All troubled thoughts, as others at that tyde;
And that he now some merry note should raise,
To equall others which had sung their layes:
He shooke his head, and knowing that his tongue
Could not belye his hart, thus sadly sung:

" As new-borne babes salute their age's morne
With cryes unto their wofull mother hurl'd:
My infant Muse that was but lately borne
Began with watry eyes to woo the world. [weepes
She knowes not how to speake, and therefore
Her woes excesse,
And strives to move the heart that senslesse sleepes,
To heavinesse;
Her eyes invayl'd with sorrowe's clouds
Scarce see the light,
Disdaine hath wrapt her in the shrowds
Of loathed night.
How should she move then her griefe-laden wing,
Or leave my sad complaints, and Pæans sing?
Sixe Pleyads live in light, in darknesse one.
Sing mirthfull swaines; but let me sigh alone.

" It is enough that I in silence sit,
And bend my skill to learne your layes aright;
Nor strive with you in ready straines of wit,
Nor move my hearers with so true delight.
But if for heavy plaints and notes of woe
Your cares are prest;
No shepheard lives that can my pipe out-goe
In such unrest.
I have not knowne so many yeares
As chances wrong,
Nor have they knowne more floods of teares
From one so yong.

[8] Vecta quam Vespasianus a Claudio missus subjugavit. Vide Bed. in Hist. Ecc. lib. 1. cap. 3.

[9] Joseph of Exeter writ a poem of the Trojan warre according to Dares the Phrigian's story, but falsly attributed to Cornelius Nepos, as it is printed. He lived in the time of Hen. II. and Rich. I. See the illustrations of my most worthy friend Mr. Selden upon Mr. Drayton's Poly-Olbion.

Fain would I tune to please as others doe,
Wert not for faining song and numbers too.
Then (since not fitting now are songs of mone)
Sing mirthfull swaines; but let me sigh alone.

" The nymphs that floate upon these watry plaines
Have oft been drawne to listen to my song,
And sirens left to tune dissembling straines
In true bewayling of my sorrowes long.
Upon the waves of late a silver swan
By me did ride,
And thrilled with my woes forthwith began
To sing and dyde.
Yet where they should they cannot move.
O hapless verse!
That fitter, than to win a love,
Art for a herse.
Hence-forward silent be; and ye my cares
Be knowne but to myselfe; or who despayres.
Since pittie now lies turned to a stone,
Sing mirthfull swaines; but let me sigh alone."

The fitting accent of his mournefull lay
So pleas'd the powrefull lady of the sea
That she intreated him to sing againe;
And he obeying tun'd his second straine:

" Borne to no other comfort than my teares,
Yet rob'd of them by griefes too inly deepe,
I cannot rightly wayle my haplesse yeares,
Nor move a passion that for me might weepe.
Nature, alas! too short hath knit
My tongue to reach my woe:
Nor have I skill sad notes to fit
That might my sorrow show.
And to increase my torment's ceaselesse sting,
There 's no way left to show my paines
But by my pen in mournfull straines,
Which others may perhaps take joy to sing."

As (woo'd by Maye's delights) I have been borne
To take the kind ayre of a wistfull morne,
Neere Tavie's voycefull streame (to whom I owe
More straines than from my pipe can ever flowe)
Here have I heard a sweet bird never lin
To chide the river for his clam'rous din;
There seem'd another in his song to tell,
That what the fayre streame did he liked well;
And going further heard another too,
All varying still in what the others doe;
A little thence, a fourth with little paine
Con'd all their lessons, and then sung againe;
So numberlesse the songsters are that sing
In the sweet groves of the too carelesse spring,
That I no sooner could the hearing lose
Of one of them, but straight another rose,
And perching deftly on a quaking spray,
Nye tyr'd herself to make her hearer stay;
Whilst in a bush two nightingales together
Show'd the best skill they had to draw me thither:
So (as bright Thetis past our cleeves along)
This shepheard's lay pursu'd the other's song,
And scarce one ended had his skilfull stripe,
But streight another took him to his pipe.
By that the younger swaine had fully done,
Thetis with her brave company had wonne
The mouth of Dert, and whilst the Tritons charme
The dancing waves, passing the christall Arme,
Sweet Yalme and Plin, arriv'd where Thamar payes
Her daily tribute to the westerne seas.

Here sent she up her dolphins, and they plyde
So busily their fares on every side,
They made a quicke returne and brought her downe
A many homagers to Thamar's crowne,
Who in themselves were of as great command
As any meaner rivers of the land.
With every nymph the swaine of most account
That fed his white sheepe by her clearer fount:
And every one to Thetis sweetly sung.
Among the rest a shepheard (though but young,
Yet hartned to his pipe) with all the skill
His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill.
By Tavie's speedy streame he fed his flocke,
Where when he sate to sport him on a rocke,
The water-nymphs would often come unto him,
And for a dance with many gay gifts woo him.
Now posies of this flowre, and then of that;
Now with fine shels, then with a rushy hat,
With corrall or red stones brought from the deepe
To make him bracelets, or to marke his sheepe.
Willie he hight. Who by the Ocean's queene
More cheer'd to sing than such young lads had beene,
Tooke his best framed pipe, and thus gan move
His voice of Walla, Tavy's fairest love.

" Faire was the day, but fayrer was the maide
Who that day's morne into the green-woods straid.
Sweet was the ayre, but sweeter was her breathing,
Such rare perfumes the roses are bequeathing.
Bright shone the Sunne, but brighter were her eyes,
Such are the lampes that guide the deities;
Nay such the fire is, whence the Pythian knight
Borrowes his beames, and lends his sister light.
Not Pelops'[10] shoulder whiter than her hands,
Nor snowy swans that jet on Isca's sands.
Sweet Flora, as if ravish'd with her sight,
In emulation made all lillies white:
For as I oft have heard the wood-nimphs say,
The dancing fairies when they left to play
Then backe did pull them, and in holes of trees
Stole the sweet honey from the painfull bees,
Which in the flowre to put they oft were seene,
And for a banquet brought it to their queene.
But she that is the goddesse of the flowres
(Invited to their groves and shady bowres)
Mislik'd their choice. They said that all the field
No other flowre did for that purpose yeeld;
But quoth a nimble fay that by did stand:
If you could give 't the colour of yond hand;
(Walla by chance was in a meadow by
Learning to sample earth's embrodery)
It were a gift would Flora well befit,
And our great queen the more would honour it.
She gave consent; and by some other powre
Made Venus' doves be equall'd by the flowre,
But not her hand; for Nature this preferres,
All other whites but shadowings to hers.
Her hair was roll'd in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and artfull coronet.
Upon whose arches twenty Cupids lay,
And were or tyde, or loath to fly away.
Upon her bright eyes Phœbus his inclinde,
And by their radiance was the god stroke blinde,
That cleane awry th' eccliptic then he stript,
And from the milky way his horses whipt;

[10] Pelops was feigned by the poets to have a shoulder of ivory. Ovid. Metam. lib. vi. Pindar. Od. I. Olymp. Tibullus, lib. i. Eleg. 4. Virg. Georg. III.

So that the eastern world to feare begun
Some stranger drove the chariot of the Sun,
And never but that once did Heaven's bright eye
Bestow one looke on the Cymmerii.
A greene silke frocke her comely shoulders clad,
And tooke delight that such a seate it had,
Which at her middle gath'red up in pleats,
A love-knot girdle willing bondage threats.
Nor Venus' ceston held a braver peece,
Nor that which girt the fayrest flowre of Greece.
Down to her waste her mantle loose did fall,
Which Zephyre (as afraid) still plaid withall,
And then tuck'd up somewhat below the knee
Shew'd searching eyes where Cupid's columns be.
The inside lynde with rich carnation silke,
And in the midst of both, lawne white as milke,
Which white beneath the red did seeme to shroud,
As Cynthia's beautie through a blushing cloud,
About the edges curious to behold
A deep fringe hung of rich and twisted gold,
So on the greene marge of a christall brooke
A thousand yealow flowres at fishes looke;
And such the beames are of the glorious Sun,
That through a tuft of grasse dispersed run.
Upon her legs a payre of buskins white,
Studded with oryent pearle and chrysolite,
And like her mantle stitcht with gold and greene,
(Fairer yet never wore the forrest's queene)
Knit close with ribands of a party hue,
A knot of crimson and a tuft of blew,
Nor can the peacocke in his spotted trayne
So many pleasing colours show againe;
Nor could there be a mixture with more grace,
Except the heav'nly roses in her face.
A silver quiver at her back she wore,
With darts and arrowes for the stag and boare;
But in her eyes she had such darts agen,
Could conquer gods, and wound the hearts of men.
Her left hand held a knotty Brasil bow, [know.
Whose strength, with teares, she made the red deer
So clad, so arm'd, so drest to win her will,
Diana never trode on Latmus hill.
Walla, the fairest nimph that haunts the woods,
Walla, belov'd of shepheards, faunes, and floods,
Walla, for whom the frolike satyres pyne,
Walla, with whose fine foot the flowrets twine,
Walla, of whom sweet birds their ditties move,
Walla, the Earth's delight, and Tavy's love.

" This fayrest nimph, when Tavy first prevail'd
And won affection where the Silvans fail'd,
Had promis'd (as a favour to his streame)
Each weeke to crowne it with an anadem:
And now Hyperion from his glitt'ring throne
Seav'n times his quickning rays had bravely showne
Unto the other world, since Walla last
Had on her Tavy's head the garland plac'd;
And this day (as of right) she wends abroad
To ease the meadowes of their willing loade.
Flora, as if to welcome her those houres,
Had been most lavish of her choisest flowres,
Spreading more beauties to intice that morne
Than she had done in many dayes beforne.

" Looke as a maiden sitting in the shade
Of some close arbour by the wood-bynde made,
With-drawne alone where undiscride she may
By her most curious needle give assay
Unto some purse (if so her fancy move)
Or other token for her truest love,
Variety of silke about her pap,
Or in a box she takes upon her lap,
Whose pleasing colours wooing her quick eye,
Now this she thinkes the ground would beautifie,
And that, to flourish with, she deemeth best:
When spying others, she is straight possest
Those fittest are; yet from that choice doth fall,
And she resolves at last to use them all:
So Walla, which to gather long time stood,
Whether those of the field, or of the wood;
Or those that 'mong the springs and marish lay;
But then the blossomes which inrich'd each spray
Allur'd her looke; whose many coloured graces
Did in her garland challenge no meane places:
And therefore she (not to be poore in plenty)
From meadowes, springs, woods, sprays, culs some one daintie,
Which in a scarfe she put, and onwards set
To finde a place to dress her coronet.

" A little grove is seated on the marge
Of Tavy's streame, not over thicke nor large,
Where every morn a quire of Silvans sung,
And leaves to chatt'ring winds serv'd as a tongue,
By whom the water runs in many a ring,
As if it fain would stay to heare them sing,
And on the top a thousand young birds flye,
To be instructed in their harmony.
Neere to the end of this all-joysome grove
A dainty circled plot seem'd as it strove
To keepe all bryers and bushes from invading
Her pleasing compasse by their needlesse shading,
Since it was not so large but that the store
Of trees around could shade her breast and more.
In midst thereof a little swelling hill,
Gently disburd'ned of a christall rill
Which from the greenside of the flowry bancke
Eat downe a channell; here the wood-nymphs dranke,
And great Diana, having slaine the deere,
Did often use to come and bathe her here.
Here talk'd they of their chase, and where next day
They meant to hunt: here did the shepheards play,
And many a gaudy nymph was often seene
Imbracing shepheard's boyes upon this greene.
From hence the spring hasts downe to Tavy's brim,
And pays a tribute of his drops to him.

" Here Walla rests the rising mount upon,
That seem'd to swell more since she sate thereon,
And from her scarfe upon the grasse shooke downe
The smelling flowres that should her river crowne.
The scarfe (in shaking it) she brushed off,
Whereon were flowres so fresh and lively wrought,
That her own cunning was her own deceit,
Thinking those true which were but counterfeite.

" Under an alder on his sandy marge
Was Tavy set to view his nimble charge,
And there his love he long time had expected:
While many a rose-cheekt nymph no wyle neglected
To woo him to imbraces; which he scorn'd,
As valluing more the beauties which adorn'd
His fairest Walla, than all Nature's pride
Spent on the cheekes of all her sexe beside.
Now would they tempt him with their open brests,
And swear their lips were love's assured tests:
That Walla sure would give him the deniall
Till she had knowne him true by such a tryall.
Then comes another, and her hand bereaves
The soone-slipt alder of two clammy leaves,
And clapping them together, bids him see
And learne of love the hidden mistery,

'Brave flood' (quoth she) 'that hold'st us in suspence,
And show'st a god-like powre in abstinence,
At this thy coldnesse we do nothing wonder,
These leaves did so, when once they grew asunder;
But since the one did taste the other's blisse,
And felt his partner's kinde partake with his,
Behold how close they join; and had they power
To speake their now content, as we can our,
They would on Nature lay a haynous crime
For keeping close such sweets untill this time.
Is there to such men aught of merit due,
That doe abstaine from what they never knew?
No: then as well we may account him wise
For speaking nought, who wants those faculties.
Taste thou our sweets; come here and freely sip
Divinest nectar from my melting lip;
Gaze on mine eyes, whose life-infusing beames
Have power to melt the icy northern streames,
And so inflame the gods of those bound seas
They would unchaine their virgins passages,
And teach our mariners from day to day,
To bring us jewels by a nearer way.
Twine thy long fingers in my shining haire,
And thinke it no disgrace to hide them there;
For I could tell thee how the Paphian queene
Met me one day upon yond pleasant greene,
And did intreat a slip (though I was coy)
Wherewith to fetter her lascivious boy.
Play with my teates that swell to have impression;
And if thou please from thence to make digression,
Passe thou that milky way where great Apollo,
And higher powres than he, would gladly follow.
When to the full of these thou shalt attaine,
It were some mastry for thee to refraine;
But since thou know'st not what such pleasures be,
The world will not commend but laugh at thee.
But thou wilt say, thy Walla yeelds such store
Of joyes, that no one love can raise thee more;
Admit it so, as who but thinks it strange?
Yet shalt thou find a pleasure more in change.
If that thou lik'st not, gentle flood, but heare,
To prove that state the best I never feare.
Tell me wherein the state and glory is
Of thee, of Avon or brave Thamesis?
In your own springs? or by the flowing head
Of some such river onely seconded?
Or is it through the multitude that doe
Send downe their waters to attend on you?
Your mixture with lesse brookes adds to your fames,
So long as they in you doe loose their names;
And coming to the ocean, thou dost see,
It takes in other floods as well as thee;
It were no sport to us that hunting love,
If we were still confinde to one large grove.
The water which in one poole hath abiding
Is not so sweet as rillets ever gliding.
Nor would the brackish waves in whom you meet
Containe that state it doth, but be lesse sweet,
And with contagious steames all mortals smoother,
But that it moves from this shore to the other.
There's no one season such delight can bring,
As summer, autumne, winter, and the spring.
Nor the best flowre that doth on earth appeare
Could by itselfe content us all the yeare.
The salmons, and some more as well as they,
Now love the freshest, and then love the sea.
The flitting fowles not in one coast doe tarry,
But with the yeare their habitation vary.
What music is there in a shepheard's quill
(Plaid on by him that hath the greatest skill)
If but a stop or two thereon we spy?
Musicke is best in her varietie,
So is discourse, so joyes; and why not then
As well the lives and loves of gods as men?'

"More she had spoke, but that the gallant flood
Replyde: 'Ye wanton rangers of the wood
Leave your allurements; hye ye to your chase;
See where Diana with a nimble pace
Followes a strucke deere! If you longer stay,
Her frowne will bend to me another day.
Harke how she wynds her horne; she some doth call,
Perhaps for you, to make in to the fall.'

"With this they left him. Now he wonders much
Why at this time his Walla's stay was such,
And could have wish'd the nymphs backe, but for fere
His love might come and chance to finde them there.
To passe the time at last he thus began
(Unto a pipe join'd by the art of Pan)
To prayse his love: his hasty waves among
The frothed rockes, bearing the under-song.

"'As carefull merchants doe expecting stand
(After long tyme and merry gales of wynde)
Upon the place where their brave ship must land,
So waite I for the vessel of my minde.

"'Upon a great adventure it is bound,
Whose safe return will vallu'd be at more
Than all the wealthy prizes which have crown'd
The golden wishes of an age before.

"'Out of the east jewels of worth she brings,
Th' unvalu'd diamond of her sparkling eye
Wants in the treasures of all Europe's kings,
And were it mine they nor their crownes should buy.

"'The saphires ringed on her panting brest,
Run as rich veynes of ore about the mold,
And are in sicknesse with a pale possest,
So true; for them I should disvalue gold.

"'The melting rubyes on her cherry lip
Are of such powre to hold; that as one day
Cupid flew thirstie by, he stoop'd to sip,
And fast'ned there could never get away.

"'The sweets of Candy are no sweets to me
When hers I taste; nor the perfumes of price
Rob'd from the happy shrubs of Araby,
As her sweet breath, so powerfull to intice.

"'O hasten then! and if thou be not gone
Unto that wicked trafficke through the mayne,
My powerfull sighes shall quickly drive thee on,
And then begin to draw thee back againe.

If in the meane rude waves have it opprest,
It shall suffice I venter'd at the best.'

"Scarce had he given a period to his lay
When from a wood (wherein the eye of day
Had long a stranger beene, and Phœbe's light
Vainly contended with the shades of night,)
One of those wanton nymphes that woo'd him late
Came crying tow'rds him; 'O thou most ingrate,

Respectless flood! canst thou here idly sit?
And loose desires to looser numbers fit?
Teaching the ayre to court thy careless brooke,
Whilst thy poor Walla's cryes the hils have shooke
With an amazed terrour: heare! O heare!
A hundred ecchos shriking every where!
See how the frightfull heards run from the wood;
Walla! alas! as she to crown her flood
Attended the composure of sweet flowres,
Was by a lust-fir'd satyre 'mong our bowres
Well-neere surpriz'd, but that she him discryde
Before his rude embracement could betyde.
Now but her feete no helpe, unlesse her cryes
A needfull ayd drawn from the deities.'

" It needlesse was to bid the flood pursue,
Anger gave wings; wayes that he never knew
Till now, he treads; through dels and hidden brakes
Flyes through the meadowes, each where overtakes
Streames swiftly gliding, and them brings along
To further just revenge for so great wrong,
His current till that day was never knowne;
But as a meade in July, which unmowne
Beares in an equall height each bent and stem,
Unlesse some gentle gale doe play with them,
Now runs it with such fury and such rage
That mighty rockes' opposing vassalage
Are from the firm earth rent and overborne.
In fords where pibbles lay secure beforne,
Loud cataracts, and fearefull roarings now
Affright the passenger; upon his brow
Continuall bubbles like compelled drops,
And where (as now and then) he makes short stops
In little pooles, drowning his voice too hie,
'Tis where he thinks he heares his Walla cry.
Yet vain was all his haste, bending a way
Too much declining to the southern sea,
Since she had turned thence, and now begun
To crosse the brave path of the glorious Sun.

" There lyes a vale extended to the north
Of Tavy's streame, which (prodigall) sends forth
In autumne more rare fruits than have beene spent
In any greater plot of fruitfull Kent.
Two high brow'd rockes on eyther side begin,
As with an arch to close the vally in,
Upon their rugged fronts short writhen oakes
Untouch'd of any feller's banefull stroakes,
The ivy, twisting round their barkes, hath fed
Past time wylde goates which no man followed,
Low in the valley some small herds of deere,
For head and footmanship withouten peere
Fed undisturb'd. The swaines that thereby thriv'd,
By the tradition from their sires deriv'd,
Call'd it sweet Ina's coombe: but whether she
Were of the earth or greater progeny
Judge by her deedes; once this is truely knowne,
She many a time hath on a bugle blowne,
And through the dale pursu'd the jolly chase,
As she had bid the winged windes a base.

" Pale and distracted hither Walla runs,
As closely follow'd as she hardly shuns;
Her mantle off, her hayre now too unkinde
Almost betray'd her with the wanton winde.
Breathlesse and faint she now some drops discloses,
As in a limbec the kinde sweate of roses,
Such hang upon her brest and on her cheekes;
Or like the pearles which the tand Æthiop seekes.
The satyre (spur'd with lust) still getteth ground,
And longs to see his damn'd intention crown'd.

" As when a greyhound (of the rightest straine)
Let slip to some poore hare upon the plaine;
He for his prey strives, t'other for her life;
And one of these or none must end the strife:
Now seemes the dog by speed and good at bearing
To have her sure; the other ever fearing,
Maketh a sodaine turne, and doth deferre
The hound a while from so near reaching her:
Yet being fetcht againe and almost tane [bane:
Doubting (since touch'd of him) she scapes her
So of these two the minded races were,
For hope the one made swift, the other feare.

" 'Oh if there be a powre' (quoth Walla then
Keeping her earnest course) 'o'reswaying men
And their desires! O let it now be showne
Upon this satyre halfe-part earthly knowne.
What I have hitherto with so much care
Kept undefiled, spotlesse, white and faire,
What in all speech of love I still reserv'd
And from its hazard ever gladly swerv'd;
O be it now untouch'd! and may no force
That happy jewell from my selfe devorce!
I that have ever held all women be
Void of all worth if wanting chastitie;
And who so any lets that best flowre pull,
She might be faire, but never beautifull:
O let me not forgoe it! strike me dead!
Let on these rockes my limbes be scattered!
Burne me to ashes with some powerfull flame,
And in mine owne dust bury mine owne name,
Rather then let me live and be defil'de.

" 'Chastest Diana! in the desarts wilde
Have I so long thy truest handmaid beene?
Upon the rough rocke ground thine arrowes keene,
Have I (to make thee crownes) beene gath'ring still
Faire-cheekt Etesia's yealow cammomill?
And sitting by thee on our flow'ry beds
Knit thy torne buck-stals with well-twisted threds,
To be forsaken? O now present be,
If not to save, yet helpe to ruin me!

" 'If pure virginity have heretofore
By the Olympicke powres beene honour'd more
Than other states; and gods have beene dispos'd
To make them knowne to us, and still disclos'd
To the chaste hearing of such nymphes as we
Many a secret and deepe misterie;
If none can lead, without celestiall ayde,
Th' immaculate and pure life of a maide,
O let not then the powres all-good divine
Permit vile lust to soile this brest of mine!'

" Thus cryde she as she ran: and looking backe,
Whether her hot pursuer did aught slacke
His former speede; she spies him not at all,
And somewhat thereby cheer'd gan to recall
Her nye fled hopes: yet fearing he might lye
Neere some crosse path to worke his villanie,
And being weary, knowing it was vaine
To hope for safety by her feet againe,
She sought about where she herself might hide.

" A hollow vaulted rocke at last she spide,
About whose sides so many bushes were,
She thought securely she might rest her there.
Farre under it a cave, whose entrance streight
Clos'd with a stone-wrought doore of no meane weight;
Yet from itselfe the gemels beaten so [weight;
That little strength could thrust it to and fro.

" Thither she came, and being gotten in,
Barr'd fast the darke cave with an iron pin.

" The satyre follow'd, for his cause of stay
Was not a minde to leave her, but the way

Sharpe ston'd and thorny, where he pass'd of late,
Had cut his cloven foot, and now his gate
Was not so speedy; yet by chance he sees,
Through some small glade that ran between the trees,
Where Walla went. And with a slower pace,
Fir'd with hot blood, at last attain'd the place.
" When like a fearefull hare within her forme,
Hearing the hounds come like a threatning storme,
In full cry on the walke where last she trode,
Doubts to tread there, yet dreads to goe abroad:
So Walla far'd. But since he was come nye,
And by an able strength and industry
Sought to breake in; with teares anew she fell
To urge the powres that on Olympus dwell.
And then to Ina call'd: ' O if the roomes,
The walkes and arbours in these fruitfull coombes[11],
Have famous beene through all the westerne plaines,
In being guiltlesse of the lasting staines
Pour'd on by lust and murther: keepe them free!
Turn me to stone, or to a barked tree,
Unto a bird, or flowre, or aught forlorne;
So I may die as pure as I was borne.'
' Swift are the prayers and of speedy haste,
That take their wings from hearts so pure and chaste.
And what we aske of Heaven it still appeares
More plaine to it in mirrours of our teares.'
Approv'd in Walla. When the satyre rude
Had broke the dore in two, and gan intrude
With steps prophane into that sacred cell,
Where oft (as I have heard our shepheards tell)
Fayre Ina usde to rest from Phœbus' ray:
She, or some other, having heard her pray,
Into a fountain turn'd her; and now rise
Such streames out of the cave, that they surprise
The satyre with such force and so great din,
That quenching his life's flame as well as sinne,
They roul'd him through the dale with mighty rore,
And made him flye that did pursue before.
" Not farre beneath i' th' valley as she trends
Her silver streame, some wood-nymphes and her friends
That follow'd to her ayde, beholding how
A brooke came gliding where they saw but now
Some heards were feeding, wondred whence it came,
Untill a nymph, that did attend the game
In that sweet valley, all the processe told,
Which from a thick-leav'd tree she did behold:
' See,' quoth the nymph, ' where the rude satyre lyes
Cast on the grasse; as if she did despise
To have her pure waves soyl'd (with such as he)
Retayning still the love of puritie.'
" To Tavy's christall streame her waters goe,
As if some secret power ordayned so;
And as a maide she lov'd him, so a brooke
To his imbracements onely her betooke.
Where growing on with him, attain'd the state
Which none but Hymen's bonds can imitate.
" On Walla's brooke her sisters now bewayle,
For whom the rockes spend teares when others fayle,
And all the woods ring with their piteous mones:
Which Tavy hearing, as he chid the stones,
That stopt his speedy course, raising his head
Inquir'd the cause, and thus was answered:
' Walla is now no more. Nor from the hill
Will she more plucke for thee the daffadill,
Nor make sweet anadems to gird thy brow:
Yet in the grove she runs; a river now.
" Looke as the feeling plant[12] which (learned
Relate to grow on the East Indian plaines)
Shrinkes up his dainty leaves, if any sand
You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand:
So with the chance the heavy wood-nymphs told,
The river (inly touch'd) began to fold
His armes acrosse, and (while the torrent raves)
Shrunke his grave head beneath his silver waves.
" Since when he never on his bankes appeares
But as one frantieke: when the clouds spend teares,
He thinkes they of his woes compassion take,
(And not a spring but weepes for Walla's sake)
And then he often (to bemone her lacke)
Like to a mourner goes, his waters blacke,
And every brooke attending in his way,
For that time meets him in the like array."
Here Willie that time ceas'd; and I a while:
For yonder's Roget comming o're the stile,
'Tis two dayes since I saw him (and you wonder,
You'le say, that we have beene so long asunder)
I thinke the lovely heardesse of the dell
That to an oaten quill can sing so well,
Is she that 's with him: I must needes goe meet them,
And if some other of you rise to greet them,
'Twere not amisse: the day is now so long
That I ere night may end another song.

[11] Vallies. [12] Sentida.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE FOURTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Cornish swaines and British bard,
Thetis hath with attention heard.
And after meetes an aged man
That tels the haplesse love of Pan:
And why the flockes doe live so free
From wolves within rich Britanny.

Looke as a lover with a lingring kisse
About to part with the best halfe that 's his,
Faine would he stay but that he feares to doe it,
And curseth time for so fast hastning to it;
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make lesse vows than are esteemed true,
Then sayes he must be gone, and then doth finde
Something he should have spoke that 's out of minde,
And whilst he stands to looke for 't in her eyes,
Their sad-sweet glance so tye his faculties,
To thinke from what he parts, that he is now
As farre from leaving her, or knowing how,
As when he came; begins his former straine,
To kisse, to vow, and take his leave againe,
Then turnes, comes backe, sighes, parts, and yet doth goe,
Apt to retyre, and loath to leave her so;
Brave streame, so part I from thy flowry bancke,
Where first I breath'd, and (though unworthy) dranke
Those sacred waters which the Muses bring
To woo Britannia to their ceaslesse spring.
Now would I on, but that the christall[1] wels,
The fertill meadowes, and their pleasing smels,
The woods delightfull and the scatt'red groves,
(Where many nymphes walke with their chaster loves)

[1] Vide de amœnitate loci Malmesb. 2 lib. de gest. Pontif. fol. 146.

Soone make me stay; and think that Ordgar's sonne[2]
(Admonish'd by a heavenly vision)
Not without cause did that apt fabricke reare,
(Wherein we nothing now but ecchoes heare,
That wont with heavenly anthemes daily ring,
And duest praises to the greatest king)
In this choise plot. Since he could light upon
No place so fit for contemplation.
Though I awhile must leave this happy soyle,
And follow Thetis in a pleasing toyle;
Yet when I shall returne, I'le strive to draw
The nymphs by Thamar, Tavy, Ex, and Tau,
By Turridge, Otter, Ock, by Dert and Plym,
With all the Nayades that fish and swim
In their cleare streames, to these our rising downes,
Where while they make us chaplets, wreaths, and crownes,
Ile tune my reede unto a higher key,
(And have already cond some of the lay.)
Wherein (as Mantua by her Virgil's birth,
And Thames by him[3] that sung her nuptiall[4] mirth)
You may be knowne (though not in equall pride)
As farre as Tiber throwes his swelling tide.
And by a shepheard (feeling on your plaines)
In humble, lowly, plaine, and ruder straines,
Heare your worths challenge other floods among,
To have a period equall with their song.
Where Plym and Thamar with imbraces meet,
Thetis weighes ancor now, and all her fleet;
Leaving that spacious sound[5], within whose armes
I have those vessels seene, whose hote alarmes
Have made Iberia tremble, and her towres
Prostrate themselves before our iron showres.
While their proud builders' hearts have beene inclynde
To shake (as our brave ensignes) with the wynde.
For as an eyerie from their seeges wood,
Led o're the playnes and taught to get their food,
By seeing how their breeder takes his prey,
Now from an orchard doe they scare the jey,
Then ore the corne-fields as they swiftly flye,
Where many thousand hurtfull sparrowes lye
Beating the ripe graine from the bearded eare,
At their approach, all (overgone with feare)
Seeke for their safety; some into the dyke,
Some in the hedges drop, and others like
The thicke-growne corne; as for their hiding best,
And under turfes or grasse most of the rest;
That of a flight which cover'd all the graine,
Not one appeares, but all or hid or slaine.
So by heröes were we led of yore,
And by our drummes that thundred on each shore,
Stroke with amazement, countries farre and neere;
Whilst their inhabitants, like heards of deere
By kingly lyons chas'd, fled from our armes.
If any did oppose, instructed swarmes
Of men immayl'd: Fate drew them on to be
A greater fame to our got victory.
But now our leaders want, those vessels lye
Rotting, like houses through ill husbandry,
And on their masts, where oft the ship-boy stood,
Or silver trumpets charm'd the brackish flood,
Some wearyed crow it set; and daily seene
Their sides, instead of pitch, calk'd ore with greene:
Ill hap (alas) have you that once were knowne
By reaping what was by Iberia sowne,
By bringing yealow sheaves from out their plaine,
Making our barnes the store-house for their graine:
When now as if we wanted land to till,
Wherewith we might our uselesse souldiers fill:
Upon the hatches where halfe-pikes were borne
In every chincke rise stems of bearded corne:
Mocking our idle times that so have wrought us,
Or putting us in minde what once they brought us.
Beare with me, shepheards, if I doe digresse,
And speake of what ourselves doe not professe:
Can I behold a man that in the field,
Or at a breach hath taken on his shield
More darts than ever Romane[6]; that hath spent
Many a cold December, in no tent
But such as earth and heaven make; that hath beene
Except in iron plates not long time seene;
Upon whose body may be plainely told
More wounds than his lanke purse doth almesdeeds hold;
O! can I see this man (adventring all)
Be onely grac'd with some poore hospitall,
Or may be worse, intreating at his doore
For some reliefe whom he secur'd before,
And yet not show my griefe? First may I learne
To see and yet forget how to discerne;
My hands neglectfull be at any need
Or to defend my body or to feed,
Ere I respect those times that rather give him
Hundreds to punish, than one to relieve him.
As in an evening when the gentle ayre
Breathes to the sullen night a soft repayre,
I oft have set on Thames' sweet bancke to heare
My friend with his sweet touch to charme mine eare,
When he hath plaid (as well he can) some straine
That likes me, streight I aske the same againe,
And he as gladly granting, stikes it o're
With some sweet relish was forgot before:
I would have beene content if he would play,
In that one straine to passe the night away;
But fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have ask'd some other song:
So in this diffring key though I could well
A many houres but as few minutes tell,
Yet least mine owne delight might injure you
(Though loath so soone) I take my song anew.
Yet as when I with other swaines have beene
Invited by the maidens of our greene
To wend to yonder wood, in time of yeare
When cherry-trees inticing burdens beare,
He that with wreathed legs doth upwards goe,
Pluckes not alone for those which stand below;
But now and then is seene to picke a few
To please himselfe as well as all his crew;
Or if from where he is he doe espie
Some apricock upon a bough thereby,
Which overhangs the tree on which he stands,
Climbes up and strives to take it with his hands:
So if to please myself I somewhat sing,
Let it not be to you less pleasuring;
No thirst of glory tempts me: for my straines
Befit poore shepheards on the lowly plaines;
The hope of riches cannot draw from me
One line that tends to servile flatterie,
Nor shall the most in titles on the earth
Blemish my Muse with an adulterate birth
Nor make me lay pure colours on a ground
Where nought substantiall can be ever found.

[2] Ordulphus. He founded, at Tavystocke in Devon, St. Mary, and St. Burion, A. D. 961.
[3] Spenser. [4] Fairie Queene, b. iv. ch. 11.
[5] Plymouth.
[6] M. Sceva.

No; such as sooth a base and dunghill spirit,
With attributes fit for the most of merit
Cloud their free Muse; as when the Sun doth shine
On straw and dirt mixt by the sweating hyne,
It nothing gets from heaps so much impure,
But noysome steames that doe his light obscure.
My free-borne Muse will not, like Danae, be
Wonne with base drosse to clip with slavery;
Nor lend her choiser balme to worthlesse men,
Whose names would die but for some hired pen;
No: if I praise, vertue shall draw me to it,
And not a base procurement make me doe it.
What now I sing is but to passe away
A tedious houre, as some musitians play;
Or make another my owne griefes bemone;
Or to be least alone when most alone.
In this can I, as oft as I will choose,
Hug sweet content by my retyred Muse,
And in a study finde as much to please
As others in the greatest pallaces.
Each man that lives (according to his powre)
On what he loves bestowes an idle howre;
Instead of hounds that make the wooded hils
Talke in a hundred voyces to the rils,
I like the pleasing cadence of a line
Strucke by the concert of the sacred Nine.
In lieu of hawkes, the raptures of my soule
Transcend their pitch and baser earth's controule.
For running horses, contemplation flyes
With quickest speed to winne the greatest prize.
For courtly dancing I can take more pleasure
To heare a verse keepe time and equall measure.
For winning riches, seeke the best directions
How I may well subdue mine owne affections.
For raysing stately pyles for heyres to come,
Here in this poem I erect my tombe.
And time may be so kinde, in these weake lines
To keepe my name enroll'd, past his, that shines
In guilded marble, or in brazen leaves:
Since verse preserves when stone and brasse deceives.
Or if (as worthlesse) time not lets it live
To those full dayes which others' Muses give,
Yet I am sure I shall be heard and sung
Of most severest eld, and kinder young
Beyond my dayes, and maugre Envye's strife
Adde to my name some houres beyond my life.
Such of the Muses are the able powres,
And, since with them I spent my vacant houres,
I find nor hawke, nor hound, nor other thing,
Turnyes nor revels, pleasures for a king,
Yeeld more delight; for I have oft possest
As much in this as all in all the rest,
And that without expence, when others oft
With their undoings have their pleasures bought.
On now, my loved Muse, and let us bring
Thetis to heare the Cornish [7] Michael sing;
And after him to see a swaine [8] unfold
The tragedie of Drake in leaves of gold.
Then heare another Greenvil's name relate,
Which times succeeding shall perpetuate.
And make those two the pillers great of fame,
Beyond whose worths shall never sound a name.
Nor honour in her everlasting story
More deeper grave for all ensuing glory.
Now Thetis stayes to heare the shepheards tell
Where Arthur met his death, and Mordred fell.

[7] See Camden's Remains, pp. 7. and 335.
[8] Charles Fitz-Geoffry.

Of holy Ursula (that fam'd her age)
With other virgins in her pilgrimage.
And as she forward steeres is showne the rocke
Maine-Amber, to be shooke with weakest shocke,
So equall is it poyz'd; but to remove
All strength would faile, and but an infant's prove.
Thus while to please her some new songs devise,
And others diamonds (shaped angle-wise,
And smooth'd by Nature, as she did impart
Some willing time to trim herselfe by Art)
Sought to present her and her happy crew:
She of the Gulfe and Syllies tooke a view:
And doubling then the point, made on away
Tow'rds goodly Severne and the Irish Sea,
There meets a shepheard that began sing o're
The lay which aged Robert [9] sung of yore,
In praise of England, and the deeds of swaines
That whilome fed and rul'd upon our plaines.
The British bards were not then long time mute,
But to their sweet harps sung their famous Brute:
Striving in spight of all the mists of eld
To have his story more autenticque held.
Why should we envy them those wreaths of fame?
Being as proper to the Troyan name
As are the dainty flowres which Flora spreads
Unto the Spring in the discoloured meads.
Rather afford them all the worth we may,
For what we give to them adds to our ray.
And, Brittons, thinke not that your glories fall,
Derived from a meane originall;
Since lights that may have powre to checke the darke
Can have their lustre from the smallest sparke.
"Not from nobilitie doth vertue spring,
But vertue makes fit nobles for a king.
From highest nests are croaking ravens borne,
When sweetest nightingales sit in the thorne."
From what low fount soe're your beings are,
(In softer peace and mighty brunts of warre)
Your owne worths challenge as triumphant bayes
As ever Trojan hand had powre to raise.
And when I leave my musicke's plainer ground
The world shall know it from Bellona's sound.
Nor shall I erre from truth; for what I write
She doth peruse, and helpes me to indite.
The small converse which I have had with some
Branches, which from those gallant trees have come,
Doth, what I sing, in all their acts approve,
And with more days increase a further love.
As I have seene the lady of the May
Set in an arbour (on a holy-day)
Built by the May-pole, where the jocund swaines
Dance with the maidens to the bagpipe's straines,
When envious night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry yongsters one by one,
And for their well performance soone disposes,
To this a garland interwove with roses;
To that a carved hooke, or well-wrought scrip,
Gracing another with her cherry lip;
To one her garter, to another then
A handkerchiefe cast o're and o're agen;
And none returneth empty that hath spent
His paynes to fill their rurall merriment;
So Nereus' daughter, when the swaines had done,
With an unsparing liberall hand begun
To give to every one that sung before,
Rich orient pearles brought from her hidden store,
Red branching corrall, and as precious jems
As ever beautifide the diadems:

[9] Robert of Gloucester.

That they might live, what chance their sheepe betide,
On her reward, yet leave their heyres beside.
Since when I thinke the world doth nothing give them,
As weening Thetis ever should relieve them.
And poets freely spend a golden showre,
As they expected her againe each houre,
Then with her thankes and praises for their skill
In tuning numbers of the sacred hill,
She them dismist in their contented coates:
And every swaine a severall passage floates
Upon his dolphin. Since whose safe repayre,
Those fishes like a well composed ayre.
And (as in love to men) are ever seene,
Before a tempest's rough regardlesse teene,
To swim high on the waves: as none should dare,
Excepting fishes, to adventure there.
When these had left her, she drave on, in pride,
Her prouder courses through the swelling tyde,
To view the Cambrian cliffes, and had not gone
An houre's full speede, but neere a rocke (whereon
Congealed frost and snow in summer lay,
Seldome dissolved by Hyperion's ray)
She saw a troope of people take their seate,
Whereof some wrung their hands, and some did beate
Their troubled brests, in signe of mickle woe,
For those are actions griefe inforceth to.
Willing to know the cause, somewhat neere hand
She spyes an aged man sit by the strand,
Upon a green hill side, (not meanely crown'd
With golden flowres, as chiefe of all the ground)
By him a little lad, his cunning's heyre,
Tracing greene rushes for a winter chayre.
The old man, while his sonne full neatly knits them,
Unto his worke begun, as trimly fits them.
Both so intending what they first propounded,
As all their thoughts by what they wrought were bounded.
To them she came, and kindly thus bespake:
"Ye happy creatures, that your pleasures take
In what your needes inforce, and never ayme
A limitlesse desire to what may maime
The setled quiet of a peacefull state,
Patience attend your labours. And when fate
Brings on the restfull night to your long dayes,
Wend to the fields of blisse! Thus Thetis prayes."
"Fayre queene, to whom all dutious prayse we owe,
Since from thy spacious cesterne daily flow,"
(Reply'd the swaine) "refreshing streames that fill
Earth's dugs (the hillockes) so preserving still
The infant grasse, when else our lambes might bleate
In vaine for sucke, whose dams have nought to eate.
For these thy prayers we are doubly bound,
And that these cleves should know; but, O, to
My often mended pipe presumption were, [sound
Since Pan would play if thou would please to heare.
The louder blasts which I was wont to blow
Are now but faint, nor doe my fingers know
To touch halfe parte those merry tunes I had.
Yet if thou please to grace my little lad
With thy attention, he may somewhat strike
Which thou from one so young maist chance to like."
With that the little shepheard left his taske,
And with a blush (the roses only maske)
Denyde to sing. "Ah, father," (quoth the boy)
"How can I tune a seeming note of joy?
The worke which you command me, I intend
Scarce with a halfe-bent minde, and therefore spend
In doing little, now, an houre or two,
Which I in lesser time could neater doe.
As oft as I with my more nimble joynts
Trace the sharpe rushes' end, I minde the points
Which Philocel did give; and when I brush
The pritty tuft that growes beside the rush,
I never can forget (in yonder layre)
How Philocel was wont to stroake my hayre.
No more shall I be tane unto the wake,
Nor wend a fishing to the winding lake;
No more shall I be taught, on silver strings,
To learne the measures of our banquettings.
The twisted collers, and the ringing bels,
The morrice scarfes and cleanest drinking shels
Will never be renew'd by any one;
Nor shall I care for more when he is gone.
See, yonder hill where he was wont to sit,
A cloud doth keepe the golden Sun from it,
And for his seate (as teaching us) hath made
A mourning covering with a scowling shade.
The dew on every flowre, this morne, hath laine
Longer than it was wont, this side the plaine,
Belike they meane, since my best friend must dye,
To shed their silver drops as he goes by.
Not all this day here, nor in coming hither,
Heard I the sweet birds tune their songs together,
Except one nightingale in yonder dell,
Sigh'd a sad elegie for Philocel.
Neere whom a wood-dove kept no small adoe,
To bid me in her language, 'Doe so too;'
The weather's bell, that leads our flocke around,
Yeelds, as me thinkes, this day a deader sound.
The little sparrowes, which in hedges creepe,
Ere I was up, did seeme to bid me weepe.
If these doe so, can I have feeling lesse,
That am more apt to take and to expresse?
No: let my own tunes be the mandrake's grone,
If now they tend to mirth when all have none."
"My pretty lad," (quoth Thetis) "thou dost well
To feare the losse of thy deere Philocel.
But tell me, sire, what may that shepheard be,
Or if it lye in us to set him free,
Or if with you yond people touch'd with woe,
Under the selfe-same loade of sorrow goe."
"Faire queene," (replyde the swaine) "one is the cause [drawes
That moves our griefe, and those kind shepheards
To yonder rocke. Thy more than mortall spirit
May give a good beyond our powre to merit.
And therefore please to heare, while I shall tell,
The haplesse fate of hopelesse Philocel.
"Whilome great Pan, the father of our flockes,
Lov'd a faire lasse so famous for her lockes,
That in her time all women first begun
To lay their looser tresses to the Sun.
And theirs whose hew to hers was not agreeing,
Were still roll'd up as hardly worth the seeing.
Fondly have some beene led to thinke, that man
Musicke's invention first of all began
From the dull hammer's stroke; since well we know,
From sure tradition that hath taught us so,
Pan sitting once to sport him with his fayre,
Mark'd the intention of the gentle ayre,
In the sweet sound her chaste words brought along,
Fram'd by the repercussion of her tongue:
And from that harmony begun the art,
Which others (though unjustly) doe impart

To bright Apollo, from a meaner ground,
A sledge or parched nerves; meane things to found
So rare an art on; when there might be given
All Earth for matter with the gyre of Heaven.
To keepe her slender fingers from the Sunne,
Pan through the pastures oftentimes hath runne
To plucke the speckled fox-gloves from their stem,
And on those fingers neatly placed them.
The honey-suckles would he often strip,
And lay their sweetnesse on her sweeter lip:
And then, as in reward of such his paine,
Sip from those cherryes some of it againe.
Some say that Nature, while this lovely maide
Liv'd on our plaines, the teeming earth araide
With damaske roses in each pleasant place,
That men might liken somewhat to her face.
Others report: Venus, afraid her sonne
Might love a mortall, as he once had done,
Prefer'd an earnest sute to highest Jove,
That he which bore the winged shafts of love
Might be debar'd his sight, which sure was sign'd,
And ever since the god of love is blynde.
Hence is't he shootes his shafts so cleane awry,
Men learne to love when they should learne to dye.
And women, which before to love began
Man without wealth, love wealth without a man.
"Great Pan of his kinde nymph had the imbracing
Long, yet too short a time. For as in tracing
These pithfull rushes, such as are aloft,
By those that rais'd them presently are brought
Beneath unseene: so in the love of Pan
(For gods in love doe undergoe as man)
She, whose affection made him rayse his song,
And (for her sport) the satyres rude among
Tread wilder measures, then the frolike guests,
That lift their light heels at Lyëus' feasts;
She, by the light of whose quicke turning eye
He never read but of felicitie.
She whose assurance made him more than Pan,
Now makes him farre more wretched than a man.
For mortals in their losse have death a friend,
When gods have losses, but their losse no end.
"It chanc'd one morne (clad in a robe of gray,
And blushing oft as rising to betray)
Intic'd this lovely maiden from her bed
(So when the roses have discovered
Their taintlesse beauties, flyes the early bee
About the winding allyes merrily)
Into the wood: and 'twas her usuall sport,
Sitting where most harmonious birds resort,
To imitate their warbling in a quill
Wrought by the hand of Pan, which she did fill
Halfe full with water: and with it hath made
The nightingale (beneath a sullen shade)
To chant her utmost lay, nay, to invent
New notes to passe the other's instrument,
And (harmlesse soule) ere she would leave that strife,
Sung her last song and ended with her life.
So gladly choosing (as doe other some)
Rather to dye than live and be o'ercome.
"But as in autumne (when birds cease their noates,
And stately forrests d'on their yealow coates,
When Ceres golden lockes are nearely shorne,
And mellow fruit from trees are roughly torne)
A little lad set on a bancke to shale
The ripened nuts pluck'd in a woody vale,
Is frighted thence (of his deare life afeard)
By some wilde bull lowde bellowing for the heard:
So while the nymph did earnestly contest
Whether the birds or she recorded best,
A ravenous wolfe, bent eager to his prey,
Rush'd from a theevish brake, and making way,
The twyned thornes did crackle one by one,
As if they gave her warning to be gone.
A rougher gale bent downe the lashing boughes,
To beate the beast from what his hunger vowes.
When she (amaz'd) rose from her haplesse seate
(Small is resistance where the feare is great)
And striving to be gone, with gaping jawes,
The wolfe pursues, and as his rending pawes
Were like to seise, a holly bent betweene,
For which good deede his leaves are ever greene.
"Saw you a lusty mastive, at the stake,
Throwne from a cunning bull, more fiercely make
A quicke returne; yet to prevent the goare,
Or deadly bruize, which he escap'd before,
Wynde here and there, nay creepe if rightly bred,
And proffring otherwhere, fight still at head:
So though the stubborn boughes did thrust him backe
(For Nature, loath, so rare a jewel's wracke,
Seem'd as she here and there had plash'd a tree,
If possible to hinder destiny.)
The savage beast, foaming with anger, flyes
More fiercely than before, and now he tries
By sleights to take the maide; as I have seene
A nimble tumbler on a burrow'd greene,
Bend cleane awry his course, yet give a checke,
And throw himselfe upon a rabbet's necke.
For as he hotly chas'd the love of Pan,
A heard of deere out of a thicket ran,
To whom he quickly turn'd, as if he meant
To leave the maide, but when she swiftly bent
Her race downe to the plaine, the swifter deere
He soone forsooke. And now was got so neere
That (all in vaine) she turned to and fro,
(As well she could) but not prevailing so,
Breathlesse and weary calling on her love,
With fearefull shrikes that all the Ecchoes move,
(To call him to) she fell down deadly wan,
And ends her sweet life with the name of Pan.
"A youthfull shepheard, of the neighbour wold,
Missing that morn a sheepe out of his fold,
Carefully seeking round to finde his stray,
Came on the instant where this damsell lay.
Anger and pitty, in his manly brest,
Urge, yet restraine his teares. 'Sweet maide possest'
(Quoth he) 'with lasting sleepe, accept from me
His end, who ended thy hard destinie!'
With that his strong dog, of no dastard kinde
(Swift as the foales conceived by the winde)
He sets upon the wolfe, that now with speede
Flyes to the neighbour-wood, and least a deed
So full of ruthe should unrevenged be,
The shepheard followes too, so earnestly
Chearing his dog that he neere turn'd againe
Till the curst wolfe lay strangled on the plaine.
"The ruin'd temple of her purer soule
The shepheard buryes. All the nymphs condole
So great a losse, while on a cypresse graffe,
Neere to her grave, they hung this epitaph:

"'Least loathed age might spoyle the worke in whom
All Earth delighted, Nature tooke it home.
Or angry all hers else were carelesse deem'd,
Here hid her best to have the rest esteem'd.

For feare men might not thinke the fates so crosse
But by their rigour in as great a losse.
If to the grave there ever was assign'd
One like this nymph in body and in minde,
We wish her here in balme not vainely spent,
To fit this maiden with a monument.
For brasse and marble, were they seated here,
Would fret or melt in teares to lye so neere.'

" Now Pan may sit and tune his pipe alone
Among the wished shades, since she is gone
Whose willing eare allur'd him more to play,
Than if to heare him should Apollo stay.
Yet happy Pan! and in thy love more blest,
Whom none but onely death hath dispossest;
While others love as well, yet live to be
Lesse wrong'd by fate than by inconstancy.
" The sable mantle of the silent night
Shut from the world the ever-joysome light.
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages.
Wilde beasts forsooke their dens on woody hils,
And sleightful otters left the purling rils;
Rookes to their nests in high woods now were flung, [young.
And with their spread wings shield their naked
When theeves from thickets to the crosse-wayes stir,
And terrour frights the loanely passenger.
When nought was heard but now and then the howle
Of some vile curre, or whooping of the owle;
Pan, that the day before was farre away
At shepheards sports, return'd; and as he lay
Within the bowre wherein he most delighted,
Was by a gastly vision thus affrighted:
Heart-thrilling grones first heard he round his bowre,
And then the schrich-owle with her utmost powre
Labour'd her loathed note, the forrests bending
With windes, as Hecate had beene ascending.
Hereat his curled hayres on end doe rise,
And chilly drops trill o're his staring eyes:
Faine would he call, but knew not who nor why,
Yet getting heart at last would up and try,
If any develish hag were come abroad
With some kinde mother's late deliver'd load,
A ruthelesse bloody sacrifice to make
To those infernall powres, that by the lake
Of mighty Styx, and blacke Cocytus dwell,
Ayding each witche's charme and misticke spell.
But as he rais'd himself within his bed,
A sodaine light about his lodging spread,
And therewithall his love, all ashy pale
As evening mist from up a watry vale,
Appear'd, and weakly neere his bed she prest,
A ravell'd wound distain'd her purer brest,
(Brests softer farre than tufts of unwrought silke)
Whence had she liv'd to give an infant milke,
The vertue of that liquor (without ods)
Had made her babe immortall as the gods.
Pan would have spoke, but him she thus prevents:
' Wonder not that the troubled elements
Speake my approach; I draw no longer breath,
But am inforced to the shades of death.
My exequies are done, and yet before
I take my turne to be transported o're
The neather floods among the shades of Dis,
To end my journey in the fields of blisse:
I come to tell thee, that no humane hand
Made me seeke waftage on the Stygian strand;
It was an hungry wolfe that did imbrue
Himselfe in my last blood. And now I sue,
In hate to all that kinde, and shepheards good,
To be revenged on that cursed brood.'
Pan vow'd, and would have clipt her, but she fled,
And, as she came, so quickly vanished,
" Looke as a well-growne stately headed bucke,
But lately by the woodman's arrow strucke,
Runs gadding o're the lawnes, or nimbly strayes
Among the combrous brakes a thousand wayes,
Now through the high-wood scowrs, then by the brooks,
On every hill side, and each vale he lookes,
If 'mongst their store of simples may be found
An hearbe to draw and heale his smarting wound,
But when he long hath sought, and all in vaine,
Steales to the covert closely backe againe,
Where round ingirt with ferne more highly sprung,
Strives to appease the raging with his tongue,
And from the speckled heard absents him till
He be recover'd somewhat of his ill:
So wounded Pan turnes in his restlesse bed;
But finding thence all ease abandoned,
He rose, and through the wood distracted runs:
Yet carryes with him what in vaine he shuns.
Now he exclaim'd on fate: and wish'd he ne're
Had mortall lov'd, or that he mortall were.
And sitting lastly on an oake's bare trunke,
(Where raine in winter stood long time unsuncke)
His plaints he gan renew, but then the light,
That through the boughes flew from the queen of night,
(As giving him occasion to repine)
Bewrayde an elme imbraced by a vine
Clipping so strictly that they seem'd to be
One in their growth, one shade, one fruit, one tree.
Her boughes his armes, his leaves so mixt with hers,
That with no winde he mov'd but streight she stirs,
As showing all should be, whom love combynde,
In motion one, and onely two in kynde.
This more afflicts him, while he thinketh most,
Not on his losse, but on the substance lost.
O haplesse Pan! had there but been one by,
To tell thee, (though as poore a swaine as I)
Tho' (whether casuall meanes or death doe move)
We part not without griefe thing sheld with love.
Yet in their losse some comfort may be got,
If we doe minde the time we had them not.
This might have lessen'd somewhat of thy paine,
Or made thee love as thou mightst loose againe.
If thou the best of women didst forego,
Weigh if thou foundst her, or didst make her so;
If she were found so, know there's more than one;
If made, the workeman lives, though she be gone.
Should from mine eyes the light be tane away,
Yet night her pleasures hath as well as day.
And my desires to Heaven yeeld lesse offence,
Since blindnesse is a part of innocence.
So though thy love sleepe in eternall night,
Yet there's in loannesse somewhat may delight.
Instead of dalliance, partnership in woes,
It wants the care to keepe, and feare to loose.
For jealousie's and fortune's baser pelfe,
He rest injoyes that well injoyes himselfe.
" Had some one told thee thus, or thou bethought thee
Of inward help, thy sorrow had not brought thee
To weigh misfortune by another's good:
Nor leave thy seate to range about the wood.
Stay where thou art, turne where thou wert before,
Light yeelds small comfort, nor hath darknesse more.

" A woody hill there stood, at whose low feet
Two goodly streames in one broad channell meet,
Whose fretfull waves, beating against the hill,
Did all the bottome with soft mutt'rings fill.
Here in a nooke made by another mount,
(Whose stately oakes are in no lesse account
For height or spreading, than the proudest be
That from Oëta looke on Thessaly)
Rudely o're hung there is a vaulted cave,
That in the day as sullen shadowes give,
As evening to the woods. An uncouth place,
(Where hags and goblins might retire a space)
And hated now of shepheards, since there lyes
The corpse of one, (lesse loving deities
Than we affected him) that never lent
His hand to aught but to our detriment.
A man that onely liv'd to live no more,
And dy'de still to be dying. Whose chiefe store
Of vertue was, his hate did not pursue her,
Because he onely heard of her, not knew her.
That knew no good, but onely that his sight
Saw every thing had still his opposite.
And ever this his apprehension caught,
That what he did was best, the other naught.
That alwayes lov'd the man that never lov'd,
And hated him whose hate no death had mov'd.
That (politique) at fitting time and season,
Could hate the traitor, and yet love the treason.
That many a wofull heart (ere his decease)
In pieces tore to purchase his owne peace.
Who never gave his almes but in this fashion,
To salve his credit, more than for salvation;
Who on the names of good men ever fed,
And (most accursed) sold the poore for bread.
Right like the pitch-tree, from whose any limbe
Comes never twig, shall be the seede of him.
The Muses, scorn'd by him, laugh at his fame,
And never will vouchsafe to speake his name.
Let no man for his losse one teare let fall,
But perish with him his memoriall!

" Into this cave the god of shepheards went,
The trees in grones, the rockes in teares, lament
His fatall chance; the brookes, that whilome lept
To heare him play while his faire mistresse slept,
Now left their eddyes and such wanton moods,
And with loud clamours fild the neighbring woods.
There spent he most of night; but when the day
Drew from the Earth her pitchy vaile away,
When all the flowry plaines with carols rung,
That by the mounting larke were shrilly sung,
When dusky mists rose from the christall floods,
And darknesse no where raign'd but in the woods;
Pan left the cave, and now intends to finde
The sacred place where lay his love enshrinde;
A plot of earth, in whose chill armes was laide
As much perfection as had ever maide:
If curious Nature had but taken care
To make more lasting, what she made so faire.

" Now wanders Pan the arched groves and hills,
Where fayries often danc'd, and shepheards' quills
In sweet contentions pass'd the tedious day:
Yet (being earely) in his unknowne way
Met not a shepheard, nor on all the plaine
A flocke then feeding saw, nor of his traine
One jolly satyre stirring yet abroad,
Of whom he might inquire; this to the load
Of his affliction addes; now he invokes
Those nymphes [10] in mighty forrests, that with oakes
Have equall fates, each with her severall tree
Receiving birth, and ending, destinie.
Cals on all powres, intreats that he might have
But for his love, the knowledge of her grave;
That since the Fates had tane the jem away,
He might but see the carknet where it lay;
To doe fit right to such a part of molde,
Covering so rare a piece, that all the gold
Or dyamond earth can yeeld, for value, ne're
Shall match the treasure which was hidden there!

" A hunting nymph, awakened with his mone,
(That in a bowre neere-hand lay all alone,
Twyning her small armes round her slender waste,
That by no others us'd to be imbrac'd)
Got up, and knowing what the day before
Was guiltie of, she addes not to his store,
As many simply doe, whose friends, so crost,
They more afflict by showing what is lost:
But bid him follow her. He, as she leades,
Urgeth her hast. So a kinde mother treads,
Earnest, distracted, where, with blood defil'de,
She heares lyes dead her deere and onely childe.
Mistrust now wing'd his feet, then raging ire,
' For speede comes ever lamely to desire.'

" Delayes, the stones that waiting suiters grinde,
By whom at court the poor man's cause is sign'd,
Who, to dispatch a suite, will not deferre
To take Death for a joynt commissioner.
Delay, the wooer's bane, revenge's hate,
The plague to creditor's decaid estate;
The test of patience, of our hopes the racke,
That drawes them forth so long until they cracke;
Vertue's best benefactor in our times,
One that is set to punish great men's crimes,
She that hath hindred mighty Pan awhile,
Now steps aside: and as o're-flowing Nyle,
Hid from Clymene's sonne [11] his reeking head,
So from his rage all opposition fled;
Giving him way, to reach the timelesse toombe
Of Nature's glory, for whose ruthlesse doome
(When all the Graces did for mercy pleade,
And Youth and Goodnesse both did intercede)
The sonnes of Earth (if living) had beene driven
To heape-on hils, and warre anew with Heaven.
The shepheards, which he mist upon the downes,
Here meetes he with: for from the neighb'ring [townes
Maidens and men resorted to the grave
To see a wonder more than time e're gave.

" The holy priests had told them, long agone,
Amongst the learned shepheards there was one
So given to pietie, and did adore
So much the name of Pan, that, when no more
He breath'd, those that to ope his heart began,
Found written there with gold the name of Pan.
Which unbeleeving man, that is not mov'd
To credit aught, if not by reason prov'd,
And tyes the over-working powre to doe
Nought otherwise than Nature reacheth to,
Held as most fabulous: not inly seeing
The hand by whom we live, and all have being,
No worke for admirable doth intend,
Which reason hath the powre to comprehend;
And faith no merit hath from Heaven lent,
Where humane reason yeelds experiment.
Till now they durst not trust the legend old,
Esteeming all not true their elders tolde;
And had not this last accident made good
The former, most in unbeliefe had stood.

[10] Hamadriades.

[11] Phaeton.

" But Fame, that spread the bruite of such a wonder,
Bringing the swaines of places far asunder
To this selected plot, (now famous more
Than any grove, mount, plaine, had beene before,
By relicke, vision, buriall, or birth,
Of anchoresse, or hermit, yet on Earth,)
Out of the maiden's bed of endlesse rest,
Showes them a tree new growne, so fairely drest
With spreading armes and curled top, that Jove
Ne're braver saw in his Dodonian grove.
The hart-like leaves oft each with other pyle,
As doe the hard scales of the crocodyle;
And none on all the tree was seene but bore,
Written thereon in rich and purest ore,
The name of Pan; whose lustre farre beyond
Sparkl'd, as by a torch the dyamond.
Or those bright spangles which, fayre goddesse, doe
Shine in the hayre of these which follow you.
The shepheards, by direction of great Pan,
Search'd for the roote, and finding it began
In her true heart, bids them againe inclose
What now his eyes for ever, ever lose. [move
Now in the self-same spheare his thoughts must
With him [12] that did the shady plane-tree love.
Yet though no issue from her loynes shall be
To draw from Pan a noble peddigree,
And Pan shall not, as other gods have done,
Glory in deedes of an heroicke sonne,
Nor have his name in countryes neere and farre
Proclaim'd, as by his childe the Thunderer;
If Phœbus on this tree spread warming rayes,
And northerne blasts kill not her tender sprayes,
His love shall make him famous in repute,
And still increase his name, yet beare no fruite.
" To make this sure, (the god of shepheards last,
When other ceremonies were o're-past,)
And to performe what he before had vow'd
To dire revenge, thus spake unto the crowd:
" ' What I have lost, kinde shepheards, all you know,
And to recount it were to dwell in woe; [know,
To show my passion in a funerall song,
And with my sorrow draw your sighes along,
Words, then, well plac'd, might challenge somewhat due,
And not the cause alone, winne teares from you.
This to prevent, I set orations by,
" For passion seldome loves formalitie."
What profits it a prisoner at the barre,
To have his judgement spoken regular?
Or in the prison heare it often read,
When he at first knew what was forfeited?
Our griefes in others' teares, like plate in water,
Seeme more in quantitie. To be relator
Of my mishaps, speakes witnesse, and that I
Have in myselfe no powre of remedye.
" ' Once (yet that once too often) heretofore
The silver Ladon on his sandy shore
Heard my complaints, and those coole groves that be
Shading the brest of lovely Arcady,
Witnesse, the teares which I for Syrinx spent.
Syrinx the faire! from whom the instrument
That fils your feasts with joy (which, when I blow,
Drawes to the sagging dug milke white as snow,)
Had his beginning. This enough had beene
To show the Fates' (my deemed sisters [13]) teene.
Here had they staid, this adage had beene none,
" That our disasters never come alone."

[12] Xerxes.
[12] Pronapis, in suo Protocosmo

What boot is it, though I am said to be
The worthy sonne of Mercury?
That I, with gentle nymphes in forrests high,
Kist out the sweet time of my infancie?
And when more yeares had made me able growne,
Was thro' the mountaines for their leader knowne?
That high-brow'd Mænalus, where I was bred,
And stony hils, not few, have honoured
Me as protector, by the hands of swaines,
Whose sheepe retyre there from the open plaines?
That I in shepheards' cups (rejecting gold [14])
Of milke and hony, measures eight times told,
Have offred to me; and the ruddy wine,
Fresh and new pressed from the bleeding vine?
That gleesome hunters, pleased with their sport,
With sacrifices due have thank'd me for't?
That patient anglers, standing all the day
Neere to some shallow stickle or deepe bay;
And fishermen, whose nets have drawne to land
A shoale so great, it well-nye hides the sand,
For such successe, some promontorie's head,
Thrust at by waves, hath knowne me worshipped?
But to increase my griefe, what profits this?
" Since still the losse is as the looser is."
" ' The many-kernel-bearing pyne of late,
From all trees else, to me was consecrate;
But now behold a roote more worth my love,
Equall to that which, in an obscure grove,
Infernall Juno proper takes to her:
Whose [15] golden slip the Trojan wanderer
(By sage Cumæan Sybil taught) did bring
(By Fates decreed) to be the warranting
Of his free passage, and a safe repayre
Through darke Avernus to the upper ayre.
This must I succour, this must I defend,
And from the wild boare's rooting ever shend;
Here shall the wood-pecker no entrance finde,
Nor Tivy's bevers gnaw the clothing rinde;
Lambeder's heards, nor Radnor's goodly deere,
Shall never once be seene a browsing here.
And now, ye British swaines, (whose harmlesse sheepe
Than all the world's beside I joy to keepe)
Which spread on every plaine, and hilly wold,
Fleeces no lesse esteem'd than that of gold,
For whose exchange one Indy gems of price,
The other gives you of her choisest spice.
" ' And well she may; but we, unwise, the while,
Lessen the glory of our fruitfull isle:
Making those nations thinke we foolish are,
For basser drugs to vent our richer ware,
Which (save the bringer) never profit man,
Except the sexten and physitian.
And whether change of clymes, or what it be,
That proves our mariners' mortalitie,
Such expert men are spent for such bad fares
As might have made us lords of what is theirs.
Stay, stay at home, ye nobler spirits, and prise
Your lives more high than such base trumperies!
Forbeare to fetch; and they'le goe neere to sue,
And at your owne dores offer them to you;
Or have their woods and plaines so overgrowne
With poysonous weeds, roots, gums, and seeds unknowne;
That they would hire such weeders as you be
To free their land from such fertilitie.
Their spices hot their nature best indures,
But 'twill impayre and much distemper yours.

[14] Apollonius Smyrnæus
[15] Virgil's Æneis, b. vi.

What our owne soyle affords befits us best;
And long, and long, for ever may we rest
Needlesse of help! and may this isle alone
Furnish all other lands, and this land none!'
" Excuse me, Thetis," quoth the aged man,
" If passion drew me from the words of Pan!
Which thus I follow: 'You whose flockes,' quoth he,
'By my protection, quit your industry,
For all the good I have and yet may give
To such as on the plaines hereafter live,
I doe intreat what is not hard to grant,
That not a hand rend from this holy plant
The smallest branch; and who so cutteth this
Dye for th' offence; to me so haynous 'tis.
And by the floods infernall here I sweare,
(An oath whose breach the greatest gods forbeare)
Ere Phœbe thrice twelve times shall fill her hornes,
No furzy tuft, thicke wood, nor brake of thornes,
Shall harbour wolfe, nor in this isle shall breed,
Nor live one of that kinde: if what's decreed
You keepe inviolate.' To this they swore;
And since those beasts have frighted us no more."
" But, swaine," quoth Thetis, " what is this you tell,
To what you feare shall fall on Philocel?"
" Faire queene, attend; but oh! I feare," quoth he,
" Ere I have ended my sad history,
Unstaying Time may bring on his last houre,
And so defraud us of thy wished powre.
Yond goes a shepheard, give me leave to run,
And know the time of execution;
Mine aged limbes I can a little straine,
And quickly come (to end the rest) againe."

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE FIFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Within this song my Muse doth tell
The worthy fact of Philocel,
And how his love and he, in thrall,
To death depriv'd of funerall,
The queene of waves doth gladly save;
And frees Marina from the cave.

So soone as can a martin from our towne
Fly to the river underneath the downe,
And backe returne with morter in her bill,
Some little cranny in her nest to fill,
The shepheard came; and thus began anew:
" Two houres, alas! onely two houres are due
From time to him, 'tis sentenc'd so of those
That here on Earth as destinies dispose
The lives and deaths of men; and, that time past,
He yeelds his judgement leave, and breathes his last.
" But to the cause. Great goddesse, understand,
In Mona isle, thrust from the British land,
As (since it needed nought of others' store)
It would intyre be, and a part no more,
There liv'd a maid so faire, that for her sake,
Since she was borne, the isle had never snake,
Nor were it fit a deadly sting should be
To hazard such admired symmetrie,
So many beauties so commixt in one,
That all delight were dead if she were gone.
Shepheards that in her cleare eyes did delight,
Whilst they were open never held it night;
And where they shut, although the morning gray
Call'd up the Sun, they hardly thought it day.
Or if they call'd it so, they did not passe
Withall to say it eclipsed was.
The roses on her cheekes, such, as each turne
Phœbus might kisse, but had no powre to burne.
From her sweets lips distil sweets sweeter doe,
Than from a cherry halfe way cut in two:
Whose yeelding touch would, as Promethean fire,
Lumps truely senselesse with a Muse inspire,
Who, praysing her, would youth's desire so stirre,
Each man in minde should he a ravisher.
Some say the nimble-witted Mercury
Went late disguis'd professing palmistrie,
And milke-maides' fortunes told about the land;
Onely to get a touch of her soft hand.
And that a shepheard, walking on the brim
Of a cleare streame where she did use to swim,
Saw her by chance, and thinking she had beene
Of chastitie the pure and fairest queene,
Stole thence dismaid, least he by her decree
Might undergoe Acteon's [1] destinie.
Did youth's kinde heate inflame me, (but the snow
Upon my head showes it cool'd long agoe)
I then could give (fitting so faire a feature)
Right to her fame, and fame to such a creature.
When now much like a man the palsie shakes,
And spectacles befriend, yet undertakes
To lymbe a lady, to whose red and white
Apelles' curious hand would owe some right;
His too unsteady pencell, shadowes here
Somewhat too much, and gives not over cleere;
His eye, deceiv'd, mingles his colours wrong,
There strikes too little, and here stayes too long,
Does and undoes, takes off, puts on, (in vaine)
Now too much white, then too much red againe;
And thinking then to give some speciall grace,
He workes it ill, or so mistakes the place,
That she which sits were better pay for nought,
Than have it ended, and so lamely wrought:
So doe I in this weake description erre;
And, striving more to grace, more injure her.
For ever where true worth for praise doth call,
He rightly nothing gives that gives not all.
But as a lad who learning to divide,
By one small misse the whole hath falcifide.
" Cœlia men call'd, and rightly call'd her so:
Whom Philocel (of all the swaines I know
Most worthy) lov'd: alas! that love should be
Subject to fortune's mutabilitie!
Whatever learned bards to fore have sung,
Or to the plaines shepheards and maydens young,
Of sad mishaps in love are set to tell,
Comes short to match the fate of Philocel.
" For as a labourer toyling at a bay
To force some cleere streame from his wonted way,
Working on this side sees the water run
Where he wrought last, and thought it finely done;
And that leake stopt, heares it come breaking out
Another where, in a farre greater spout,
Which mended too, and with a turfe made trim,
The brooke is ready to o'reflow the brim,
Or in the bancke the water having got
Some mole-hole, runs, where he expected not;

[1] See Ovid's Metam. b. iii. Palæphatus de incredibilibus historiis. p. 9. Edit. du Gard.

And when all's done, still feares, least some great raine
Might bring a flood and throw all downe againe:
So, in our shepheard's love, one hazard gone,
Another still as bad was coming on.
This danger past, another doth begin,
And one mishap thrust out lets twenty in.
For he that loves, and in it hath no stay,
Limits his blisse seld' past the marriage day.
" But Philocel's, alas! and Cœlia's too,
Must ne'er attaine so farre as others doe.
Else fortune in them from her course should swerve,
Who most afflicts those that most goods deserve.
" Twice had the glorious Sun run thro' the signes,
And with his kindly heate improv'd the mines,
(As such affirme with certaine hopes that try
The vaine and fruitlesse art of alchymie)
Since our swaine lov'd: and twice had Phœbus bin
In horned Aries taking up his inne,
Ere he of Cœlia's heart possession wonne,
And since that time all his intentions done
Nothing, to bring her thence. All eyes upon her,
Watchfull, as vertue's are on truest honour.
Kept on the isle as carefully of some,
As by the Trojans their Palladium.[2]
" But where's the fortresse that can love debarre?
The forces to oppose when he makes warre?
The watch which he shall never finde asleepe?
The spye that shall disclose his counsels deepe?
That fort, that force, that watch, that spye, would be
A lasting stop to a fifth empery.
But we as well may keepe the heate from fire
As sever hearts whom love hath made intyre.
" In lovely May, when Titan's golden rayes
Make ods in houres between the nights and dayes;
And weigheth almost downe th' once-eaven scale
Where night and day, by th' equinoctiall,
Were laid in ballance, as his powre he bent
To banish Cynthia from her regiment,
To Latmus' stately hill; and with this light
To rule the upper world both day and night,
Making the poore Antipodes to feare
A like conjuction 'twixt great Jupiter
And some Alcmena new, or that the Sun
From their horizon did obliquely run:
This time the swaines and maidens of the isle
The day with sportive dances doe beguile,
And every valley rings with shepheards' songs,
And every eccho each sweet noate prolongs;
And every river, with unusuall pride,
And dimpled cheeke, rowles sleeping to the tyde,
And lesser springs, which ayrie-breeding woods
Preferre as hand-maides to the mighty floods,
Scarce fill up halfe their channels, making haste
(In feare, as boyes) least all the sport be past.
" Now was the lord and lady of the May
Meeting the May-pole at the breake of day,
And Cœlia, as the fairest on the greene,
Not without some maids' envy, chosen queene.
Now was the time com'n when our gentle swaine
Must inne his harvest, or lose all again;
Now must he plucke the rose, least other hands,
Or tempests, blemish what so fairely stands:
And, therefore, as they had before decreed,
Our shepheard gets a boate, and with all speede
In night (that doth on lovers' actions smile)
Arrived safe on Mona's fruitfull isle.

[2] Virgil's Æneis, b. ii.

" Betweene two rockes, (immortall, without mother,)
That stand as if out-facing one another,
There ran a creeke up, intricate and blinde,
As if the waters hid them from the winde,
Which never wash'd, but at a higher tyde,
The frizled coates which doe the mountaines hide,
Where never gale was longer knowne to stay
Than from the smooth wave it had swept away
The new divorced leaves, that from each side
Left the thicke boughes to dance out with the tyde.
At further end the creeke, a stately wood
Gave a kinde shadow (to the brackish flood)
Made up of trees, not lesse kend by each skiffe
Than that sky-scaling pike of Tenerife,
Upon whose tops the herneshew bred her young,
And hoary mosse upon their branches hung;
Whose rugged ryndes sufficient were to show,
Without their height, what time they 'gan to grow.
And if dry eld by wrinckled skinne appeares,
None could allot them lesse than Nestor's yeares.
As under their command the thronged creeke
Ran lessened up. Here did the shepheard seeke
Where he his little boate might safely hide,
Till it was fraught with what the world beside
Could not outvalew; nor give equall weight,
Tho' in the time when Greece was at her height.
" The ruddy horses of the rosie Morne
Out of the easterne gates had newly borne
Their blushing mistresse in her golden chaire,
Spreading new light throughout our hemispheare,
When fairest Cœlia, with a lovelyer crew
Of damsels than brave Latmus ever knew,
Came forth to meet the youngsters; who had here
Cut downe an oake, that long withouten peere
Bore his round head imperiously above
His other mates there, consecrate to Jove.
The wished time drew on: and Cœlia now,
(That had the fame for her white arched brow)
While all her lovely fellowes busied were
In picking off the jems from Tellus' haire,
Made tow'rds the creeke, where Philocel, unspide,
(Of maid or shepheard that their May-games plide)
Receiv'd his wish'd-for Cœlia, and begun
To steere his boate contrary to the Sun,
Who could have wish'd another in his place
To guide the carre of light, or that his race
Were to have end (so he might blesse his hap)
In Cœlia's bosome, not in Thetis' lap.
The boate oft danc'd for joy of what it held,
The hoyst-up saile, not quicke but gently swel'd,
And often shooke, as fearing what might fall,
Ere she deliver'd what she went withall.
Winged Argestes[3], faire Aurora's sonne,
Licenc'd that day to leave his dungeon,
Meekely attended; and did never erre,
Till Cœlia grac'd our land, and our land her.
A● thro' the waves their love-fraught wherry ran,
A many Cupids, each set on his swan,
Guided with reynes of gold and silver twist
The spotlesse birds, about them, as they list,
Which would have sung a song, (ere they were gone)
Had unkinde Nature given them more than one;
Or, in bestowing that, had not done wrong,
And made their sweet lives forfaite, one sad song.

[3] The western wind. And supposed (with the stars) the birth of Aurora by Astræus, as Apollodorus: Ἠοῖ δὲ καὶ Ἀστραίῳ ἀνέμους καὶ ἄστρα.

" Yet that their happy voyage might not be
Without tyme's shortner, heav'n-taught melodie,
(Musicke, that lent feet to the stable woods,
And in their currents turn'd the mightie floods,
Sorrowe's sweet nurse, yet keeping joy alive,
Sad discontent's most welcome corrasive,
The soule of art, best lov'd when love is by,
The kinde inspirer of sweet poesie,
Least thou should'st wanting be, when swans would
faine
Have sung one song, and never sung againe,)
The gentle shepheard, hasting to the shore,
Began this lay, and tym'd it with his oare.

" ' Nevermore let holy Dee
O're other rivers brave,
Or boast how (in his jollity)
Kings row'd upon his wave.
But silent be, and ever know
That Neptune for my fare would row.

" ' Those were captives. If he say
That now I am no other,
Yet she that beares my prison's key
Is fairer than love's mother;
A god tooke me, those one lesse high,
They wore their bonds, so doe not I.

" ' Swell, then, gently swell, ye floods,
As proud of what you beare,
And nymphes that in low corrall woods
String pearles upon your hayre,
Ascend: and tell if ere this day
A fayrer prize was seene at sea.

" ' See the salmons leape and bound,
To please us as we passe,
Each mermaid on the rockes around,
Lets fall her brittle glasse,
As they their beauties did despize,
And lov'd no myrrour but your eyes.

" ' Blow, but gently blow, fayre winde,
From the forsaken shore,
And be as to the halcyon kinde,
Till we have ferry'd o're:
So maist thou still have leave to blow,
And fanne the way where she shall goe.

" ' Floods, and nymphes, and windes, and all
That see us both together,
Into a disputation fall;
And then resolve me, whether
The greatest kindnesse each can show
Will quit our trust of you or no?'

" Thus as a merry milke-maid, neate and fine,
Returning late from milking of her kine,
Shortens the dew'd way which she treads along
With some selfe-pleasing-since-new-gotten song,
The shepheard did their passage well beguile.
" And now the horned flood bore to our isle
His head more high than he had us'd to doe,
Except by Cynthia's newnesse forced to.
Not Januarie's snow, dissolv'd in floods,
Makes Thamar more intrude on Blanchden woods,
Nor the concourse of waters when they fleete
After a long raine, and in Severne meete,
Rais'th her inraged head to roote faire plants,
Or more affright her nigh inhabitants,
(When they behold the waters rufully,
And, save the waters, nothing else can see,)
Than Neptune's subject now, more than of yore:
As loath to set his burden soone on shore.
" O Neptune! hadst thou kept them still with
thee,
Though both were lost to us, and such as we,
And with those beauteous birds, which on thy brest
Get and bring up, afforded them a rest;
Delos, that long time wand'ring piece of earth,
Had not beene fam'd more for Diana's birth,
Than those few planckes that bore them on the seas,
By the blest issue of two such as these.
" But they were landed: so are not our woes,
Nor ever shall, whilst from an eye there flowes
One drop of moysture: to these present times
We will relate, and some sad shepheard's rhymes
To after ages may their fates make knowne,
And in their depth of sorrow drowne his owne.
So our relation, and his mournfull verse,
Of teares shall force such tribute to their herse,
That not a private griefe shall ever thrive,
But in that deluge fall, yet this survive.
" Two furlongs from the shore they had not gone,
When from a low-cast valley (having on
Each hand a woody hill, whose boughes, unlopt,
Have not alone at all times sadly dropt,
And turn'd their stormes on her dejected brest,
But when the fire of Heaven is ready prest
To warme and further what it should bring forth,
For lowly dales mate mountaines in their worth,)
The trees (as screenlike greatnesse) shade his raye,
As it should shine on none but such as they,
Came (and full sadly came) a haplesse wretch,
Whose walkes and pastures once were knowne to
stretch
From east to west, so farre that no dyke ran
For noted bounds, but where the Ocean
His wrathfull billowes thrust, and grew as great
In sholes of fish as were the other's neate,
Who, now rejected and depriv'd of all,
Longs (and hath done so long) for funerall.
For as with hanging head I have beheld
A widow vine, stand, in a naked field,
Unhusbanded, neglected, all forlorne,
Brouz'd on by deere, by cattle cropt and torne,
Unpropt, unsuccoured, by stake or tree,
From wreakefull stormes' impetuous tyranny,
When, had a willing hand lent kind redresse,
Her pregnant bunches might from out the presse
Have sent a liquor, both for taste and show,
No lesse divine than those of Malligo:
Such was this wight, and such she might have beene,
She both th' extreames hath felt of Fortune's teene,
For never have we heard, from times of yore,
One sometime envy'd, and now pitty'd more.
Her object, as her state, is low as earth;
Privation her companion; thoughts of mirth
Irkesome; and in one selfe-same circle turning,
With sodaine sports brought to a house of mourning.
Of others' good her best beliefe is still
And constant to her owne in nought but ill.
The onely enemy and friend she knowes
Is Death, who, though deferres, must end her woes.
Her contemplation frightfull as the night.
She never lookes on any living wight
Without comparison; and as the day
Gives us, but takes the gloworme's light away,
So the least ray of blisse on others throwne,
Deprives and blindes all knowledge of her owne.
Her comfort is, (if for her any be)
That none can show more cause of griefe than she.

Yet somewhat she of adverse fate hath wonne,
Who had undone her, were she not undone.
For those that on the sea of greatnesse ryde
Farre from the quiet shore, and where the tyde
In ebbs and floods is ghess'd, not truely knowne,
Expert of all estates except their owne,
Keeping their station at the helme of state,
Not by their vertues, but auspicious fate,
Subject to calmes of favour, stormes of rage,
Their actions noted as the common stage,
Who, like a man borne blinde, that cannot be
By demonstration showne what 'tis to see,
Live still in ignorance of what they want,
Till misery become the adamant,
And touch them for that poynt, to which, with speede,
None comes so sure as by the hand of neede.
A mirrour strange she in her right hand bore,
By which her friends from flatterers heretofore
She could distinguish well; and by her side,
(As in her full of happinesse) untyde,
Unforc'd and uncompel'd, did sadly goe
(As if partaker of his mistresse' woe)
A loving spanyell, from whose rugged backe
(The only thing (but death) she moanes to lacke)
She pluckes the hayre, and working them in pleats,
Furthers the suite which modestie intreates.
Men call her Athliot: who cannot be
More wretched made by infelicitie,
Unlesse she here had an immortall breath,
Or living thus, liv'd timerous of death.
" Out of her lowly and forsaken dell
She running came, and cryde to Philocel,
' Helpe! helpe! kinde shepheard, helpe! See yonder,
A lovely lady, hung up by the hayre, [where
Struggles, but mildely struggles, with the Fates,
Whose thread of life spun to a thread that mates
Dame Nature's in her haire, stayes them to wonder,
While too fine twisting makes it break in sunder.
So shrinkes the rose that with the flames doth meet,
So gently bowes the virgin parchment sheet,
So rowle the waves up, and fall out againe,
As all her beautious parts, and all in vaine.
Farre, farre above my helpe or hope in trying,
Unknowne, and so more miserably dying,
Smoth'ring her torments in her panting brest,
She meekely waites the time of her long rest.
Hasten! O hasten then! kinde shepheard, haste!'
" He went with her; and Cœlia (that had grac'd
Him past the world besides) seeing the way
He had to goe not farre, rests on the lay.
" 'Twas near the place where Pan's transformed love
Her guilded leaves displaid, and boldly strove
For lustre with the Sun: a sacred tree,
Pal'd round and kept from violation free;
Whose smallest spray rent off, we never prize
At lesse than life. Here, tho' her heavenly eyes
From him she lov'd could scarce afford a sight,
(As if for him they onely had their light) [erre,
Those kinde and brighter starres were knowne to
And to all misery betrayed her.
For turning them aside, she (haplesse) spies
The holy tree, and (as all novelties
In tempting women have small labour lost,
Whether for value nought, or of more cost,)
Led by the hand of uncontroul'd desire,
She rose, and thither went. A wrested bryre
Onely kept close the gate which led into it,
(Easie for any all times to undoe it,
That with a pious hand hung on the tree
Garlands or raptures of sweet poesie,)
Which by her opened, with unweeting hand,
A little spray she pluckt, whose rich leaves fan'd
And chatter'd with the ayre, as who should say,
' Doe not for once, O doe not this bewray!
Nor give sound to a tongue for that intent!
Who ignorantly sinnes, dyes innocent.'
" By this was Philocel returning backe,
And in his hand the lady; for whose wrack
Nature had cleane forsworne to frame a wight
So wholy pure, so truely exquisite:
But more deform'd, and from a rough-hewn mold,
Since what is best lives seldome to be old.
Within their sight was fayrest Cœlia now;
Who drawing neere, the life-priz'd golden bough
Her love beheld. And, as a mother kinde,
What time the new-cloath'd trees, by gusts of winde
Unmov'd, stand wistly list'ning to those layes
The feather'd quiristers upon their sprayes
Chaunt to the merry Spring, and in the even
She with her little sonne for pleasure given,
To tread the fring'd banckes of an amorous flood,
That with her musicke courts a sullen wood,
Where ever talking with her onely blisse,
That now before and then behinde her is,
She stoopes for flowres, the choicest may be had,
And bringing them to please her prittie lad,
Spyes in his hand some banefull flowre or weed,
Whereon he 'gins to smell, perhaps to feede,
With a more earnest haste she runs unto him,
And puls that from him which might else undoe
So to his Cœlia hasted Philocel, [him:
And raught the bough away. Hid it: and fell
To question if she broke it, or if then
An eye beheld her? ' Of the race of men,'
(Replide she) ' when I took it from the tree,
Assure yourselfe, was none to testifie.
But what hath past since in your hand, behold
A fellow running yonder over the wold
Is well inform'd of. Can there (love) ensue,
Tell me! oh, tell me! any wrong to you
By what my hand hath ignorantly done?'
(Quoth fearefull Cœlia) ' Philocel! be wonne
By these unfained teares, as I by thine,
To make thy greatest sorrowes partly mine!'
' Cleere up these showres (my sun)' quoth Philocel,
' The ground it needes not. Nought is so from well,
But that reward and kind intreaties may
Make smooth the front of wrath, and this allay.'
Thus wisely he supprest his height of woe,
And did resolve, since none but they did know
Truely who rent it: and the hatefull swaine,
That lately past by them upon the plaine,
(Whom well he knew did beare to him a hate,
Though undeserved, so inveterate,
That to his utmost powre he would assay
To make his life have ending with that day,)
Except in his, had seene it in no hand,
That he against all throes of Fate would stand,
Acknowledge it his deede, and so afford
A passage to his heart for justice' sword,
Rather than by her losse the world should be
Despiz'd and scorn'd for losing such as she.
" Now (with a vow of secrecy from both)
Inforcing mirth, he with them homeward go'th;
And by the time the shades of mighty woods
Began to turne them to the easterne floods,
They thither got: where, with undaunted hart,
He welcomes both; and freely doth impart

Such dainties as a shepheard's cottage yeelds,
Tane from the fruitfull woods and fertile fields;
No way distracted nor disturb'd at all:
And, to prevent what likely might befall
His truest Cœlia, in his apprehendiug,
Thus to all future care gave final ending:
Into their cup (wherein, for such sweet girles,
Nature would myriades of richest pearles
Dissolve, and by her powerfull simples strive
To keepe them still on Earth, and still alive,)
Our swaine infus'd a powder, which they dranke:
And to a pleasant roome (set on a banke
Neere to his cote, where he did often use
At vacant houres to entertaine his Muse,)
Brought them, and seated on a curious bed
Till what he gave in operation sped,
And rob'd them of his sight, and him of theirs,
Whose new inlightning will be quench'd with teares.

" The glass of Time had well-nye spent the sand
It had to run, ere with impartiall hand
Justice must to her upright ballance take him:
Which he (afraid it might too soone forsake him)
Began to use as quickly as perceive,
And of his love thus tooke his latest leave.

" ' Cœlia! thou fairest creature ever eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie!
Cœlia, that hast but just so much of earth,
As makes thee capable of death! Thou birth
Of every virtue, life of every good!
Whose chastest sports, and daily taking food,
Is imitation of the highest powres,
Who to the earth lend seasonable showres,
That it may beare, we to their altars bring
Things worthy their accept, our offering.
I the most wretched creature ever eye
Behold, or yet put on mortalitie,
Unhappy Philocel! that have of earth
Too much to give my sorrowes endlesse birth,
The spring of sad misfortunes; in whom lyes
No blisse that with thy worth can sympathize,
Clouded with woe that hence will never flit,
Till Death's eternall night grow one with it,
I, as a dying swan that sadly sings
Her moanefull dirge unto the silver springs,
Which, carelesse of her song, glide sleeping by
Without one murmure of kind elegie,
Now stand by thee; and as a turtle's mate
With lamentations inarticulate,
The neere departure from her love bemones,
Spend these my bootless sighs and killing grones.
Here as a man (by Justice' doome) exilde
To coasts unknowne, to desarts rough and wilde,
Stand I to take my latest leave of thee:
Whose happy and heaven-making company
Might I enjoy to Libia's continent,
Were blest fruition, and not banishment.
First of those eyes that have already tane
Their leave of me: lamps fitting for the phane
Of Heaven's most powre, and which might ne're expire,
But be as sacred as the vestal fire.
Then of those plots, where halfe-ros'd lillies be
Not one by art, but Nature's industry,
From which I goe as one excluded from
The taintlesse flowres of blest Elysium.
Next from those lips I part, and may there be
No one that shall hereafter second me!
Guiltlesse of any kisses but their owne,
Their sweets but to themselves to all unknowne:
For should our swaines divulge what sweets there be
Within the sea-clipt bounds of Britanie,
We should not from invasions be exempted;
But with that prize would all the world be tempted.
Then from her heart: O no! let that be never!
For if I part from thence I dye for ever.
Be that the record of my love and name!
Be that to me as is the phœnix' flame!
Creating still anew what Justice' doome
Must yeeld to dust and a forgotten toombe.
Let thy chast love to me (as shadowes run
In full extent unto the setting Sun)
Meet with my fall; and when that I am gone,
Backe to thyselfe retyre, and there grow one;
If to a second light thy shadow be,
Let him still have his ray of love from me;
And if as I, that likewise doe decline,
Be mine or his, or else be his and mine.
But know no other, nor againe be sped,
" She dyes a virgin that but knowes one bed."

" ' And now from all at once my leave I take,
With this petition, That when thou shalt wake,
My teares already spent may serve for thine!
And all thy sorrowes be excus'd by mine!
Yea, rather than my losse should draw on hers,
(Heare, Heaven, the suite which my sad soule preferres!)
Let this her slumber, like Oblivion's streame,
Make her beleeve our love was but a dreame!
Let me be dead in her as to the Earth,
Ere Nature loose the grace of such a birth.
Sleepe, thou sweet soule, from all disquiet free,
And since I now beguile thy destiny,
Let after patience in thy brest arise,
To give his name a life who for thee dyes.
He dyes for thee that worthy is to dye,
Since now in leaving that sweet harmonie, [him
Which Nature wrought in thee, he drawes not to
Enough of sorrow that might streight undoe him.
And have for meanes of death his parting hence,
So keeping justice still in innocence.'

" Here staid his tongue, and teares anew began.
' Parting knowes more of griefe than absence can.'
And with a backward pace, and ling'ring eye,
Left, and for ever left, their company.

" By this the curs'd informer of the deede
With wings of mischiefe (and those have most speede)
Unto the priests of Pan had made it knowne.
And (though with griefe enough) were thither flowne,
With strickt command the officers that be
As hands of Justice in her each decree.
Those unto judgement brought him: where accus'd
That with unhappy hand he had abus'd
The holy tree; and by the oath of him,
Whose eye beheld the separated limb, [ed,
All doubts dissolv'd: quicke judgement was award-
(And but last night) that hither strongly guarded
This morne he should be brought; and from yond rocke
(Where every houre new store of mourners flocke)
He should be head-long throwne (too hard a doome)
To be depriv'd of life; and dead, of toombe.

" This is the cause, faire goddesse, that appeares
Before you now clad in an old man's teares,
Which willingly flow out, and shall doe more
Than many winters have seene heretofore."

" But, father," (quoth she) " let me understand
How you are sure that it was Cœlia's hand

Which rent the branch: and then (if you can) tell
What nymph it was which neere the lonely dell
Your shepheard succour'd." Quoth the good old man,
"The last time in her orbe pale Cynthia ran,
I to the prison went, and from him knew
(Upon my vow) what now is knowne to you.
And that the lady, which he found distrest,
Is Fida call'd; a maide not meanely blest
By Heaven's endowments, and — Alas! but see,
Kind Philocel ingirt with miserie,
More strong than by his bonds, is drawing nigh
The place appointed for his tragedie:
You may walke thither and behold his fall;
While I come neere enough, yet not at all.
Nor shall it neede I to my sorrow knit
The griefe of knowing with beholding it."
The goddesse went: but, ere she came, did
Herselfe from every eye within a cloud, [shrowde
Where she beheld the shepheard on his way,
Much like a bridegroome on his marriage-day;
Increasing not his miserie with feare.
Others for him, but he shed not a teare.
His knitting sinews did not tremble aught,
Nor to unusuall palpitation brought
Was or his heart or lyver, nor his eye,
Nor tongue, nor colour, show'd a dread to dye.
His resolution keeping with his spirit,
(Both worthy him that did them both inherit)
Held in subjection every thought of feare,
Scorning so base an executioner.
Some time he spent in speech; and then began
Submissely prayer to the name of Pan,
When sodainly this cry came from the plaines:
"From guiltlesse blood be free, ye British swaines!
Mine be those bonds, and mine the death appointed!
Let me be head-long throwne, these limbes disjoynted!
Or if you needes must hurle him from that brim,
Except I dye there dyes but part of him.
Doe then right justice, and performe your oath!
Which cannot be without the death of both."
Wonder drew thitherward their drowned eyes,
And sorrow Philocel's. Where he espies
What he did onely feare, the beauteous maide,
His wofull Cœlia, whom (ere night arraid
Last time the world in sute of mournfull blacke,
More darke than use, as to bemone their wracke,)
He at his cottage left in sleepe's soft armes,
By powre of simples, and the force of charmes,
Which time had now dissolv'd, and made her know
For what intent her love had left her so.
She staide not to awake her mate in sleepe,
Nor to bemone her fate. She scorn'd to weepe,
Or have the passion that within her lyes
So distant from her heart as in her eyes.
But rending of her hayre, her throbbing brest
Beating with ruthlesse strokes, she onwards prest
As an inraged furious lionesse,
Through uncouth treadings of the wildernesse,
In hote pursute of her late missed broode.
The name of Philocel speakes every wood,
And she begins it still, and still her pace;
Her face deckt anger, anger deckt her face.
So ran distracted Hecuba along
The streets of Troy. So did the people throng
With helplesse hands and heavy hearts to see
Their wofull ruine in her progenie.
As harmlesse flockes of sheepe that neerely fed,
Upon the open plaines wide scattered,
Ran all afront, and gaz'd with earnest eye
(Not without teares) while thus she passed by.
Springs that long time before had held no drop,
Now swelled forth, and over-went the top,
Birds left to pay the Spring their wonted vowes,
And all forlorne sate drooping on the boughes.
Sheepe, springs, and birds, nay, trees,' unwonted grones
Bewail'd her chance, and forc'd it from the stones.
Thus came she to the place (where aged men,
Maidens, and wives, and youth and children
That had but newly learnt their mother's name,
Had almost spent their teares before she came,)
And those her earnest and related words
Threw from her breast; and unto them affords
These as the meanes to further her pretence:
"Receive not on your soules, by innocence
Wrong'd, lasting staines; which from a sluce the sea
May still wash o're but never wash away.
Turne all your wraths on me; for here behold
The hand that tore your sacred tree of gold;
These are the feete that led to that intent,
Mine was th' offence, be mine the punishment.
Long hath he liv'd among you, and he knew
The danger imminent that would ensue;
His vertuous life speakes for him, heare it then!
And cast not hence the miracle of men!
What now he doth is through some discontent,
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!"
What certaine death could never make him doe,
(With Cœlia's losse) her presence forc'd him to.
She that could cleere his greatest clouds of woes,
Some part of woman made him now disclose,
And show'd him all in teares: and for a while
Out of his heart unable to exile
His troubling thoughts in words to be conceiv'd;
But weighing what the world should be bereav'd,
He of his sighes and throbs some license wanne,
And to the sad spectators thus beganne:
"Hasten! O haste! the houre's already gone,
Doe not deferre the execution!
Nor make my patience suffer aught of wrong!
'Tis nought to dye, but to be dying long!
Some fit of frenzy hath possest the maid,
She could not doe it, though she had assaid.
No bough growes in her reach; nor hath the tree
A spray so weake to yeeld to such as she.
To winne her love I broke it, but unknowne
And undesir'd of her; then let her owne
No touch of prejudice without consent,
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!"
O! who did ever such contention see,
Where death stood for the prize of victory?
Where love and strife were firme and truely knowne,
And where the victor must be overthrowne?
Where both pursude, and both held equall strife,
That life should further death, death further life.
Amazement strucke the multitude. And now
They knew not which way to performe their vow.
If onely one should be depriv'd of breath,
They were not certaine of th' offender's death;
If both of them should die for that offence,
They certainely should murder innocence;
If none did suffer for it, then there ran
Upon there heads the wrath and curse of Pan.
This much perplex'd and made them to deferre
The deadly hand of th' executioner,
Till they had sent an officer to know
The judges' wils: (and those with fates doe goe)

Who backe return'd, and thus with teares began:
" The substitutes on Earth of mighty Pan,
Have thus decreed; (although the one be free)
To cleare themselves from all impuritie,
If, who the offender is, no meanes procure,
Th' offence is certaine, be their death as sure.
This is their doome, (which may all plagues prevent)
To have the guilty kill the innocent."
Looke as two little lads, (their parents' treasure)
Under a tutor strictly kept from pleasure,
While they their new-given lesson closely scan,
Heare of a message by their fathers' man,
That one of them, but which he hath forgot,
Must come along and walke to some faire plot;
Both have a hope: their carefull tutor, loth
To hinder eyther, or to license both;
Sends backe the messenger, that he may know
His master's pleasure which of them must goe:
While both his schollers stand alike in feare
Both of their freedome and abiding there,
The servant comes and says, that for that day
Their father wils to have them both away:
Such was the feare these loving soules were in,
That time the messenger had absent bin.
But farre more was their joy 'twixt one another
In hearing neyther should out-live the other.
Now both intwinde, because no conquest wonne,
Yet eyther ruinde: Philocel begun
To arme his love for death: a roabe unfit,
Till Hymen's saffron'd weede had usher'd it:
" My fayrest Cœlia! come; let thou and I,
That long have learn'd to love, now learne to die;
It is a lesson hard, if we discerne it,
Yet none is borne so soone as bound to learne it.
Unpartiall Fate layes ope the booke to us,
And let us con it, still imbracing thus;
We may it perfect have, and goe before
Those that have longer time to read it o're;
And we had need begin, and not delay,
For 'tis our turne to read it first to-day.
Helpe when I misse and when thou art in doubt
Ile be thy prompter, and will helpe thee out.
But see how much I erre: vaine metaphor
And elocution destinies abhorre. [teares,
Could death be staide with words, or wonne with
Or mov'd with beauty or with unripe yeeres;
Sure thou couldst do't: this rose, this sun-like eye,
Should not so soone be quell'd, so quickly dye.
But we must dye, my love; not thou alone,
Nor onely I, but both; and yet but one.
Nor let us grieve; for we are marryed thus,
And have by death what life denyed us.
It is a comfort from him more than due;
'Death severs many, but he couples few.'
Life is a flood that keepes us from our blisse,
The ferriman to waft us thither, is
Death, and none else; the sooner we get o're,
Should we not thanke the ferriman the more?
Others intreat him for a passage hence,
And groane beneath their griefes and impotence,
Yet (mercilesse) he lets those longer stay,
And sooner takes the happy man away.
Some little happinesse have thou and I,
Since we shall dye before we wish to dye.
Should we here longer live, and have our dayes
As full in number as the most of these,
And in them meet all pleasures may betide,
We gladly might have liv'd, and patient dyde:
When now our fewer yeeres made long by cares,
(That without age can snow downe silver haires)
Make all affirme (which doe our griefes discry)
We patiently did live, and gladly dye.
The difference (my love) that doth appeare
Betwixt our fates and theirs that see us here,
Is onely this: the high all-knowing Powre
Conceals from them, but tels us our last howre.
For which to Heaven we farre farre more are bound,
Since in the howre of death we may be found
(By its prescience) ready for the hand
That shall conduct us to the Holy-land. [may
When those, from whom that houre conceal'd is,
Even in their height of sinne be tane away.
Besides, to us Justice a friend is knowne,
Which neyther lets us dye nor live alone.
That we are forc'd to it cannot be held;
'Who feares not Death, denyes to be compell'd.'
" O that thou wert no actor in this play,
My sweetest Cœlia! or divorc'd away
From me in this! O Nature! I confesse
I cannot looke upon her heavinesse
Without betraying that infirmitie
Which at my birth thy hand bestow'd on me.
Would I had dyde when I receiv'd my birth!
Or knowne the grave before I knew the Earth!
Heavens! I but one life did receive from you,
And must so short a loane be paid with two?
Cannot I dye but like that brutish stem
Which have their best-belov'd to die with them?
O let her live! some blest powre heare my cry!
Let Cœlia live, and I contented dye." [throes!
" My Philocel," (quoth she) " neglect these
Ask not for me, nor adde not to my woes!
Can there be any life when thou art gone?
Nay, can there be but desolation?
Art thou so cruell as to wish my stay,
To waite a passage at an unknowne day?
Or have me dwell within this vale of woe,
Excluded from those joyes which thou shalt know?
Envy not me that blisse! I will assay it,
My love deserves it, and thou canst not stay it.
Justice! then take thy doome; for we entend,
Except both live, no life; one life, one end."
Thus with imbraces, and exhorting other,
With teare-dew'd kisses that had powre to smother,
Their soft and ruddy lips close joyn'd with eyther,
That in their deaths their soules might meet to-
With prayers as hopefull as sincerely good, [gether,
Expecting death, they on the cliffe's edge stood;
And lastly were (by one oft forcing breath)
Throwne from the rocke into the armes of Death.
Faire Thetis, whose command the waves obey,
Loathing the losse of so much worth as they,
Was gone before their fall; and by her powre
The billows (mercilesse, us'd to devoure,
And not to save) she made to swell up high,
Even at the instant when the tragedy [them,
Of those kinde soules should end: so to receive
And keepe what crueltie would fain bereave them.
Her hest was soone perform'd: and now they lay
Imbracing on the surface of the sea,
Voyd of all sence; a spectacle so sad,
That Thetis, nor no nymph which there she had,
Touch'd with their woes, could for a while refraine,
But from their heavenly eyes did sadly raine
Such showres of teares, (so powrefull, since divine,)
That ever since the sea doth taste of bryne,
With teares, thus, to make good her first intent
She both the lovers to her chariot hent:
Recalling life that had not cleerely tane
Full leave of his or her more curious phane.

And with her praise, sung by these thankfull payre,
Steer'd on her coursers (swift as fleeting ayre)
Towards her pallace built beneath the seas:
Proud of her journey, but more proud of these.
By that time Night had newly spred her robe
Over our halfe-part of this massie globe,
She wonne that famous isle which Jove did please
To honour with the holy Druydes.
And as the westerne side she stript along,
Heard (and so staid to heare) this heavy song:

"O Heaven! what may I hope for in this cave?
A grave.
But who to me this last of helpes shall retch?
A wretch.
Shall none be by pittying so sad a wight?
Yes: Night.
Small comfort can befall in heavy plight
To me, poore maide, in whose distresses be
Nor hope, nor helpe, nor one to pittie me,
But a cold grave, a wretch, and darksome night.

"To digge that grave what fatall thing appeares?
Thy teares.
What bell shall ring me to that bed of ease?
Rough seas.
And who for mourners hath my fate assign'd?
Each winde.
Can any be debarr'd from such I finde?
When to my last rites gods no other send
To make my grave, for knell, or mourning friend,
Than mine owne teares, rough seas, and gusts of winde.

"Teares must my grave dig: but who bringeth those?
Thy woes.
What monument will Heaven my body spare?
The ayre.
And what the epitaph when I am gone?
Oblivion.
Most miserable I, and like me none
Both dying, and in death, to whom is lent
Nor spade, nor epitaph, nor monument,
Excepting woes, ayre, and oblivion."

The end of this gave life unto a grone,
As if her life and it had beene but one;
Yet she, as carelesse of reserving eyther,
If possible would leave them both together.
It was the faire Marina, almost spent
With griefe and feare of future famishment.
For (haplesse chance) but the last rosie morne
The willing redbrest, flying through a thorne,
Against a prickle gor'd his tender side,
And in an instant, so, poore creature dyde.
Thetis, much mov'd with those sad notes she heard,
Her freeing thence to Triton soone referr'd;
Who found the cave as soone as set on shore,
And by his strength removing from the dore
A weighty stone, brought forth the fearefull mayde,
Which kindly led where his faire mistresse staid;
Was entertain'd as well became her sort,
And with the rest steer'd on to Thetis' court.
For whose release from imminent decay,
My Muse a while will here keepe holy-day.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Born 1605-6; Died April 7. 1668.

Few poets have acted a busier part in life, and gone through greater varieties of fortune, than Davenant. He was born, in the February of 1605-6, at Oxford, where his father kept an inn. The father was a man of melancholy temperament, the mother handsome and lively; and, as Shakespeare used to put up at the house on his journeys between Stratford and London, Davenant is said to have affected the reputation of being Shakespeare's son. If he really did this, there was a levity, or rather a want of feeling, in the boast, for which social pleasantry, and the spirits which are induced by wine, afford but little excuse.

He was entered at Lincoln College; then became page to the Duchess of Richmond; and was afterwards taken into the family of Sir Fulk Greville Lord Brooke, the friend of Sir Philip Sydney, and one of the profoundest thinkers that ever clothed his thoughts in verse. Davenant was still young when his patron was murdered. He then began to write for the stage; and on Ben Jonson's death was made Poet Laureate, to the disappointment of a very able competitor, Thomas May, a man so honourably known by his translation of Lucan, and his supplement to that poet, that it were to be wished he were remembered for nothing else. At this time it appears that Davenant's opinions were loose, and his life dissolute. When the troubles came on, he was engaged in that scheme concerning the army, in which Goring first displayed the thorough profligacy of his character. Davenant was one of the persons arrested, and it is not known how he obtained his liberty. He went to France, and came back with stores for Newcastle's army, and was made by that generous and truly noble person lieutenant-general of his ordnance. He behaved becomingly as a soldier; and at the siege of Gloucester was knighted by the king. Upon the fatal turn of the king's affairs after that siege, he again took shelter in France, and there became ostensibly a convert to the Romish belief. The real state of his mind, which is plainly indicated in his writings, was an uneasy scepticism from which he was not delivered by prostrating his understanding to the pretended infallibility of a corrupt and superstitious church. This change obtained for him the favour of the ill-fated and ill-advised Henrietta Maria; and when Charles had thrown himself into the hands of the Scots, that Queen sent Sir William over for the purpose of persuading her husband to yield to the parliament in all that they required concerning the church establishment: Davenant offered some arguments of his own in support of advice which could have proceeded from none but an enemy to the church of England; but Charles, who never discovered any weakness upon that subject, being one on which his heart and his understanding were in accord, rebuked him as he deserved, and forbade him ever again to appear in his presence.

Having returned to Paris, he there composed two books of Gondibert in the Louvre, where he was living with the queen's unworthy favourite Lord Jermyn. Henrietta next despatched him for Virginia, in charge of a colony of artificers. Before they had cleared the French coast they were captured by a parliamentary ship, and Davenant was sent close prisoner to Cowes Castle, where he quietly pursued his poem, and carried it to the middle of the third division, thus completing half his design: he then broke it off under the expectation of being hanged in the ensuing week. "It is high time to strike sail," said he, in the postscript which he addressed to the reader, "and cast anchor (though I have run but half my course), when at the helm I am threatened with death, who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome; and even in the innocent may beget such a gravity as diverts the music of verse. And I beseech thee (if thou art so civil as to be pleased with what is written) not to take it ill that I run not on till my last gasp. For though I intended in this poem to strip Nature naked, and clothe her again in the perfect shape of Virtue, yet even in so worthy a design I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as dying."

His life indeed was in imminent danger; but through the interference of two aldermen of York, to whom he had rendered some services, when they were prisoners, and through Milton's influence and Whitelocke's he was saved, and after two years' imprisonment in the Tower obtained his liberty. Through Whitelocke's favour also he was allowed to open a kind of theatre at Rutland House, though the Puritans had prohibited all dramatic representations. Under pretext of presenting an opera, he evaded the prohibition, and ventured at length to represent plays of his own writing. By this means he supported himself till the Restoration; and then it is believed that Milton was spared at his intercession, in return for his own preservation.

From this time Davenant took an active part in dramatic affairs, being the first person who introduced scenic decorations on our stage: they had formerly been employed in court masques, but had been considered too expensive for the public theatres. His plays, which are numerous, form the link between the old English drama, and that more artificial but baser species which prevailed while Dryden gave the law in taste. His last work was his worst; it was an alteration of the Tempest, executed in conjunction with Dryden; and marvellous indeed it is that two men of such great and indu-

bitable genius should have combined to debase, and vulgarise, and pollute such a poem as the Tempest: but, to the scandal of the English stage, it is their Tempest, and not Shakespeare's, which is to this day represented.

It is to be wished that the time which Davenant bestowed upon the theatre had been devoted to the completion of Gondibert. The story and structure of that poem are completely original; and though the former is languid, and the latter fancifully artificial, there are few poems in our language which exhibit equal proofs of a vigorous mind. The versification is formed upon that of Sir John Davies and upon one of Donne's smaller pieces: in the habit, if not the train, of reflection, we may trace the poet to the school of his patron Lord Brooke: and the attentive reader may perceive that, on the most important subjects, Davenant's feelings were, unhappily, in sympathy with those of his friend Hobbes.

GONDIBERT.

THE FIRST BOOK.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Old Aribert's great race, and greater mind,
Is sung, with the renown of Rhodalind.
Prince Oswald is compar'd to Gondibert,
And justly each distinguish'd by desert:
Whose armies are in Fame's fair field drawn forth,
To show by discipline their leaders' worth.

Of all the Lombards, by their trophies known,
Who sought Fame soon, and had her favour long,
King Aribert best seem'd to fill the throne;
And bred most bus'ness for heroick song.

From early childhood's promising estate,
Up to performing manhood, till he grew
To failing age, he agent was to Fate,
And did to nations peace or war renew.

War was his study'd art; war, which the bad
Condemn, because even then it does them awe,
When with their number lin'd, and purple clad,
And to the good more needful is than law.

To conquer tumult, Nature's suddain force,
War, art's delib'rate strength, was first devis'd;
Cruel to those whose rage has no remorse,
Least civil pow'r should be by throngs surpris'd.

The feeble law rescues but doubtfully
From the oppressor's single arme our right:
Till to its pow'r the wise, war's help apply,
Which soberly does man's loose rage unite.

Yet since on all, war never needful was,
Wise Aribert did keep the people sure
By laws from little dangers; for the laws [cure.
Them from themselves, and not from pow'r, se-

Else conquerors by making laws, o'recome
Their own gain'd pow'r, and leave men's fury free;
Who growing deaf to pow'r, the laws grow dumb;
Since none can plead where all may judges bee.

Prais'd was this king for war, the law's broad shield,
And for acknowledg'd laws, the art of peace;
Happy in all which Heav'n to kings does yield,
But a successor when his cares shall cease.

For no male pledge, to give a lasting name,
Sprung from his bed, yet Heaven to him allow'd
One of the gentler sex, whose story Fame
Has made my song, to make the Lombards proud.

Recorded Rhodalind! whose high renown
Who miss in books, not luckily have read;
Or, vex'd by living beauties of their own,
Have shunn'd the wise records of lovers dead.

Her father's prosp'rous palace was the sphear
Where she to all with heav'nly order mov'd;
Made rigid vertue so benign appear,
That 'twas without religion's help belov'd.

Her looks like empire shew'd, great above pride,
Since pride ill counterfeits excessive height;
But Nature publish'd what she fain would hide,
Who for her deeds, not beauty, lov'd the light.

To make her lowly minde's appearance less,
She us'd some outward greatness in disguise;
Esteem'd as pride the cloyst'ral lowliness,
And thought them proud who even the proud despise.

Her father (in the winter of his age)
Was, like that stormy season, froward grown:
Whom so her youthful presence did asswage,
That he her sweetness tasted as his own.

The pow'r that with his stooping age declin'd,
In her transplanted, by remove increas'd,
Which doubly back in homage she resign'd;
Till pow'r's decay, the throne's worst sickness, ceas'd.

Oppressors, big with pride, when she appear'd,
Blushed, and believ'd their greatness counterfeit;
The lowly thought they them in vain had fear'd;
Found vertue harmless, and nought else so great.

Her minde (scarce to her feeble sex a kinn)
Did, as her birth, her right to empire show;
Seem'd careless outward when imploy'd within;
Her speech, like lovers watch'd, was kind and low.

She show'd that her soft sex containes strong mindes,
Such as evap'rates through the courser male,
As through course stone elixer passage findes,
Which scarce thro' finer christal can exhale.

Her beauty (not her own, but Nature's pride)
Should I describe, from every lover's eye
All beauties this original must hide,
Or, like scorn'd copies, be themselves laid by;

Be by their poets shunn'd, whom beauty feeds;
Who beauty like hyr'd witnesses protect,
Officiously averring more than needs,
And make us so the needful truth suspect.

And since fond lovers (who disciples bee
To poets) think in their own loves they find
More beauty than yet time did ever see,
Time's curtain I will draw o're Rhodalind.

Least, showing her, each sees how much he errs,
Doubt, since their own have less, that they have [none;
Believe their poets perjur'd flatterers,
And then all modern maids would be undone.

In pity thus, her beauty's just renown
I wave for publick peace, and will declare
To whom the king design'd her with his crown,
Which is his last and most unquiet care.

If in allyance he does greatness prise,
His minde, grown weary, need not travail farre;
If greatness be compos'd of victories,
He has at home many that victors are.

Many whom blest success did often grace
In fields, where they have seeds of empire sown,
And hope to make, since born of princely race,
Even her (the harvest of those toyles) their own.

And of those victors two are chiefly fam'd,
To whom the rest their proudest hopes resigne;
Tho' young, were in their fathers' batails nam'd,
And both are of the Lombard's royal line.

Oswald the great, and greater Gondibert!
Both from successfull conqu'ring fathers sprung;
Whom both examples made of war's high art,
And farre out-wrought their patterns, being young.

Yet for full fame (as Trine, Fame's judge, reports)
Much to duke Gondibert prince Oswald yields;
Was less in mighty misteries of courts,
In peaceful cities, and in fighting fields.

In court prince Oswald costly was and gay,
Finer than near vain kings their fav'rites are;
Outshin'd bright fav'rites on their nuptial day;
Yet were his eyes dark with ambitious care.

Duke Gondibert was still more gravely clad,
But yet his looks familiar were and clear;
As if with ill to others never sad,
Nor tow'rds himself could others practice fear.

The prince could, porpoise-like, in tempests play,
And in court storms on shipwrack'd greatness
Not frighted with their fate when cast away, [feed;
But to their glorious hazards durst succeed.

The duke would lasting calmes to courts assure,
As pleasant gardens we defend from windes;
For he who bus'ness would from storms procure,
Soon his affairs above his mannage findes.

Oswald in throngs the abject people sought
With humble looks; who still too late will know
They are ambition's quarry, and soon caught
When the aspiring eagle stoops so low.

The duke did these by steady vertue gain,
Which they in action more than precept tast;
Deeds shew the good, and those who goodness feign
By such even thro' their vizards are out fac't.

Oswald in war was worthily renown'd; [live;
Though gay in courts, coursly in camps could
Judg'd danger soon, and first was in it found;
Could toyl to gain what he with ease did give.

Yet toyls and dangers through ambition lov'd,
Which does in war the name of vertue own;
But quits that name when from the war remov'd,
As rivers theirs when from their channels gon.

The duke (as restless as his fame in warre)
With martial toyl could Oswald weary make,
And calmly do what he with rage did dare,
And give so much as he might deign to take.

Him as their founder cities did adore;
The court he knew to steer in storms of state;
In fields a battle lost he could restore,
And after force the victors to their fate.

In camps now chiefly liv'd, where he did aime
At graver glory than ambition breeds;
Designes that yet this story must not name,
Which with our Lombard author's pace proceeds.

The king adopts this duke in secret thought,
To wed the nation's wealth, his onely child,
Whom Oswald as reward of merit sought,
With hope, ambition's common baite, beguild.

This, as his soul's chief secret, was unknowne,
Least Oswald, that his proudest army led,
Should force possession ere his hopes were gone,
Who could not rest but in the royal bed.

The duke discern'd not that the king design'd
To choose him heir of all his victories;
Nor guess'd that for his love fair Rhodalind
Made sleep of late a stranger to her eies.

Yet sadly it is sung that she in shades,
Mildly as mourning doves, love's sorrows felt;
Whilst in her secret tears her freshness fades
As roses silently in lymbecks melt.

But who could know her love, whose jealous shame
Deny'd her eyes the knowledge of her glass;
Who, blushing, thought Nature her self to blame,
By whom men guess of maids more than the face.

Yet judge not that this duke (tho' from his sight
With maid's first fears she did her passion hide)
Did need love's flame for his directiug light,
But rather wants ambition for his guide.

Love's fire he carry'd, but no more in view
Than vital heat, which kept his heart still warm;
This maid's in Oswald as love's beacon knew;
The publick flame to bid them flye from harm.

Yet since this duke could love, we may admire
Why love ne'r rais'd his thoughts to Rhodalind;
But those forget that earthly flames aspire,
Whilst heav'nly beames, which purer are, descend.

As yet to none could he peculiar prove,
But, like an universal influence,
(For such and so sufficient was his love)
To all the sex he did his heart dispence.

But Oswald never knew love's ancient laws,
The awe that beauty does in lovers breed,
Those short breath'd fears and paleness it does cause,
When in a doubtful brow their doom they read.

Not Rhodalind (whom then all men as one
Did celebrate, as with confed'rate eyes)
Could he effect but shining in her throne;
Blindly a throne did more than beauty prise.

He by his sister did his hopes prefer;
A beauteous pleader, who victorious was
O're Rhodalind, and could subdue her ear
In all requests but this unpleasant cause.

Gartha, whose bolder beauty was in strength
And fulness plac'd, but such as all must like;
Her spreading stature talness was, not length,
And whilst sharpe beauties pierce, hers seem'd to strike.

Such goodly presence ancient poets grace,
Whose songs the world's first manliness declare;
To princes' beds teach carefulness of race,
Which now store courts, that us'd to store the warre.

Such was the palace of her minde, a prince,
Who proudly there and still unquiet lives,
And sleep (domestick ev'ry where) from thence,
To make ambition room, unwisely drives.

Of manly force was this her watchful mind,
And fit in empire to direct and sway,
If she the temper had of Rhodalind,
Who knew that gold is currant with allay.

As kings (oft slaves to others' hopes and skill)
Are urg'd to war to load their slaves with spoyles;
So Oswald was push'd up ambition's hill,
And so some urg'd the duke to martial toyles.

And these, who for their own great cause so high
Would lift their lord's two prosp'rous armies, are
Return'd from far to fruitful Lombardy,
And paid with rest, the best reward of warre.

The old neer Brescia lay, scarce warm'd with tents;
For tho' from danger safe, yet armies then
Their posture kept 'gainst warring elements,
And hardness learn'd against more warring men.

Neer Bergamo encamp'd the younger were,
Whom to the Franks' distress the duke had led;
The other Oswald's lucky ensigns bear,
Which lately stood when proud Ovenna fled.

These that attend duke Gondibert's renown
Were youth, whom from his father's campe he chose,
And them betimes transplanted to his own;
Where each the planter's care and judgment shows.

All hardy youth, from valiant fathers sprung,
Whom perfect honour he so highly taught,
That th' aged fetch'd examples from the young,
And hid the vain experience which they brought.

They danger met, diverted less with fears
Than now the dead would be if here again,
After they know the price brave dying bears,
And by their sinless rest find life was vain.

Temp'rate in what does needy life preserve,
As those whose bodies wait upon their mindes;
Chaste as those mindes, which not their bodies serve;
Ready as pilots, wak'd with suddain windes.

Speechless in diligence, as if they were
Nightly to close surprise and ambush bred;
Their wounds yet smarting, merciful they are,
And soon from victory to pity led.

When a great captive they in fight had ta'ne,
(Whom in a filial duty some fair maid
Visits, and would by tears his freedom gain)
How soon his victors were her captives made!

For though the duke taught rigid discipline,
He let them beauty thus at distance know;
As priests discover some more sacred shrine,
Which none must touch, yet all may to it bow.

When thus as sutors mourning virgins pass
Thro' their clean camp, themselves in form they draw,
That they with martial reverence may grace
Beauty, the stranger, which they seldom saw.

They vayl'd their ensignes as it by did move,
Whilst inward (as from native conscience) all
Worshipp'd the poet's darling godhead, Love,
Which grave philosophers did Nature call.

Nor there could maids of captives syres despaire,
But made all captives by their beauty free;
Beauty and valour native jewels are,
And as each other's only price agree.

Such was the duke's young camp by Bergamo,
But these near Brescia, whom fierce Oswald led,
Their science to his famous father owe,
And have his son (tho' now their leader) bred.

This rev'rend army was for age renown'd;
Which long thro' frequent dangers follow'd time;
Their many trophies gain'd with many a wound,
And Fame's last hill did with first vigour climbe.

But here the learned Lombard, whom I trace,
My forward pen by slower methods stays;
Least I should them (less heeding time and place
Than common poets) out of season praise.

Think onely then, (couldst thou both camps discern)
That these would seem grave authors of the war,
Met civilly to teach who e're will learn,
And those their young and civil students are.

But painful vertue of the war ne'r pays
It self with consciousness of being good,
Though cloyster'd vertue may believe even praise
A sallary which there should be withstood.

For many here (whose vertue's active heat
Concurs not with cold vertue, which does dwell
In lasie cells) are vertuous to be great,
And as in pains so would in pow'r excel.

And Oswald's faction urg'd him to aspire,
That by his height they higher might ascend:
The duke's to glorious thrones access desire,
But at more awful distance did attend.

The royal Rhodalind is now the prize
By which these camps would make their merit known;
And think their generals but their deputies,
Who must for them by proxy wed the crown.

From forreign fields (with toyling conquest tyr'd,
And groaning under spoiles) (come home to rest;
There now they are with emulation fyr'd,
An for that pow'r they should obey, contest.

Ah! how perverse and froward is mankinde!
Faction in courts does us to rage excite:
The rich in cities we litigious find,
And in the field th' ambitious make us fight:

And fatally (as if even soules were made
Of warring elements as bodies are)
Our reason our religion does invade,
Till from the schools to camps it carry war.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

The hunting which did yearly celebrate
The Lombards' glory, and the Vandales' fate:
The hunters prais'd; how true to love they are,
How calm in peace, and tempest-like in warre.
The stagg is by the num'rous chace subdu'd,
And strait his hunters are as hard pursu'd.

Small are the seeds Fate does unheeded sow
Of slight beginnings to important ends;
Whilst wonder (which does best our rev'rence show
To Heav'n) all reason's sight in gazing spends.

For from a daye's brief pleasure did proceed
(A day grown black in Lombard histories)
Such lasting griefs as thou shalt weep to read,
Though even thine own sad love had drain'd thine eyes.

In a fair forrest, neer Verona's plain,
Fresh as if Nature's youth chose there a shade,
The duke, with many lovers in his train,
(Loyal and young) a solemn hunting made.

Much was his train enlarg'd by their resort
Who much his grandsire lov'd, and hither came
To celebrate this day with annual sport,
On which by battel here he earn'd his fame.

And many of these noble hunters bore
Command amongst the youth at Bergamo;
Whose fathers gather'd here the wreaths they wore,
When in this forrest they interr'd the foe.

Count Hurgonil, a youth of high descent,
Was listed here, and in the story great;
He follow'd honour, when tow'rds death it went;
Fierce in a charge, but temp'rate in retreat.

His wondrous beauty, which the world approv'd,
He blushing hid, and now no more would own,
(Since he the duke's unequal'd sister lov'd)
Than an old wreath when newly overthrown.

And she, Orna the shy! did seem in life
So bashful too, to have her beauty shown,
As I may doubt her shade with Fame at strife,
That in these vicious times would make it known.

Not less in publick voice was Arnold here;
He that on Tuscan tombs his trophys rais'd;
And now Love's pow'r so willingly did bear,
That even his arbitrary raign he prais'd.

Laura, the duke's fair niece, inthrall'd his heart,
Who was in court the publick morning glass,
Where those, who would reduce nature to art,
Practis'd by dress the conquests of the face.

And here was Hugo, whom duke Gondibert
For stout and stedfast kindness did approve;
Of stature small, but was all over heart,
And, though unhappy, all that heart was love.

In gentile sonnets he for Laura pin'd,
Soft as the murmures of a weeping spring,
Which ruthless she did as those murmures mind:
So, ere their death, sick swans unheeded sing.

Yet, whilst she Arnold favour'd, he so griev'd,
As loyall subjects quietly bemone
Their yoke, but raise no warr to be reliev'd,
Nor thro' the envy'd fav'rite wound the throne.

Young Goltho next these rivals we may name,
Whose manhood dawn'd early as summer light;
As sure and soon did his fair day proclaime,
And was no less the joy of publick sight.

If love's just pow'r he did not early see,
Some small excuse we may his errour give;
Since few (tho' learn'd) know yet blest love to be
That secret vitall heat by which we live:

But such it is; and though we may be thought
To have in childhood life, ere love we know,
Yet life is useless till by reason taught,
And love and reason up together grow.

Nor more, the old show they out-live their love,
If, when their love's decay'd, some signes they give
Of life, because we see them pain'd and move,
Than snakes, long cut, by torment show they live.

If we call living, life, when love is gone,
We then to souls (God's coyne) vain rev'rence pay;
Since reason (which is love, and his best known
And currant image) age has worne away.

And I, that love and reason thus unite,
May, if I old philosophers controule,
Confirme the new by some new poet's light,
Who, finding love, thinks he has found the soule.

From Goltho, to whom love yet tasteless seem'd,
We to ripe Tybalt are by order led;
Tybalt, who love and valour both esteem'd,
And he alike from either's wounds had bled.

Publique his valour was, but not his love,
One fill'd the world, the other he contain'd;
Yet quietly alike in both did move,
Of that ne'r boasted, nor of this complain'd.

With these (whose special names verse shall preserve)
Many to this recorded hunting came;
Whose worth authentick mention did deserve,
But from Time's deluge few are sav'd by Fame.

Now like a giant lover rose the Sun
From th' ocean queen, fine in his fires and great;
Seem'd all the morne for show, for strength at noone,
As if last night she had not quench'd his heate!

And the Sun's servants, who his rising waite,
His pensioners (for so all lovers are,
And all maintain'd by him at a high rate
With daily fire) now for the chase prepare.

All were, like hunters, clad in cheerfull green,
Young Nature's livery, and each at strife
Who most adorn'd in favours should be seen,
Wrought kindly by the lady of his life.

These martiall favours on their wasts they weare,
On which (for now they conquest celebrate)
In an imbroider'd history appeare
Like life, the vanquish'd in their feares and fate.

And on these belts (wrought with their ladies' care)
Hung semyters of Akon's trusty steele;
Goodly to see, and he who durst compare
Those ladies' eies, might soon their temper feele.

Cheer'd as the woods (where new wak'd quires they meet)
Are all; and now dispose their choice relays
Of horse and hounds, each like each other fleet;
Which best, when with themselves compar'd, we praise.

To them old forrest spys, the harborers,
With hast approach, wet as still weeping night,
Or deer that mourn their growth of head with tears,
When the defenceless weight does hinder flight.

And doggs, such whose cold secrecy was ment
By Nature for surprise, on these attend;
Wise temp'rate lime-hounds *that proclaim no scent*,
Nor harb'ring will their mouths in boasting spend.

Yet vainlier farr than traytors boast their prise,
(On which their vehemence vast rates does lay,
Since in that worth their treason's credit lies)
These harb'rers praise that which they now betray.

Boast they have lodg'd a stagg, that all the race
Out-runs of Croton horse, or Regian hounds;
A stagg made long, since royall in the chase,
If kings can honour give by giving wounds.

For Aribert had pierc't him at a bay,
Yet scap'd he by the vigour of his head;
And many a summer since has wonn the day,
And often left his Regian foll'wers dead.

His spacious beame (that even the rights out-grew)
From antlar to his troch had all allow'd,
By which his age the aged wood-men knew,
Who more than he were of that beauty proud.

Now each relay a sev'ral station findes,
Ere the triumphant train the copps surounds;
Relayes of horse, long breath'd as winter windes,
And their deep cannon-mouth'd experienc'd hounds.

The huntsman (busily concern'd in show,
As if the world were by this beast undone,
And they against him bir'd as Nature's foe)
In haste uncouple, and their hounds outrun.

Now winde they a recheat, the rous'd dear's knell,
And through the forrest all the beasts are aw'd;
Alarm'd by Eccho, Nature's sentinel,
Which shows that murd'rous man is come abroad.

Tyranique man! thy subjects' enemy!
And more thro' wantonness than need or hate,
From whom the winged to their coverts flie,
And to their dennes even those that lay in waite.

So this (the most successful of his kinde,
Whose forehead's force oft his opposers prest,
Whose swiftness left pursuers' shafts behinde)
Is now of all the forrest most distrest!

The heard deny him shelter, as if taught
To know their safety is to yield him lost;
Which shews they want not the results of thought,
But speech, by which we ours for reason boast.

We blush to see our politicks in beasts,
Who many sav'd by this one sacrifice;
And since through blood they follow interests,
Like us when cruel should be counted wise.

His rivals, that his fury us'd to fear
For his lov'd female, now his faintness shun;
But were his season hot, and she but near,
(O mighty love!) his hunters were undone.

From thence, well blown, he comes to the relay,
Where man's fam'd reason proves but cowardise,
And only serves him meanly to betray;
Even for the flying, man, in ambush lies.

But now, as his last remedy to live,
(For ev'ry shift for life kind Nature makes,
Since life the utmost is which she can give)
Coole Adice from the swoln bank he takes.

But this fresh bath the doggs will make him leave,
Whom he sure nos'd as fasting tygers found;
Their scent no north-east winde could e're deceave
Which drives the ayre, nor flocks that foyl the ground.

Swift here the flyers and pursuers seeme;
The frighted fish swim from their Adice,
The doggs pursue the deer, he the fleete streme
And that hasts too to th' Adriatick sea.

Refresh'd thus in this fleeting element,
He up the stedfast shore did boldly rise;
And soon escap'd their view, but not their scent,
That faithful guide, which even conducts their eyes.

This frail relief was like short gales of breath,
Which oft at sea a long dead calme prepare;
Or like our curtains drawn at point of death,
When all our lungs are spent, to give us ayre.

For on the shore the hunters him attend:
And whilst the chase grew warm as is the day,
(Which now from the hot zenith does descend)
He is imbos'd, and weary'd to a bay.

The jewel, life, he must surrender here,
Which the world's mistris, Nature, does not give,
But like drop'd favours suffers us to weare,
Such as by which pleas'd lovers think they live.

Yet life he so esteems, that he allows
It all defence his force and rage can make;
And to the eager doggs such fury shows,
As their last blood some unreveng'd forsake.

But now the monarch murderer comes in,
Destructive man! whom Nature would not arme,
As when in madness mischief is foreseen,
We leave it weaponless for fear of harme.

For she defenceless made him, that he might
Less readily offend; but art armes all,
From single strife makes us in numbers fight;
And by such art this royall stagg did fall.

He weeps till grief does even his murd'rers pierce;
Grief which so nobly through his anger strove,
That it deserv'd the dignity of verse,
And had it words, as humanly would move.

Thrice from the ground his vanquish'd head he rear'd,
And with last looks his forrest walks did view;
Where sixty summers he had rul'd the heard,
And where sharp dittany now vainly grew:

Whose hoory leaves no more his wounds shall heale;
For with a sigh (a blast of all his breath)
That viewless thing, call'd life, did from him steale,
And with their bugle hornes they winde his death.

Then with their annuall wanton sacrifice
(Taught by old custome, whose decrees are vain,
And we, like hum'rous antiquaries, prise
Age, though deform'd) they hasten to the plain.

Thence homeward bend as westward as the Sun,
Where Gondibert's allys proud feasts prepare,
That day to honour which his grandsire won;
Tho' feasts the eves to fun'rals often are.

One from the forrest now approach'd their sight,
Who them did swiftly on the spurr pursue;
One there still resident as day and night,
And known as th' eldest oke which in it grew.

Who, with his utmost breath advancing, cries,
(And such a vehemence no heart could feigne)
"Away! happy the man that fastest flies!
Flie, famous duke! flie with thy noble traine!"

The duke reply'd: "Tho' with thy fears disguis'd,
Thou do'st my syre's old ranger's image beare,
And for thy kindness shalt not be despis'd;
Though councels are but weak which come from fear.

"Were dangers here, great as thy love can shape,
(And love with fear can danger multiply)
Yet when by flight thou bidst us meanly scape,
Bid trees take wings, and rooted forests flie."

Then said the ranger: "You are bravely lost!"
(And like high anger his complexion rose)
"As little know I fear, as how to boast;
But shall attend you thro' your many foes.

"See where in ambush mighty Oswald lay!
And see, from yonder lawne he moves apace,
With launces arm'd to intercept thy way,
Now thy sure steeds are weary'd with the chase.

"His purple banners you may there behold,
Which (proudly spred) the fatall raven beare;
And full five hundred I by ranke have told,
Who in their guilded helmes his colours weare."

The duke this falling storme does now discern;
Bids little Hugo fly! but 'tis to view
The foe, and timely their first count'nance learne,
Whilst firme he in a square his hunters drew.

And Hugo soon (light as his courser's heeles)
Was in their faces troublesome as winde;
And like to it so wingedly he wheeles)
No one could catch, what all with trouble finde.

But ev'ry where the leaders and the led
He temp'rately observ'd with a slow sight;
Judg'd by their looks how hopes and feares were fed,
And by their order their success in fight.

Their number ('mounting to the ranger's guesse)
In three divisions ev'nly was dispos'd;
And that their enemies might judge it lesse,
It seem'd one grosse with all the spaces clos'd.

The vann fierce Oswald led, where Paradine
And manly Dargonet (both of his blood)
Outshin'd the noone, and their mindes' stock within
Promis'd to make that outward glory good.

The next, bold, but unlucky Hubert led,
Brother to Oswald, and no less ally'd
To the ambitions which his soul did wed;
Lowly without, but lin'd with costly pride.

Most to himself his valour fatall was,
Whose glorys oft to others dreadfull were;
So comets (though suppos'd destruction's cause)
But waste themselves to make their gazers feare.

And though his valour seldom did succeed,
His speech was such as could in storms perswade;
Sweet as the hopes on which starv'd lovers feed,
Breath'd in the whispers of a yielding maide.

The bloody Borgio did conduct the rere,
Whom sullen Vasco heedfully attends;
To all but to themselves they cruel were,
And to themselves chiefly by mischief friends.

Warr, the world's art, nature to them became;
In camps begot, born, and in anger bred;
The living vex'd till death, and then their fame,
Because even fame some life is to the deade.

Cities (wise states-men's folds for civil sheep)
They sack'd, as painful sheerers of the wise;
For they like careful wolves would loose their sleep,
When others' prosp'rous toyls might be their prise.

Hugo amongst these troops spy'd many more,
Who had, as brave destroyers, got renown;
And many forward wounds in boast they wore,
Which, if not well reveng'd, had ne'r been shown.

Such the bold leaders of these launceers were,
Which of the Brescian vet'rans did consist;
Whose practis'd age might charge of armies bear,
And claim some ranck in Fame's eternal list.

Back to his duke the dext'rous Hugo flies,
What he observ'd he cheerfully declares;
With noble pride did what he lik'd despise;
For wounds he threatned whilst he prais'd their skarrs.

Lord Arnold cry'd, "Vain is the bugle horn,
Where trumpets men to manly work invite!
That distant summons seems to say, in skorn,
'We hunters may be hunted hard ere night.'"

"Those beasts are hunted hard that hard can fly,"
Reply'd aloud the noble Hurgonil;
"But we, not us'd to flight, know best to die;
And those who know to die, know how to kill.

"Victors through number never gain'd applause;
If they exceed our compt in armes and men,
It is not just to think that odds, because
One lover equals any other ten."

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ambush is become an interview,
And the surpriser proves to honour true;
For what had first, ere words his fury spent,
Been murder, now is but brave killing ment.
A duel form'd, where princes seconds are,
And urg'd by honour each to kill his share.

The duke observ'd (whilst safe in his firm square),
Whether their front did change whom Oswald led;
That thence he shifts of figure might prepare,
Divide, or make more depth, or loosely spred.

Tho' in their posture close, the prince might guess
The duke's to his not much in number yield;
And they were leading youth, who would possess
This ground in graves, rather than quit the field.

Thus (timely certain of a standing foe)
His form'd divisions yet reveal'd no space
Through haste to charge; but as they nearer grow,
They more divide, and move with slower pace.

On these the duke attends with watchful eye;
Shap'd all his forces to their triple strength;
And that their launces might pass harmless by,
Widens his ranks, and gave his files more length.

At distance Oswald does him sharply view,
Whom but in fame he met till this sad hour;
But his fair fame, vertue's known image, knew,
Vertue exalts the owner more than pow'r.

In fields far sever'd both had reap'd renown;
And now his envie does to surfeit feed
On what he wish'd his eies had never known;
For he begins to check his purpos'd deed.

And though ambition did his rage renew,
Yet much he griev'd (mov'd with the youthful train)
That plants, which so much promis'd as they grew,
Should in the bud be ere performance slain.

With these remorseful thoughts, he a fair space
Advanc'd alone, then did his troops command
To halt: the duke th' example did embrace,
And gives like order by his lifted hand.

Then, when in easie reach of either's voice,
Thus Oswald spake: "I wish (brave Gondibert)
Those wrongs which make thee now my anger's choice,
Like my last fate, were hidden from my heart.

"But since great glory does allow small rest,
And bids us jealously to honour wake,
Why at alarms, given hot even at my brest,
Should I not arm, but think my scouts mistake?

" 'Tis lowd in camps, in cities, and in court,
(Where the important part of mankind meets)
That my adoption is thy faction's sport,
Scorn'd by hoarse rymers in Verona streets.

" Who is renown'd enough, but you or I,
(And think not, when you visit Fame, she less
Will welcome you for my known companie)
To hope for empire at our king's decease?

" The crown he with his daughter has design'd;
His favour (which to me does frosen prove)
Grows warm to you as th' eies of Rhodalind,
And she gives sacred empire with her love.

" Whilst you usurp thus, and my claime deride,
If you admire the veng'ance I intend,
I more shall wonder where you got the pride
To think me one you safely may offend.

" Nor judge it strange I have this ambush laid,
Since you (my rival) wrong'd me by surprise;
Whose darker vigilance my love betrai'd,
And so your ill example made me wise.

" But in the schoole of glory we are taught,
That greatness and success should measure deeds;
Then not my great revenge, nor your great fault,
Can be accus'd when either's act succeeds.

" Opinion's stamp does vertue currant make;
But such small money (though the people's gold
With which they trade) great dealers skorne to take,
And we are greater than one world can hold."

Now Oswald paws'd, as if he curious were,
Ere this his foe (the people's fav'rite) dy'd,
To know him as with eies so with his eare;
And to his speech thus Gondibert reply'd:

" Successful prince! since I was never taught
To court a threatning foe, I will not pay
For all the trophys you from war have brought
One single wreath, though all these woods were bay!

" Nor would I by a total silence yield
My honour ta'ne, though I were pris'ner made;
Least you should think we may be justly kill'd,
And sacred justice by mistake invade.

" You might perceive (had not a distant warre
Hindred our breasts the use of being known)
My small ambition hardly worth your care,
Unless by it you would correct your owne.

" The king's objected love is but your dreame,
As false as that I strive for Rhodalind
As valour's hyre; these sickly visions seeme,
Which in ambition's feaver vex your minde.

" Nor wonder if I vouch, that 'tis not brave
To seek war's hire, though war we still pursue;
Nor censure this a proud excuse, to save
These, who no safety know but to subdue.

" Your misbelief my hireless valour scorns;
But your hir'd valour, were your faith reclaim'd,
(For faith reclaim'd to highest vertue turns)
Will be of bravest sallary asham'd.

" Onely with fame valour of old was hir'd;
And love was so suffic'd with its own taste,
That those intemp'rate seem'd, who more desir'd
For love's reward, than that itself should last.

" If love, or lust of empire, bred your pain,
Take what my prudent hope hath still declin'd,
And my weak vertue never could sustain,
The crown, which is the worst of Rhodalind.

" 'Tis she who taught you to encrease renown,
By sowing honour's field with noble deeds;
Which yields no harvest, when 'tis over-grown
With wilde ambition, the most rank of weeds."

" Go, reconcile the windes faln out at sea
With these tame precepts," (Oswald did replie)
" But since thou dost bequeath thy hopes to me,
Know, legacies are vain till givers die."

And here his rage ascended to his eies
From his close brest, which hid till then the flame,
And like stirr'd fire in sparkles upward flies;
Rage which the duke thus practis'd to reclaim.

" Though you design'd our ruine by surprise,
Though much in useful armes you us exced,
And in your number some advantage lies,
Yet you may finde you such advantage need.

" If I am vallew'd as th' impediment
Which hinders your adoption to the crown,
Let your revenge only on me be spent,
And hazard not my party, nor your own.

" Ambition else would up to godhead grow,
When so profanely we our anger prise,
That to appease it we the blood allow
Of whole offencelesse herds for sacrifice."

Oswald (who honour's publick pattern was,
Till vain ambition led his heart aside)
More temp'rate grew in mannage of his cause,
And thus to noble Gondibert reply'd:

" I wish it were not needful to be great;
That Heav'n's unenvy'd pow'r might men so awe,
As we should need no armies for defeat,
Nor for protection be at charge of law.

" But more than Heav'n's, men man's authoritie
(Though envy'd) use, because more understood;
For, but for that, life's utensils would be,
In markets, as in camps, the price of blood.

" Since the world's safety we in greatness finde,
And pow'r divided is from greatness gone,
Save we the world, though to our selves unkinde,
By both indang'ring to establish one.

" Not these, who kindle with my wrongs theire rage,
Nor those bold youth who warmly you attend,
Our distant camps by action shall ingage;
But we our own great cause will singly end.

" Back to your noble hunters strait retire,
And I to those who would those hunters chase;
Let us perswade their fury to expire,
And give obediently our anger place.

"Like unconcern'd spectators let them stand,
And be by sacred vow to distance bound;
Whilst their lov'd leaders, by our strict command,
Only as witnesses approach this ground.

"Where with no more defensive armes than was
By Nature ment us, who ordain'd men friends,
We will on foot determine our great cause,
On which the Lombards' doubtful peace depends."

The duke at this did bow, and soon obay,
Confess'd his honour he transcendent findes;
Said he their persons might a meaner way
With ods have aw'd, but this subdues their mindes.

Now, wing'd with hope, they to their troops return,
Oswald his old grave Brescians makes retire,
Least if too near, tho' like slow match they burn,
The duke's rash youth like powder might take fire.

First with their noble chiefs they treat aside,
Plead it humanity to bleed alone,
And term it needless cruelty and pride
With others' sacrifice to grace their owne.

Then to the troopes gave their resolv'd command
Not to assist, through anger nor remorse;
Who seem'd more willing patiently to stand,
Because each side presum'd their champion's force.

Now neer that ground ordain'd by them and Fate
To be the last where one or both must tread,
Their chosen judges they appoint to wait,
Who thither were like griev'd spectators led.

These from the distant troops far sever'd are,
And neer their chiefs divided stations take;
Who strait uncloath, and for such deeds prepare,
By which strip'd soules their fleshy robes forsake.

But Hubert now advanc'd, and cry'd alow'd:
"I will not trust uncertain destinie,
Which may obscurely kill me in a crowd,
That here have pow'r in publick view to die!

"Oswald my brother is! If any dare
Think Gondibert's great name more kingly sounds,
Let him alight, and he shall leave the care
Of choosing monarchs, to attend his wounds!"

This Hurgonill receiv'd with greedy ear,
Told him his summons boldly did express
That he had little judgement whom to fear,
And in the choice of kings his skill was less.

With equal haste they then alight and met,
Where both their chiefs in preparation stood;
Whilst Paradine and furious Dargonet
Cry'd out, "We are of Oswald's princely blood!

"Are there not yet two more so fond of fame,
So true to Gondibert or Love's commands,
As to esteem it an unpleasant shame
With idle eies to look on busie hands?"

Such haste makes beauty when it youth forsakes,
And day from travellers when it does set,
As Arnold to proud Paradine now makes,
And little Hugo to tall Dargonet.

The bloody Borgio, who with anguish stay'd,
And check'd his rage, till these of Oswald's race,
By wish'd example, their brave challenge made,
Now, like his curb'd steed foaming, shifts his place.

And thus (with haste and choller hoarse) he spake:
"Who e're amongst you thinks we destin'd are
To serve that king your courtly camp shall make,
Falsly he loves, nor is his lady faire!"

This scarce could urge the temp'rate Tybalt's fire,
Who said, "When Fate shall Aribert remove,
As ill then wilt thou judge who should aspire,
As who is fair, that art too rude to love."

But scarce had this reply reach'd Borgio's eare,
When Goltho louder cry'd, "What ere he be
Dares think her foul who hath a lover here,
Tho' love I never knew, shall now know me!"

Grave Tybalt, who had laid an early'r claime
To this defiance, much distemper'd grows,
And Goltho's forward youth would sharply blame,
But that old Vasco thus did interpose:

"That boy, who makes such haste to meet his fate,
And fears he may (as if he knew it good)
Through others' pride of danger, come too late,
Shall read it strait ill written in his blood.

"Let empire fall, when we must monarchs choose,
By what unpractis'd childhood shall approve;
And in tame peace let us our manhood loose,
When boyes, yet wet with milk, discourse of love."

As bashful maides blush, as if justly blam'd,
When forc'd to suffer some indecent tongue,
So Goltho blush'd, (whom Vasco made asham'd)
As if he could offend by being young.

But instantly offended bashfulness
Does to a brave and beauteous anger turn;
Which he in younger flames did so express,
That scarce old Vasco's embers seem'd to burn.

The princes knew in this new kindled rage,
Opinion might (have like unlucky winde
State right to make it spread) their troops ingage;
And therefore Oswald thus proclaim'd his minde:

"Seem we already dead, that to our words
(As to the last requests men dying make)
Your love but mourners' short respect affords,
And, ere interr'd, you our commands forsake?

"We chose you judges of your needful strife,
Such whom the world (grown faithless) might esteem
As weighty witnesses of parting life,
But you are those we dying must condemn.

"Are we become such worthless sacrifice,
As cannot to the Lombards Heav'n atone,
Unless your added blood make up the price,
As if you thought it worthier than our own?

"Our fame, which should survive, before us dy!
And let (since in our presence disobay'd)
Renown of pow'r, like that of beauty, fly
From knowledge, rather than be known decay'd!"

This, when with rev'rence heard, it would have made
Old armies melt, to mark at what a rate
They spent their hearts and eies, kindly afraid
To be omitted in their gen'ral's fate.

Hubert (whose princely qualitie more frees
Him than the rest from all command, unless
He find it such as with his will agrees)
Did nobly thus his firm resolve express:

" All greatness bred in blood be now abas'd!
Instinct, the inward image, which is wrought
And given with life, be like thaw'd wax defac'd!
Tho' that bred better honour than is taught;

" And may impressions of the common ill
Which from street parents the most low derives,
Blot all my mind's fair book, if I stand still
Whilst Oswald singly for the publick strives!

" A brother's love all that obedience stays,
Which Oswald else might as my leader claime;
Whom as my love, my honour disobays,
And bids me serve our greater leader, Fame."

With gentle looks Oswald to Hubert bowes,
And said, " I then must yield that Hubert shall
(Since from the same bright Sun our lustre grows)
Rise with my morne, and with my evening fall!"

Bold Paradine and Dargonet reviv'd
Their suit, and cry'd, " We are Astolpho's sons!
Who from your highest spring his blood deriv'd,
Tho' now it down in lower channels runs.

" Such lucky seasons to attain renown
We must not lose, who are to you ally'd;
Others usurp, who would your dangers own,
And what our duty is, in them is pride."

Then, as his last decree, thus Oswald spake:
" You that vouchsafe to glory in my blood,
Shall share my doomes, which, for your merit's sake,
Fate, were it bad, would alter into good.

" If any other's disobedient rage
Shall with uncivil love intrude his aid,
And by degrees our distant troops ingage,
Be it his curse still to be disobay'd!

" War's orders may he by the slow convay
To such as only shall dispute them long;
An ill peace make, when none will him obay,
And be for that, when old, judg'd by the young."

This said, he calmly bid the duke provide
Such of his blood, as with those chosen three
(Whilst their adoption they on foot decide)
May in brave life or death fit partners bee.

" Though here" (reply'd the duke) " I find not now
Such as my blood with their alliance grace,
Yet three I see, to whom your stock may bow,
If love may be esteem'd of heav'nly race.

" And much to me these are by love ally'd;"
Then Hugo, Arnold, and the count, drew neere;
Count Hurgonill woo'd Orna for his bride,
The other two in Laura rivals were.

But Tybalt cry'd, (as swiftly as his voice
Approach'd the duke) " Forgive me, mighty chief,
If justly I envy thy noble choice,
And disobey thee in wrong'd love's relief.

" If rev'renc'd love be sacred myst'ry deem'd,
And mysteries when hid to value grow,
Why am I less for hidden love esteem'd?
To unknown godhead, wise religious bow.

" A maid of thy high linage much I love,
And hide her name till I can merit boast,
But shall I here (where I my worth improve)
For prising her above my self, be lost?"

The duke's firm bosome kindly seem'd to melt
At Tybalt's grief, that he omitted was,
Who lately had love's secret conquest felt,
And hop'd for publick triumph in this cause.

Then he decreed, Hugo (though chose before
To share in this great work) should equally
With Tybalt be expos'd to Fortune's pow'r,
And by drawn lots their wish'd election try.

Hugo his dreaded lord with cheerfull awe
Us'd to obey, and with implicit love;
But now he must for certain honour draw
Uncertain lots, seems heavily to move.

And here they trembling reach'd at honour so,
As if they gath'ring flow'rs a snake discern'd;
Yet fear'd love only, whose rewards then grow
To lovers sweetest, when with danger earn'd.

From this brave fear, least they should danger scape,
Was little Hugo eas'd; and when he drew
The champion's lot, his joy inlarg'd his shape,
And with his lifted minde he taller grew.

But Tybalt stoop'd beneath his sorrow's weight;
Goltho and him kindly the duke imbrac'd;
Then to their station sent; and Oswald straight
His so injoyn'd, and with like kindness grac'd.

When cruel Borgio does from Tybalt part,
Vasco from Goltho, many a look they cast
Backward in sullen message from the heart,
And through their eyes their threatning anger wast.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The duel, where all rules of artful strife,
To rescue or indanger darling life,
Are by reserves of strength and courage shown;
For killing was long since a science grown.
Th' event by which the troops ingaged are,
As private rage too often turns to warr.

By what bold passion am I rudely led,
Like Fame's too curious and officious spie,
Where I these rolls in her dark closet read,
Where worthies wrapp'd in time's disguises lie?

Why should we now their shady curtains draw,
Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,
And gon to lands exempt from Nature's law,
Where love no more can mourn, nor valour bleed?

Why to this stormy world, from their long rest,
Are these recall'd to be again displeas'd,
Where, during Nature's reign, we are opprest,
Till we by Death's high priviledge are eas'd?

Is it to boast that verse has chymick pow'r,
And that its rage (which is productive heat)
Can these revive, as chymists raise a flow'r,
Whose scatter'd parts their glass presents compleat?

Though in these worthies gon, valour and love
Dist chastly as in sacred temples meet,
Such reviv'd patterns us no more improve,
Than flow'rs so rais'd by chymists make us sweet.

Yet when the soul's disease we desp'rate finde,
Poets the old renown'd physitians are,
Who, for the sickly habits of the mind,
Examples as the ancient cure prepare.

And bravely then physitians honour gain,
When to the world diseases cureless seem,
And they (in science valiant) ne'r refrain
Art's war with Nature, till they life redeem.

But poets their accustom'd task have long
Forborn, (who for examples did disperse
The heroes' vertues in heroick song)
And now think vertue sick, past cure of verse.

Yet to this desp'rate cure I will proceed,
Such patterns shew as shall not fail to move;
Shall teach the valiant patience when they bleed,
And hapless lovers constancy in love.

Now honour's chance the duke with Oswald takes,
The count his great stake, life, to Hubert sets;
Whilst his to Paradin's lord Arnold stakes,
And little Hugo throwes at Dargonet's.

These four on equall ground those four oppose;
Who wants in strength, supplies it with his skill;
So valiant, that they make no haste to close;
They not apace, but handsomly, would kill.

And as they more each other's courage found,
Each did their force more civilly express,
To make so manly and so fair a wound,
As loyal ladies might be proud to dress.

But vain, though wond'rous, seems the short event
Of what with pomp and noise we long prepare:
One hour of battail oft that force hath spent,
Which kings' whole lives have gather'd for a war.

As rivers to their ruine hasty be,
So life (still earnest, loud, and swift) runs post
To the vast gulf of Death, as they to sea,
And vainly travailes to be quickly lost.

And now the Fates (who punctually take care
We not escape their sentence at our birth)
Writ Arnold down where those inroled are
Who must in youth abruptly leave the Earth.

Him Paradine into the brow had pierc't;
From whence his blood so overflow'd his eyes,
He grew too blind to watch and guard his brest,
Where, wounded twice, to Death's cold court he flies.

And love (by which life's name does value find,
As altars even subsist by ornament)
Is now as to the owner quite resign'd,
And in a sigh to his dear Laura sent.

Yet Fates so civil were in cruelty
As not to yield, that he who conquer'd all
The Tuscan vale, should unattended dy,
They therefore doom that Dargonet must fall.

Whom little Hugo dext'rously did vex
With many wounds, in unexpected place,
Which yet not kill, but killingly perplex;
Because he held their number a disgrace.

For Dargonet in force did much exceed
The most of men, in valour equall'd all;
And was asham'd thus diversly to bleed,
As if he stood where showers of arrows fall.

At once he ventures his remaining strength
To Hugo's nimble skill, who did desire
To draw this little war out into length,
By motions quick as Heav'n's fantastick fire!

This fury now is grown too high to last
In Dargonet; who does disorder all
The strengths of temp'rance by unruly haste,
Then down at Hugo's feet does breathless fall.

When with his own storm sunk, his foe did spie
Lord Arnold dead, and Paradine prepare
To help prince Oswald to that victory,
Of which the duke had yet an equal share,

"Vain conqueror," (said Hugo then) "returne!
Instead of laurel which the victor weares,
Go, gather cypress for thy brother's urne,
And learn of me to water it with tears.

"Thy brother lost his life attempting mine,
Which cannot for lord Arnold's loss suffice:
I must revenge (unlucky Paradine)
The blood his death will draw from Laura's eyes.

"We rivals were in Laura; but though she
My griefs derided, his with sighs approv'd:
Yet I (in love's exact integrity)
Must take thy life for killing him she lov'd."

These quick alike, and artfully as fierce,
At one sad instant give and take that wound,
Which does thro' both their vital closets pierce,
Where life's small lord does warmly sit enthron'd.

And then they fell, and now neer upper Heaven,
Heav'n's better part of them is hov'ring still,
To watch what end is to their princes given,
And to brave Hubert and to Hurgonil.

In progress thus to their eternal home,
Some method is observ'd by Destiny,
Which at their princes' setting out did doom
These as their leading harbingers to die.

And fatal Hubert we must next attend,
Whom Hurgonil had brought to such distress,
That though life's stock he did not fully spend,
His glory that maintain'd it is grown less.

Long had they strove, who first should be destroy'd,
And wounds (the marks of manhood) gave and took,
Which though, like honour'd age, we would avoid,
Yet make us when possess'd for rev'rence look.

O honour! frail as life, thy fellow flower!
Cherish'd and watch'd, and hum'rously esteem'd,
Then worn for short adornments of an hour,
And is, when lost, no more than life redeem'd.

This fatall Hubert findes, if honour be
As much in princes lost, when it grows less,
As when it dies in men of next degree:
Princes are only princes by excess.

For having twice with his firm opposite
Exchang'd a wound, yet none that reach'd at life,
The adverse sword his arm's best sinew hit,
Which holds that strength, which should maintain their strife.

When thus his dear defence had left his hand,
"Thy life" (said Hurgonil) "rejoyce to wear
As Orna's favour, and at her command,
Who taught the mercy I will practise here."

To which defenceless Hubert did reply,
"My life (a worthless blank) I so despise,
Since Fortune laid it in her lotary,
That I'me asham'd thou draw'st it as a prise."

His grief made noble Hurgonil to melt,
Who mourn'd in this a warrior's various fate;
For though a victor now, he timely felt
That change which pains us most by coming late.

But Orna (ever present in his thought)
Prompts him to know, with what success, for fame
And empire, Gondibert and Oswald fought;
Whilst Hubert seeks out death, and shrinks from shame.

Valour, and all that practise turns to art,
A like the princes had and understood;
For Oswald now is cool as Gondibert,
Such temper he has got by losing blood.

Calmly their temper did their art obey;
Their stretch'd arms regular in motion prove,
And force with as unseen a stealth convey,
As noyseless houres by hands of dials move.

By this new temper Hurgonil believ'd
That Oswald's elder vertues might prevail;
To think his own help needful much he griev'd,
But yet prepar'd it, lest the duke should fail.

Small wounds they had, where as in casements sate
Disorder'd life, who seem'd to look about,
And fain would be abroad, but that a gate
She wants so wide, at once to sally out.

When Gondibert saw Hurgonill draw near,
And doubly arm'd at conquer'd Hubert's cost,
He then, who never fear'd, began to fear
Lest by his help his honour should be lost.

"Retire," said he; "for if thou hop'st to win
My sister's love, by aiding in this strife,
May Heav'n (to make her think thy love a sin)
Eclipse that beauty which did give it life."

Count Hurgonill did doubtfully retire,
Fain would assist, yet durst not disobey;
The duke would rather instantly expire,
Than hazard honour by so mean a way.

Alike did Oswald for dispatch prepare,
And cries, since Hubert knew not to subdue,
"Glory, farewel! thou art the soldier's care!
More lov'd than woman, less than woman true!"

And now they strive with all their sudden force
To storm life's cittadel, each other's brest;
At which, could Heav'n's chief eye have felt remorse,
It would have wink'd, or hast'ned to the west.

But sure the heav'nly movers little care
Whither our motion here be false or true;
For we proceed, whilst they are regular,
As if we dice for all our actions threw.

We seem surrender'd to indiff'rent chance;
Even Death's great work looks like fantastick play;
That sword, which oft did Oswald's fame advance
In publick war, falls in a private fray.

For when (because he ebbs of blood did feel)
He levell'd all his strength at Gondibert,
It clash'd and broke against the adverse steel,
Which travell'd onward till it reach'd his heart.

Now he that like a stedfast statue stood
In many battails register'd by Fame,
Does fall, depriv'd of language as of blood;
Whilst high the hunters send their victor's name.

Some shout aloud, and others winde the horn!
They mix the citie's with the field's applause;
Which Borgio soon interprets as their scorn,
And will revenge it ere he mourn the cause.

This the cold evening warm'd of Vasco's age,
He shin'd like scorching noon in Borgio's looks;
Who kindled all about him with his rage,
And worse the triumph than the conquest brooks.

The troops (astonish'd with their leader's fate)
The horrour first with silence entertain;
With loud impatience then for Borgio waite,
And next with one confusion all complain.

Whom thus he urg'd: "Prince Oswald did command
We should remove far from the combat's list,
And there like unconcern'd spectators stand,
Justly restrain'd to hinder or assist.

"This (patient friends) we dully have obey'd,
A temp'rance which he never taught before;
But though alive he could forbid our aid,
Yet dead, he leaves revenge within our pow'r."

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The battail in exact though little shape,
Where none by flight, and few by fortune, scape;
Where even the vanquish'd so themselves behave,
The victors mourn for all they could not save:
And fear (so soon is Fortune's fulness wayn'd)
To lose, in one, all that by all they gain'd.

Now Hubert's page assists his wounded lord
To mount that steed, he scarce had force to guide;
And wept to see his hand without that sword
Which was so oft in dreadfull battails try'd.

Those who with Borgio saw his want of blood,
Cry'd out, "If of thy strength enough remain,
Though not to charge, to make thy conduct good,
Lead us to add their living to our slain."

Hubert reply'd, "Now you may justly boast,
You sons of war, that Oswald was your sire,
Who got in you the honour I have lost,
And taught those deeds our ladies' songs admire.

"But he (war's ancestor, who gave it birth,
The father of those fights we Lombards fought)
Lies there imbracing but his length of earth,
Who for your use the world's vast empire sought.

"And cold as he lies noble Dargonet,
And Paradine, who wore the victor's crown;
Both swift to charge, and slow in a retreat;
Brothers in blood, and rivals in renown."

This said, their trumpets sound revenge's praise;
The hunters' horns (the terrour of the wood)
Reply'd so meanly, they could scarcely raise
Eccho so loud as might be understood.

The duke (his fit of fury being spent,
Which onely wounds and opposition bred)
Does weep o'er the brave Oswald, and lament
That he, so great in life, is nothing dead.

But cry'd, when he the speechless rivals spy'd,
"O worth above the ancient price of love!
Lost are the living, for with these love dy'd,
Or, if immortal, fled with them above.

"In these we the intrinsick vallue know
By which first lovers did love currant deem;
But love's false coyners will allay it now,
Till men suspect what next they must contemn."

Not less young Hurgonil resents their chance,
Though no fit time to practice his remorse;
For now he cries, (finding the foe advance)
"Let death give way to life! to horse! to horse!

"This sorrow is too soft for deeds behinde,
Which I (a mortal lover) would sustain,
So I could make your sister wisely kinde,
And praise me living, not lament me slain.'

Swift as Armenians in the panther's chase
They fly to reach where now their hunters are;
Who sought out danger with too bold a pace,
Till thus the duke did them alow'd prepare.

"Impatient friends, stand, that your strength may last!
Burn not, in blaze, rage that should warm you long!
I wish to foes the weaknesses of haste,
To you such slowness as may keep you strong.

"Not their scorn's force should your fix'd patience move;
Tho' scorn does more than bonds free mindes provoke,
Their flashy rage shall harmless lightning prove,
Which but fore-runs our thunder's fatal stroke.

"For when their fury's spent, how weak they are
With the dull weight of antick Vandall arms!
Their work but short, and little is in war,
Whom rage within, and armour outward, warms.

"When you have us'd those arts your patience yields,
Try to avoid their cowched launces' force
By dext'rous practice of Croatian fields,
Which turns to lazy elephants their horse.

"When false retreat shall scatter you in flight,
As if you back to elements were fled,
And no less faith can you again unite,
Than recollects from elements the dead.

"Make chasers seem, by your swift rallys, slow;
Whilst they your swifter change of figures fear,
Like that in batails which, t' amuse the foe,
My grandsire taught, as war's philosopher.

"Think now your valour enters on the stage,
Think Fame th' eternal Chorus to declare
Your mighty mindes to each succeeding age,
And that your ladyes the spectators are."

This utter'd was with such a haughty grace,
That ev'ry heart it empty'd, and did raise
Life's chiefest blood in valour to the face,
Which made such beauty as the foe did praise.

Yet 'twas ambition's praise, which but approves
Those whom thro' envy it would fain subdue;
Likes others' honour, but her own so loves,
She thinks all others' trophys are her due.

For Hubert now (tho' void of strength as feare)
Advanc'd the first division fast and farre;
Bold Borgio with the next attends his rear,
The third was left to Vasco's stedy care.

The duke still watch'd when each division's space
Grew wide, that he might his more open spred;
His own brave conduct did the foremost grace,
The next the count, the third true Tybalt led.

A forward fashion he did wear awhile,
As if the charge he would with fury meet;
That he their forward fury might beguile,
And urge them past redemption by retreat.

But when with launces cowch'd they ready were,
And their thick front (which added files inlarge)
With their ply'd spurs kept time in a carere,
Those soon were vanished whom they meant to charge.

The duke, by flight, his manhood thus and force
Reserv'd, and to his skill made valour yield,
Did seem to blush, that he must lead his horse
To lose a little ground to gain the field.

Yet soon he ralleys and revives the warre;
Hubert pursues the rear of Hurgonil;
And Borgio's rear with chace so loos'ned are,
That them the count does with close order kill.

And that which was erewhile the duke's firm van,
Before old Vasco's front vouchsafe to fly,
Till with their subtle rallys they began
In small divisions hidden strength to try;

Then cursing Borgio cry'd, "Whence comes his skill,
Who men so scatter'd can so firmly mix?
The living metal, held so violatile
By the dull world, this chymick lord can fix!"

He press'd where Hurgonill his fury spends,
As if he now in Orna's presence fought;
And with respect his brave approach attends,
To give him all the dangers which he sought.

So bloody was th' event of this new strife,
That we may here applauded valour blame;
Which oft too easily abandons life,
Whilst death's the parent made of noble fame.

For many now (belov'd by both) forsake,
In their pursuit of flying fame, their breath;
And through the world their valour currant make,
By giving it the ancient stamp of death.

Young Hurgonil's renowned self had bought
Honour of Borgio at no less a rate,
Had not the duke dispatch'd with those he fought,
And found his aid must fly or come too late.

For he advancing saw, (which him much griev'd)
That in the fairest region of the face,
He two wide wounds from Borgio had receiv'd;
His beauty's blemish, but his valour's grace.

"Now," cry'd the duke, "strive timely for renown!
Thy age will kiss those wounds thy youth may [loath;
Be not dismay'd to think thy beauty gone;
My sister's thine, who has enough for both."

Then soon the youth, death as an honour gave
To one that strove to rescue Borgio's life;
Yet Borgio had dispatch'd him to his grave,
Had Gondibert stood neutral in the strife:

Who with his sword (disdaining now to stay,
And see the blood he lov'd so rudely spilt)
Pierc't a bold Lombard who would stop his way;
Even till his heart did beat against his hilt.

Timely old Vasco came to Borgio's aid;
Whose long experienc'd arme wrought sure and [faste,
His rising oppositions level laid,
And miss'd no execution by his haste.

And timely where the bleeding count now fought,
And where the duke with number was opprest,
Resistless Tybalt came who Borgio sought,
But here with many Borgios did contest.

As tydes that from their sev'ral channels haste,
Assemble rudely in th' Ubæan bay,
And meeting there to indistinction waste,
Strive to proceed, and force each other's stay.

So here the valiant, who with swift force come,
With as resistless valour are engag'd;
Are hid in anger's undistinguish'd fome,
And make less way by meeting so inrag'd!

But room for Goltho now! whose valour's fire,
Like light'ning, did unlikely passage make;
Whose swift effects like light'nings they admire,
And even the harms it wrought with rever'nce take.

Vasco he seeks, who had his youth disdain'd;
And in that search he with irrever'nd rage
Revengefully, from younger foes abstain'd,
And deadly grew where he encounter'd age.

And Vasco now had felt his Gothick steel,
But that duke Gondibert (through helm and head)
Gave the last stroke which Vasco ere shall feel,
And sent him down an honour to the dead.

Here Borgio too had fal'n, but bravely then
The count so much reveng'd the wounds he gave,
As Gondibert (the prop of falling men)
Such sinking greatness could not choose but save.

When Vasco was remov'd, the count declin'd
His bashful eies; the duke thought sodain shame;
(From sense of luckless wounds) possess'd his mind;
Which thus he did reform, and gently blame.

"Now thy complexion lasting is, and good!
As when the Sun sets red, his morning eies
In glory wake, so now thou set'st in blood,
Thy parting beauty will in honour rise.

"These scarrs thou need'st not from my sister hide;
For as our father, in brave batail lost,
She first did name with sorrow, then with pride,
Thy beauty's loss she'l mourn, and after boast."

"Mine are but love's false wounds," (said Hurgonil)
"To what you Vasco gave; for I must grieve
My strengh of honour could not Vasco kill;
That honour lost, yet I have strength to live."

But now behold vex'd Hubert, who in all
This batail was by ready conduct known,
And though unarm'd, and his spent force so small,
He could to none bring death, yet sought his own:

And ev'ry where, where rallies made a grosse,
He charg'd; and now with last reserves he try'd
His too slow fate from Gondibert to force,
Where he was victor, and where Vasco dy'd.

The duke (in honour's school exactly bred)
Would not that this defenceless prince should be
Involv'd with those, whom he to dying led,
Therefore ordain'd him still from slaughter free.

And now his pow'r did gently make him know,
That he must keep his life, and quit the cause;
More pris'ner to himself than to his foe,
For life within himself in prison was.

His fierce assistants did not quit the field,
Till forward marks declar'd they fairly fought;
And then they all with sullen slowness yield;
Vex'd they have found what vain revenge had sought.

In the renown'd destruction of this day,
Four hundred leaders were by valour's pride
Led to blest shades by an uncertain way,
Where lowliness is held the surest guide.

And twice the tierce of these consists of those
Who for prince Oswald's love of empire bled;
The duke does thus with thanks and praise dispose
Both of the worthy living, and the dead.

" Binde all your wounds, and shed not that brave life,
Which did in all by great demeanor past
(Teaching your foes a wiser choice of strife)
Deserve a lease of Nature that may last.

" Love warm'd you with those sparks which kindled me
And form'd ideas in each lover's thought
Of the distress of some beloved she,
Who then inspir'd and prais'd you whilst you fought.

" You nobly prompt my passion to desire,
That the rude crowd who lovers' softness scorn,
Might in fair field meet those who love admire,
To try which side must after batail mourn.

" O that those rights which should the good advance,
And justly are to painful valour due,
(Howe're misplac'd by the swift hand of chance)
Were from that crowd defended by those few!

" With this great spectacle we should refresh
Those chiefs, who (though preferr'd by being dead)
Would kindly wish to fight again in flesh;
So all that lov'd, by Hurgonil were led."

This gracious mention from so great a lord,
Bow'd Hurgonill with dutious homage down,
Where at his feet he lay'd his rescu'd sword;
Which he accepts, but he returns his own.

" By this and thine," said gentle Gondibert,
" In all distress of various courts and warre,
We interpledg, and bind each other's heart,
To strive who shall possess griefs' greatest share.

" Now to Verona haste, and timely bring
Thy wounds unto my tender sister's care,
This day's said story to our dreaded king,
And watch what veng'ance Oswald's friends prepare.

" Brave Arnold, and his rival strait remove;
Where Laura shall bestrew their hallow'd ground;
Protectors both, and ornaments of love;"
This said, his eies outwep'd his widest wound.

" Tell her, now these (love's faithful saints) are gon,
The beauty they ador'd, she ought to hide;
For vainly will love's miracles be shown,
Since lovers' faith with these brave rivals dy'd.

" Say, little Hugo never more shall mourn
In noble numbers her unkind disdain;
Who now not seeing beauty, feels no scorn;
And wanting pleasure, is exempt from pain.

" When she with flowres lord Arnold's grave shall strew,
And hears why Hugo's life was thrown away,
She on that rival's hearse will drop a few;
Which merits all that April gives to May.

" Let us forsake for safety of our eies,
Our other loss; which I will strait inter,
And raise a trophy where each body lies;
Vain marks, how those alive the dead prefer!

" If my full breast, my wounds that empty be,
And this day's toil (by which my strength is gon)
Forbid me not, I Bergamo will see
Ere it beholds the next succeeding Sun.

" Thither convay thy soul's consid'rate thought,
How in this cause the court and camp's inclin'd;
What Oswald's faction with the king has wrought,
And how his loss prevails with Rhodalind."

The count and Tybalt take their lowly leaves;
Their slain they sadly with consuming hearts
Bear tow'rds Verona, whilst the duke perceives
Prince Hubert's grief, and thus his tears diverts.

" Afflicted prince! in an unpleasant how'r
You and your living (by blinde valour led)
Are captives made to such an easie pow'r,
Shall you as little vex, as death your dead.

" The dead can ne're by living help return
From that darke land, which life could ne'er disclose;
But these alive (for whom the victors mourn)
To thee I give, thee to thine own dispose.

Be not with honour's guilded baites beguil'd;
Nor think ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
For though we like it, as a forward child,
'Tis so unsound, her cradle is her grave.

" Study the mighty Oswald vainly gone!
Fierce Paradine, and Dargonet the stout!
Whose threds by destiny were slowly spunne,
And by ambition rashly ravell'd out."

But Hubert's grief no precept could reform;
For great grief councell'd, does to anger grow;
And he provided now a future storm,
Which did with black revenge o'ercast his brow.

Borgio and he from this dire region haste;
Shame makes them sightless to themselves and dumb;
Their thoughts fly swift as time from what is past;
And would like him demolish all to come.

Strait they inter th' inferior of their slain;
Their nobler tragick load their grief attends
Tow'rds Brescia, where the camp they hope to gain;
Then force the court by faction of their friends.

To Bergamo the gentle duke does turn
With his surviving lovers, who in kinde
Remembrance every step look back and mourn
Their fellow lovers death has stay'd behinde.

Some lost their quiet rivals, some their dear
Love's brother, who their hopes with help approv'd;
Some such joy'd friends, as even to morrow were
To take from Hymen those they dearest lov'd.

But now to Gondibert they forward look,
Whose wounds, ere he could waste three leagues of way,
So wast him, that his speech him quite forsook;
And Nature calls for art to make life stay.

His friends in torment least they should forsake
Delightful him, for whom alone they live;
Urge Heav'n uncivilly for calling back
So soon such worth, it does so seldom give,

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The victor is (when with his wounds subdu'd)
By such deform'd and dismal troops pursu'd,
That he thinks death, than which they uglier seem,
No ill expedient to escape from them.
But Ulfin guides him to sage Astragon,
By the last raies of the descending Sun.

Scarce on their duke their fears' kind fit was spent,
When strait a thick arm'd squadron clouds their sight;
Which cast so dark a shade, as if it ment
Without the Sun's slow leave, to bring in night.

This threat'ning squadron did consist of horse,
And by old Ulfin they were bravely led,
Whose mind was sound, nor wants his body force,
Though many winters' snow had cool'd his head.

The sad remainder who with Hubert went,
Did miss his reach, when they to Brescia turn'd,
And now (as if his haste destruction ment)
He chac'd these who the duke's spent valour mourn'd.

Whose posture being loose, their number few,
His scouts grew scornful as they forward come;
He makes his squadron halt, and neer he drew;
Then asks aloud, "What are you, and for whom?"

The noble Goltho (whose great deeds to day
Prevented manhood in his early youth)
Believ'd him Oswald's friend, yet scorn'd the way
To shelter life, behind abandon'd truth.

For he to Ulfin boldly thus reply'd;
"This second ambush findes us here in vain;
We have no treasure left that we would hide,
Since Gondibert is reckon'd with the slain.

"Duke Gondibert we vouch to be our lord,
To whose high vertue's sov'raignty we bow;
Oswald sunk low, as death, beneath his sword,
Though him superior fate will vanquish now."

Scarce empty eagles stooping to their prey,
Could be more swift than Ulfin to alight,
And come where Gondibert expiring lay;
Now pleasing those whom he did newly fright.

For scarce that rev'rence which a monarch draws,
Who seldome will be seen, though often sought;
Who spends his carefull age in making laws,
To rule those lands for which in youth he fought;

Nor that respect which people pay those kings,
Whose peace makes rich, whom civil war made wise
Can equall this which aged Ulfin brings
The gentle duke, to whom he prostrate lies.

His eyes (not us'd to tears) bathe every wound;
Which he salutes as things he chiefly lov'd;
And when expence of spirits he had found,
To gain him air, his mourners he remov'd.

"Make way," said he, "and give experience room;
The confident of age, though youth's scorn'd guide;
My wounds, though past, out-number yours to come,
You can but hope the knowledge I have try'd."

His hilt's round pommel he did then unskrew,
And thence (which he from ancient precept wore)
In a small christall he a cordial drew,
That weary life could to her walks restore.

This care (amazing all it does delight)
His ruines, which so reverend appear,
With wonder not so much surprise their sight,
As a strange object now his troops draw near.

In whom such death and want of limbs they finde,
As each were lately called out of his tombe,
And left some members hastily behinde;
Or came when born abortive from the wombe.

Yet this defect of legs, or arms, or hands,
Did wondring valour not disturb, but please;
To see what divers weapons each commands
With art's hard shifts, till custome gave them ease.

But the uncomely absence of an eye,
And larger wants, which ev'ry visage mourn'd,
(Where black did over-vail, or ill supply)
Was that which wonder into horrour turn'd.

And Ulfin might be thought (when the rude wind
Lifting their curtains, left their ruines bare)
A formal antiquary, fondly kind
To statues, which he now drew out to aire.

The duke (whose absent knowledge was call'd back
By cordials' pow'r) his wonder did increase
So much, that he agen did knowledge lack,
Till thus old Ulfin made his wonder cease.

"Auspicious prince! recorded be this day,
And sung by priests of each ensuing age;
On which thou maist receive, and I may pay
Some debts of duty, as thy grandsire's page.

" That mighty chief I serv'd in youth's first strength,
Who our short scepter meant to stretch so far,
Till eastern kings might grieve theirs wanted length,
Whose maps scarce teach where all their subjects are.

" Full many stormy winters we have seen,
When mighty valour's heat was all our fire;
Else we in stupid frosts had fetter'd been,
By which soft sinews are congeal'd to wire.

" And many scorching summers we have felt,
Where death relieves all whom the sword invades;
And kindly thence (where we should toyling melt)
Leads us to rest beneath eternal shades.

" For aid of action he obedience taught,
And silent patience for afflictions' cure;
He prais'd my courage when I boldly fought,
But said they conquer most, that most endure.

" The toyls of diligence as much approv'd
As valour's self, or th' arts her practise gaines;
The care of men, more than of glory lov'd;
Success rewarded, and succesles paines.

" To joyful victors quenching water sent,
Delightful wine to their lamenting slaves;
For feasts have more brave lives than famine spent,
And temp'rance more than trench or armour saves.

" Valour his mistriss, caution was his friend;
Both to their diff'rent seasons he appli'd;
The first he lov'd, on th' other did depend;
The first made worth uneasie by her pride.

" He to submiss devotion more was giv'n,
After a battel gain'd, then ere 'twas fought;
As if it nobler were to thank high Heav'n
For favours past, than bow for bounty sought.

" And thus through smarting heat, and aking cold,
Till Heav'n's perpetual traveller had more
Than thirty journeys through the zodiack told,
I serv'd thy grandsire, whom I now adore.

" For Heav'n in his too ripe and weary age,
Call'd him where peacefully he rules a star;
Free'd from low elements' continu'd rage,
Which last like monarch's pow'r by needful war.

" Strait thy lamented father did succeed
To his high place, by Aribert's consent,
Our ensignes through remoter lands to lead:
Him too I follow'd till he upward went.

" Till that black day on which the Hunns may boast
Their own defeate, and we our conquest hide;
For though we gain'd, and they the battel lost,
Yet then thy brave victorious father dy'd.

" And I am stay'd unwillingly behind; [snare;
Not caught with wealth, life's most intangling
Though both my masters were in giving kinde,
As joyful victors after battel are."

Whilst thus this aged leader does express
His and their story whom this bounty feeds,
His hands the duke's worst order'd wounds undress
And gently binde; then strait he thus proceeds.

" West from those hills till you Cremona reach,
With an unmingled right I gather rent;
By their great gift who did such precepts teach
In giving, as their wealth is ne'er misspent.

" For as their plenteous pity fills my thought,
So their example was not read in vain;
A thousand, who for them in battel fought,
And now distress'd with maimes, I entertain:

" Not giving like to those, whose gifts though scant
Pain them as if they gave with gowty hand;
Such vex themselves, and ease not others' want;
But we alike enjoy, a like command.

" Most spaciously we dwell, where we possess
All sinless pleasures Nature did ordain;
And who that all may have, yet will have less,
Wiser than Nature, thinks her kindness vain.

" A sad resolve, which is a wise-man's vow,
From cities' noise, and courts' unpitty'd care
Did so divorce me, it would scarce allow
I ere should take one league of distant ayre.

" But that alarms from each adjacent part
Which borders my abode, disturb'd my rest,
With dreadful newes that gracious Gondibert
By Oswald's faction was in fight opprest.

" Then it had given your wonder cause to last,
To see the vex'd mistakes this summons wrought
In all my maim'd domesticks, by their haste;
For some tie on the limbs which others sought.

" Just such mistakes audatious ethnicks say
Will happen, where the righteous busie are,
Through glad and earnest hast in the last day;
Whilst others slowly to their doom prepare.

" And this had anger, anger noise had bred,
And noise, the enemy of useful thought,
Had them to more mistakes than blindness led,
But that our awfull camps had silence taught.

" Silence did mem'ry, mem'ry order make;
Order to each did his mist wood restore;
For some, who once were stedfast foot, mistake
And snatch those limbs which only horsemen wore.

" Like swift pursuers on Arabian horse,
These with their needfull instruments of hold
(Which give their strange adapted weapons force)
I mounted strait; five hundred fully told.

" These from the Lombards highly have deserv'd,
In conquests where thy father did command;
Whom they for science and affection serv'd;
And lost their limbs to gain our scepter land.

" Which yet are noble though unsightly signes,
That each in active courage much abounds;
And many a widow'd mother now repines,
They cannot shew the men who gave those wounds.

" For dearly did the Hunns for honour pay,
When they deform'd them in a fatall fight;
Since though they strongly struggled for the day,
Yet all they got, was everlasting night.

" And Oswald's friends, were they not timely gone
(Though all the faction in one army were)
Should mourn this act against their gen'ral's son;
Who was to soldiers more than triumph dear.

" For these to conquest us'd, retreats dislike;
They beauty want, to others' beauty's cost;
With envious rage still at the face they strike;
And punish youth, for what in youth they lost."

Thus, though the duke's amazement be remov'd,
It now returns, gladly on him to gaze,
Who feeds those fighters whom his father lov'd;
A gratitude would vertue's self amaze.

" Thou art," said he (then melted whilst he spake)
" So ripe in what high Heav'n does dearly love,
That Heav'n's remorse for Earth we should mistake,
To think it will forbear thee long above.

" As if thy sent for soul already were
Upon her wings, so much I give thee gon;
And wish thee left in some successor here,
That might receive the kindness thou hast shown."

Old Ulfin now (but meltingly as he)
T' inrich him, gives the jewell of his sight;
For strait, with fatherly authority,
He bids his son, young Ulfinor, alight!

" Take him," (said he) " whose duty I release;
In whom all Heav'n's rewards included are,
For all my justice in corrupted peace,
And all my mercy in revengefull war.

" The fruit Heav'n sent me by my loyall wife,
In age, the gloomy eve of endless night;
Which eas'd in me the pain of latter life,
And frustrates death, by fresh succession's sight."

The duke with passion did this youth imbrace;
Then lucky Goltho he call'd forth in view;
Who was this day in Fortune's special grace,
For though no blood he lost, yet much he drew.

Him he with Ulfinor does strait unite;
Bids neither strive the other to precede,
Unless when danger doth them both invite,
But be, even in nice rivalship, agreed.

Bids both their breasts be either's open book,
Where nought is writ too hard for sudden eyes;
But thought's plain text grows easie by a look:
Study breeds doubts, where reading should suffice.

But these to joyn, Nature no councel needs;
Whom sympathy, her secret priest, does wed;
Much fam'd will be their loves, and martial deeds;
Which fill all books that are of Lombards read.

With gracious eyes, and body lowly bent,
The duke his father's rev'rend troops salutes;
To Bergamo he holds his first intent;
Which to oppose, old Ulfin thus disputes.

" Thou seest (my prince) the faint decayes of light;
How hastily the Sun's hot steeds begin
To mend their pace, as if their longing sight
Had newly spy'd their usuall western inn.

" Too farr is pleasant Bergamo from hence,
Since day has reach'd so neer his journey's end;
Day's strength and yours are at their last expence;
Do not whilst both are wasting, both misspend.

" You and your wounded must with Nature strive,
Till all (whose few houres' sway to day excels
Their elder foes' long reign in camps) arrive
Where Astragon the wise and wealthy dwells.

" Rich is that lord, and rich in learning's wealth;
Art flies his test, he all art's test endures;
Our cities send their sick to him for health,
Our camps the wounded for their certain cures.

" Though cautious Nature, check'd by destiny,
Has many secrets she would ne'r impart;
This fam'd philosopher is Nature's spie,
And hireless gives th' intelligence to Art."

The duke with vertue, (antiquated now)
Did rev'rence councel, and to age did bend;
His first course altars, and does this allow;
Then Ulfin as their guide they all attend.

Soon they the pallace reach'd of Astragon;
Which had its beauty hid by envious night;
Whose cypress curtain drawn before the Sun
Seem'd to performe the obsequies of light.

Yet light's last rayes were not intirely spent;
For they discern'd their passage through a gate,
Whose height and space shew'd ancient ornament;
And ancients there in careful office sate.

Who by their weights and measures did record
Such num'rous burthens as were thither brought
From distant regions, to their learned lord;
On which his chymics and distillers wrought.

But now their common business they refrain,
When they observe a quiet sullenness
And bloody marks in such a civil train; [tress.
Which shew'd at once their worth and their dis-

The voice of Ulfin they with gladness knew,
Whom to this house long neighbourhood in-
Approaching torches perfected their view, [dear'd;
And taught the way till Astragon appear'd,

Who soon did Ulfin cheerfully imbrace;
The visit's cause by whispers he receiv'd;
Which first he hop'd was meant him as a grace,
But being known with manly silence griev'd.

And then with gestures full of grave respect,
The duke he to his own apartment led;
To each distinct retirements did direct,
And all the wounded he ordain'd to bed.

Then thin digestive food he did provide,
More to enable fleeting strength to stay;
To wounds well search'd he cleansing wines apply'd,
And so prepar'd his rip'ning balsoms way.

Balm of the warriour's herbe, hypericon!
To warriours as in use, in form decreed;
For through the leaves transparent wounds are
shown;
And rudely touch'd, the golden flower does bleed.

For sleep they juice of pale nymphæa took,
Which grows (to shew that it for sleep is good)
Near sleep's abode in the soft murm'ring brook:
This cools, the yellow flower restraines the blood:

And now the weary world's great med'cin, sleep,
This learned host dispenc'd to ev'ry guest;
Which shuts those wounds where injur'd lovers weep,
And flies oppressors to relieve th' opprest.

It loves the cotage, and from court abstains,
It stills the sea-man though the storm be high;
Frees the griev'd captive in his closest chaines,
Stops want's loud mouth, and blinds the treach'rous spie!

Kind sleep, night's welcome officer, does sease
All whom this house contains till day return;
And me, grief's chronicler, does gently ease,
Who have behind so great a task to mourn.

GONDIBERT.

THE SECOND BOOK.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Verona by the poet's pencil drawn;
Where Hurgonil did meet the early dawn:
Her wealth shown by each dweller's early'r care;
Which sown by others peace, she reap'd by war.
The slain, whose life her safety was and pride,
Are now in death their fun'ral rites deny'd.

Near to his evening region was the Sun,
When Hurgonil with his lamented load,
And faithful Tybalt their sad march begun
To fair Verona, where the court aboad.

They slowly rode till night's dominion ceast:
When infant morn (her scarce wak'd beames display'd)
With a scant face peep'd shylie through the east;
And seem'd as yet of the black world afraid.

But by increase of swift expansive light,
The lost horizon was apparent grown,
And many tow'rs salute at once their sight;
The distant glories of a royal town.

Verona, sprung from noble Vera's name;
Whom careless time (still scatt'ring old records
Where they are loosly gather'd up by fame)
Proclaimes the chief of ancient Tuscan lords.

Verona borders on that fatal plaine, [blood,
Whose barren thirst was quench'd with valiant
When the rough Cymbrians by fierce Marius slain,
Left hills of bodies where their ensignes stood.

So safely proud this town did now appear;
As if it but immortal dwellers lack'd;
As if Theodoric had ne'r been there,
Nor Attila her wealth and beauty sack'd.

Here Hurgonill might follow with his eye
(As with deep stream it through the city pass't)
The fruitfull and the frighted Adice, [haste.
Which thence from noise and nets to sea does

And on her peopled bank they might behold
The toyles of conquest paid with works of pride;
The palace of king Agilulf the old,
Or monument, for ere 'twas built he dy'd.

To it that temple joynes, whose lofty head
The prospect of a swelling hill commands;
In whose coole wombe the city springs are bred:
On Dorique pillers this tall temple stands.

This to sooth Heav'n the bloody Clephes built;
As if Heav'n's king so soft and easy were,
So meanly hous'd in Heav'n, and kind to guilt,
That he would be a tyrant's tenant here.

And now they might arrest their wand'ring sight
With that which makes all other objects lost;
Makes Lombard greatness flat to Roman height,
And modern builders blush, that else would boast;

An amphytheater which was controll'd,
Unheeded conquests of advancing age, [old,
Windes which have made the trembling world look
And the fierce tempests of the Gothick rage,

This great Flaminius did in youth erect,
Where cities sat to see whole armies play
Death's serious part: but this we may neglect,
To mark the bus'ness which begins with day.

As day new op'ning fills the hemisphear,
And all at once; so quickly ev'ry street
Does by an instant op'ning full appear,
When from their dwellings busy dwellers meet.

From wider gates oppressors sally there;
Here creeps th' afflicted through a narrow dore;
Groans under wrongs he has not strength to bear,
Yet seeks for wealth to injure others more.

And here the early lawyer mends his pace;
For whom the earlier cliant waited long;
Here greedy creditors their debtors chase,
Who scape by herding in th' indebted throng.

Th' advent'rous merchant whom a storm did wake,
(His ship's on Adriatic billowes tost)
Does hope of eastern winds from steeples take,
And hastens there a currier to the coast.

Here through a secret posterne issues out
The skar'd adult'rer, who out-slept his time;
Day, and the husband's spie alike does doubt,
And with a half hid face would hide his crime.

There from sick mirth neglected feasters reel,
Who cares of want in wine's false Lethe steep.
There anxious empty gamsters homeward steal,
And fear to wake, ere they begin to sleep.

Here stooping lab'rers slowly moving are;
Beasts to the rich, whose strength grows rude with ease;
And would usurp, did not their rulers' care
With toile and tax their furious strength appease.

There th' aged walk, whose needless carefulness
Infects them past the mind's best med'cine, sleep;
There some to temples early vows address,
And for th' ore busie world most wisely weep.

To this vast inn, where tydes of strangers flow,
The morn and Hurgonil together came;
The morn, whose dewy wings appear'd but slow,
When men the motion mark'd of swifter Fame.

For Fame (whose journeys are through ways unknown,
Traceless and swift, and changing as the wind)
The morn and Hurgonil had much out-gone,
Whilst Truth mov'd patiently within behind.

For some the combat (to a battel grown)
Did apprehend in such prodigious shape,
As if their living to the dead were gone,
And only Fame did by her wings escape.

Some said this hunting falsely was design'd,
That by pretence both factions might prepare
Their armies to contest for Rhodalind;
The crown's chief jewel, and reward of warre,

And some report (so far they range from truth
Who for intelligence must follow fame)
That then from Bergamo th' incamped youth,
With Gondibert, to this dire hunting came.

And some, that Oswald had inlarg'd his traine
With the old troopes by his bold father led;
And that of these the nobler half were slain;
The rest were to their camp at Brescia fled.

And as dire thunder rowling o're Heaven's vault,
By murmure threatens, ere it kills alloud;
So was this fatall newes in whisper brought,
Which menac'd, ere it struck the list'ning croud.

But rumour soon to high extreames does move;
For first it Oswald nam'd with dreadful voice,
Then said that death had widow'd truth and love,
By making Gondibert the second choice.

And to all hearts so dear was Gondibert,
So much did pity Oswald's valour prise,
That strait their early bus'ness they desert,
And fix on wounded Hurgonil their eyes.

Him when by perfect day they sadly knew, [stain'd,
Through hidden wounds, whose blood his beauty
Even from the temples, angels soon withdrew;
So sawcely th' afflicted there complain'd.

The people strait united clamour gave, [coast;
Shrick'd loud like sea-men split on a strange
As if those pow'rs were deaf who should them save,
And pray'rs no louder than the windes were lost.

Now, with impatience urg'd, he does declare
Whom he so mournfully in fun'ral brought;
The publick losses of a private warr,
Who living, love, and dying, valour taught.

For he does Hugo and Arnoldo name;
" To these," (said he) " Verona cradles gave,
And since in forraign fields they rais'd her fame,
They challenge here, though much too soon, a grave.

" Bring sprinklings, lamps, and th' altar's precious breath;
All rites which priests have prudently devis'd;
Who gratefully a rev'rence teach to death:
Because they most by dying men are pris'd.

" But though our loss we justly may complain;
Though even by priests' authority we grieve;
Yet Heaven's first bounty, life, let none disdain,
Since Gondibert, our chief delight, does live."

This heard, as sea-men near a shore unknown,
Who their north guide lose in a stormy night,
His absence with distracted silence moan,
And loudly wellcome his return to sight:

So when their great conductor seem'd to be
Retir'd to endless shades amongst the slain,
With silent grief they seem'd as dead as he,
But with new life wellcom'd his life again:

And now that cold remainder valour left
Of these whom love had lost, and fate forsook;
The two that were of all but fame bereft,
From Hurgonil the weeping people took.

Whilst of them both sad Hurgonil takes leave,
Till th' universal meeting faith provides,
The day when all shall publicly receive
Those bodies, death does not destroy, but hides.

Then to his palace he retires by stealth;
His wounds from his lov'd mistris to conceal;
On whose dear joys so much depends his health,
The wounds her tears should touch would never heal.

To the chief temple strait the people bear
The valiant rivals, who for love were slain;
Whom all the peacefull priests behold with fear,
And griev'd such guests they durst not entertain.

For soon the prior of their brotherhood
(Who long serv'd Heav'n with praise, the world with prayer)
Cry'd out, " This holy house is shut to blood,
To all that die in combat or despair.

" These by their bloody marks in combat died;
Through anger, the disease of beasts untam'd;
Whose wrath is hunger, but in men 'tis pride,
Yet theirs is cruelty, ours courage nam'd.

" Here the neglected Lord of peace does live;
Who taught the wrangling world the rules of love;
Should we his dwelling to the wrathfull give,
Our sainted dead would rise, and he remove.

" Well by his precepts may we punish strife;
Whose pity knew that famine, plague, and time,
Are enemies enough to humane life;
None need o'er-charge Death's quiver with a crime.

" To unfrequented fields bear then your slain;
Where neither dirge nor requiem shall be giv'n;
To those who by usurp'd revenge disdain
To take from men, neglects they put on Heav'n."

But now the people's passions run too farr;
Their untaught love, artless extremes does wed,
Of times they like the past, and since they are
Oppress still by the living, love the dead:

And now resolve these rivals shall not lose
The rites of sprinkling, incense, lights, and song:
Then, as the voice of all their minds, they choose
An orator, of rude, but ready tongue:

Who at the temple gate thus pleads aloud! [Heav'n,
"We know, though priests are pensioners of
Your flock which yields best rent, is this dull croud;
The learn'd examine why their fleece is giv'n.

"Though by the rich first shorn, to you they bear
A second tribute, and by zeal support
Temples, which kings for glory raise, and where
The rich for fame, the learn'd as spies resort.

"Temples are yours, not God's lov'd palaces;
Where off'rings make not his, but your own feasts;
Where you most wisely live, because at ease,
And entertain your founders as your guests:

"With ease you take, what we provide with care;
And we (who your legation must maintain)
Find all your tribe in the commission are;
And none but Heav'n could send so large a train.

"But being all ambassadors from thence,
The growing charge will soon exceed our rent,
Unless you please to treat at his expence
Who sent you; not at ours, where you are sent.

"The ancient laws liv'd in the people's voice;
Rites you from custom, not from canon draw;
They are but fashions of a graver choice,
Which yield to laws, and now our voice is law."

This Tybalt heard with sorrow and disdain,
(Who here with Hurgonil a mourner came)
And strait the peaceful fathers strives to gain,
And thus the people's orator reclaim.

"Most usefull fathers! some trace secret things
Even to his closet, who is hid in Heav'n;
Vainly as Nilus to his hidden springs,
And not enjoy, but censure what is given.

"You with such temper their intemp'rance bear,
To shew your solid science does rely
So on it self, as you no trial feare;
For arts are weak that are of scepticks shy.

"Though in your office humane safety lies,
Which op'ns that Hell the vicious vulgar feare,
Yet never can the people priesthood prise;
As if from Heav'n your daily errands were.

"Not that your message, truth, they disesteem,
Or think it comes from any other way,
But that they taxes hate, and truth does seem
Brought as a tax, when they the bringers pay.

"Thus we to beasts fall from our noble kinde,
Making our pastur'd bodies all our care,
Allowing no subsistence to the minde;
For truth we grudge her as a costly fare.

But if they f ear (since daily you renew
Disputes) your oracles are doubtfull still
As those of old; yet more reward is due
To paines, where so uneasie is the skill.

"Or if no skill they think it, but suppose [too high)
'Tis faith (and faith ne'r thinks Heav'n's height
Yet faiths so sev'ral be, that few are those [fly.
Can choose right wings when they to Heav'n would

"Or if they think, faith humane help transcends,
And to your science is so strict a bound
As death to valour is, where daring ends;
And none are farthest in that progress found;

"Yet in our walk to our last home design'd,
'Tis safe by all the study'd guides to goe;
Least we in death, too late, the knowledge find
Of what in life 'twas possible to know.

"Your splendid pomp, by which your pow'r indures, [laws;
Though costly, costs much less than camps or
And more than both, religion us secures;
Since Hell (your prison) more than dying awes.

"For though the plain judge, conscience, makes no showe,
But silently to her dark session comes,
Not as red law does to arraignment goe,
Or warr to execution with loud drums;

"Though she on hills sets not her gibbets high,
Where frightful law sets hers; nor bloody seems
Like warr in colours spread, yet secretly
She does her work, and many men condems.

"Chokes in the seed, what law till ripe ne'er sees;
What law would punish, conscience can prevent;
And so the world from many mischiefs frees;
Known by her cures, as law by punishment.

"The weaker sighted ever look too nigh;
But their disputes have made your charter good;
As doubted tenures, which long pleadings trie,
Authentick grow by being much withstood.

"These chiefs, for whom we holy rites desire,
By well fought fields begot this citie's peace;
Oft with their blood have quench'd intestine fire;
And oft our famines chang'd into excess.

"Their rites let not the people be deny'd,
Though by untutor'd kindness rudely sought;
Nor think they have in private combate dy'de,
Where Gondibert and mighty Oswald fought:

"Both princes of the Lombards' royal blood; [are,
For whom full thrice three hunder'd number'd
Whose anger strove to make their anger good;
Number gives strife th' authentick name of war."

This said, warr's cause these priests no more debate;
They knew, warr's justice none could ere decide;
At that more specious name they open strait,
And sacred rites of fun'ral they provide.

How vain is custom, and how guilty pow'r?
Slaughter is lawful made by the excess;
Earth's partial laws, just Heav'n must needs abhor,
Which greater crimes allow, and damn the less.

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GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fame's progress through Verona, when she brings
Ill news inlarg'd, as her extended wings.
The combat's cause shakes Aribert's great mind;
And the effect more conquers Rhodalind.
Meek Orna's fears, proud Gartha's bold disdain;
And Laura kindly dying for the slain.

To streets (the people's region) early Fame
First brought this grief, which all more tragick make;
And next, to the triumphant court she came,
Where prosp'rous pow'r sleeps long, though sutors wake;

But yet the early king (from childhood bred
To dangers, toyls, and courser wants of ware)
Rose up to rule, and left soft love in bed,
Could conquer lands and love, but stoopt to care.

Care, that in cloysters only seales her eyes,
Which youth thinks folly, age as wisdom owns;
Fooles by not knowing her, out-live the wise;
She visits cities, but she dwells in thrones.

Care, which king Aribert with conquest gain'd,
And is more sure to him than realms intail'd
Wak'd him to know why rumour thus complain'd,
Or who in battel bled, or who prevail'd?

Young Hurgonil (who does his wounds conceal,
Yet knew it did his dutious care import
That some just witness should his cause reveal)
Sent Tybalt to appease, and tast the court.

To that proud palace which once low did lie
In Parian quarries, now on columnes stands;
Ionique props that bear their arches high,
With ample treasure rais'd by Tuscan hands.

So vast of height, to which such space did fit
As if it were o're-syz'd for modern men;
The ancient giants might inhabit it;
And there walk free as windes that pass unseen.

The monarch's wealth this shew'd in all the parts;
But his strong numerous guards denote him wise;
Who on the weather of his people's hearts,
For a short course, not voyages, relies.

Through many guards (all watchful, calm, and bold)
Tybalt did pass the first magnifick square;
And through ascents does enter to behold,
Where the state's head and eies assembled are.

There sat the king, on whose consid'rate brow
Sixty experienc'd sommers he discern'd,
Which made him ripe, and all of conduct know
That from success is own'd, from losses learn'd.

Neer him the empire's strict surveyors sate;
Whose universal sight no object lose;
Who see not crimes too soon, nor worth too late;
Finde danger's seed, and choake it ere it grows.

He wealth, not birth, preferr'd to councel's place;
For councel is for use, not ornament;
Souls are alike, of rich and ancient race;
Though bodies claim distinctions by descent.

Here boyling youth, nor frozen age, can sit:
It would in subjects scorne of ruling breed,
If that great work should such small ayds admit,
And make them hope that they no rulers need.

Nature too oft by birthright does preferr
Less perfect monarchs to an anxious throne;
Yet more than her, courts by weak counc'lers err;
In adding cyphers where she made but one.

To this wise king, sage Tybalt did relate
The combat's cause, with truth's severe extent
Reveales that fire which kindl'd Oswald's hate;
For which such precious valour was misspent.

Gives Gondibert a just record of praise;
First how unwilling, then how bold in fight;
And crowns the conquer'd with the victor's baies,
When manhood bids him do their valour right:

At last he counts the wounded and the slaine;
And how prince Hubert and the duke retir'd;
From nothing brave or great he did refraine,
But his own deeds, which doing were admir'd.

This Arribert with outward patience heares,
Though wounded by the cause for which they fought;
With mod'rate joy the death of Oswald beares;
Yet justly to extremes it inward wrought.

Tybalt he now with peaceful lookes discharg'd;
And then his thoughts (imprison'd in his breast)
He strait by liberty of tongue inlarg'd;
Which thus unto his councel he addrest.

" With what a difference Nature's pallat tasts
The sweetest draught which art provides her, pow'r:
Since pow'r, pride's wine, but high in relish lasts
Whilst fuming new, for time does turn it sowre?

" Yet pow'r, Earth's tempting fruit, Heav'n first did plant,
From man's first serpent safe, ambition's reach;
Else Eden could not serve ambition's want;
Whom no command can rule, nor councel teach.

" Pow'r is that luscious wine, which does the bold,
The wise, and noble most intoxicate;
Adds time to youth, and takes it from the old;
Yet I by surfeit this elixer hate.

" I curst those wars that make my glory last;
For which the Tuscan widows curse me more;
The barren fields where I in arms did fast,
That I might surfeit on luxurious pow'r.

" Thou Hermegild, who art for valour crown'd,
For honour trusted, and for wisdom heard;
And you whom councel has no less renown'd,
Observe how virtue against peace has err'd.

" Still I have fought, as if in beauty's sight,
Out-suffer'd patience, bred in captives breasts;
Taught fasts, till bodys like our souls grew light;
Outwatch'd the jealous, and outlabour'd beasts.

" These were my merits, my reward is pow'r;
An outward trifle, bought with inward peace;
Got in an age, and rifled in an how'r;
When feav'rish love, the people's fit, shall cease.

" For did not pow'r on their fraile love depend,
Prince Oswald had not treated with that love;
Whose glory did in hasty darkness end;
A sparke which vanish'd, as it upward strove.

" By scorne of dangers and of ease, he sought
The Lombards' hearts, my Rhodalind, and crowne;
And much his youth had by his practice wrought,
Had Gondibert not levell'd his renowne:

" Had Gondibert not staid the people's eies
(Whose vertue stept twixt Oswald and their sight)
Who knows but Rhodalind had bin his prise,
Or war must have secur'd paternal right?

" Sad and uneasie is a long kept throne;
Not that the people think long pow'r unjust;
But that for change, they wish best monarchs gone;
Fond change, the people's soon repented lust!

" I did advance (though with some jealous paine)
A forward vertue to my subjects' love;
Least one less temp'rate should their favour gaine;
Whom their unstudy'd choice would more approve.

" To thee sage Hermegild my self I leave,
My fame and pow'r: thee action cannot waste;
Caution retard, nor promptitude deceive;
Slowness belate, nor hope drive on too faste.

" Think Hubert heir to Oswald's bold pretence;
To whom the camp at Brescia is inclin'd;
The duke at Bergamo will seek defence;
And these are seeds of war for Rhodalind."

This said, his councel he dismiss'd; who spy'd
A growing rage, which he would fain conceal;
They durst but nicely search, what he would hide;
Least they inflame the wound that else might heal.

They haste to sev'ral cares: some to allay
Court's hectick feaver, faction (which does rain
Where luxury, the syre of want, does sway)
Some to appease th' alliance of the slain.

But order now bids us again persue
Th' unweary'd motion of unhappy Fame;
From fields to streets, from streets to court she flew;
Where first she to the king's appartment came.

Thence through the palace she her wings did air;
And as her wings, her tongue too never ceas'd;
Like restless swallows in an evening fair:
At last does on a peaceful dwelling rest.

Where sleep does yet that gentle sex possesse,
Who ne'er should more of care's rude wakings know,
But what may help sad lovers to successe; [slow.
Or imp Love's wings when they are found too

There lovers seek the royal Rhodalind;
Whose secret brest was sick for Gondibert;
And Orna, who had more in publick pin'd
For Hurgonil, the monarch of her heart.

And there the killing Laura did reside;
She of whose eies the Lombard youth complain;
Yet often she for noble Arnold di'd;
And knew not now, her murderer was slain.

Nor Hugo, who was all with love indu'd;
Whom still with teares the Lombard ladies name;
Esteeming modern lovers false, and rude,
And poets falser when they sing their fame.

These beauties (who could soften tyrant kings)
Sleep now conceal'd within their curtains' shade;
Till rudely Fame, by shaking lowd her wings,
Disturb'd their eies, and their wak'd hearts dismay'd.

They heard in parcels by imperfect sound,
A tale too dismal to be understood;
That all their lovers lay in hallow'd ground;
Temples their bodies hid, the fields their blood.

That this dire morn to sad Verona brought
The duke and Oswald, of lov'd life depriv'd;
And that of all who their fierce batail fought,
Onely the mangled Hurgonil surviv'd.

This tale, Fame's course, officious friends convay'd,
(Which are attendant slaves, and palace grooms)
Who by the lover of some busie may'd,
From outward courts sent it to inward rooms.

Such horrour brought, where love had onely us'd,
Did yet breed more amazement than belief:
Whilst Orna now, and Laura fly confus'd,
To Rhodalind, truth's altar, for relief.

There with disorder'd voices they compare,
And then derive what each has loosly learn'
Each hope applies, where others most despaire;
As doubting all but where her self's concern'd.

This weeping conf'rence had not lasted long,
When Tybalt, free from Aribert's commands,
Scapes the assembling court's inquiring throng,
And enters here; where first he doubtful stands.

For pitty, when he ruin'd Laura spi'de,
Bids his discretion artfully complain;
And shew far off, what truth not long can hide:
Death at a distance seen, may ease fear's pain.

Their bus'ness now he can no more forbear;
For who on their urg'd patience can prevail,
Whose expectation is provok'd with fear?
He therefore thus their patience did assail.

" Kinde Heav'n, that gave you vertue, give you peace
Delightful as your beauties, be your mindes;
Still may your lovers your renown increase,
Though he who honour seeks, first danger findes!

" Still may your beauty bear that ancient rate,
When beauty was chaste honour's merchandise;
When valour was chief factor in love's state;
Danger, love's stamp, and beautie's currant price.

" Renown'd be Oswald, who in high relief
Of Rhodalind, her love with danger sought;
In love's records be Gondibert the chief,
Who for her right, not for his own has fought.

" Though these for mighty mindes deserve Fame's voice;
Yet Orna needs must boast of Hurgonil;
Whose dangers well have justifi'd her choice,
And might alone Fame's publick trumpet fill.

" Enlarg'd be honour's throne, that Arnold there
And Hugo may for ever sit and rest,
Free from their valour's toyle, and Laura's feare;
Which more than wounds disorder'd either's breast."

This said, he paws'd; findes each distrusts his art;
For hope and doubt came and return'd apace,
In chang'd complexion from th' uncertain heart,
Like frighted scowtes for tidings to the face.

His eye seem'd most imploy'd on Rhodalind;
Whose love above her bashful caution sways;
For naming Gondibert, he soon did finde,
Her secret soul shew'd pleasure at his praise.

Yet when she found her comforts did not last,
And that as oracles, the future taught,
He hid truth's face, and darkened what was past;
Thus truth through all her mourning vailes she sought.

" Why in these ladies do you lengthen paine,
By giving them grief's common med'cin, doubt?
Ease those with death whose lovers now are slaine;
Life's fire a feaver is, when love's is out.

" Yet think not that my cares peculiar are;
Perhaps I from religious pitty learn'd,
In vertu's publick loss to take some share;
For there all but the vicious are concern'd."

" Your prudence, royal maid (he strait replies)
More than your birth, may claim the Lombards' crown
Whoe're in conquest of your favour dies;
For short life's loss shall find a long renowne.

" Then happy Oswald, who is sure to gaine,
Even by ambition that undoes the wise;
Great was th' attempt for which he's nobly slaine;
And gets him praise, though he has mist the prise.

" But happier Gondibert, who does survive
To begg your mercy, that he thus had dar'd
To own that cause, for which the world might strive;
And conqu'ring, takes his wounds for his reward.

" Be Hurgonil long distant from his grave,
Whose life was so important in this cause;
Who for each wound he took, a wider gave,
And lives t' enjoy the pleasure of applause.

" To say, how Hugo and lord Arnold strove
For victorie, and mention their event,
Were to provide such fun'ral rites for love,
As death would be close mourner, and repent."

Now Laura's blood back to her liver fled;
True beautie's mint: For by her heart, love's throne,
Beautie's call'd in, like coyn when kings are dead;
As if not currant now her lover's gone.

And like her beauty, she had darkened life,
But that with sprinckled water they restore
(By sodain cold, with sodain heat at strife)
Her spirits to those walks they us'd before.

She Arnold calls, then lost that name againe;
Which Rhodalind, and Orna's teares bemone,
Who carefully would her spent strength sustaine,
Though hope has scarcely yet brought back their owne:

Now they her temples chaf'd, and strait prepare
Hot eastern fumes to reach her brains' cool'd sence;
With wine's fierce spirits these extracted are,
Which warme but slowly, though of swift expense.

Yet now again she breath'd lord Arnold's name;
Which her apt tongue through custom best exprest;
Then to stay life, that so unwilling came,
With cordial epithems they bath'd her breast.

Th' attendant maids, by Tybalt's ready ayde,
To stop her mourners teares, convey her now
Where she may ease in her own curtain's shade
Her weary heart, and grief more tongue allow.

No sooner thus was pity'd Laura gon,
But Oswald's sister, Gartha the renown'd!
Enters, as if the world were overthrown,
Or in the teares of the afflicted drown'd.

Unconquer'd as her beauty was her minde;
Which wanted not a spark of Oswald's fire;
Ambition lov'd, but ne'r to love was kinde;
Vex'd thrones did more than quiet shades desire.

Her garments now in loose neglect she wore,
As suted to her wilde dishevel'd haire;
Men in her shape might Nature's work adore,
Yet ask, why art's nice dress was absent there?

But soon they found what made this change appear;
For meeting truth, which slowly follows Fame,
Rage would not give her leasure for a teare
To quench (ere thus she spake) her passion's flame.

" Blasted be all your beauties Rhodalind,
Till you a shame, and terrour be to light;
Unwing'd be Love, and slow as he is blind,
Who with your looks poyson'd my brother's sight!

" Low and neglected be your father's throne,
Which like your beauty, Oswald did o're-rate;
Let luckless war take lands from his light crown,
Till those high cares he want that gave it weight!

" Let pow'r's consumption be his long disease,
Heav'n's vexing curb, which makes wild monarchs tame;
And be he forc'd, in froward age to please
His favour's monster, who devoures his fame.

" May you soon feel (though secret in your love,
As if your love were sin) the publick scorn!
May Gondibert, who is your glory, move
Your pittie, when none else but you shall mourn!

" To the dark inne (where weary valour, free
From thankless dangers rests) brave Oswald's gone!
But Hubert may, though vanquish'd, live to see
Your victor with his victory undone!"

This said, she mounts (with a tempestious brow)
The charriot her Calabrian coursers drew;
Lifted by slaves, (who still about her bow)
As if with wings of swift revenge she flew.

To Brescia's camp her course she had design'd,
And bids her char'ioteer drive swiftly on,
As if his steeds were dieted with winde!
Slow seems their speed whose thoughts before them run.

The pav'd streets kindle with her chariot wheeles;
The omen of war's fire the city spies,
Which with those sparks struck by her coursers' heels,
Shine not so much as rage does in her eies.

Those that observ'd her anger, grief, and haste,
With a dejected melancholy mourn;
She seem'd their citie's genius as she pass'd,
Who by their sins expell'd, would ne'r return.

The gentle ladies she has left in tears,
Who no example need, nor cause to melt;
For soon even grief's alarms, our foremost fears,
Kill those whose pain by love's quick sence is felt.

And Rhodalind her fatal love does blame,
Because she finds it now by Gartha spy'd;
And does lament love's fire, which bashful shame
Cannot reveal, nor her discretion hide.

She would not have it waste, nor publick grow,
But last conceal'd like that in Tullia's urne;
Or that which prosp'rous chymists nicely show,
Which, as it thrives, must more in private burn.

Yet strait (grown valiant with her victor's fate)
She would have Hymen hold his torches high;
And love's fire pris'd, as vestals theirs did rate,
Which none durst quench, tho' free to ev'ry eye.

Resolves her love, whilst this new valour lasts,
Shall undisguis'd her father's sight endure;
And Orna now to her dear lover hastes,
Whose outward wounds stay for her inward cure.

But here a wonder may arrest our thought,
Why Tybalt (of his usual pitty void)
To such sought eares these direful sorrows brought,
Since to the king he onely was imploy'd?

But these are riddles of misterious love!
Tybalt in private long for Laura pin'd;
And try'd how Arnold would her passion move
In death, who living ever fill'd her minde.

And by this trial how she Arnold us'd,
He wisely ment to urge or stay his heart;
But much by love the cautious are abus'd,
Who his wilde ridles would reduce to art.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dead Oswald to his camp by Hubert brought;
The camp, from pity, are to fury wrought;
Yet finde, when Gartha's looks does them surprise,
Their forward hands diverted by their eies:
Till with her voice new urg'd, they deeds persue,
Which even revenge would, had it eies, eschew.

When from the fatal forrest Hubert rode
To Brescia, he and Borgio bent their way,
That their tho' dead, yet much important load,
They might with horrour to the camp convay.

Revenge, impatient Hubert proudly sought!
Revenge, which, even when just, the wise deride;
For on past wrongs we spend our time and thought,
Which scarce against the future can provide.

But Fame before him came where those are bred
Who to her dismal tales faint credit give;
Who could not think their mighty Oswald dead,
Whilst they unconquer'd and unwounded live.

Nor could Fame hope to make this camp her seate;
Her tales, the talking, idle, fearful, heare;
But these are silent as in stolne retreate,
Busie as life, and like the dead past feare.

Neer Mela's flowry banke this army lay,
Which Oswald's syre and Oswald oft had led
Against the Vandales' king: and twice the day
They gain'd, whilst he from them and empire fled.

From youth expos'd, like cattle in the field,
And not taught warmth, as city infants are;
But colds and fasts, to kill or to be kill'd,
Like th' elements their birth began with warre.

So rev'rend now and strong in age appeare,
As if maintain'd by more than humane breath;
So grave, as if the councellors they were,
Not executioners of tyrant Death.

With silence (order's help, and marke of care)
They chide that noise which heedless youth affect;
Still course for use, for health they cleanly weare,
And, save in well fix'd armes, all niceness chek'd.

They thought, those that unarm'd expos'd fraile life,
But naked Nature valiantly betrai'd;
Who was, tho' naked, safe, till pride made strife,
But made defence must use, now danger's made.

And those who toyle of armour cannot byde,
Lose Nature's force, which these in custom finde;
And make (since strength's but Nature hourly try'd)
The body weak by softness of the minde.

They seem'd so calme, and with their age so grave,
So just and civil in their killing trade,
As if all life were crime but what they save,
Or murder were by method lawful made.

Yet now that manhood which those victors makes,
(So weak is man, where most he may be prowd)
Pity, the tender'st of affections, shakes,
And they become from order, loose and lowd.

For when they saw the brother of their chief
Led to their camp by a defeated traine,
They soon to late scorn'd rumour gave beliefe,
And then by Hubert's wounds thought Oswald slaine.

But when disguis'd in death they Oswald saw,
In a slow chariot brought, with fun'ral pace,
Themselves in an united croud they draw,
And give to grief one universal face.

Wonder (which growes unactive by excesse)
A while did their unruly passion stay;
The object lasting, made their wonder lesse,
Which fled to give their grief and anger way.

Yet first their grief (which manhood should restraine)
They vent in women's sighs, with teares allay'd,
As if those women taught them to complaine,
Who by their swords are weeping widows made.

As icy rockes, which frost together binde,
Stande silent, till as silently they melt.
But when they meet in currents unconfin'd,
Swell, and grow loud, as if they freedom felt:

So these, unmov'd before, melt quietly
In their first grief, till grief (when tears meet tears,
And sighs meet sighs, from every breast and eie)
Unruly grows, and danger's visage bears.

When hastily they heard by whose dire hand
Their gen'ral fell, they think it cold to pause
Till anger may be guided by command,
And vain to ask of cureless death the cause.

Some would to Bergamo their ensignes bear,
Against those youth which Gondibert had led;
Whom they in sacrifice would offer there,
T' appease the living, and revenge the dead.

And some (to show their rage more eminent)
Would to Verona march, and there do deeds,
Should make the shining court in blacks lament,
And weep whilst the victorious faction bleeds.

Hubert (who saw revenge advance so faste,
Whilst prudence, slower pac'd, was left behinde)
Would keep their anger bent, yet slack their haste,
Because the rash fall oftner than the blinde.

He first their melting pitty kindly prais'd,
Which water'd anger's forge, and urg'd their fire;
That like to meteors lasts by being rais'd,
But when it first does sink, does strait expire.

Commends their anger, yet that flame he prays
May keep the temp'rate chymick's equal heat;
That they in fury might not need allays,
Nor charge so rashly as to want retreat.

Begs they this dismal night would there remain,
And make the hopeful morn their guide; whilst grief
(Which high revenge as tameness should disdain)
Sleep shall conceal, and give his wounds relief.

He Vasco, Paradine, and Dargonet,
With Oswald, to the red pavilion sent,
(Death's equal pris'ners now for Nature's debt)
And then retires with Borgio to his tent.

This is the night the Brescians so bemoan'd,
Who left their beds, and on their walls appear'd,
As th' oppressed world in earthquakes groan'd,
Or that some ruin'd nation's sighs they heard;

Admir'd what in that camp such griefs could raise,
Where serious death so oft had been abus'd,
When ev'n their sportive fencers' monthly plays
Profan'd that shape, which states for terrour us'd.

Yet this lowd mourning will no wonder breed,
When we with life lay Oswald's errours by,
And use him as the living use the dead,
Who first allow men vertue when they dy.

Still lib'ral of his life, of wealth as free,
By which he chief in fighting crowds became,
Who must their leaders' valours often see,
And follow them for bounty more than fame.

This gen'ral mourning was to lowdness rais'd,
By showing gifts he gave, and wounds he took;
They chid at last his life which they had prais'd,
Because such vertue it so soon forsook.

Now night, by grief neglected, hastes away!
And they the morne's officious usher spy,
The close attendant on the lord of day,
Who shows the warmer of the world is nigh.

And now the drums, the camp's low thunder, make
War's thick united noise from ev'ry guard
Tho' they reveillees scorn, whom grief does wake,
Who think, sleep, Nature's curse, not toyls reward.

All night proud Borgio, (chief in Hubert's trust)
With haughty hopes, the camp does waking keep:
Ambition is more viligant than lust,
And in hope's feaver is too hot to sleep.

Now day and Hubert haste to publick view;
His wounds (unlucky more than dangerous)
Are so refresh'd, that he the army drew
To a wide grosse, and urg'd their anger thus:

"Friends to my father! in whose wounds I see
The envy'd merit whence his triumphs came;
And fathers to my brother, and to me,
For onely you adopted us to Fame!

" Forgive me, that I there have feebly fought
Where Oswald in your cause did nobly strive;
Whence of his blood these veines so much have brought,
As makes me blush that I am still alive!

" Your valiant youth is gone, whom you have bred
From milkie childhood to the years of blood!
By whom you joy'd so often to be led,
Where firme as now your trophys, then you stood!

" Gon is he now, who still with low regard
Bow'd to your age, your wounds as beauty kist;
Knew age was of your temp'rance the reward,
And courts in beauty by your skarrs subsist.

" Yet was he not for mean pretensions slaine,
Who for your inter'st not his own has foug ht;
Vex'd that the empire, which your wounds did gaine,
Was by a young unwounded army sought!

" For Gondibert (to whom the court must bow,
Nor war is with your fav'rite overthrowne)
Will, by his camp of boys at Bergamo,
Wed her, who to your valour owes the crowne.

" Blame not your chief for his ambitious fire,
Who was but temp'rate, when he understood
He might the empire in your right require;
A scant reward for your exhausted blood."

Thus Hubert spake; but now so fierce they grow
That Borgio strove to quench whom Hubert warm'd:
" To Bergamo!" they cry'd, " to Bergamo!"
And as they soon were vex'd, as soon are arm'd.

For to distinct and spacious tents they hie,
Where, quick as vests of Persia shifted are,
Their armes (which there in cleanly order lie)
They take from moving wardrobes of the warre.

Arm'd soon as porquepines! as if, like those,
Their very rage them with defence supplies;
As borne with it, and must have winged foes
That stoop from Heav'n to harme them by surprise.

With ensignes now display'd, their force they draw
To hasty order, and begin to move;
But are amus'd by something that they saw,
Which look'd like all that ere they heard of love.

Unusual to their camp such objects were,
Yet this no ill effect from wonder wrought;
For it appeas'd them by approaching neer,
And satisfi'd their eies in all they sought.

And this was Gartha, in her chariot drawn,
Who, through the swarthy region of the night,
Drove from the court; and as a second dawn
Breaks on them, like the morne's reserve of light.

Thro' all the camp she moves with fun'ral pace,
And still bowes meekly down to all she saw;
Her grief gave speaking beauty to her face,
Which lowly look'd, that it might pitty draw.

When by her slaves her name they understood,
Her lines of feature heedfully they view;
In her complexion track their gen'ral's blood,
And find her more, than what by fame they knew.

They humbly her to that pavilion guide,
Where Hubert his bold chiefs with fury fir'd;
But his ambition, when he Gartha spy'd,
(To give his sorrow place) a while retir'd.

With his respectful help she does descend,
Where they with dear imbraces mingle tears,
But now her male revenge would grief suspend;
Revenge, thro' grief, too feminine appears.

But when her dear allies, dead Paradine
And Dargonet, she saw, that manlinesse,
Which her weak sex assum'd, she does decline,
As bred too soft, to mannage grief's excesse.

Then soon return'd, as loath to show her eies
No more of Oswald than she must forsake;
But sorrow's moisture heat of anger dries;
And, mounted in her chariot, thus she spake:

" If you are those of whom I oft have heard
My father boast, and that of Oswald bred;
Ah! where is now that rage our tyrant fear'd,
Whose darling is alive, tho' yours be dead?

" The court shines out at Rhodalind's commands,
To me (your drooping flowre) no beam can spare;
Where Oswald's name, new planted by your hands,
Withers, as if it lost the planter's care.

" From Rhodalind I thus disorder'd flie,
Least she should say, ' Thy fate unpity'd comes!
Goe sing, where now thy father's fighters lie,
Thy brother's requiem, to their conqu'ring drums!

" ' The happy fields by those brave warriours fought,
(Which, from the dictates of thy aged syre,
Oswald in high victorious numbers wrot)
Thou shalt no more sing to thy silenc'd lyre!'

" Such scorns, pow'r on unlucky vertue throws,
When courts with prosp'rous vices wanton are;
Who your authentick age despise for those,
Who are to you but infants of the warre."

Thus tho' she spake, her looks did more persuade;
Like vertuous anger did her colour rise,
As if th' injurious world it would invade,
Whilst tears of rage, not pitty, drown her eies.

The Sun did thus to threatned Nature show
His anger red, whilst guilt look'd pale in all;
When clouds of floods did hang about his brow,
And then shrunk back to let that anger fall.

And so she turn'd her face, not as to grieve
At ruine, but to lisence what she rais'd;
Whilst they (like common throngs) all tongues believe,
When courts are tax'd, but none when they are prais'd.

Like commets, courts afflict the vulgar eie;
And when they largest in their glory blaze,
People, through ignorance, think plagues are nie,
And, till they waste, with mourning wonder gaze.

These scorn the court's dissertion of their age;
The active, ease impos'd, like pain endure;
For though calm rest does age's pain asswage,
Yet few the sickness own to get the cure.

To Heav'n they lift their looks! whose Sun ne'r saw
Rage so agreed, as now he does behold;
Their shining swords all at an instant draw,
And bad him judge next day if they were old!

And of Verona wish'd him take his leave,
Which, ere his third return, they will destroy,
Till none shall guess by ruines where to grieve,
No more than Phrygians where to weep for Troy.

Thus Bergamo is soon forgot, whilst all
Alow'd, "Verona!" cry, "Verona must"
(That reach'd the clouds) "low as her quarries fall!"
The court they'll bury in the citie's dust.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

At Oswald's camp arrives wise Hermegild,
Whose presence does a new diversion yield;
In councel he reveals his secret breast;
Would mingle love with empire's interest:
From rash revenge, to peace the camp invites,
Who Oswald's fun'ral grace with Roman rites.

In this distemper, whilst the humours strive
T' assemble, they again diverted are;
For tow'rds their trenches twenty chariots drive,
Swiftly as Syrians when they charge in warre.

They Hermegild with court attendants spy'd,
Whose haste to Hubert does advice intend,
To warn him, that just Fate can ne'r provide
For rash beginnings a succesful end.

But Fate for Hermegild provided well;
This story else (which him the wise does call)
Would here his private ruine sadly tell,
In hastning to prevent the publick fall.

His noble blood obscurely had been shed,
His undistinguish'd limbs scatter'd unknown,
As is the dust of victors long since dead,
Which here and there by every wind is blown.

Such was their rage, when on Verona's way
(With his rich trayn) they saw from court he came;
Till some did their impetuous fury stay,
And gave his life protection for his fame:

Told them his valour had been long allow'd;
That much the Lombards to his conduct owe;
And this preserv'd him, for the very crowd
Felt honour here, and did to valour bow.

Vain wrath! deform'd, unquiet child of pride!
Which in a few the people madness call;
But when by number they grew dignify'd,
What's rage in some is liberty in all.

Through dangers of this lawless liberty,
He, like authentick pow'r, does boldly pass;
And, with a quiet and experienc'd eye,
Thro' Death's foul vizard does despise his face.

At Hubert's tent he lights, where Hubert now
With Gartha of this torrent does advise;
Which he believes does at the highest flow,
And must, like tides, sink when it cannot rise.

When Hermegild he saw, he did disperse
These cares assembled in his looks, and strove
(Though to his master and the court perverse)
To show him all the civil signes of love.

For him in stormy war he glorious knew,
Nor in calm councels was he less renown'd;
And held him now to Oswald's faction true,
As by his love, the world's first tenure, bound.

For he (though wasted in the ebb of blood,
When man's meridian tow'rds his evening turnes)
Makes, against Nature's law, love's charter good,
And as in raging youth for Gartha burnes.

Who did his sute not only disapprove,
Because the summer of his life was past,
And she fresh blown; but that even highest love
Grows tasteless to ambition's higher taste.

Yet now in such a great and single cause,
With nice ambition nicer love complies;
And she (since to revenge he usefull was)
Perswades his hope with rhet'rique of her eyes.

A closse division of the tent they strait
By outward guards secure from all resort;
Then Hermegild does thus the cause relate,
Which to the camp dispatch'd him from the court:

"Important prince! who justly dost succeed
To Oswald's hopes, and all my loyal aide;
Vertue as much in all thy wounds does bleed,
As love in me, since wounded by that maide.

"Long have I sayl'd thro' Time's vexatious sea,
And first set out with all that youth is worth;
The tropicks pass'd of blood's hot bravery,
With all the sailes, gay flags, and streamers forth!

"But as, in hotter voyages, ships most
Weare out their trim, yet then they chiefly gain,
By inward stowage, what is outward lost;
So men, decays of youth, repaire in brain.

"If I experience boast when youth decayes,
Such vanity may Gartha's pity move,
Since so I seek your service by self praise,
Rather than seem unusefull where I love.

"And never will I, (though by time supply'd
With such discretion as does man improve)
To show discretion, wiser Nature hide,
By seeming now asham'd to say I love.

"For Love his pow'r lets in gray senates shown,
Where he, as to green courts, does freely come;
And tho' loud youth his visits makes more known,
With graver age he's privately at home.

" Scarce Greece, or greater Rome, a victor showes,
Whom more victorious love did not subdue;
Then blame not me, who am so weak to those,
Whilst Gartha all exceeds, that ere they knew.

" Hope (love's first food) I ne'er till now did know,
Which love as yet but temp'rately devours;
And claimes not love for love, since Gartha so
For autumn leaves should barter summer flowers.

" I dare not vainly wish her to be kinde,
Till for her love my arts and pow'r bestow
The crown on thee, adorn'd with Rhodalind,
Which yet for Gartha is a price too low."

This said, he paws'd; and now the hectick heate
Of Oswald's blood doubled their pulses' pace;
Which high, as if they would be heard, did beate,
And hot ambition shin'd in either's face.

For Hermegild they knew could much outdoe
His words, and did possess great Aribert,
Not in the court's cheap glass of outward showe,
But by a study'd tenure of the heart.

Whilst this try'd truth does make their wishes sure,
Hubert on Gartha looks with suing eyes
For Hermegild, whose love she will endure,
And made ambition yield what youth denies.

Yet in this bargain of her self she knowes
Not how to treat; but all her chief desires,
Bids Hubert, as the twins of his, dispose
To glory and revenge; and then retires.

But with such blushes Hermegild she leaves,
As the unclouded evening's face adorn;
Nor much he for her parting glory grieves,
Since such an evening bodes a happy morn.

Now Hermegild by vowes does Hubert binde,
(Vowes by their fate in Lombard story known)
He Gartha makes the price of Rhodalind,
And Aribert his tenant to the crown.

He bids him now the army's rage allay:
" By rage " (said he) " only they masters are
Of those they choose, when temp'rate, to obey:
Against themselves th' impatient chiefly war.

" We are the people's pilots, they our winds,
To change by nature prone; but art laveers,
And rules them till they rise with stormy mindes,
Then art with danger against nature steers.

" Where calms have first amus'd, storms most prevail;
Close first with calms the court's suspitious eyes,
That whilst, with all their trim, they sleeping sail,
A sudden gust may wrack them with surprise.

" Your army will (though high in all esteem
That ever reverenc'd age to action gave)
But a small party to Verona seem,
Which yearly to such numbers yields a grave.

" Nor is our vast metropolis like those
Tame towns, which peace has soft'ned into fears;
But Death deform'd in all his dangers knows,
Dangers which he, like frightful vizards, wears.

" From many camps, who forraign winters felt,
Verona has her conqu'ring dwellers ta'ne;
In war's great trade, with richest nations delt,
And did their gold and fame with iron gain.

" Yet to the mighty Aribert it bowes;
A king out doing all the Lombard line!
Whose court (in iron clad) by courseness showes
A growing pow'r, which fades when courts grow fine.

" Scorn not the youthful camp at Bergamo,
For they are victors, tho' in years but young;
The war does them, they it by action know,
And have obedient minds in bodies strong.

" Be slow, and stay for aides, which haste forsakes!
For though occasion still does sloth out-goe,
The rash, who run from help, she ne'r o'ertakes,
Whose haste thinks time, the post of Nature, slow.

" This is a cause which our ambition fills;
A cause, in which our strength we should not waste,
In vain like giants, who did heave at hills;
'Tis too unwildly for the force of haste.

" A cause for graver mindes that learned are
In mistick man; a cause which we must gain
By surer methods than depend on warre;
And respite valor, to imploy the brain.

" In the king's scale your merits are too light;
Who with the duke, weighs his own partial heart:
Make then the gift of empire publick right,
And get in Rhodalind the people's part.

" But this rough tide, the meeting multitude,
If we oppose, we make our voyage long;
Yet when we with it row, it is subdu'd;
And we are wise, when men in vain are strong.

" Then to the people sue, but hide your force;
For they believe the strong are still unjust;
Never to armed sutors yield remorse;
And where they see the power, the right distrust.

" Assault their pity as their weakest part;
Which the first plaintiff never failes to move;
They search but in the face to finde the heart;
And grief in princes, more than triumph love.

" And to prepare their pity, Gartha now
Should in her sorrows' height with me return;
For since their eyes at all distresses flow,
How will they at afflicted beauty mourn?

" Much such a pledge of peace will with the king
(Urg'd by my int'rest here) my pow'r improve;
And much my power will to your int'rest bring,
If from the watchful court you hide my love.

" If Gartha deignes to love, our love must grow
Unseen, like mandrakes wedded under ground;
That I (still seeming unconcern'd) may know
The king's new depths, which length of trust may sound!"

Thus Hermegild his study'd thoughts declar'd;
Whilst Hubert (who believ'd discover'd love
A solid pledge for hidden faith) prepar'd
To stay the camp, so furious to remove.

And now their rage (by correspondence spred)
Borgio allays, that else like sparks of fire
(Which drops at first might drown) by matter fed,
At last to quench the flame may seas require.

As with the Sun they rose in wrath, their wrath
So with his heat increas'd; but now he hastes
Down Heav'n's steep hill, to his Atlantick bath;
Where he refreshes till his feaver wastes.

With his (by Borgio's help) their heat declin'd;
So soon lov'd eloquence does throngs subdue;
The common mistress to each private minde;
Painted and dress'd to all, to no man true.

To court his Gartha, Hermegild attends;
And with old lovers' vaine poetick eyes,
Markes how her beauty, when the Sun descends,
His pitty'd evening poverty supplies.

The army now to neighb'ring Brescia bear,
With dismal pomp, the slain. In hallow'd ground
They Paradine, and Dargonet interr;
And Vasco much in painful war renoun'd.

To Oswald (whose illustrious Roman minde
Shin'd out in life, though now in dying hid)
Hubert these Roman fun'ral rites assign'd;
Which yet the world's last law had not forbid.

Thrice is his body clean by bathing made;
And when with victor's oyle anointed o're,
'Tis in the pallace gate devoutly layd'e,
Clad in that vest which he in battel wore.

Whilst seven succeeding Suns pass sadly by,
The palace seems all hid in cypress boughs;
From ancient lore, of man's mortality
The type, for where 'tis lopp'd it never grows.

The publick fun'ral voice, till these expire,
Cryes out, "Here greatness, tir'd with honour, rests;
Come, see what bodies are, when souls retire;
And visit Death, ere you become his guests!"

Now on a purple bed the corps they raise;
Whilst trumpets summon all the common quire
In tune to mourn him, and disperse his praise;
And then move slowly tow'rds the fun'ral fire!

They beare before him spoiles they gain'd in warre;
And his great ancestors in sculpture wrought;
And now arrive, where Hubert does declare
How oft, and well, he for the Lombards fought.

Here, in an altar's form, a pile is made
Of unctious firr, and sleepers fatal ewe;
On which the body is by mourners laid,
Who their sweet gummes (their last kind tribute) threw.

Hubert his arme, westward, aversly stretch'd;
Whilst to the hopefull East his eyes were turn'd;
And with a hallow'd torch the pyle he reach'd;
Which seen, they all with utmost clamour mourn'd.

Whil'st full the flame aspires, "Oswald," (they cry)
"Farewell! we follow swiftly as the houres!
For with time's wings, towards death, even cripples flie!"
This said, the hungry flame its food devoures.

Now priests with wine the ashes quench, and hide
The rev'renc'd reliques in a marble urne.
The old dismissive Ilicet is cry'd
By the town voice, and all to feasts returne.

Thus urnes may bodies show; but the fled minde
The learn'd seek vainly, for whose quest we pay,
With such success as cousen'd shepheards finde,
Who seek to wizards when their cattel stray.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The house of Astragon; where in distress
Of Nature, Gondibert for Art's redress,
Was by old Ulfin brought: where Art's hard strife,
In studying Nature for the aid of life,
Is by full wealth and conduct easie made;
And Truth much visited, though in her shade.

From Brescia swiftly o're the bord'ring plain,
Return we to the house of Astragon;
Where Gondibert, and his successfull train,
Kindly lament the victory they won.

But though I Fame's great book shall open now,
Expect a while, till she that decad reads,
Which does this duke's eternal story show,
And aged Ulfin cites for special deeds.

Where friendship is renown'd in Ulfinore;
Where th' ancient musick of delightful verse,
Does it no less in Goltho's breast adore,
And th' union of their equal hearts rehearse.

These weary victors the descending Sun
Led hither, where swift night did then surprise;
And where, for valiant toiles, wise Astragon,
With sweet rewards of sleep, did fill their eyes.

When to the needy world day did appear,
And freely op'd her treasury of light,
His house (where Art and Nature tennants were)
The pleasure grew, and bus'ness of their sight.

Where Ulfin (who an old domestick seems,
And rules as master in the owner's breast)
Leads Goltho to admire what he esteems;
And thus, what he had long observ'd, exprest.

"Here Art by such a diligence is serv'd,
As does th' unwearied planets imitate;
Whose motion (life of Nature) has preserv'd
The world, which God vouchsaf'd but to create.

" Those heights, which else dwarf life could never reach,
Here, by the wings of diligence they climbe ;
Truth (skar'd with terms from canting schools) they teach ;
And buy it with the best sav'd treasure, time.

" Here all men seem recov'rers of time past ;
As busie as intentive emmets are ;
As alarm'd armies that intrench in haste,
Or cities, whom unlook'd-for sieges skare.

" Much it delights the wise observer's eye,
That all these toiles direct to sev'ral skills ;
Some from the mine to the hot furnace hie,
And some from flowry fields to weeping stills.

" The first to hopefull chymicks matter bring,
Where med'cine they extract for instant cure ;
These bear the sweeter burthens of the spring ;
Whose vertues (longer known) though slow, are sure.

" See there wet divers from Fossone sent !
Who of the sea's deep dwellers knowledge give ;
Which (more unquiet than their element)
By hungry war, upon each other live.

" Pearl to their lord, and cordial coral these
Present ; which must in sharpest liquids melt ;
He with nigella cures that dull disease
They get, who long with stupid fish have dwelt.

" Others through quarries dig, deeply below
Where desart rivers, cold, and private run ;
Where bodies' conservation best they know,
And mines' long growth, and how their veines begun."

He showes them now tow'rs of prodigious height,
Where Nature's friends, philosophers remain
To censure meteors in their cause and flight,
And watch the wind's authority on rain.

Others with optick tubes the Moon's scant face
(Vaste tubes, which like long cedars mounted lie)
Attract through glasses to so near a space,
As if they came not to survey, but prie.

Nine hasty centuries are now fulfill'd,
Since opticks first were known to Astragon ;
By whom the moderns are become so skill'd,
They dream of seeing to the maker's throne.

And wisely Astragon, thus busie grew,
To seek the stars' remote societies ;
And judge the walks of th' old, by finding new ;
For Nature's law, in correspondence lies.

Man's pride (grown to religion) he abates,
By moving our lov'd Earth ; which we think fix'd ;
Think all to it, and it to none relates ;
With others motion scorn to have it mix'd ;

As if 'twere great and stately to stand still
Whilst other orbes dance on ; or else think all
Those vaste bright globes (to show God's needless skill)
Were made but to attend our little ball.

Now near a sever'd building they discern'd
(Which seem'd, as in a pleasant shade, retir'd)
A throng, by whose glad diligence they learn'd,
They came from toyles which their own choice desir'd :

This they approach, and as they enter it
Their eyes were stay'd, by reading o'er the gate,
GREAT NATURE'S OFFICE, in large letters writ ;
And next, they mark'd who there in office sate.

Old busie men, yet much for wisdom fam'd ;
Hasty to know, though not by haste beguil'd ;
These fitly, Nature's Registers were nam'd ;
The throng were their Intelligencers stil'd :

Who stop by snares, and by their chase o'retake
All hidden beasts the closer forrest yields ;
All that by secret sence their rescue make,
Or trust their force, or swiftness in the fields.

And of this throng, some their imployment have
In fleeting rivers, some fix'd lakes beset ;
Where Nature's self, by shifts, can nothing save
From trifling angles, or the swal'wing net.

Some, in the spacious ayre, their prey o'retake,
Cous'ning, with hunger, falcons of their wings ;
Whilst all their patient observations make,
Which each to Nature's Office duely brings.

And there of ev'ry fish, and foule, and beast,
The wiles these learned Registers record,
Courage, and feares, their motion and their rest ;
Which they prepare for their more learned lord.

From hence to NATURE'S NURSERY they goe ;
Where seemes to grow all that in Eden grew ;
And more (if Art her mingled species show)
Than th' Hebrew king, Nature's historian, knew.

Impatient simplers climbe for blossomes here ;
When dewes (Heav'n's secret milk) in unseen show'rs
First feed the early childhood of the year ;
And in ripe summer, stoop for hearbs and flow'rs.

In autum, seeds and berries they provide ;
Where Nature a remaining force preserves ;
In winter digg for roots, where she does hide
That stock, which if consum'd, the next spring sterves.

From hence (fresh Nature's flourishing estate !)
They to her wither'd receptacle come ;
Where she appears the loathsome slave of Fate ;
For here her various dead possess the room.

This dismall gall'ry, lofty, long, and wide ;
Was hung with skelitons of ev'ry kinde ;
Humane, and all that learned humane-pride
Thinks made t' obey man's high immortal minde.

Yet on that wall hangs he too, who so thought ;
And she dry'd by him, whom that he obey'd ;
By her an el'phant that with heards had fought,
Of which the smallest beast made her afraid.

Next it, a whale is high in cables ty'd, [troul;
Whose strength might heards of elephants con-
Then all (in payres of ev'ry kinde) they spy'd
Which death's wrack leaves, of fishes, beasts, and fowl.

These Astragon (to watch with curious eye
The diff'rent tenements of living breath)
Collects, with what far travailers supply;
And this was call'd, THE CABINET OE DEATH.

Which some the monument of bodies, name;
The arke, which saves from graves all dying kindes;
This to a structure led, long known to fame,
And call'd, THE MONUMENT OF VANISH'D MINDES.

Where, when they thought they saw in well sought books,
Th' assembled soules of all that men held wise,
It bred such awfull rev'rence in their looks,
As if they saw the bury'd writers rise.

Such heaps of written thoughts (gold of the dead,
Which Time does still disperse, but not devour)
Made them presume all was from deluge free'd,
Which long-liv'd authors writ ere Noah's show'r.

They saw Egyptian roles which vastly great,
Did like faln pillars lie, and did display
The tale of Nature's life, from her first heat,
Till by the flood o'er-cool'd she felt decay.

And large as these (for pens were pencils then)
Others that Egypt's chiefest science show'd;
Whose river forc'd geometry on men,
Which did distinguish what the Nyle o're-flow'd.

Near them, in piles, Chaldean cous'ners lie;
Who the hid bus'ness of the stars relate;
Who make a trade of worship'd prophesie:
And seem to pick the cabinet of Fate.

There Persian Magi stand; for wisdom prais'd;
Long since wise statesmen, now magicians thought:
Altars and arts are soon to fiction rais'd,
And both would have, that miracles are wrought.

In a dark text, these states-men left their mindes;
For well they knew, that monarch's mistery
(Like that of priests) but little rev'rence findes,
When they the curtain ope to ev'ry eye.

Behinde this throng, the talking Greeks had place;
Who Nature turn to art, and truth disguise,
As skill does native beauty oft deface;
With termes they charm the weak, and pose the wise.

Now they the Hebrew, Greek and Roman spie;
Who for the people's ease, yoak'd them with law;
Whom else, ungovern'd lusts would drive awry;
And each his own way frowardly would draw.

In little tomes these grave first lawyers lie,
In volumes their interpreters below;
Who first made law an art, then misterie;
So clearest springs, when troubled, clowdy grow.

But here, the soul's chief book did all precede;
Our map tow'rds Heav'n; to common crowds deny'd;
Who proudly aim to teach, ere they can read;
And all must stray, where each will be a guide.

About this sacred little book did stand
Unwieldy volumes, and in number great;
And long it was since any reader's hand
Had reach'd them from their unfrequented seat.

For a deep dust (which Time does softly shed,
Where only Time does come) their covers beare;
On which grave spyders, streets of webbs had spread;
Subtle, and slight, as the grave writers were.

In these, Heav'n's holy fire does vainly burn;
Nor warms, nor lights, but is in sparkles spent;
Where froward authors, with disputes, have torn
The garment seamless as the firmament.

These are the old polemicks, long since read,
And shut by Astragon; who thought it just,
They, like the authors (truth's tormentors) dead,
Should lie unvisited, and lost in dust.

Here the Arabian's gospel open lay,
(Men injure truth, who fiction nicely hide)
Where they the monk's audacious stealths survey,
From the world's first, and greater second guide.

The curious much perus'd this, then, new book;
As if some secret wayes to Heav'n it taught;
For straying from the old, men newer look,
And prise the found, not finding those they sought.

We, in tradition (Heav'n's dark mapp) descrie
Heav'n worse, than ancient mapps farr India show;
Therefore in new, we search where Heav'n does lie;
The mind's sought ophir, which we long to know.

Or as a planter, though good land he spies,
Seeks new, and when no more so good he findes,
Doubly esteems the first; so truth men prise;
Truth, the discov'ry made by trav'ling mindes.

And this false book, till truly understood
By Astragon was openly display'd;
As counterfeit; false princes, rather shou'd
Be shown abroad, than in close prison lay'd.

Now to the old philosophers they come;
Who follow'd Nature with such just despaire,
As some do kings farr off; and when at home,
Like courtiers, boast, that they deep secrets share.

Near them are grave dull moralists, who give
Counsell to such, as still in publick dwell;
At sea, in courts, in camps, and cities live;
And scorn experience from th' unpractis'd cell.

Esop with these stands high, and they below;
His pleasant wisdome mocks their gravity;
Who vertue like a tedious matron show,
He dresses Nature to invite the eye.

High skill their ethicks seemes, whilst he stoops down
To make the people wise; their learned pride
Makes all obscure, that men may prise the gown;
With ease he teaches, what with pain they hide.

And next (as if their bus'ness rul'd mankinde)
Historians stand, bigg as their living looks;
Who thought, swift Time they could in fetters binde;
Till his confessions they had ta'ne in books:

But Time oft scap'd them in the shades of night;
And was in princes' closets oft conceal'd,
And hid in battels' smoke; so what they write
Of courts and camps, is oft by guess reveal'd.

Near these, physitians stood; who but reprieve
Like life a judge, whom greater pow'r does awe;
And cannot an almighty pardon give;
So much yields subject Art to Nature's law.

And not weak Art, but Nature we upbraid,
When our frail essence proudly we take ill;
Think we are robb'd, when first we are decay'd,
And those were murder'd whom her law did kill.

Now they refresh, after this long survey,
With pleasant poets, who the soul sublime;
Fame's heraulds, in whose triumphs they make way;
And place all those whom honour helps to climbe.

And he who seem'd to lead this ravish'd race,
Was Heav'n's lov'd laureat, that in Jewry writ;
Whose harp approach'd God's ear, though none his face
Durst see, and first made inspiration, wit.

And his attendants, such blest poets are,
As make unblemish'd love, courts' best delight;
And sing the prosp'rous battels of just warre;
By these the loving, love, and valiant, fight.

O hireless science! and of all alone
The liberal; meanly the rest each state
In pension treats, but this depends on none;
Whose worth they rev'rendly forbear to rate.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

How Astragon to Heav'n his duty pays
In pray'r, and penitence, but most in praise;
To these he sev'ral temples dedicates;
And Ulfin their distinguish'd use relates.
Religion's rites, seem here, in reasons sway;
Though reason must religion's laws obey.

The noble youths (reclaim'd by what they saw)
Would here unquiet war, as pride, forsake;
And study quiet Nature's pleasant law;
Which schools, through pride, by art uneasie make.

But now a sudden shout their thoughts diverts!
So cheerfull, general, and loud it was,
As pass'd through all their ears, and fill'd their hearts;
Which lik'd the joy, before they knew the cause.

This Ulfin, by his long domestick skill
Does thus explain. "The wise I here observe,
Are wise tow'rds God; in whose great service still,
More than in that of kings, themselves they serve.

"He who this building's builder did create,
Has an apartment here triangular;
Where Astragon, three fanes did dedicate,
To dayes of praise, of penitence, and pray'r.

"To these, from diff'rent motives, all proceed,
For when discov'ries they on Nature gain,
They praise high Heav'n which makes their work succeed,
But when it fails, in penitence complain.

"If after praise, new blessings are not giv'n,
Nor mourning Penitence can ills repair,
Like practis'd beggers, they solicite Heav'n,
And will prevail by violence of pray'r.

"The temple built for pray'r, can neither boast
The builder's curious art, nor does declare,
By choice materials he intended cost; [pray'r.
To show, that nought should need to tempt to

"No bells are here! unhing'd are all the gates!
Since craving in distress is naturall,
All lies so op'e that none for ent'rance waites;
And those whom faith invites, can need no call.

"The great have by distinction here no name;
For all so cover'd come, in grave disguise,
(To show none come for decency or fame)
That all are strangers to each other's eyes.

"But penitence appears unnaturall;
For we repent what Nature did perswade;
And we lamenting man's continu'd fall,
Accuse what Nature necessary made.

"Since the requir'd extream of penitence
Seems so severe, this temple was design'd,
Solemn and strange without, to catch the sense,
And dismal show'd within, to awe the mind.

"Of sad black marble was the outward frame,
(A mourning monument to distant sight)
But by the largeness when you near it came,
It seem'd the palace of eternal night.

"Black beauty (which black Meroens had prais'd
Above their own) sadly adorn'd each part;
In stone, from Nyle's hard quarries, slowly rais'd,
And slowly'er polish'd by Numidian art.

"Hither a loud bell's tole, rather commands,
Than seems t' invite the persecuted eare;
A summons Nature hardly understands;
For few, and slow are those who enter here.

" Within, a dismall majesty they find!
All gloomy, great, all silent does appear!
As Chaos was, ere th' elements were design'd;
Man's evil fate seems hid and fashion'd here.

" Here all the ornament is rev'rend black;
Here, the check'd Sun his universal face
Stops bashfully, and will no entrance make;
As if he spy'd Night naked through the glass.

" Black curtains hide the glass; whilst from on high
A winking lamp still threatens all the room;
As if the lazy flame just now would die:
Such will the Sun's last light appear at doom!

" This lamp was all, that here inform'd all eyes;
And by reflex, did on a picture gain
Some few false beames, that then from Sodome rise; rain.
Where pencils feigne the fire which Heav'n did

" This on another tablet did reflect,
Where twice was drawn the am'rous Magdaline;
Whilst beauty was her care, then her neglect;
And brightest through her tears she seem'd to shine.

" Near her, seem'd crucifi'd, that lucky thief
(In Heav'n's dark lot'ry prosp'rous, more than wise)
Who groap'd at last, by chance, for Heav'n's relief,
And throngs undoes with hope, by one drawn prise.

" In many figures by reflex were sent,
Through this black vault (instructive to the minde)
That early, and this tardy penitent;
For with Obsidian stone 'twas chiefly lin'd.

" The seats were made of Ethiopian wood,
The polish'd ebony, but thinly fill'd;
For none this place by Nature understood;
And practise, when unpleasant, makes few skill'd.

" Yet these, whom Heav'n's misterious choice fetch'd in,
Quickly attain devotion's utmost scope;
For having softly mourn'd away their sin,
They grow so certain, as to need no hope.

" At a low door they enter, but depart
Through a large gate, and to fair fields proceed;
Where Astragon makes Nature last by art,
And such long summers shows, as ask no seed."

Whilst Ulfin this black temple thus exprert
To these kind youths, whom equal soul endeers;
(Goltho and Ulfinore, in friendship blest)
A second gen'ral shout salutes their eares.

To the glad house of praise this shout does call!
" To pray'r!" (said he) " no summons us invites,
Because distress does thither summon all;
As the loud tole to penitence excites.

" But since, dull men to gratitude are slow;
And joy'd consent of hearts is high Heaven's choice;
To this of praise, shouts summon us to goe:
Of hearts assembled, the unfeigned voice.

" And since, wise Astragon, with due applause,
Kinde Heav'n, for his success, on Nature payes;
This day victorious art has giv'n him cause,
Much to augment Heav'n's lov'd reward of praise.

" For this effectuall day his art reveal'd,
What has so oft made Nature's spies to pine,
The loadstone's mistick use, so long conceal'd
In close allyance with the courser mine.

" And this, in sleepy vision, he was bid
To register in characters unknown;
Which Heav'n will have from navigators hid,
Till Saturne's walk be twenty circuits grown.

" For as religion (in the warm east bred)
And arts (which next to it most needfull were)
From vices sprung from their corruption, fled;
And thence vouchsaf'd a cold plantation here;

" So when they here again corrupted be,
(For man can even his antidotes infect)
Heav'n's reserv'd world they in the west shall see;
To which this stone's hid vertue will direct.

" Religion then (whose age this world upbraids,
As scorn'd deformitie) will thither steer;
Serv'd at fit distance by the arts, her maids;
Which grow too bold, when they attend too neer.

" And some, whom traffick thither tempts, shall thence [shrines,
In her exchange (though they did grudge her
And poorly banish'd her to save expence)
Bring home the idol, gold, from new found mines.

" Till then, sad pilots must be often lost,
Whilst from the ocean's dreaded face they shrink;
And seeking safety near the cous'ning coast,
With windes surpris'd, by rocky ambush sink.

" Or if success rewards, what they endure,
The world's chief jewel, time, they then engage
And forfeit (trusting long the Cynosure)
To bring home nought but wretched gold, and age.

" Yet when this plague of ignorance shall end,
(Dire ignorance, with which God plagues us most;
Whilst we not feeling it, him most offend)
Then lower'd sayles no more shall tide the coast.

" They with new tops to formasts and the main,
And misens new, shall th' ocean's breast invade;
Stretch new sayles out, as armes to entertain
Those windes, of which their fathers were afraid.

" Then (sure of either pole) they will with pride,
In ev'ry storm, salute this constant stone!
And scorn that star, which every cloud could hide;
The seamen's spark! which soon, as seen, is gone!

" 'Tis sung, the ocean shall his bonds untie,
And earth in half a globe be pent no more;
Typhis shall saile, till Thule he descry,
But a domestick step to distant shore!

" This Astragon had read; and what the Greek,
Old Cretias, in Egyptian books had found;
By which, his travail'd soul, new worlds did seek,
And div'd to find the old Atlantis droun'd."

Grave Ulfin thus discours'd; and now he brings
The youths to view the temple built for Praise;
Where olive, for th' Olympian victor springs;
Mirtle, for love's; and for war's triumph, bayes.

These, as rewards of praise, about it grew;
For lib'rall praise, from an abundant minde,
Does even the conqueror of Fate subdue;
Since Heav'n's good king is captive to the kinde.

Dark are all thrones, to what this temple seem'd;
Whose marble veines out-shin'd Heav'n's various bow;
And would (eclipsing all proud Rome esteem'd)
To northern eyes, like eastern morning's, show.

From Paros isle, was brought the milkie white;
From Sparta came the green, which cheers the view;
From Araby, the blushing onychite,
And from the Misnian hills, the deeper blew.

The arched front did on vaste pillars fall;
Where all harmonious instruments they spie
Drawn out in bosse; which from the astrigall
To the flat frise, in apt resemblance lie.

Toss'd cymballs (which the sullen Jewes admir'd)
Were figur'd here, with all of ancient choice
That joy did ere invent, or breath inspir'd,
Or flying fingers, touch'd into a voice.

In statue o're the gate, God's fav'rite king
(The author of celestial praise) did stand;
His quire (that did his sonnets set and sing)
In niches rang'd, attended either hand.

From these, old Greeks sweet musick did improve;
The solemn Dorian did in temples charm,
The softer Lydian sooth'd to bridal love,
And warlike Phrygian did to battel warm!

They enter now, and with glad rev'rence saw
Glory, too solid great to taste of pride;
So sacred pleasant, as preserves an awe;
Though jealous priests, it neither praise nor hide.

Tapers and lamps are not admitted here;
Those, but with shaddowes, give false beauty grace;
And this victorious glory can appear
Unvayl'd before the Sun's meridian face:

Whose eastern lustre rashly enters now;
Where it his own mean infancy displays;
Where it does man's chief obligation show,
In what does most adorn the house of Praise;

The great creation by bold pencils drawn;
Where a feign'd curtain does our eyes forbid,
Till the Sun's parent, Light, first seems to dawn
From quiet Chaos, which that curtain hid.

Then this all-rev'renc'd Sun (God's hasty spark
Struck out of Chaos, when he first struck light)
Flies to the sphears, where first he found all dark,
And kindled there th' unkindled lamps of night.

Then motion, Nature's great preservative,
Tun'd order in this world, life's restless inn;
Gave tydes to seas, and caus'd stretch'd plants to live;
Else plants but seeds, and seas but lakes had bin.

But this fourth fiat, warming what was made,
(For light ne'r warm'd, till it did motion get)
The picture fills the world with woody shade;
To show how Nature thrives by motion's heat.

Then to those woods the next quick fiat brings
The feather'd kinde; where merrily they fed,
As if their hearts were lighter than their wings;
For yet no cage was fram'd, nor net was spred.

The same fifth voice does seas and rivers store;
Then into rivers brooks the painter powres,
And rivers into seas; which (rich before)
Return their gifts, to both, exhal'd in show'rs.

This voice (whose swift dispatch in all it wrought,
Seems to denote the speaker was in haste,
As if more worlds were framing in his thought)
Adds to this world one fiat, as the last.

Then strait an universal herd appears;
First gazing on each other in the shade;
Wondring with levell'd eyes, and lifted eares,
Then play, whilst yet their tyrant is unmade.

And man, the painter now presents to view;
Haughty without, and busie still within;
Whom, when his furr'd and horned subjects knew,
Their sport is ended, and their fears begin.

But here (to cure this tyrant's sullenness)
The painter has a new false curtain drawn,
Where, beauty's hid creation to express;
From thence, harmless as light, he makes it dawn.

From thence breaks lov'ly forth, the world's first maid;
Her breast, Love's cradle, where Love quiet lies;
Nought yet had seen so foule, to grow afraid,
Nor gay, to make it cry with longing eyes.

And thence, from stupid sleep, her monarch steals;
She wonders, till so vain his wonder growes,
That it his feeble sov'raignty reveales;
Her beauty then, his manhood does depose.

Deep into shades the painter leads them now;
To hide their future deeds; then stormes does grow
raise
O're Heav'n's smooth face, because their life does
Too black a story for the house of Praise.

A noble painted vision next appears:
Where all Heav'n's frowns in distant prospect waste:
And nought remains, but a short showre of tears,
Shed, by its pity, for revenges past.

The world's one ship, from th' old to a new world
bound;
Freighted with life (chief of uncertain trades!)
After five moons at drift, lies now a ground;
Where her frail stowage, she in haste unlades.

On Persian Caucasus the eight descend;
And seem their trivial beings to deplore;
Griev'd to begin this world in th' other's end;
And to behold wrack'd nations on the shore.

Each humbled thus, his beasts led from aboard,
As fellow-passengers, and heirs to breath;
Joynt tennants to the world, he not their lord;
Such likeness have we in the glass of death.

Yet this humility begets their joy;
And taught, that Heav'n (which fully sin surveys)
Was partial where it did not quite destroy;
So made the whole world's dirge their song of praise.

This first redemption to another led,
Kinder in deeds, and nobler in effects;
That but a few did respit from the dead,
This all the dead, from second death protects.

And know, lost Nature! this resemblance was
Thy franke Redeemer, in ascension shown;
When Hell he conquer'd in thy desp'rate cause;
Hell, which before, man's common grave was grown.

By pencils this was exquisitely wrought;
Rounded in all the curious would behold;
Where life came out, and met the painter's thought;
The force was tender, though the strokes were bold.

The holy mourners, who this Lord of life
Ascending saw, did seem with him to rise;
So well the painter drew their passions' strife,
To follow him with bodies, as with eyes.

This was the chief which in this temple did,
By pencil's rhetorique, to praise perswade;
Yet to the living here, compar'd, seems hid;
Who shine all painted glory into shade.

Lord Astragon a purple mantle wore,
Where Nature's story was in colours wrought;
And though her ancient text seem'd dark before,
'Tis in this pleasant comment clearly taught.

Such various flowry wreaths th' assembly weare,
As shew'd them wisely proud of Nature's pride;
Which so adorn'd them, that the coursest here
Did seem a prosp'rous bridegroom, or a bride.

All show'd as fresh, and faire, and innocent,
As virgins to their lovers' first survey;
Joy'd as the spring, when March his sighs has spent,
And April's sweet rash teares are dry'd by May.

And this confed'rate joy so swell'd each breast,
That joy would turn to pain without a vent;
Therefore their voices Heaven's renown exprest;
Though tongues ne'r reach, what mindes so nobly meant.

Yet Music here, show'd all her art's high worth;
Whilst virgin-trebles, seem'd, with bashfull grace,
To call the bolder marry'd tenor forth;
Whose manly voice challeng'd the giant base.

To these the swift soft instruments reply;
Whisp'ring for help to those whom winds inspire;
Whose lowder notes, to neighb'ring forrests flie,
And summon Nature's voluntary quire.

These Astragon, by secret skill had taught,
To help, as if in artfull consort bred;
Who sung, as if by chance on him they thought,
Whose care their careless merry fathers fed.

Hither, with borrow'd stength, duke Gondibert
Was brought, which now his rip'ning wounds allow;
And high Heav'n's praise in music of the heart,
He inward sings, to pay a victor's vow.

Praise is devotion, fit for mighty mindes,
The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice;
Where Heaven divided faiths united findes:
But pray'r, in various discord, upward flies.

For pray'r the ocean is, where diversly
Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast;
Where all our int'rests so discordant be,
That half beg windes by which the rest are lost.

By penitence, when we our selves forsake,
'Tis but in wise design on pitious Heaven;
In praise we nobly give what God may take,
And are without a beggar's blush forgiven.

Its utmost force, like powder's, is unknown;
And tho' weak kings excess of praise may fear,
Yet when 'tis here, like powder dang'rous grown,
Heaven's vault receives what would the palace tear.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The duke's wish'd health in doubtfull wounds assur'd,
Who gets new wounds before the old are cur'd:
Nature in Birtha Art's weak help derides,
Which strives to mend what it at best but hides;
Showes Nature's courser works, so hid, more course,
As sin conceal'd, and unconfess'd, growes worse.

Let none our Lombard author rudely blame,
Who from the story has thus long digrest;
But, for his righteous paines, may his fair fame
For ever travail, whilst his ashes rest.

Ill could he leave Art's shop of Nature's store,
Where she the hidden soul would make more known;
Though common faith seeks souls, which is no more
Than long opinion to religion grown.

A while then let this sage historian stay
With Astragon, till he new wounds reveales,
And such (though now the old are worn away)
As balm, nor juice of pyrol, never heales.

To Astragon, Heav'n for succession gave
One onely pledge, and Birtha was her name;
Whose mother slept where flow'rs grew on her grave,
And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theam;
And her minde's beauty they would rather choose,
Which did the light in beautie's lanthorn seem.

She ne'r saw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;
Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

She never had in busie cities bin;
Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business fill'd the houres;
In spring, she gather'd blossoms for the still;
In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

And as kinde Nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free vertue silently imploys,
Whilst she, unheard, does rip'ning growth dispence,
So were her vertues busie without noise.

Whilst her great mistris, Nature, thus she tends,
The busie houshold waites no less on her;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
Though all her lowly minde to that prefer.

Gracious and free, she breaks upon them all
With morning looks; and they, when she does rise,
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
And droop like flowers, when evening shuts her eyes.

The sooty chymist, (who his sight does waste,
Attending lesser fires) she passing by,
Broke his lov'd lymbick, through enamour'd haste,
And let, like common dew, th' elixer fly.

And here the grey philosophers resort,
Who all to her, like crafty courtiers, bow;
Hoping for secrets now in Nature's court,
Which only she (her fav'rite maid) can know.

These, as the lords of science, she respects,
And with familiar beams their age she chears;
Yet all those civil formes seem but neglects
To what she showes, when Astragon appears.

For as she once from him her being took,
She hourly takes her law; reads with swift sight
His will, even at the op'ning of his look,
And shows, by haste, obedience her delight.

She makes (when she at distance to him bowes)
His int'rest in her mother's beauty known,
For that's th' original whence her copy growes,
And near originalls, copys are not shown.

And he, with dear regard, her gifts does wear
Of flowers, which she in mistick order ties;
And with the sacrifice of many a teare
Salutes her loyal mother in her eyes.

The just historians Birtha thus express,
And tell how, by her syre's example taught,
She serv'd the wounded duke in life's distress,
And his fled spirits back by cordials brought.

Black melancholy mists, that fed despair
Thro' wounds' long rage with sprinkled vervin
Strew'd leaves of willow to refresh the air, [cleer'd,
And with rich fumes his sullen sences cheer'd.

He that had serv'd great Love with rev'rend heart,
In these old wounds, worse wounds from him endures;
For Love makes Birtha shift with Death his dart,
And she kills faster than her father cures.

Her heedless innocence as little knew
The wounds she gave, as those from Love she took;
And Love lifts high each secret shaft he drew,
Which at their stars he first in triumph shook!

Love he had lik'd, yet never lodg'd before;
But findes him now a bold unquiet guest,
Who climbes to windowes, when we shut the dore;
And enter'd, never lets the master rest.

So strange disorder, now he pines for health,
Makes him conceal this reveller with shame;
She not the robber knows, yet feeles the stealth,
And never but in songs had heard his name.

Yet then it was, when she did smile at hearts
Which country lovers wear in bleeding seals,
Ask'd where his pretty godhead found such darts,
As make those wounds that onely Hymen heals.

And this, her ancient maid, with sharp complaints,
Heard, and rebuk'd; shook her experienc'd head;
With teares besought her not to jest at saints,
Nor mock those martyrs Love had captive led.

Nor think the pious poets e're would waste
So many teares in ink, to make maids mourn
If injur'd lovers had in ages paste
The lucky mirtle, more than willow, worn.

This grave rebuke officious memory
Presents to Birtha's thought, who now believ'd
Such sighing songs, as tell why lovers dy,
And prais'd their faith, who wept, when poets griev'd.

She, full of inward questions, walks alone,
To take her heart aside in secret shade:
But knocking at her breast, it seem'd, or gone,
Or by confed'racie was useless made;

Or else some stranger did usurp its room;
One so remote, and new in ev'ry thought,
As his behaviour shows him not at home,
Nor the guide sober that him thither brought.

Yet with his forraign heart she does begin
To treat of love, her most unstudy'd theame;
And like young conscienc'd casuists, thinks that sin,
Which will by talk and practise lawfull seeme.

With open eares, and ever-waking eyes,
And flying feet, love's fire she from the sight
Of all her maids does carry, as from spys; [light.
Jealous, that what burns her, might give them

Beneath a mirtle covert she does spend,
In maid's weak wishes, her whole stock of thought;
Fond maids! who love with minde's fine stuff would mend,
Which Nature purposely of bodys wrought.

She fashions him she lov'd of angels kinde;
Such as in holy story were imploy'd
To the first fathers, from th' Eternal Minde,
And in short vision onely are injoy'd.

As eagles then, when nearest Heaven they flie,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;
Feeling their bodies finde no rest so high,
And therefore pearch on earthly things below:

So now she yields; him she an angel deem'd
Shall be a man, the name which virgins fear;
Yet the most harmless to a maid he seem'd,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
Affection turns to faith; and then love's fire
To Heav'n, though bashfully, she does impart,
And to her mother in the heav'nly quire.

"If I do love," (said she) "that love (O Heav'n!)
Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me!
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to show effects which you decree?

"And you, my alter'd mother, (grown above
Great Nature, which you read and revrenc'd here)
Chide not such kindness, as you once call'd love,
When you as mortal as my father were."

This said, her soul into her breast retires!
With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Her self into possession of desires,
And trusts unanchor'd hope in fleeting streams.

Already thinks the duke, her own spous'd lord,
Cur'd, and again from bloody battel brought,
Where all false lovers perish'd by his sword,
The true to her for his protection sought.

She thinks, how her imagin'd spouse and she,
So much from Heav'n, may by her vertues gain;
That they by Time shall ne'r o'retaken be,
No more than Time himself is overta'ne.

Or should he touch them as he by does pass,
Heav'n's favour may repay their summers gone,
And he so mix their sand in a slow glass,
That they shall live, and not as two, but one.

She thinks of Eden-life; and no rough winde
In their pacifique sea shall wrinkles make;
That still her lowliness shall keep him kinde,
Her cares keep him asleep, her voice awake.

She thinks, if ever anger in him sway,
(The youthful warrior's most excus'd disease)
Such chance her teares shall calm, as showres allay
The accidental rage of windes and seas.

She thinks, that babes proceed from mingling eyes,
Or Heav'n from neighbourhood increase allows,
As palm, and the mamora fructefies;
Or they are got by closse exchanging vows.

But come they (as she hears) from mother's pain,
(Which, by th' unlucky first-maid's longing, proves
A lasting curse) yet that she will sustain,
So they be like this heavenly man she loves.

Thus to her self in day-dreams Birtha talkes;
The duke, (whose wounds of war are healthful grown) [walks,
To cure Love's wounds, seeks Birtha where she
Whose wand'ring soul seeks him to cure her own.

Yet when her solitude he did invade,
Shame (which in maids is unexperienc'd fear)
Taught her to wish night's help to make more shade,
That love (which maids think guilt) might not appear.

And she had fled him now, but that he came
So like an aw'd and conquer'd enemy,
That he did seem offenceless as her shame,
As if he but advanc'd for leave to fly.

First with a longing sea-man's look he gaz'd,
Who would ken land, when seas would him devour;
Or like a fearfull scout, who stands amaz'd
To view the foe, and multiplies their pow'r.

Then all the knowledge which [illegible] father had
He dreams in her, thro' purer organs wrought;
Whose soul (since there more delicately clad)
By lesser weight, more active was in thought.

And to that soul thus spake, with trembling voice:
"The world will be, (O thou, the whole world's maid!)
Since now 'tis old enough to make wise choice,
Taught by thy minde, and by thy beauty sway'd.

"And I a needless part of it, unless
You think me for the whole a delegate,
To treat for what they want of your excess,
Vertue to serve the universal state.

"Nature, (our first example, and our queen,
Whose court this is, and you her minion maid)
The world thinks now, is in her sickness seen,
And that her noble influence is decay'd.

"And the records so worn of her first law,
That men, with art's hard shifts, read what is good;
Because your beauty many never saw,
The text by which your minde is understood.

"And I with the apostate world should grow,
From sov'raigne Nature, a revolted slave,
But that my lucky wounds brought me to know,
How with their cure my sicker minde to save.

"A minde still dwelling idly in mine eyes,
Where it from outward pomp could ne'r abstain;
But, even in beauty, cost of courts did prise,
And Nature, unassisted, thought too plain.

"Yet by your beauty now reform'd, I finde
All other only currant by false light;
Or but vain visions of a feav'rish minde,
Too slight to stand the test of waking sight.

"And for my healthfull minde (diseas'd before)
My love I pay; a gift you may disdain,
Since love to you men give not, but restore,
As rivers to the sea pay back the rain.

" Yet eastern kings, who all by birth possess,
Take gifts, as gifts, from vassals of the crown;
So think in love, your property not less,
By my kind giving what was first your own."
Lifted with love, thus he with lover's grace,
And love's wild wonder, spake; and he was rais'd
So much with rev'rence of this learned place,
That still he fear'd to injure all he prais'd.

And she, in love unpractis'd and unread,
(But for some hints her mistress, Nature, taught)
Had it till now, like grief, with silence fed;
For love and grief are nourish'd best with thought.

But this closs diet Love endures not long,
He must in sighs, or speech, take ayre abroad;
And thus, with his interpreter, her tongue,
He ventures forth, though like a stranger aw'd.

She said, those vertues now she highly needs,
Which he so artfully in her does praise,
To check (since vanity on praises feeds)
That pride which his authentick words may raise.

That if her pray'rs, or care, did aught restore
Of absent health, in his bemoan'd distress,
She beg'd he would approve her duty more,
And so commend her feeble vertue less.

That she the payment he of love would make
Less understood, than yet the debt she knew;
But coynes unknown, suspitiously we take,
And debts, till manifest, are never due.

With bashfull looks she sought him to retire,
Least the sharp ayre should his new health invade;
And as she spake, she saw her rev'rend syre
Approach, to seek her in her usual shade.

To whom with filial homage she does bow:
The duke did first at distant duty stand,
But soon imbrac'd his knees, whilst he more low
Does bend to him, and then reach'd Birtha's hand.

Her face o'ercast with thought, does soon betray
Th' assembled spirits, which his eyes detect
By her pale look, as by the milkie way
Men first did the assembled stars suspect.

Or as a pris'ner, that in prison pines,
Still at the utmost window grieving lies;
Even so her soule, imprison'd, sadly shines,
At if it watch'd for freedome at her eyes!

This guides him to her pulse, th' alarum bell,
Which waits the insurrections of desire,
And rings so fast, as if the cittadell,
Her newly conquer'd breast, were all on fire!

Then on the duke he casts a short survay,
Whose veines his temples with deep purple grace;
Then Love's despaire gives them a pale allay,
And shifts the whole complexion of his face.

Nature's wise spy does onward with them walk,
And findes, each in the midst of thinking starts;
Breath'd short and swiftly in disorder'd talk,
To cool, beneath Love's torrid zone, their hearts.

When all these symptomes he obsery'd, he knowes
From alga, which is rooted deep in seas,
To the high cedar that on mountaines grows,
No sov'raign hearb is found for their disease.

He would not Nature's eldest law resist,
As if wise Nature's law could be impure;
But Birtha with indulgent looks dismist,
And means to counsel, what he cannot cure.

With mourning Gondibert he walks apart,
To watch his passion's force, who seems to bear,
By silent grief, two tyrants o're his heart,
Great Love, and his inferior tyrant, Fear.

But Astragon such kind inquiries made,
Of all which to his art's wise cares belong,
As his sick silence he does now disswade,
And, midst Love's fears, gives courage to his tongue.

Then thus he spake with Love's humility:
" Have pity, father! and since first so kinde,
You would not let this worthless body die,
Vouchsafe more nobly to preserve my minde!

" A minde so lately lucky, as it here
Has vertue's mirrour found, which does reflect
Such blemishes as custom made it weare,
But more authentick Nature does detect.

" A minde long sick of monarchs' vain disease,
Not to be fill'd, because with glory fed;
So busie it condemn'd even war of ease,
And for their useless rest despis'd the dead.

" But since it here has vertue quiet found,
It thinks (tho' storms were wish'd by it before)
All sick, at least at sea, that scape undrown'd,
Whom glory serves as winde, to leave the shore.

" All vertue is to yours but fashion now,
Religion, art: internals are all gon,
Or outward turn'd, to satisfie with show,
Not God, but his inferiour eye, the Sun.

" And yet, though vertue be as fashion sought,
And now religion rules by art's prais'd skill;
Fashion is vertue's mimmick, falsely taught;
And art, but Nature's ape, which plays her ill.

" To this blest house, (great Nature's court) all courts
Compar'd, are but dark closets for retreat
Of private mindes, battels but children's sports;
And onely simple good, is solid great.

" Let not the minde, thus freed from errour's night,
(Since you repriev'd my body from the grave)
Perish for being now in love with light,
But let your vertue, vertue's lover save.

" Birtha I love; and who loves wisely so,
Steps far tow'rds all which vertue can attain;
But if we perish, when tow'rds Heav'n we go,
Then I have learnt that vertue is in vain."

And now his heart (extracted through his eyes
In Love's elixer, tears) does soon subdue
Old Astragon, whose pity, though made wise
With Love's false essences, likes these as true.

The duke he to a secret bowre does lead,
Where he his youth's first story may attend;
To guess, ere he will let his love proceed,
By such a dawning, how his day will end.

For vertue, though a rarely planted flowre,
Was in the seed by this wise florist known;
Who could foretel, even in her springing houre,
What colours she shall wear when fully blown.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Birtha her first unpractis'd love bewailes,
Whilst Gondibert on Astragon prevailes,
By shewing high ambition is of use,
And glory in the good needs no excuse.
Goltho a grief to Ulfinore reveales,
Whilst he a greater of his own conceales.

Birtha her griefs to her apartment brought,
Where all her maids to Heav'n were us'd to raise
Their voices, whilst their busie fingers wrought
To deck the altar of the house of Praise.

But now she findes their musick turn'd to care,
Their looks allay'd, like beauty overworn;
Silent and sad as with'ring fav'rites are,
Who for their sick indulgent monarch mourn.

Thula, (the eldest of this silenc'd quire)
When Birtha at this change astonish'd was,
With hasty whisper begg'd her to retire,
And on her knees thus tells their sorrow's cause:

"Forgive me such experience as, too soon,
Shew'd me unlucky Love, by which I guess
How maids are by their innocence undon,
And trace those sorrows that them first oppress.

"Forgive such passion as to speech perswades,
And to my tongue my observation brought;
And then forgive my tongue, which to your maids
Too rashly carry'd what experience taught.

"For since I saw this wounded stranger here,
Your inward musick still untun'd has been;
You who could need no hope, have learnt to fear,
And practis'd grief, e're you did know to sin.

"This being Love, to Agatha I told,
Did on her tongue, as on still death, rely;
But winged Love she was too young to hold,
And, wanton-like, let it to others fly.

"Love, who in whisper scap'd, did publick grow,
Which makes them now their time in silence waste;
Makes their neglected needles move so slow,
And thro' their eies their hearts dissolve so faste.

"For oft, dire tales of Love has fill'd their heads;
And while they doubt you in that tyrant's pow'r,
The spring (they think) may visit woods and meads,
But scarce shall hear a bird, or see a flow'r."

"Ah! how" (said Birtha) "shall I dare confesse
My griefs to thee, Love's rash, impatient spy?
Thou (Thula) who didst run to tell thy guesse,
With secrets known, wilt to confession flie.

"But if I love this prince, and have in Heav'n
Made any friends by vowes, you need not fear
He will make good the feature Heav'n has giv'n,
And be as harmless as his looks appear.

"Yet I have heard that men, whom maids think kinde,
Calm as forgiven saints at their last hour,
Oft prove like seas, inrag'd by ev'ry winde,
And all to whom their bosoms trust, devour.

"Howe're, Heav'n knows, (the witness of the minde,
My heart bears men no malice, nor esteems
Young princes of the common cruel kinde,
Nor love so foul as it in story seems.

"Yet if this prince brought love, whate're it be,
I must suspect, though I accuse it not;
For since he came, my medc'nal huswiffirie,
Confections, and my stills, are all forgot.

"Blossoms in windes, berries in frosts, may fall!
And flowers sink down in rain! for I no more
Shall maids to woods for early gath'rings call,
Nor haste to gardens to prevent a showre."

Then she retires; and now a lovely shame,
That she reveal'd so much, possess'd her cheecks;
In a dark lanthorn she would bear love's flame,
To hide her self, whilst she her lover seeks.

And to that lover let our song return:
Whose tale so well was to her father told,
As the philosopher did seem to mourn
That youth had reach'd such worth, and he so old.

Yet Birtha was so precious in his eies,
And her dead mother still so neer his mind,
That farther yet he thus his prudence tries,
Ere such a pledge he to his trust resign'd.

"Whoe're" (said he) "in thy first story looks,
Shall praise thy wise conversing with the dead;
For with the dead he lives, who is with books,
And in the camp, (Death's moving palace) bred.

"Wise youth, in books and batails, early findes
What thoughtless lazy men perceive too late;
Books show the utmost conquests of our minds,
Batails, the best of our lov'd bodys' fate.

"Yet this great breeding, joyn'd with kings' high blood,
(Whose blood ambition's feaver over-heats)
May spoile digestion, which would else be good,
As stomachs are deprav'd with highest meats.

"For though books serve as diet of the minde,
If knowledge, early got, self value breeds,
By false digestion it is turn'd to winde,
And what should nourish, on the eater feeds.

" Though war's great shape best educates the sight,
And makes small soft'ning objects less our care;
Yet war, when urg'd for glory, more than right,
Shews victors but authentick murd'rers are.

" And I may fear that your last victories
Were glory's toyles, and you will ill abide
(Since with new trophies still you fed your eies)
Those little objects which in shades we hide.

" Could you, in Fortune's smiles, foretel her frowns,
Our old foes slain, you would not hunt for new;
But victors, after wreaths, pretend to crowns,
And such think Rhodalind their valour's due."

To this the noble Gondibert replies:
" Think not ambition can my duty sway;
I look on Rhodalind with subject's eies,
Whom he that conquers must in right obay.

" And though I humanly have heretofore
All beauty lik'd, I never lov'd till now;
Nor think a crown can raise his value more,
To whom already Heav'n does love allow.

" Though, since I gave the Hunns their last defeat,
I have the Lombards' ensignes onward led,
Ambition kindled not this victor's heat,
But 'tis a warmth my father's prudence bred;

" Who cast on more than wolvish man his eie,
Man's necessary hunger judg'd, and saw
That caus'd not his devouring maledy;
But, like a wanton whelp, he loves to gnaw.

" Man still is sick for pow'r, yet that disease
Nature (whose law is temp'rance) ne'r inspires;
But 'tis a humour, which fond man does please,
A luxury, fruition only tires.

" And as in persons, so in publick states,
The lust of pow'r provokes to cruel warre;
For wisest senates it intoxicates,
And makes them vain, as single persons are.

" Men into nations it did first divide, [stiles;
Whilst place, scarce distant, gives them diff'rent
Rivers, whose breadth inhabitants may stride,
Part them as much as continents and isles.

" On equal, smooth, and undistinguish'd ground,
The lust of pow'r does liberty impair,
And limits, by a border and a bound,
What was before as passable as air:

" Whilst change of languages oft breeds a warre,
(A change which fashion does as oft obtrude,
As women's dresse) and oft complexions are,
And diff'rent names, no less a cause of feud.

" Since men so causelesly themselves devour,
(And hast'ning still their else too hasty fates,
Act but continu'd massacres for pow'r)
My father ment to chastise kings and states.

" To overcome the world, till but one crown
And universal neighbourhood he saw;
Till all were rich by that allyance grown,
And want no more should be cause of law.

" One family the world was first design'd;
And tho' some fighting kings so sever'd are,
That they must meet by help of seas and winde,
Yet when they fight 'tis but a civil warre.

" Nor could religion's heat, if one rul'd all,
To bloody war the unconcern'd allure;
And hasten us from Earth, ere age does call,
Who are (alas!) of Heav'n so little sure.

" Religion ne'r, till divers monarchys,
Taught that almighty Heav'n needs armys' aid;
But with contentious kings she now complies,
Who seem, for their own cause, of God's afraid.

" To joyn all sever'd pow'rs (which is to end
The cause of war) my father onward fought;
By war the Lombard scepter to extend
Till peace were forc'd, where it was slowly sought.

" He lost in this attempt his last dear blood;
And I (whom no remoteness can deterr,
If what seems difficult be great and good)
Thought his example could not make me err.

" No place I merit in the book of Fame! [fill'd;
Whose leaves are by the Greeks and Romans
Yet I presume to boast, she knows my name,
And she has heard to whom the Hunns did yield.

" But let not what so needfully was done,
Tho' still pursu'd, make you ambition feare;
For could I force all monarchys to one,
That universal crown I would not weare.

" He who does blindly soar at Rhodalind, [ease;
Mounts, like seel'd doves, still higher from his
And in the lust of empire he may finde,
High hope does better than fruition please.

" The victor's solid recompence is rest;
And 'tis unjust that chiefs, who pleasure shunn,
Toyling in youth, should be in age opprest
With greater toyles, by ruling what they wonn.

" Here all reward of conquest I would finde,
Leave shining thrones for Birtha in a shade;
With Nature's quiet wonders fill my minde,
And praise her most, because she Birtha made."

Now Astragon (with joy suffic'd) perceiv'd
How nobly Heav'n for Birtha did provide;
Oft had he for her parted mother griev'd,
But can this joy, less than that sorrow, hide.

With teares bids Gondibert to Heav'n's eie make
All good within, as to the world he seems;
And in gain'd Birtha then from Hymen take
All youth can wish, and all his age esteems.

Straight to his lov'd philosophers he hies,
Who now at Nature's councel busy are
To trace new lights, which some old gazer spies,
Whilst the duke seeks more busily his starre.

But in her search, he is by Goltho stay'd
Who in a close dark covert foldes his armes;
His eies with thoughts grow darker than that shade,
Such thoughts as yielding breasts with study warmes.

Fix'd to unheeded object is his eie!
His sences he calls in, as if t' improve,
By outward absence, inward extacie,
Such as makes prophets, or is made by love.

"Awake!" (said Gondibert) "for now in vain
Thou dream'st of sov'raignty and war's success;
Hope nought has left, which worth should wish to gain;
And all ambition is but hope's excess.

"Bid all our worthys to unarm, and rest!
For they have nought to conquer worth their care;
I have a father's right in Birtha's breast,
And that's the peace for which the wise make warre."

At this starts Goltho, like some army's chief,
Whom, unintrench'd, a midnight larum wakes;
By pawse then gave disorder'd sence relief,
And this reply with kindled passion makes:

"What means my prince to make so low a boast,
Whose merit may aspire to Rhodalind?
For who could Birtha miss if she were lost,
That shall by worth the other's treasure find?

"When your high blood and conquests shall submit
To such mean joys, in this unminded shade,
Let courts, without Heav'n's lamp, in darkness sit,
And war become the lowly shepheard's trade.

"Birtha (a harmless country ornament!)
May be his bride, that's born himself to serve;
But you must pay that blood your army spent,
And wed that empire which our wounds deserve."

This brought the duke's swift anger to his eies,
Which his consid'rate heart rebuk'd as faste;
He Goltho chid, in that he nought replies,
Leaves him, and Birtha seeks with lover's haste.

Now Goltho mourns, yet not that Birtha's fair,
Or that the duke shuns empire for a bride;
But that himself must joyn love to despair;
Himself who loves her, and his love must hide.

He curs'd that him the wounded hither brought
From Oswald's field, where, though he wounds did scape
In tempting death, and here no danger sought,
Yet here meet worse than death in beauty's shape.

He was unus'd to love, as bred in warres,
And not till now for beauty leasure had;
Yet bore love's load, as youth bears other cares,
Till new despair makes love's old weight too sad.

But Ulfinore does hither aptly come,
His second breast, in whom his griefs' excesse
He may ebb out, where they o'reflow at home;
Such griefs, as thus in throngs for utt'rance press.

"Forgive me, that so falsly am thy friend!
No more our hearts for kindness shall contest;
Since mine I hourly on another spend,
And now imbrace thee with an empty brest.

"Yet pard'ning me, you cancel Nature's fault,
Who walks with her first force in Birtha's shape;
And when she spreads the net to have us caught,
It were in youth presumption to escape.

"When Birtha's grief so comely did appear,
Whilst she beheld our wounded duke's distresse;
Then first my alter'd heart began to fear,
Least too much love should friendship dispos-sesse."

But this whilst Ulfinore with sorrow hears,
Him Goltho's busier sorrow little heeds;
And though he could replie in sighs and tears,
Yet governs both, and Goltho thus proceeds:

"To Love's new dangers I have gone unarm'd,
I lack'd experience why to be affraid;
Was too unlearn'd to read whom Love had harm'd,
But have his will, as Nature's law, obay'd.

"Th' obedient and defencelesse, sure, no law
Afflicts, for law is their defence and pow'r;
Yet me, Love's sheep, whom rigour needs not aw,
Wolf-love, because defencelesse, does devour:

"Gives me not time to perish by degrees,
But with despair does me at once destroy;
For none who Gondibert a lover sees,
Thinks he would love, but where he may enjoy.

"Birtha he loves; and I from Birtha fear
Death, that in rougher figure I despise!"
This Ulfinore did with distemper hear,
Yet with dissembled temp'rance thus replies:

"Ah, Goltho! who love's feaver can asswage?
For though familiar seem that old disease,
et, like religion's fit, when people rage,
Few cure those evils which the patient please.

"Nature's religion, love, is still perverse,
And no commerce with cold discretion hath;
For if discretion speak when love is fierce,
'Tis wav'd by love, as reason is by faith."

As Gondibert left Goltho when he heard
His saint profan'd, as if some plague were nie;
So Goltho now leaves Ulfinore, and fear'd
To share such veng'ance, if he did not flie.

How each at home o're-rates his miserie,
And thinks that all are musical abroad,
Unfetter'd as the windes, whilst onely he,
Of all the glad and licens'd world, is aw'd.

And as cag'd birds are by the fowler set
To call in more, whilst those that taken be,
May think (though they are pris'ners in the net)
Th' incag'd, because they sing, sometimes are free.

So Goltho (who by Ulfinore was brought
Here, where he first love's dangers did perceive
In beauty's field) thinks, tho' himself was caught,
Th' inviter safe, because not heard to grieve.

But Ulfinore (whom neighbourhood led here)
Impressions took before from Birtha's sight;
Ideas which in silence hidden were,
As Heav'n's designes before the birth of light.

This from his father Ulfin he did hide,
Who, strict to youth, would not permit the best
Reward of worth, the bosome of a bride,
Should be but after vertuous toyles possest.

For Ulfinore, (in blooming honour yet)
Tho' he had learnt the count'nance of the foe,
And tho' his courage could dull armys whet,
The care o're crouds, nor conduct could not know:

Nor varie batails' shapes in the foes' view;
But now in forraigne fields meanes to improve
His early arts, to what his father knew,
That merit so might get him leave to love.

Till then, check'd passion shall not venture forth:
And now retires with a disorder'd heart;
Griev'd, least his rival should by early'r worth
Get love's reward, ere he can gain desert.

But stop we here, like those who day-light lack,
Or as misguided travailers that rove,
Oft finde their way by going somewhat back;
So let's return, thou ill conductor, Love!

Thy little wanton godhead, as my guide,
I have attended many a winter night,
To seek whom time for honour's sake would hide,
Since in mine age sought by a wasted light:

But ere my remnant of life's lamp be spent,
Whilst I in lab'rinths stray amongst the dead;
I mean to recollect the paths I went,
And judge from thence the steps I am to tread.

Thy walk (though as a common deitie
The croud does follow thee) misterious grows,
For Rhodalind may now closs mourner die,
Since Gondibert, too late, her sorrow knows.

Young Hurgonil above dear light prefers
Calm Orna, who his highest love outloves;
Yet envious clouds in Lombard registers [proves.
O'recast their morn, what e're their evening

For fatal Laura, trusty Tybalt pines;
For haughty Gartha, subtle Hermegild;
Whilst she her beauty, youth, and birth declines;
And as to fate, does to ambition yield.

Great Gondibert, to bashful Birtha bends,
Whom she adores like vertue in a throne;
Whilst Ulfinore and Goltho (late vow'd friends
By him) are now his rivals, and their owne.

Through ways thus intricate to lovers' urnes
Thou leadst me, Love, to show thy trophies past;
Where Time (less cruel than thy godhead) mournes
In ruines which thy pride would have to last.

Where I on Lombard monuments have read
Old lovers' names, and their fam'd ashes spy'd;
But less can learn by knowing they are dead,
And such their tombes; than, how they liv'd, and dy'd.

To Paphos flie! and leave me sullen here!
This lamp shall light me to records which give
To future youth so just a cause of feare,
That it will valour seem to dare to live!

GONDIBERT.

THE THIRD BOOK.[1]

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT

The people, left by Gartha, leave to mourn,
And worship Hermegild for her return.
The wounded Hurgonil by Orna cur'd;
Their loyal loves by marriage plight assur'd.
In Laura's hasty change love's pow'r appears,
And Tybalt seeks the kindness which he fears.

When sad Verona saw in Gartha's shape
Departed peace brought back, the court they prais'd;
And seem'd so joy'd as cities which escape
A siege, that by their own brave sallies rais'd.

And Hermegild, to make her triumph long,
Thro' all the streets his chariot slowly drove;
Whilst she endures the kindness of the throng,
Tho' rude, as was their rage, is now their love.

On Hermegild (so longingly desir'd [gaze;
From Hubert's camp) with childish eyes they
They worship now, what late they but admir'd,
And all his arts to mighty magick raise.

On both they such abundant blessings throw,
As if those num'rous priests who here reside,
(Loath to out-live this joy) assembled now
In haste to bless the laytie e're they dyde.

Thus dignify'd and crown'd thro' all the streets,
To court they come, where them wise Aribert
Not weakly with a publick passion meets;
But in his open'd face conceal'd his heart.

With mod'rate joy he took this pledge of peace,
Because great joys infer to judging eyes
The minde distress'd before; and in distress,
Thrones, which are jealous forts, think all are spies.

Yet, by degrees, a soul delighted showes
To Gartha, whom he leads to Rhodalind;
And soon to Hermegild as artless grows
As maids, and like successful lovers kind.

And Rhodalind, though bred to daily sight
Of court's feign'd faces, and pretended hearts,
(In which disguises courts take no deliglit,
But little mischiefs shun by little arts.)

She, when she Gartha saw, no kindness feign'd,
But faithfully her former rage excus'd;
For now she others' sorrows entertain'd,
As if to love, a maid's first sorrow, us'd.

Yet did her first with cautious gladness meet,
Then soon from grave respect to fondness grew;
To kisses in their taste and odour sweet,
As Hybla hony, or Arabian dew.

[1] Written by the author during his imprisonment.

And Gartha, like an eastern monarch's bride,
This publick love with bashful homage took;
For she had learn'd from Hermegild to hide
A rising heart behind a falling look.

Thus, mask'd with meekness, she does much intreat
A pardon for that storm her sorrow rais'd;
Which Rhodalind more sues she would forget,
Unless to have so just a sorrow prais'd.

Soon is this joy thro' all the court dispers'd;
So high they value peace, who daily are
In pride's invasions, private faction vers'd;
The small but fruitful seed of publick warre.

Whilst thus sweet peace had others' joys assur'd,
Orna with hopes of sweeter love was pleas'd;
For of war's wounds brave Hurgonil was cur'd,
And those of love, which deeper reach'd, were eas'd.

In both these cures her sov'raign help appears,
Since, as her double patient, he receiv'd,
For bloody wounds, balm from her precious tears,
And bloodless wounds of love her vowes reliev'd.

She let no med'cinal flow'r in quiet grow,
No art lie hid, nor artist ease his thought,
No fane be shut, no priest from altars goe,
Nor in Heav'n's quire no saint remain unsought;

Nor more her eyes could ease of sleep esteem,
Than sleep can the world's eye, the Sun, conceal;
Nor breath'd she but in vows to Heav'n, or him,
Till Heav'n and she his diff'rent wounds did heal.

But now she needs those ayds she did dispence;
For scarce her cures were on him perfect grown,
E're shame afflicts her for that diligence,
Which love had in her fits of pitty shown,

When she, (though made of cautious bashfulness)
Whilst him in wounds a smarting feaver burn'd,
Invok'd remotest aydes to his redress,
And with a loud ungovern'd kindness mourn'd.

When o're him then, whilst parting life she ru'd,
Her kisses faster (though unknown before)
Than blossomes fall on parting spring she strew'd;
Than blossomes sweeter, and in number more.

But now when from her busie maid she knew
How wildly grief had led her love abroad,
Unmask'd to all, she her own pris'ner grew;
By shame, a virgin's native conscience, aw'd.

With undirected eyes, which careless rove,
With thoughts too singly to her self confin'd,
She, blushing, starts at her remember'd love,
And grieves the world had eyes, when that was blind.

Sad darkness, which does other virgins fright,
Now boldly and alone, she entertain'd;
And shuns her lover, like the traytor, light,
Till he her curtains drew, and thus complain'd.

"Why, bashfull maid, will you your beauty hide,
Because your fairer mind, your love, is known?
So jewellers conceal, with artful pride,
Their second wealth, after the best is shown.

"In pitty's passion you unvail'd your minde;
Let him not fall, whom you did help to climbe;
Nor seem, by being bashful, so unkinde
As if you think your pitty was a crime.

"O useless shame! officious bashfulness!
Vertue's vain signe, which onely there appears
Where vertue grows erroneous by excess,
And shapes more sins than frighted conscience fears.

"Your blushes, which to meer complexion grow,
You must as nature, not as vertue, own;
And for your open'd love, you but blush so
As guiltless roses blush that they are blown.

"As well the Morn (whose essence poets made,
And gave her bashful eyes) we may believe
Does blush for what she sees through night's thin shade,
As that you can for love discover'd grieve.

"Arise! and all the flow'rs of ev'ry mead
(Which, weeping through your stills, my health restor'd)
Bring to the temple to adorn your head,
And there, where you did worship, be ador'd."

This with a low regard (but voice rais'd high
By joys of love) he spake; and not less kinde
Was now (ent'ring with native harmony,
Like forward spring) the blooming Rhodalind.

Like summer, goodly Gartha, fully blown;
Laura, like autumn, with as ripe a look;
But show'd, by some chill griefs, her Sun was gon,
Arnold, from whom she life's short glory took.

Like winter, Hermegild; yet not so gray
And cold, but that his fashion seem'd to boast,
That even weak winter is allow'd some day,
And the ayre cleer, and healthfull in a frost.

All these, and Tybalt too, (unless a spy
He be, watching who thrives in Laura's sight)
Came hither, as in kinde conspiracy,
To hasten Orna to her marriage plight.

And now the priests prepare for this high vow
All rites, that to their lawes can add a grace;
To which the sequent knot they not allow,
Till a spent morn recovers all her face.

And now the streets like summer meads appear!
For with sweet strewings maids left gardens bare,
As lovers wish their sweeter bosomes were,
When hid unkindly by dishevel'd haire.

And Orna now (importun'd to possess
Her long wish'd joys) breaks thro' her blushes so,
As the fair Morn breaks through her rosyness,
And from a like guilt did their blushes grow.

She thinks her love's high sickness now appears
A fit so weak, as does no med'cine need;
So soon society can cure those feares
On which the coward, Solitude, does feed.

They with united joy blest Hurgonil
And Orna to the sacred temple bring;
Whilst all the court in triumph show their skill,
As if long bred by a triumphant king.

Such dayes of joy, before the marriage day,
The Lombards long by custome had embrac't;
Custom, which all, rather than law, obey,
For lawes by force, customes by pleasure, last.

And wisely ancients, by this needfull snare
Of gilded joys, did hide such bitterness
As most in marriage swallow with that care,
Which bashfully the wise will ne'r confess.

'Tis statesmen's musick, who state's fowlers be,
And singing birds, to catch the wilder, set;
So bring in more to tame society;
For wedlock, to the wilde, is the state's net.

And this loud joy, before the marriage rites,
Like battail's musick which to fights prepare,
Many to strife and sad success invites;
For marriage is too oft but civil warr.

A truth too amply known to those who read
Great Hymen's roles, tho' he from lovers' eyess
Hides his most tragick stories of the dead,
Least all, like Goths, should 'gainst his temples rise.

And thou (what ere thou art, who dost perchance,
With a hot reader's haste, this song pursue)
Mayst finde, too soon, thou dost too far advance,
And wish it all unread, or else untrue.

For it is sung, (though by a mourning voice)
That in the ides before these lovers had,
With Hymen's publick hand, confirm'd their choice,
A cruel practise did their peace invade.

For Hermegild too studiously foresaw
The count's allyance with the duke's high blood,
Might from the Lombards such affection draw,
As could by Hubert never be withstood.

And he in haste with Gartha does retire,
Where thus his breast he opens to prevent,
That Hymen's hallow'd torch may not take fire,
When all these lesser lights of joy are spent:

"High Heaven (from whose best lights your beauty grows,
Born high, as highest mindes) preserve you still
From such, who then appear resistless foes,
When they allyance joyn to armes and skill!

"Most by conjunction planets harmfull are;
So rivers joyning overflow the land,
And forces joyn'd make that destructive warre,
Which else our common conduct may withstand.

"Their knees to Hurgonil the people bow,
And worship Orna in her brother's right;
They must be sever'd, or like palms will grow,
Which, planted near, out-climbe their native height.

"As windes, whose violence out-does all art,
Act all unseen; so we as secretly
These branches of that cedar, Gondibert,
Must force till his deep root in rising dy.

"If we make noise whilst our deep workings last,
Such rumour thro' thick towns unheeded flies,
As winds thro' woods, and we (our great work past)
Like winds will silence tongues, and scape from eyes."

E're this dark lesson she was clearer taught,
His enter'd slaves place at her rev'renc'd feet
A spacious cabinet, with all things fraught,
Which seem'd for wearing artful, rich, and sweet.

With leisurely delight she by degrees
Lifts ev'ry till, does ev'ry drawer draw;
But nought which to her sex belongs she sees,
And for the male all nice adornments saw.

This seem'd to breed some strangeness in her eyes,
Which like a wanton wonder there began;
But straight she in the lower closet spies
Th' accomplish'd dress and garments of a man.

Then starting, she her hand shrunk nicely back,
As if she had been stung, or that she fear'd
This garment was the skin of that old snake,
Which at the fatal tree like man appear'd.

The ambitious maid at scornfull distance stood,
And bravely seem'd of love's low vices free;
Though vicious in her minde, not in her blood:
Ambition is the minde's immodestie!

He knew great mindes, disorder'd by mistake,
Defend, thro' pride, the errours they repent;
And with a lover's fearfulness he spake
Thus humbly, that extremes he might prevent:

"How ill (delightfull maid!) shall I deserve
My life's last flame, fed by your beauty's fire,
If I shall vex your vertues, that preserve
Others' weak vertues, which would else expire.

"How, more than death, shall I my life despise,
When your fear'd frowns make me your service fear!
When I scarce dare to say, that the disguise
You shrink to see, you must vouchsafe to wear.

"So rude a law your int'rest will impose;
And solid int'rest must not yield to shame:
Vain shame, which fears you should such honour lose
As lasts but by intelligence with fame.

"Number, which makes opinion law, can turn
This shape to fashion, which you scorn to use,
Because not by your sex as fashion worn;
And fashion is but that which numbers choose.

"If you approve what numbers lawful think,
Be bold, for number cancels bashfulness;
Extremes, from which a king would blushing shrink,
Unblushing senates act as no excess."

Thus he his thoughts (the picture of his minde)
By a dark vayle to sudden sight deny'd,
That she might prise what seem'd so hard to finde;
For curtains promise worth in what they hide.

He said her manhood would not strange appear
In court, where all the fashion is disguise;
Where masquerades are serious all the year:
None known but strangers, nor secure but spies.

All rules he reads of living great in courts,
Which some the art of wise dissembling call;
For pow'r (born to have foes) much weight supports
By their false strength who thrust to make it fall.

He bids her wear her beauty free as light;
By eares as open be to all endeer'd;
For the unthinking croud judge by their sight,
And seem half eas'd, when they are fully heard.

He shuts her breast even from familiar eyes;
For he who secrets (pow'r's chief treasure) spends
To purchase friendship, friendship dearly buys:
Since pow'r seeks great confed'rates, more than friends.

And now with councels more particular,
He taught her how to wear tow'rdes Rhodalind
Her looks, which of the minde false pictures are;
And then how Orna may believe her kinde.

How Laura too may be (whose practis'd eyes
Can more detect the shape of forward love)
By treaty caught, though not by a surprise,
Whose aid would precious to her faction prove.

But here he ends his lecture, for he spy'd
(Adorn'd, as if to grace mangnifique feasts)
Bright Rhodalind, with the elected bride,
And with the bride all her selected guests.

They Gartha in their civil pity sought,
Whom they in midst of triumph's mist, and feare
Least her full breast (with Hubert's sorrows fraught)
She, like a mourner, came to empty here.

But she and Hermegild are wilde with hast,
As traytors are whom visitants surprise;
Decyph'ring that which fearfully they cast
In some dark place, where viler treason lies.

So open they the fatal cabinet,
To shut things slighter with the consequent;
Then soon their rally'd looks in posture set,
And boldly with them to their triumphs went.

Tybalt, who Laura gravely ever led,
With ceaseless whispers laggs behinde the train,
Trys, since her wary governor is dead,
How the fair fort he may by treaty gain.

For now unhappy Arnold she forsakes,
Yet is he blest that she does various prove,
When his spent heart for no unkindness askes,
Since from the light as sever'd as from love.

Yet as in storms and sickness newly gon,
Some clouds a while and strokes of faintness last;
So, in her brow, so much of grief is shown,
As shows a tempest or a sickness past.

But him no more with such sad eyes she seeks,
As even at feasts would make old tyrants weep;
Nor more attempts to wake him with such shrecks,
As threatned all where Death's deaf pris'ners sleep.

Hugo and him, as leaders, now she names,
Not much as lovers does their fame approve;
Nor her own fate, but chance of battel blames,
As if they dy'd for honour, not for love.

This Tybalt saw, and findes that the turn'd stream
Came fairly flowing to refresh his heart;
Yet could he not forget the kinde esteem
She lately had of Arnold's high desert.

Nor does it often scape his memory,
How gravely he had vow'd, that if her eyes,
After such showres of love, were quickly drie,
He would them more than lamps in tombs despise.

And whilst he watch'd like an industrious spy
Her sexe's changes, and revolts of youth,
He still reviv'd this vow as solemnly,
As senates count'nance laws, or synods truth.

But men are frail, more glass than women are!
Tybalt, who with a stay'd judicious heart
Would love, grows vain amidst his gravest care:
Love, free by nature, scorns the bonds of art!

Laura (whose fort he by approach would gain)
With a weak sigh blows up his mine, and smiles,
Gives fire but with her eye, and he is slain;
Or treats, and with a whisper him beguiles.

Nor force of arms or arts (O Love!) endures
Thy mightyness; and since we must discern
Diseases fully e're we study cures,
And our own force by others' weakness learn;

Let me to courts and camps thy agent be,
Where all their weakness and diseases spring
From their not knowing, and not hon'ring thee
In those, who Nature in their triumphs sing.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Whilst Birtha and the duke their joyes persue
In conqu'ring love, Fate does them both subdue
With triumphs, which from court young Orgo brought;
And have in Goltho greater triumphs wrought:
Whose hopes the quiet Ulfinore does bear
With patience feign'd, and with a hidden fear.

The prosp'rous Gondibert from Birtha gains
All bashful plights a maid's first bounties give;
Fast vows, which binde Love's captives more than chains,
Yet free Love's saints in chosen bondage live.

Few were the dayes, and swiftly seem'd to waste,
Which thus he in his minde's fruition spent;
And least some envious cloud should overcast
His love's fair morn, oft to his camp he sent,

To Bergamo, where still intrenched were
Those youth, whom first his father's army bred;
Who ill the rumour of his wounds did bear,
Tho' he that gave them of his own be dead.

And worse those haughty threat'nings they abhor,
Whch Fame from Brescia's ancient fighters brought;
Vain Fame, the people's trusted orator, [wrought.
Whose speech (too fluent) their mistakes has

Oft Goltho with his temp'rate councels went,
To quench whom Fame to dang'rous fury warm'd,
Till temp'rately his dangers they resent,
And think him safest in their patience arm'd.

And safe now is his love, as love could be,
If all the world like old Arcadia were;
Honour the monarch, and all lovers free
From jealousie, as safety is from fear.

And Birtha's heart does to his civil breast
As much for ease and peace, as safety come;
For there 'tis serv'd and treated as a guest,
But watch'd, and taught, and often chid at home.

Like great and good confed'rates, whose designe
Invades not others, but secures their own,
So they in just and vertuous hopes combine,
And are, like new confed'rates, busie grown.

With whisper earnest, and now grave with thought,
They walk consulting, standing they debate;
And then seek shades, where they in vaine are sought
By servants, who intrude and think they waite.

In this great league, their most important care
Was to dispatch their rites; yet so provide,
That all the court might think them free as ayre,
When fast as faith they were by Hymen ty'd.

" For if the king " (said he) " our love surprise,
His stormy rage will it rebellion call,
Who claims to choose the brides of his allys,
And in that storm our joys in blossome fall.

" Our love your cautious father onely knowes,
(On whose safe prudence senates may depend)
And Goltho, who to time few reck'nings owes,
Yet can discharge all duties of a friend."

Such was his minde, and hers (more busy) shows
That bonds of love doe make her longer fast
Than Hymen's knot, as plain religion does,
Longer than rites (religion's fashions) last.

That her discretion somewhat does appeare,
Since she can love, her mind's chief beauty, hide;
Which never farther went than Thula's eare,
Who had (alas!) but for that secret di'de.

That she already had disguises fram'd, [side;
And sought out caves, where she might close re-
As being nor unwilling nor asham'd
To live his captive, so she die his bride.

Full of themselves, delight them onward leads,
Where in the front was to remoter view
Exalted hills, and nearer prostrate meads,
With forrests flanck'd, where shade to darkness grew.

Beneath that shade two rivers slily steal,
Through narrow walks, to wider Adice,
Who swallows both, till proudly she does swell,
And hastes to show her beauty to the sea.

And here, whilst forth he sends his ranging eie,
Orgo he spies, who plies the spur so fast,
As if with newes of vict'ry he would flie
To leave swift Fame behinde him by his haste.

" If," (said the duke) " because this boy is come,
I second gladness show, doe not suppose
I spread my breast to give new comforts roome,
That were to welcome rain where Nylus flowes.

" Though the unripe appearance of a page
For weighty trust, may render him too weak,
Yet this is he, who, more than cautious age,
Or like calm death, will bury what we speak.

" This, Birtha, is the boy, whose skilless face
Is safe from jealousie of oldest spies;
In whom, by whisper, we from distant place
May meet, or wink our meaning to his eyes."

More had he said to gain him her esteem,
But Orgo enters speechless with his speed;
And by his looks more full of haste did seem,
Than when his spurs provok'd his flying steed.

And with his first recover'd breath he cryes:
" Hail, my lov'd lord! whom Fame does vallue so,
That when she swift with your successes flies,
She feares to wrong the world in being slow.

" I bring you more than tasts of Fortune's love,
Yet am afraid I err, in having dar'd
To think her favours could your gladness move,
Who have more worth than Fortune can reward."

The duke, with smiles, forewarns his hasty tongue,
As loath he should proceed in telling more;
Kindly afraid to do his kindness wrong,
By hearing what he thought he knew before.

" Thy diligence " (said he) " is high desert,
It does in youth supply defects of skil,
And is of duty the most useful part;
Yet art thou now but slow to Hurgonil;

" Who hither, by the Moon's imperfect light,
Came and return'd, without the help of day,
To tell me he has Orna's virgin plight,
And that their nuptials for my presence stay."

Orgo reply'd: " Though that a triumph be,
Where all false lovers are, like savage kings,
Led captive after love's great victory,
It does but promise what your triumph brings.

" It was the eve to this your holy-day!
And now Verona mistriss does appear
Of Lombardy; and all the flowers which May
E're wore, does as the countrie's favours wear.

" The weary Eccho from the hills makes haste,
Vex'd that the bells still call for her replies,
When they so many are, and ring so faste;
Yet oft are silenc'd by the people's cries;

Who send to Heav'n the name of Rhodalind,
And then duke Gondibert as high they raise,
To both with all their publick passion kinde,
If kindnesse shine in wishes and in praise.

" The king this day made your adoption known,
Proclaim'd you to the empire next ally'd,
As heir to all his conquests and his crown,
For royal Rhodalind must be your bride."

Not all the dangers valour findes in war,
Love meets in courts, or pride to courts procures,
When sick with peace they hot in faction are,
Can make such fears as now the duke endures.

Nor all those fears which ev'ry maid has found,
On whose first guards Love by surprises steals,
(Whose sightless arrow makes a cureless wound)
Are like to this which doubtful Birtha feels.

He from his looks wild wonder strives to chase;
Strives more to teach his manhood to resist
Death in her eyes; and then, with all the grace
Of seeming pleasure, Orgo he dismist.

And Orgo being gone, low as her knees
Could fall, she fell; and soon he bends as low
With weight of heart, griev'd that no grave he sees,
To sink where love no more can sorrow know.

Her sighs, as showrs lay windes, are calm'd with tears;
And parting life seems stay'd awhile to take
A civil leave, whilst her pale visage wears
A cleerer sky, and thus she weeping spake:

" Since such a prince has forfeited his pow'r,
Heav'n give me leave to make my duty less,
Let me my vows as sudden oathes abhor,
Which did my passion, not my truth, express.

" Yet yours I would not think were counterfeit,
But rather ill and rashly understood;
For 'tis impossible I can forget
So soon, that once you fatally were good.

" Tho' cruel now as beasts where they have pow'r,
Choosing, like them, to make the weakest bleed,
For weakness soon invites you to devour,
And a submission gives you ease to feed.

" To fighting fields send all your honour back,
To courts your dang'rous tongue and civil shape,
That country maids may men no more mistake,
Nor seek dark death, that they may love escape."

Now soon to Heav'n her soul had found the way,
(For there it oft had been in pray'r and praise)
But that his vows did life with loudness stay,
And life's warm help did soon her body raise.

And now he gently leads her; for no more
He lets th' unhallow'd ground a faln flowre wear,
Sweeter than Nature's bosome ever wore;
And now these vows sends kindly to her ear:

" If (Birtha) I am false, think none to blame
For thinking truth (by which the soul subsists)
No farther to be found than in the name;
Think humane kind betraid even by their priests.

" Think all my sex so vile, that you may chide
Those maids who to your mother's nuptials ran;
And praise your mother, who so early dy'de,
Remembring whom she marry'd was a man.

" This great court miracle you straight receive
From Orgo, and your faith the whole allows:
Why, since you Orgo's words so soon believe,
Will you less civilly suspect my vowes?

" My vowes, which want the temple's seal, will binde
(Though private kept) surer than publick laws;
For laws but force the body, but my minde
Your vertue councels, whilst your beauty draws."

Thus spake he, but his mourning looks did more
Attest his grief, and fear does hers renew;
Now losing (were he lost) more than before,
For then she fear'd him false, now thinks him true.

As sick physitians seldome their own art
Dare trust, to cure their own disease, so these
Were to themselves quite useless when apart;
Yet, by consult, each can the other ease.

But from themselves they now diverted stood;
For Orgo's newes (which need not borrow wings,
Since Orgo for his lord believ'd it good)
To Astragon the joyful houshold brings.

But Astragon, with a judicious thought,
This day's glad news took in the dire portent;
A day which mourning nights to Birtha brought,
And with that fear in search of Birtha went.

And here he findes her in her lover's eyes,
And him in hers; both more afflicted grown
At his approach, for each his sorrow spies,
Who thus would counsel theirs, and hide his own.

" Though much this fatall joy to anger moves,
Yet reason's aydes shall anger's force subdue;
I will not chide you for your hasty loves,
Nor ever doubt (great prince) that yours is true.

" In chiding Love, because he hasty was,
Or urging errours, which his swiftness brings,
I finde effects, but dare not tax the cause;
For poets were inspir'd who gave him wings.

" When low I digg, where desart rivers run,
Dive deep in seas, thro' forrests follow windes,
Or reach with optick tubes the ragged Moon,
My sight no cause of Love's swift motion findes.

" Love's fatall haste, in yours, I will not blame,
Because I know not why his wings were giv'n;
Nor doubt him true, not knowing whence he came,
Nor Birtha chide, who thought you came from Heav'n.

" If you lay snares, we err when we escape;
Since evil practise learns men to suspect
Where falshood is, and in your noble shape
We should, by finding it, our skill detect.

" Yet both your griefs I'le chide, as ignorance;
Call you unthankful; for your great griefs show
That Heav'n has never us'd you to mischance,
Yet rudely you repine to feel it now.

" If your contextures be so weak and nice,
Weep that this stormy world you ever knew;
You are not in those calmes of Paradice,
Where slender flowers as safe as cedars grew.

" This, which your youth calls grief, was froward-
In flatter'd infancy, and as you beare [ness
Unkindly now amidst youth's joys distress,
So then, unless still rock'd, you froward were.

" Grief's conflicts gave these haires their silver shine;
(Torne ensignes which victorious age adorne)
Youth is a dress too garish and to fine
To be in foule tempestuous weather worne.

" Grief's want of use does dang'rous weakness make;
But we by use of burdens are made strong,
And in our practis'd age can calmely take
Those sorrows which, like feavers, vex the young.

" When you in Love's fair books (which poets keep)
Read what they hide, his tragick history,
You will rejoyce that half your time is sleep,
And smile at Love when Nature bids you die.

" Learn then that Love's diseases common are;
Doe not in sickness known, (though new to you)
Whilst vital heat does last, of cure despaire:
Love's vital heat does last whilst love is true."

Thus spake the kinde and prudent Astragon,
And much their kinde impatience he appeas'd;
For of his griefs (which heavier than their own
Were born by both) their dutious fears are eas'd.

She begs that he would pardon her distress,
Thought that even sin which did his sorrow move;
And then, with all her mother's lowliness,
His pardon craves for asking leave to love.

The duke, who saw fair truth so undisguis'd,
And love in all, but love so unconcern'd,
Pity'd the studious world, and all despis'd,
Who did not here unlearn what they had learn'd.

" I am reform'd," (said he) " not that before
I wanted love, or that my love was ill;
But I have learnt to perfect nature more
By giving innocence a little skill.

" For 'tis some skill in innocence to bear
With temper the distempers of our stars;
Not doubling griefs already come by fear
Of more, for fears but hasten threaten'd wars.

" But we will bravely suffer, to inure
Our strength to weights against the new are laid;
That, when 'tis known how much we can endure,
Our sufferings may make our foes afraid.

" This comet glory shines but in portent,
Which from the court does send her threatning beams;
And looks as if it were by malice ment
To hasten Oswald's faction to extreams.

" Since Hurgonil, who just fore-ran the boy,
Could not instruct us, we as much may know
Of the first light, as of these fires of joy,
Which is, that both did out of darkness grow.

" Yet this the king might hide in kingly skill,
Wisely to make his bounty more his own;
Kings stoop for councel, who impart their will;
His acts, like Heav'n's, make not their causes known.

" Yet with as plain a heart as love untaught
In Birtha wears, I here to Birtha make
A vow, that Rhodalind I never sought,
Nor now would with her love her greatnesse take.

" Love's bonds are for her greatness made too strait,
And me ambition's pleasures cannot please;
Even priests, who on the higher altar wait,
Think a continu'd rev'rence losse of ease.

" Let us with secrecy our love protect,
Hiding such precious wealth from publick view;
The proffer'd glory I will first suspect
As false, and shun it when I finde it true."

They now retire, because they Goltho saw,
Who hither came to watch with Ulfinore
If much the duke's woo'd mistriss did him awe,
Since love woo'd him, and in the shape of pow'r.

But when he mark'd that he did from them move
With sodain shyness, he suppos'd it shame
Of being seen in chase of Birtha's love,
As if above it grown since Orgo came.

Goltho by nature was of musick made,
Cheerful as victors warm in their success;
He seem'd like birds created to be glad, [tress.
And nought but love could make him taste dis-

Hope, which our cautious age scarce entertains,
Or as a flatt'rer gives her cold respect,
He runs to meet, invites her, and complains
Of one hour's absence as a year's neglect.

Hope, the world's welcome, and his standing guest,
Fed by the rich, but feasted by the poor;
Hope, that did come in triumph to his breast,
He thus presents in boast to Ulfinore:

" Well may I (friend) auspicious Love adore,
Seeing my mighty rival takes no pride
To be with Birtha seen; and he before
(Thou knowst) injoyn'd that I his love should hide.

" Nor do I break his trust when 'tis reveal'd
To thee, since we are now so much the same,
That when from thee, it is from me conceal'd,
For we admit no diff'rence but in name.

" But be it still from ev'ry other ear
Preserv'd, and strictly by our mutual vow:
His laws are still to my obedience dear,
Who was my gen'ral, though my rival now.

" And well thou knowst how much mine eies did melt,
When our great leader they did first perceive
Love's captive led, whose sorrows then I felt,
Tho' now for greater of mine own I grieve.

" Nor do I now by love in duty err;
For if I get what he would fain possesse,
Then he a monarch is, and I preferr
Him, who undoes the world in being lesse.

" When Heav'n (which hath preferr'd me to thy brest,
Where friendship is inthron'd) shall make it known
That I am worth thy love, which is exprest
By making heav'nly Birtha all mine own.

" Then at this quiet Eden thou wilt call,
And stay a while, to mark if Love's prais'd plant
Have after spring a ripeness and a fall,
Or never of the first abundance want.

" And I shall tell thee then if poets are
In using beauty's pencil false, or blinde;
For they have Birtha drawn but sweet and faire,
Stiles of her face, the curtain of her minde!

" And thou at parting shalt her picture weare,
For Nature's honour, not to show my pride;
Try if her like the teeming world does beare,
Then bring that copy hither for thy bride.

" And they shall love as quietly as we;
Their beauty's pow'r no civil war will raise,
But flourish, and like neighb'ring flowers agree,
Unless they kindly quarrel in our praise.

" Then we for change will leave such luscious peace,
In camps their favours shall our helms adorn;
For we can no way else our joys increase,
But by beholding theirs at our return."

Thus, cloth'd in feathers, he on steeples walks,
Not guessing yet that silent Ulfinore
Had study'd her of whom he loosly talks,
And what he likes did solidly adore.

But Ulfinore with cold discretion aw'd
His passion, and did grave with love become;
Though youthfully he sent his eies abroad,
Yet kept with manly care his tongue at home.

These rivals' hopes he did with patience hear;
His count'nance not uneasy seem'd, nor strange;
Yet meant his cares should more like love appear,
If in the duke ambition bred a change.

But as the duke shun'd them for secrecy,
So now they from approaching Orgo move,
Made by Discretion (Love's strict tutor) shy,
Which is to lovers painful as their love.

But Orgo they did ill suspect, whose youth
And nature yielded lovers no offence;
Us'd by his lord for kindness and for truth,
Both native in him as his innocence:

And here pass'd by in haste, to court imploy'd,
That Birtha may no more have cause to mourn;
Full was his little breast! and overjoy'd,
That much depended on his quick return!

Many like Orgo, in their manhood's morn,
As pages did the noble duke attend;
The sons of chiefs, whom beauty did adorn,
And fairer vertue did that beauty mend.

These in his heroes' schools he bred, (which were
In peace his palace, and in war his tent)
As if Time's self had read sage lectures there
How he would have his howres (life's treasure) spent.

No action, though to shorten dreaded warre,
Nor needful counsels, though to lengthen peace,
Nor love, of which wise Nature takes such care,
Could from this useful work his cares release.

But with the early Sun he rose, and taught
These youths by growing vertue to grow great;
Show'd greatness is without it blindly sought,
A desp'rate charge, which ends in base retreat.

He taught them shame, the sodain sence o
Shame, Nature's hasty conscience, which forbids
Weak inclination ere it grows to will,
Or stays rash will, before it grows to deeds.

He taught them honour, Vertue's bashfulness,
A fort so yieldless, that it fears to treat;
Like pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing less;
Honour, the moral conscience of the great!

He taught them kindness, soul's civilitie,
In which nor courts, nor citys, have a part;
For theirs is fashion, this from falshood free,
Where love and pleasure know no lust nor art.

And love he taught, the soul's stolne visit made,
Tho' froward age watch hard, and law forbid;
Her walks no spie has trac'd, nor mountain staide;
Her friendship's cause is as the loadstone's hid.

He taught them love of toyle; toyle, which does keep [blood;
Obstructions from the minde, and quench the
Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and sleep,
Like opium, is our med'cine, not our food.

To dangers us'd them, which Death's visards are,
More uggly than himself, and often chase
From battail coward life; but when we dare
His visard see, we never fear his face.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet takes the wise aside, to prove
Even them concern'd in all he writes of love.
The dutious Orgo from the court returns
With joys, at which again fair Birtha mourns.
The duke with open armes does entertain
Those guests, whom he receives with secret pain.

Thou, who some ages hence these roles dost read,
(Kept as records by lovers of love's pow'r),
Thou who dost live, when I have long been dead,
And feed'st from earth, when earth does me devowr:

Who liv'st, perhaps, amidst some citie's joys,
Where they would fall asleep with lazy peace,
But that their triumphs make so great a noise,
And their loud bells cannot for nuptials cease:

Thou, who perhaps, proudly thy bloomy bride
Lead'st to some temple, where I wither'd lie;
Proudly, as if she age's frosts defy'd;
And that thy springing self could never die:

Thou, to whom then the cheerful quire will sing,
Whilst hallow'd lamps, and tapers brave the Sun
As a lay-light; and bells in triumph ring,
As when from sallies the besiegers run.

That when the priest has ended, if thine eies
Can but a little space her eies forbear,
To shew her where my marble coffin lies;
Her virgin garlands she will offer there:

Confess, that reading me she learnt to love;
That all the good behaviour of her heart,
Even tow'rds thy self, my doctrine did improve;
Where love by nature is forwarn'd of art,

She will confess, that to her maiden state
This story shew'd such patterns of great life,
As though she then could those but imitate,
They an example make her now a wife.

And thy life's fire could she awhile outlive,
(Which were, though lawful, neither kinde nor good)
Then, even her sorrows would examples give;
And shine to others through dark widowhood.

And she will boast, how spite of cynick age,
Of bus'ness, which does pow'r uncivil make,
Of ruder cells, where they love's fire asswage
By study'ng death, and fear for vertue take:

And spite of courts (where loving now is made
An art, as dying is in cells) my laws
Did teach her how by nature to perswade,
And hold by vertue whom her beauty draws.

Thus when by knowing me, thou know'st to whom
Love owes his eies, who has too long been blinde;
Then in the temple leave my bodie's tomb,
To seek this book, the mon'ment of my minde.

Where thou mai'st read; who with impatient eies
For Orgo on the guilded tarras stay;
Which high, and golden shews, and open lies,
As the morne's window when she lets out day.

Whose height two rising forrests over-looks;
And on pine-tops the eiesight downward casts;
Where distant rivers seem bestrided brooks,
Churches but anchor'd ships, their steeples, masts.

Hence, by his little Regian courser brought,
Orgo they spie, with diligence indu'd,
As if he would o'ertake forerunning thought,
And he by many swiftly seem'd pursu'd.

But his light speed left those awhile behinde;
Whilst with rais'd dust their swiftness hid the way,
Yet Birtha will, too soon, by Orgo finde
What she by distance lost in this survay.

Orgo a precious casket did present
To his dear lord, of Podian saphyr wrought;
For which, unknown to Birtha, he was sent;
And a more precious pledge, was in it brought.

Then thus proclaim'd his joy! "Long may I live!
Sent still with blessings from the heav'nly powers;
And may their bountys shew what they can give;
And full as fast as long expected showres!

"Behold the king, with such a shining traine
As dazles sight, yet can inform the blind;
But there the rich, and beautious shine in vaine,
Unless they distance keep from Rhodalind.

"Methinks, they through the middle region come;
Their chariots hid in clouds of dust below,
And o're their heads, their coursers' scatter'd fome
Does seem to cover them like falling snow."

This Birtha heard, and she on Orgo cast
A piteous look, (for she no anger knew)
But griev'd he knows not, that he brings too fast
Such joys, as fain she faster would eschew.

So Gondibert this gust of glory took,
As men whose sayls are full more weather take;
And she so gaz'd on him, as sea-men look
On long sought shore, when tempests drive them back.

But now these glorys more apparent be;
And justly all their observation claim'd;
Great, as in greatest courts less princes see,
When entertain'd to be eclips'd, and sham'd.

West from Verona's road, through pleasant meads
Their chariots cross; and to the palace steer;
And Aribert this winged triumph leads;
Which like the planets' progress did appear.

So shin'd they, and so noisless seem'd their speed;
Like Spartans, touching but the silken reynes,
Was all the conduct which their coursers need;
And proudly to sit still, was all their paines.

With Aribert sat royal Rhodalind;
Calm Orna by the count; by Hermegild
(Silver'd with time) the golden Gartha shin'd;
And Tybalt's eies were full by Laura fill'd.

The lesser beauties, numberless as stars,
Shew'd sickly and far off, to this noon-day;
And lagg'd like baggage treasure in the wars;
Or only seem'd, another milkie way.

The duke perceiv'd the king design'd to make
This visit more familiar by surprise;
And with court art, he would no notice take
Of that, which kings are willing to disguise.

But as in heedless sleep, the house shall seem
New wak'd with this alarm; and Ulfin strait
(Whose fame was precious in the court's esteem)
Must, as with casual sight, their entrance wait.

To Astragon he doubles all his vows;
To Birtha, through his eies, his heart reveal'd;
And by some civil jealousies he shows
Her beauty from the court must be conceal'd.

Prays her, from envy's danger to retire;
The palace war; which there can never cease
Till beauty's force in age or death expire:
A war disguis'd in civil shapes of peace,

Still he the precious pledge kept from her view;
Who guess'd not by the casket his intent;
And was so willing not to fear him true,
That she did fear to question what it ment.

Now hasts she to be hid; and being gon,
Her lover thinks the planet of the day
So leaves the mourning world to give the Moon
(Whose train is mark'd but for their number) way.

And entring in her closet (which took light
Full in the palace front) she findes her maids
Gather'd to see this gay unusual sight;
Which, commet-like, their wondring eies invades.

Where Thula would by climbing highest be,
Though ancient grown, and was in stature short,
Yet did protest, she came not there to see,
But to be hid from dangers of the court.

Their curious longing Birtha durst not blame
Boldness, (which but to seeing did aspire)
Since she her self, provok'd with courts' great fame,
Would fain a little see what all admire.

Then through the casement ventur'd so much face
As kings depos'd show, when through grates they peep,
To see deposers to their crowning passe;
But straight shrink back, and at the triumph weep.

Soon so her eies did too much glory finde;
For ev'n the first she saw was all; for she
No more would view since that was Rhodalind;
And so much beauty could none others be.

Which with her vertue weigh'd (no less renown'd)
Afflicts her that such worth must fatal prove;
And be in tears of the possessor drown'd,
Or she depose her lover by her love.

But Thula (wildly earnest in the view
Of such gay sights as she did ne'r behold)
Mark'd not when Birtha her sad eies withdrew;
But dreamt the world was turn'd again to gold.

Each lady most, till more appear'd, ador'd;
Then with rude liking prais'd them all alowd;
Yet thought them foul and course to ev'ry lord;
And civilly to ev'ry page she bow'd.

The objects past, out-sigh'd even those that woo;
And straight her mistris at the window mist;
Then finding her in grief, out-sigh'd her too;
And her fair hands with parting passion kist:

Did with a servant's usual art profess,
That all she saw was to her beauty black;
Confess'd their maids well bred, and knew to dress,
But said those courts are poor which painting lack.

"Thy praise," (said Birtha) "poyson'd is with spite;
May blisters cease on thy uncivil tongue,
Which strives so wickedly to do me right,
By doing Rhodalind and Orna wrong.

False Fame, thy mistris, tutour'd thee amiss;
Who teaches school in streets, where crowds resort;
Fame, false, as that their beauty painted is:
The common country slander on the court."

With this rebuke, Thula takes gravely leave;
Pretends she'll better judge ere they be gon;
At least see more, though they her sight deceive;
Whilst Birtha findes, wilde fear feeds best alone.

Ulfin receives, and through Art's palace guides
The king; who owns him with familiar grace;
Though twice seven years from first observance hides
Those marks of valour which adorn'd his face.

Then Astragon with hasty homage bows:
And says, when thus his beam she does dispence
In lowly visits, like the Sun he shows
Kings made for universal influence.

Him with renown the king for science pays,
And vertue; which God's likest pictures bee;
Drawn by the soul, whose onely hire is praise;
And from such salary not Heav'n is free.

Then kindly he inquires for Gondibert;
When, and how far his wounds in danger were?
And does the cautious progress of his art
Alike with wonder and with pleasure heare.

Now Gondibert advanc'd, but with delay;
As fetter'd by his love, for he would fain
Dissembled weakness might procure his stay,
Here where his soul does as in Heav'n remain.

Him, creature like, the king did boldly use
With publick love; to have it understood
That kings, like God, may choose whom they will choose:
And what they make, judge with their own eies good.

This grace the duke at bashful distance takes;
And Rhodalind so much concern'd is grown,
That his surprisal she her troubles makes;
Blushing, as if his blushes were her own.

Now the bright train with Astragon ascend;
Whilst Hermegild, with Gartha, moves behinde;
Whom much this gracious visit did offend;
But thus he practis'd to appease her minde.

"Judge not you strangely in this visit showe;
As well in courts think wise dissembling new;
Nor think the kindness strange, though to your foe,
Till all in courts where they are kinde are true.

"Why should your closer mourning more be worn?
Poor priests invented blacks for lesser cost;
Kings for their syres in regal purple mourn;
Which shows what they have got, not what they lost.

"Though rough the way to empire be, and steep,
You look that I should level it so plain,
As babes might walk it barefoot in their sleep;
But pow'r is the reward of patient pain!

" This high hill pow'r, whose bowels are of gold,
Shews neer to greedy and unpractis'd sight;
But many grow in travail to it old,
And have mistook the distance by the height.

" If those old travailers may thither be
Your trusted guides, they will your haste reform;
And give you fears of voyages by sea;
Which are not often made without a storm.

" Yet short our course shall prove, our passage faire,
If in the steerage you will quiet stand,
And not make storms of ev'ry breath of aire;
But think the helm safe in the pilot's hand.

" You like some fatal king (who all men hears
Yet trusts intirely none) your trust mistake,
As too much weight for one: one pillar bears
Weight that would make a thousand shoulders ake.

" Your brother's storm I to a calm have turn'd;
Who lets this guilded sacrifice proceed
To Hymen's altar, by the king adorn'd,
As priests give victims gerlonds ere they bleed.

" Hubert to triumph would not move so faste;
Yet you (though but a kind spectator) mean
To give his triumph laws, and make more haste
To see it pass, than he does to be seen.

" With patience lay this tempest of your heart!
For you, ere long, this angel's form shall turn
To fatal man's; and for that shape of art,
Some may, as I for yours of nature, mourn."

Thus by her love-sick statesman she was taught;
And smil'd, with joy of wearing manly shape;
Then smil'd, that such a smile his heart had caught;
Whose nets camps break not through, nor senates scape.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The king to Gondibert is grown so kinde,
That he prevents the bounteous Rhodalind
In giving of her love; and Gondibert
Laments his breast holds but a single heart;
Which Birtha grieves her beauty did subdue,
Since he undoes the world in being true.

Full grows the presence now, as when all know
Some stranger prince must be receiv'd with state;
When courts shew those, who come to see the show;
And all gay subjects like domesticks waite.

Nor Ulfinore nor Goltho absent were;
Whose hopes expect what list'ning Birtha (hid
In the adjoyning closet) fears to heare;
And beggs kinde Heav'n in pitty would forbid.

The king (who never time nor pow'r misspent
In subjects' bashfulness, whiling great deeds
Like coward councels, who too late consent)
Thus to his secret will aloud proceeds.

" If to thy fame," (brave youth) " I could add wings,
Or make her trumpet louder by my voice,
I would (as an example drawn for kings)
Proclaim the cause, why thou art now my choice.

" But this were to suspect the world asleep,
Or all our Lombards with their envy blinde,
Or that the Huns so much for bondage weep,
As their drown'd eies cannot thy trophies finde.

" When this is heard, none dare of what I give
Presume their equal merit might have shar'd;
And to say more, might make thy foes believe,
Thy dang'rous worth is grown above reward.

" Reward even of a crown, and such a crown,
As by Heav'n's model ancient victors wore;
When they, as by their coyn, by laws were known;
For laws but made more currant victors' pow'r.

" A crown soon taught, by whom pow'r first was given;
When victors (of dominion cautious made
By hearing of that old revolt in Heav'n)
Kept pow'r too high for subjects to invade.

" A crown, which ends by armies their debate,
Who question height of pow'r; who by the law
(Till plain obedience they make intricate)
Would not the people, but their rulers aw.

" To pow'r adoption makes thy title good;
Preferring worth, as birth give princes place;
And vertue's claim exceeds the right of blood,
As soul's extraction does the bodie's race.

" Yet for thy blood's long walk through princes' veins,
Thou maist with any Lombard measure time;
Though he his hidden house in Ilium feigns;
And not step short, when Hubert's self would climbe.

" And Hubert is of highest victors' breed;
Whose worth I shall for distant empire choose;
If he will learn, that you by fate procede,
And what he never had, he cannot lose.

" His valour shall the Gothick conquest keep;
And would to Heav'n that all your mighty mindes
As soon were pleas'd, as infants are with sleep,
And you had musick common as the windes.

" That all the year your seasons were like spring;
All joy'd as birds, and all as lovers kinde;
That ev'ry famous fighter were a king,
And each like you could have a Rhodalind.

" For she is yours, as your adoption free;
And in that gift my remnant life I give;
But 'tis to you, brave youth! who now are she;
And she that Heav'n where secondly I live.

" And richer than that crown (which shall be thine,
When life's long progress I am gone with fame)
Take all her love; which scarce forbears to shine
And own thee, through her virgin-curtain, shame."

Thus spake the king; and Rhodalind appear'd
Through publish'd love, with so much bashfulness,
As young kings shew, when by surprise o're-heard
Moaning to fav'rite eares a deep distress.

For love is a distress, and would be hid [grow;
Like monarchs' griefs, by which they bashful
And in that shame beholders they forbid;
Since those blush most, who must their blushes show.

And Gondibert with dying eies did grieve
At her vail'd love (a wound he cannot heal)
As great mindes mourn, who cannot then relieve
The vertuous, when through shame they want conceal.

And now cold Birtha's rosy looks decay;
Who in fear's frost had like her beauty dy'd,
But that attendant hope perswades her stay
A while, to hear her duke; who thus reply'd.

" Victorious king! Abroad your subjects are
Like legates safe; at home like altars free!
Even by your fame they conquer as by warre;
And by your laws safe from each other be.

" A king you are o're subjects, so as wise
And noble husbands seem o're loyal wives:
Who claim not, yet confess their liberties,
And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

" To foes a winter storm; whilst your friends bow,
Like summer trees, beneath your bounty's load;
To me (next him whom your great self, with low
And cheerful duty serves) a giving God.

" Since this is you, and Rhodalind (the light
By which her sex fled vertue finde) is yours;
Your diamond, which tests of jealous sight,
The stroke, and fire, and oisel's juice endures;

" Since she so precious is, I shall appear
All counterfeit, of art's disguises made;
And never dare approach her lustre near;
Who scarce can hold my value in the shade.

" Forgive me that I am not what I seem,
But falsly have dissembled an excess
Of all such vertues as you most esteem;
But now grow good but as I ills confess.

" Far in ambition's feaver am I gone!
Like raging flame aspiring is my love;
Like flame destructive too, and like the Sun
Does round the world tow'rds change of objects move.

" Nor is this now through vertuous shame confess'd;
But Rhodalind does force my conjur'd feare,
As men whom evil spirits have possess'd,
Tell all when saintly votaries appeare,

" When she will grace the bridal dignitie,
It will be soon to all young monarchs known;
Who then by posting through the world will trie
Who first can at her feet present his crown.

" Then will Verona seem the inn of kings;
And Rhodalind shall at her palace gate
Smile, when great love these royal sutors brings;
Who for that smile would as for empire waite.

" Amongst this ruling race she choyce may take
For warmth of valour, coolness of the minde,
Eies that in empire's drowsie calms can wake,
In storms look out, in darkness dangers find.

" A prince who more inlarges pow'r than lands;
Whose greatness is not what his map contains;
But thinks that his, where he at full commands;
Not where his coyn does pass, but pow'r remains.

" Who knows that pow'r can never be too high
When by the good possest; for 'tis in them
The swelling Nyle; from which though people fly,
They prosper most by rising of the stream.

" Thus (princess) you should choose; and you will finde;
Even he, since men are wolves, must civilize
(As light does tame some beasts of savage kinde)
Himself yet more, by dwelling in your eies."

Such was the duke's reply; which did produce
Thoughts of a diverse shape through sev'ral eares:
His jealous rivals mourn at his excuse;
But Astragon it cures of all his feares.

Birtha his praise of Rhodalind bewayles;
And now her hope a weak physitian seems,
For hope, the common comforter, prevailes
Like common med'cines, slowly in extreams.

The king (secure in offer'd empire) takes
This forc'd excuse, as troubled bashfulness,
And a disguise which sodain passion makes,
To hide more joy than prudence should express.

And Rhodalind (who never lov'd before,
Nor could suspect his love was giv'n away)
Thought not the treasure of his breast so poore,
But that it might his debts of honour pay.

To hasten the rewards of his desert,
The king does to Verona him command;
And kindness so impos'd, not all his art
Can now instruct his duty to withstand.

Yet whilst the king does now his time dispose
In seeing wonders, in this palace shown,
He would a parting kindness pay to those
Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

And by this fair pretence, whilst on the king
Lord Astragon through all the house attends,
Young Orgo does the duke to Birtha bring;
Who thus her sorrows to his bosome sends.

" Why should my storm your life's calm voyage vex?
Destroying wholly vertue's race in one;
So by the first of my unlucky sex,
All in a single ruine were undone.

" Make heav'nly Rhodalind your bride! Whilst I,
Your once lov'd maid, excuse you, since I know
That vertuous men forsake so willingly
Long cherish'd life, because to Heav'n they go.

" Let me her servant be! A dignity,
Which if your pity in my fall procures;
I still shall value the advancement high,
Not as the crown is hers, but she is yours."

E're this high sorrow up to dying grew,
The duke the casket op'ned, and from thence
(Form'd like a heart) a cheerfull emrauld drew;
Cheerful, as if the lively stone had sence.

The thirti'th carract it had doubled twice;
Not tak'n from the Attick silver mine,
Nor from the brass, though such (of nobler price)
Did on the necks of Parthian ladies shine:

Nor yet of those which make the Ethiop proud;
Nor taken from those rocks where Bactrians climb;
But from the Scythian, and without a cloud;
Not sick at fire, nor languishing with time.

Then thus he spake! " This (Birtha) from my male
Progenitors, was to the loyal she
On whose kinde heart they did in love prevail,
The nuptial pledge, and this I give to thee!

" Seven centuries have pass'd, since it from bride
To bride did first succeed; and though tis known
From ancient lore, that gemms much vertue hide,
And that the emrauld is the bridal stone;

" Though much renown'd because it chastness loves,
And will when worn by the neglected wife,
Shew when her absent lord disloyal proves,
By faintness, and a pale decay of life;

" Though emraulds serve as spies to jealous brides,
Yet each compar'd to this does councel keep;
Like a false stone, the husband's falsehood hides,
Or seems born blinde, or feigns a dying sleep.

" With this take Orgo, as a better spy;
Who may in all your kinder feares be sent
To watch at court, if I deserve to die
By making this to fade, and you lament."

Had now an artfull pencil Birtha drawn
(With grief all dark, then straight with joy all [light)
He must have fancy'd first, in early dawn,
A sudden break of beauty out of night.

Or first he must have mark'd what paleness, fear,
Like nipping frost, did to her visage bring;
Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,
A rosy morn begin a sudden spring.

Her joys (too vaste to be contain'd in speech)
Thus she a little spake! " Why stoop you down,
My plighted lord, to lowly Birtha's reach,
Since Rhodalind would lift you to a crown?

" Or why do I, when I this plight imbrace,
Boldly aspire to take what you have given?
But that your vertue has with angels place,
And 'tis a vertue to aspire to Heav'n.

" And as tow'rds Heav'n all travail on their knees;
So I tow'rds you, though love aspire, will move:
And were you crown'd, what could you better please
Than aw'd obedience led by bolder love?

" If I forget the depth from whence I rise,
Far from your bosome banish'd be my heart;
Or claim a right by beauty to your eyes;
Or proudly think, my chastity desert.

" But thus ascending from your humble maid
To be your plighted bride, and then your wife,
Will be a debt that shall be hourly paid,
Till time my duty cancel with my life.

" And fruitfully if Heav'n ere make me bring
Your image to the world, you then my pride
No more shall blame, than you can tax the Spring
For boasting of those flowres she cannot hide.

" Orgo, I so receive as I am taught
By duty to esteem what ere you love;
And hope the joy he in this jewel brought,
Will luckyer than his former triumphs prove.

" For though but twice he has approach'd my sight,
He twice made haste to drown me in my tears:
But now I am above his planet's spite,
And as for sin beg pardon for my fears."

Thus spake she; and with fix'd continu'd sight,
The duke did all her bashful beauties view;
Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred plight;
Like flowres still sweeter as they thicker grew.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innocent,
The sickness of extreames, and cannot last;
For pow'r (love's shun'd impediment) has sent
To tell the duke, his monarch is in hast:

And calls him to that triumph which he fears
So as a saint forgiven (whose breast does all
Heav'n's joys contain) wisely lov'd pomp forbears;
Lest tempted nature should from blessings fall.

He often takes his leave, with love's delay;
And bids her hope, he with the king shall finde,
By now appearing forward to obay,
A means to serve him less in Rhodalind.

She weeping to her closet-window hies;
Where she with tears does Rhodalind survey;
As dying men, who grieve that they have eyes,
When they through curtains spy the rising day.

The king has now his curious sight suffis'd
With all lost arts, in their revival view'd;
Which when restor'd, our pride thinks new devis'd:
Fashions of mindes, call'd new when but renew'd!

The busie court prepares to move, on whom
Their sad offended eyes the country caste;
Who never see enough where monarchs come;
And nothing so uncivil seems as haste.

As men move slow, who know they lose their way,
Even so the duke tow'rds Rhodalind does move;
Yet he does dutious fears, and wonder pay,
Which are the first, and dangerous signes of love.

All his addresses much by Goltho were
And Ulfinore observ'd; who distant stand;
Not daring to approach his presence neer;
But shun his eyes to scape from his command:

Least to Verona he should both require;
For by remaining here, both hope to light
Their Hymen's torches at his parting fire;
And not despaire to kindle them to night.

The king his golden chariot now ascends;
Which neer fair Rhodalind the duke containes;
Though to excuse that grace he lowly bends;
But honour so refus'd, more honour gaines.

And now their chariots (ready to take wing)
Are even by weakest breath, a whisper stay'd;
And but such whisper as a page does bring
To Laura's woman from a houshold maid.

But this low voice did raise in Laura's eare
An eccho, which from all redoubled soon;
Proclaiming such a country beauty here,
As makes them look, like ev'ning to her noon.

And Laura (of her own high beauty proud,
Yet not to others cruel) softly prays,
She may appear! but Gartha, bold, and loud,
With eyes impatient as for conquest, stays.

Though Astragon now owns her, and excus'd
Her presence, as a maid but rudely taught,
Infirm in health, and not to greatness us'd;
Yet Gartha still calls out, to have her brought!

But Rhodalind (in whose relenting breast
Compassion's self might sit at school and learn)
Knew bashful maids with publick view distrest;
And in their glass, themselves with fear discern;

She stopt this challenge which court-beauty made
To country shape; not knowing Nature's hand
Had Birtha dress'd; nor that her self obay'd
In vain, whom conqu'ring Birtha did command.

The duke (whom vertuous kindness soon subdues)
Though him his bonds from Birtha highly please,
Yet seems to think, that lucky he, who sues
To wear this royal mayd's, will walk at ease.

Of these a brief survey sad Birtha takes;
And Orgo's help directs her eye to all;
Shows her for whom grave Tybalt nightly wakes;
Then at whose feet wise Hermegild does fall.

And when calm Orna with the count she saw,
Hope (who though weak, a willing painter is,
And busily does ev'ry pattern draw)
By that example could not work amiss.

For soon she shap'd her lord and her so kinde,
So all of love; till fancy wrought no more
When she perceiv'd him sit with Rhodalind;
But froward-painter-like the copy tore.

And now they move; and she thus rob'd, believes
(Since with such haste they bear her wealth away)
That they at best, are but judicious thieves,
And know the noble vallue of their prey.

And then she thus complain'd! "Why royal maid!
Injurious greatness! did you hither come
Where pow'r's strong nets of wyre were never laid?
But childish love took cradle as at home.

"Where can we safe our harmless blessings keep,
Since glorious courts our solitude invade?
Bells which ring out, when th' unconcern'd would sleep;
False lights to scare poor birds in country shade!

"Or if our joys their own discov'ry make,
Envy (whose tongue first kills whom she devours)
Calls it our pride; envy, the poys'nous snake,
Whose breath blasts maids, as innocent as flowres!

"Forgive me, beautious greatness, if I grow
Distemper'd with my fears, and rudely long
To be secure; or praise your beauty so
As to believe, that it may do me wrong;

"And you, my plighted lord, forgive me too,
If, since your worth and my defects I find,
I fear what you in justice ought to do;
And praise your judgment when I doubt you kind."

Now sudden fear o'er all her beauty wrought
The pale appearance of a killing frost;
And carefull Orgo, when she started, thought
She had her pledge, the precious emrauld, lost.

But that kinde heart, as constant as her own,
She did not miss; 'twas from a sudden sence,
Least in her lover's heart some change was grown,
And it grew pale with that intelligence.

Soon from her bosome she this emrauld took:
"If now" (said she) "my lord my heart deceaves,
This stone will by dead paleness make me look
Pale as the snowy skin of lilly leaves."

But such a cheerful green the gemm did fling
Where she oppos'd the rayes, as if she had
Been dy'de in the complexion of the spring,
Or were by nimphs of Brittain valleys clad.

Soon she with earnest passion kist the stone;
Which ne'er till then had suffer'd an eclipse;
But then the rayes retir'd, as if it shone
In vain, so neer the rubies of her lips.

Yet thence remov'd, with publick glory shines!
She Orgo blest, who had this relique brought;
And kept it like those reliques lock'd in shrines,
By which the latest miracles were wrought.

For soon respect was up to rev'rence grown;
Which fear to superstition would sublime,
But that her father took fear's ladder down;
Lose steps, by which distress to Heav'n would climbe.

He knew, when fear shapes heav'nly pow'r so just,
And terrible, (parts of that shape drawn true)
It vailes Heav'n's beauty, love; which when we trust,
Our courage honours him to whom we sue!

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The deep designes of Birtha in distress;
Her emrauld's vertue shews her love's success,
Wise Astragon with reason cures despair;
And the afflicted chides for partial pray'r.
With grief the secret rivals take their leave;
And but dark hope for hidden love receive.

To shew the morn her passage to the east,
Now Birtha's dawn, the lover's day, appears!
So soon love beats *réveilles* in her breast;
And like the dewy morn she rose in tears:

So much she did her jealous dreams dislike.
Her maids straight kindle by her light their eyes;
Which when to hers compar'd, poets would strike
Such sparks to light their lamps, ere day does rise.

But O vain jealousie! why dost thou haste
To find those evils which too soon are brought?
Love's frantick valour! which so rashly faste
Seeks dangers, as if none would come unsought.

As often fairest morns soon cover'd be,
So she with dark'ning thoughts is clouded now;
Looks so, as weaker eyes small objects see,
Or studious statesmen who contract the brow.

Or like some thinking Sybill that would finde
The sence of mystick words by angels giv'n!
And this fair politick bred in her minde
(Restless as seas) a deep designe on Heav'n.

To pray'r's plain temple she does haste unseen;
Which though not grac'd with curious cost for show,
Was nicely kept; and now must be as clean
As tears make those who thence forgiven goe.

For her own hands (by which best painters drew
The hands of innocence) will make it shine;
Pennance which newly from her terrours grew;
And was (alas!) part of her deep designe.

And when this holy huswifry was past,
Her vows she sends to Heav'n, which thither fly
Intire: not broken by unthinking hast;
Like sinners' sparks that in ascending dy.

Thence she departs; but at this temple gate
A needy crowd (call'd by her summons there)
With such assurance for her bounty waite,
As if ne'r failing Heav'n their debtor were.

To these she store of antick treasure gave
(For she no mony knew) medals of gold,
Which curious gath'rers did in travail save,
And at high worth were to her mother sold.

Figures of fighting chiefs, born to o'rcome
Those who without their leave would all destroy;
Chiefs, who had brought renown to Athens, Rome,
To Carthage, Tyre, and to lamented Troy.

Such was her wealth, her mother's legacy;
And well she knew it was of special price;
But she has begg'd what Heav'n must not deny;
So would not make a common sacrifice.

To the black temple she her sorrow bears;
Where she outbeg'd the tardy begging thief;
Made weeping Magdaline but poor in tears,
Yet silent as their pictures was her grief.

Her purpos'd penance she did here fulfil;
Those pictures dress'd, and the spent lamp reliev'd
With fragrant oyles, dropt from her silver still;
And now for those that there sat mourning, griev'd.

Those penitents, who knew her innocence,
Wonder what parent's sin she did bemoan;
And venture (though they goe unpardon'd thence)
More sighs for her redress than for their own.

Now jealousie no more benights her face,
Her courage beautious grows, and grief decayes;
And with such joy as shipwrack'd men imbrace
The shore, she hastens to the house of praise.

And there the gemm she from her bosome took,
(With which till now she trembled to advise)
So far from pale, that Gondibert would look
Pale if he saw, how it out-shin'd her eyes.

These rayes she to a miracle prefers;
And lustre that such beauty so defies,
Had poets seen, (love's partial jewellers, [eyes)
Who count nought precious but their mistress'

They would with grief a miracle confess!
She enters straight to pay her gratitude;
And could not think her beauty in distress,
Whilst to her love, her lord is still subdu'd.

The altar she with imagry array'd;
Where needles boldly, as a pencil wrought,
The story of that humble Syrian maid,
Who pitchers bore, yet kings to Juda brought.

And there she of that precious linnen spreads,
Which in the consecrated month is spun
By Lombard brides; for whom in empty beds
Their bridegrooms sigh till the succeeding moon.

'Tis in that moon bleach'd by her fuller light;
And wash'd in sudds of amber, till it grow
Clean as this spredder's hands: and those were white
As rising lillies, or as falling snow.

The voluntary quire of birds she feeds,
Which oft had here the virgin-comfort fill'd;
She diets them with aromatick seeds; [till'd.
And quench'd their thirst with rainbow-dew dis-

Lord Astragon, whose tender care did waite
Her progress, since her morn so cloudy broke,
Arrests her passage at this temple gate,
And thus, he with a father's license spoke

" Why art thou now, who hast so joyful liv'd
E're love thou knew'st, become with love so sad?
If thou hast lost fair vertue, then be griev'd;
Else show, thou know'st her worth by being glad.

" Thy love's high soaring cannot be a crime;
Nor can we if a spinster loves a king,
Say that her love ambitiously does climbe:
Love seeks no honour, but does honour bring.

" Mounts others' value, and her own lets fall!
Kings' honour is but little, till made much
By subjects' tongues! Elixer-love turns all
To pow'rful gold, where it does only touch.

" Thou lov'st a prince above thine own degree:
Degree is monarch's art; love, Nature's law;
In love's free state all pow'rs so levell'd be,
That there, affection governs more than aw.

" But thou dost love where Rhodalind does love;
And thence thy griefs of jealousie begin;
A cause which does thy sorrow vainly move;
Since 'tis thy noble fate, and not thy sin.

" This vain and voluntary loade of grief
(For fate sent love, thy will does sorrow bear)
Thou to the temple carry'st for relief;
And so to Heav'n art guided by thy fear.

" Wilde fear! which has a common-wealth devis'd
In Heav'n's old realm, and saints in senates fram'd;
Such as by which, were beasts well civiliz'd,
They would suspect their tamer man, untam'd.

" Wilde fear! which has the Indian worship made;
Where each unletter'd priest the godhead draws
In such a form, as makes himself afraid;
Disguising Mercy's shape in teeth and claws.

" This false guide fear, which does thy reason sway,
And turns thy valiant vertue to despair,
Has brought thee here, to offer, and to pray;
But temples were not built for cowards' pray'r.

" For when by fear thy noble reason's led,
(Reason, not shape gives us so great degree
Above our subjects, beasts) then beasts may plead
A right in temples' helps as well as we.

" And here, with absent reason thou dost weep
To beg success in love; that Rhodalind
May lose, what she as much does beg to keep;
And may at least an equal audience find.

" Mark Birtha, this unrighteous war of pray'r!
Like wrangling states, you ask a monarch's aide
When you are weak, that you may better dare
Lay claim, to what your passion would invade.

" Long has th' ambitious world rudely preferr'd
Their quarrels, which they call their pray'rs, to Heav'n; [have err'd,
And thought that Heav'n would like themselves
Depriving some, of what's to others given.

" Thence modern faith becomes so weak and blinde,
Thinks Heav'n in ruling other worlds imploy'd,
And is not mindful of our abject kinde,
Because all sutes are not by all enjoy'd.

" How firm was faith, when humbly sutes for need,
Not choice were made? then (free from all despair
As mod'rate birds, who sing for daily seed)
Like birds, our songs of praise included prayer.

" Thy hopes are by thy rival's vertue aw'd;
Thy rival Rhodalind; whose vertue shines
On hills, when brightest planets are abroad;
Thine privately, like miners' lamps, in mines.

" The court (where single patterns are disgrac'd;
Where glorious vice, weak eies admire;
And vertue's plainness is by art out fac'd)
She makes a temple by her vestal fire.

" Though there, vice sweetly dress'd does tempt like bliss
Even cautious saints; and single vertue seem
Fantastick, where brave vice in fashion is;
Yet she has brought plain vertue in esteem.

" Yours is a vertue of inferior rate;
Here in the dark a pattern, where 'tis barr'd
From all your sex that should her imitate,
And of that pomp which should her foes reward:

" Retyr'd, as weak monasticks fly from care;
Or devout cowards steal to forts, their cells,
From pleasures, which the world's chief dangers are:
Hers passes yours, as valour fear excels.

" This is your rival in your sute to Heav'n:
But Heav'n is partial if it give to you
What to her bolder vertue should be given;
Since yours, pomps, vertue's dangers, never knew:

" Your sute would have your love with love repay'd;
To which art's conquests, when all science flowes,
Compar'd, are students' dreams; and triumphs made
By glorious courts and camps but painted showes.

" Even art's dictators, who give laws to schools,
Are but dead heads; statesmen who empire move,
But prosp'rous spys, and victors, fighting fools,
When they their trophies rank with those of love.

" And when against your fears I thus declame,
(Yet make your danger more, whilst I decry
Your worth to hers) then wisely fear I blame;
For fears are hurtfull'st when attempts are high:

" And you should think your noble dangers less,
When most my praise does her renown prefer;
For that takes off your hasty hope's excess;
And when we little hope, we nothing fear.

" Now you are taught your sickness, learn your cure;
You shall to court, and there serve Rhodalind;
Trie if her vertue's force you can endure
In the same sphear, without eclipse of mind.

" Your lord may there your souls compare; for we,
Though souls, like stars, make not their greatness known;
May find which greater than the other be;
The stars are measur'd by comparison!

" Your plighted lord shall you ere long preferr
To neer attendance on this royal maid;
Quit then officious fear! The jealous fear
They are not fearful, when to death afraid."

These words he clos'd with kindness, and retir'd;
In which her quick-ey'd hope three blessings
With joy of being neer her lord, inspir'd, [spy'd;
With seeing courts, and having vertue try'd!

She now with jealous questions, utter'd faste,
Fills Orgo's ear, which there unmark'd are gone,
As throngs through guarded gates, when all make
Not giving warders time t' examine one. [haste,

She ask'd if fame had render'd Rhodalind
With favour, or in truth's impartial shape?
If Orna were to humble vertue kinde,
And beauty could from Gartha's envy scape?

If Laura (whose faire eyes those but invites,
Who to her wit ascribe the victory)
In conquest of a speechless maid delights?
And ere to this prompt Orgo could reply,

She ask'd, in what consist the charms of court?
Whether those pleasures so resistless were
As common country travailers report,
And such as innocence had cause to feare;

What kinde of angels' shape young fav'rites take?
And being angels, how they can be bad?
Or why delight so cruelly to make
Fair country maids return from court so sad?

More had she ask'd (for study warm'd her brow,
With thinking how her love might prosp'rous be)
But that young Ulfinore approach'd her now,
And Goltho, warmer with designe than she.

Though Goltho's hope (in Indian feathers clad)
Was light, and gay, as if he meant to flie;
Yet he no farther than his rival had
Advanc'd in promise, from her tongue, or eye.

When distant, talk'd, as if he plighted were;
For hope in love, like cowards in the warr,
Talks bravely till the enterprise be neer;
But then discretion dares not venture farr.

He never durst approach her watchfull eye
With studious gazing, nor with sighs her eare;
But still seem'd frolick, like a statesman's spy;
As if his thoughtful bus'ness were not there.

Still, superstitious lovers beauty paint,
(Thinking themselves but devils) so divine,
As if the thing belov'd were all a saint;
And ev'ry place she enter'd were a shrine.

And though last night were the auspicious time
When they resolv'd to quit their bashful fears;
Yet soon (as to the Sun when eaglets climbe)
They stoop'd, and quench'd their daring eyes in tears.

And now (for hope, that formal centry, stands
All winds and showrs, though where but vainly plac'd)
They to Verona beg her dear commands;
And look to be with parting kindness grac'd.

Both daily journies meant, 'twixt this and court:
For taking leave is twice love's sweet repast;
In being sweet, and then in being short;
Like manna, ready still, but cannot last.

Her favours not in lib'ral looks she gave,
But in a kinde respectful lowliness,
Them honour gives, yet did her honour save;
Which gently thus, she did to both express.

" High Heav'n that did direct your eyes the way
To choose so well, when you your friendship made,
Still keep you joyn'd, that daring envy may
Fear such united vertue to invade!

" In your safe brests, the noble Gondibert
Does trust the secret treasure of his love;
And I (grown conscious of my low desert)
Would not, you should that wealth for me improve.

" I am a flow'r that merit not the spring!
And he (the world's warm Sun!) in passing by
Should think, when such as I leave flourishing,
His beams to cedars haste, which else would die.

" This from his humble maid you may declare
To him, on whom the good of humane kinde
Depends; and as his greatning is your care,
So may your early love successes finde!

" So may that beautious she, whom either's heart
For vertue and delight of life shall choose,
Quit in your siege the long defence of art,
And Nature's freedom in a treaty lose."

This gave cold Ulfinore in love's long night
Some hope of day; as sea-men that are run
Far northward finde long winters to be light,
And in the cynosure adore the Sun.

It show'd to Goltho, not alone like day,
But like a wedding noon; who now grows strong
Enough to speak; but that her beauties stay
His eyes, whose wonder soon arrests his tongue.

Yet something he at parting seem'd to say,
In pretty flow'rs of love's wild rhetorick;
Which mov'd not her, though orators thus sway
Assemblies, which since wilde, wilde musick like.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Here Ulfin reads the art to Ulfinore
Of wisely getting, and increasing power.
The rivals to Verona haste, and there
Young Goltho's frailty does too soon appear.
Black Dalga's fatal beauty is reveal'd;
But her descent and story is conceal'd.

Old Ulfin parting now with Ulfinore,
His study'd thoughts, and of a grave import,
Thus utter'd, as well read in ancient lore;
When prudence kept up greatness in the court.

" Heav'n guide thee, son, through honour's slipp'ry way;
The hill, which wary painfulness must climbe;
And often rest, to take a full survey
Of every path, trod by experienc'd time.

" Rise glorious with thy master's hopeful morn!
His favour calls thee to his secret breast;
Great Gondibert! to spacious empire born;
Whose careful head will in thy bosome rest.

" Be good! and then in pitty soon be great!
For vertuous men should toile to compass pow'r,
Least when the bad possess dominion's seat,
We vainly weep for those whom they devour.

" Our vertue without pow'r, but harmless is!
The good, who lazily are good at home,
And safely rest in doing not amiss,
Fly from the bad, for fear of martyrdome?

" Be in thy greatness easie, and thy brow
Still cleer, and comforting as breaking light;
The great, with bus'ness troubled, weakly bow;
Pow'r should with publick burdens walk upright!

" We chearfulness, as innocence commend!
The great, may with benigne and civil eyes
The people wrong, yet not the wrong'd offend;
Who feel most wrong, from those who them despise!

" Since wrongs must be, complaints must shew the griev'd;
And favorites should walk still open ear'd;
For of the suing croud half are reliev'd
With the innate delight of being heard.

" Thy greatness be in armes! who else are great,
Move but like pageants in the people's view;
And in foul weather make a scorn'd retreat:
The Greeks their painted gods in armour drew!

" Yield not in storms of state to that dislike
Which from the people does to rulers grow;
Pow'r (fortune's sail) should not for threatnings strike;
In boats bestorm'd all check at those that row.

" Courts little arts contemn! dark holes to save
Retreated pow'r, when fear does friendship feigne;
Poor theeves retire to woods! chiefs, great, and brave,
Draw out their forces to the open plaine!

" Be by thy vertue bold! when that Sun shines,
All art's false lights are with disgrace put out;
Her straightness shows it self and crooked lines,
And her plain text the scepticks dare not doubt.

" Revenge (weak women's valour, and in men
The ruffian's cowardise) keep from thy breast!
The factious palace is that serpent's den,
Whom cowards there with secret slaughter feast.

" Revenge is but a name for fear,
'Tis Indians' furious fear, when they are fed
With valiant foes, whose hearts their teeth must tear
Before they boldly dare believe them dead.

" When thou giv'st death, thy banners be display'd!
And move not till an open foe appears!
Court's lurking war shows justice is afraid,
And no broad sword, but a close ponyard, wears.

" To kill, shows fear does not more fears endure!
When wrong'd, destroy not with thy foes thy fame;
The valiant, by forgiving mischief, cure;
And it is Heav'n's great conquest to reclame!

" Be by thy bounty known! for since the needs
Of life so rudely press the bold and wise;
The bountious heart, all but his God exceeds,
Whom bounty best makes known to mortal eies!

" And to be bountiful, be rich! for those
Fam'd talkers, who in schools did wealth despise,
Taught doctrine, which at home would empire lose,
If not believ'd first by their enemies.

" And though in ruling ministers of state,
The people wretched poverty adore,
(Which fools call innocence, and wise men hate
As sloth) yet they rebell for being poore.

" And to be rich, be diligent! move on
Like Heav'n's great movers that inrich the Earth,
Whose moments sloth would show the world undone,
And make the Spring straight bury all her birth.

" Rich are the diligent! who can command
Time, Nature's stock! and could his hour-glass fall,
Would, as for seeds of stars, stoop for the sand,
And by incessant labour gather all.

" Be kinde to beauty! that unlucky shrine!
Where all Love's thieves come bowing to their prey,
And honour steal, which beauty makes divine:
Be thou still kinde, but never to betray!

" Heav'n study more in Nature than in schools!
Let Nature's image never by thee pass
Like unmark'd time; but those unthinking fools
Despise, who spie not Godhead thro' her glass!"

These precepts Ulfinore, with dutious care,
In his heart's closet lock'd, his faithful brest!
And now the rival-friends for court prepare,
And much their youth is by their haste exprest.

They yet ne'r saw Verona nor the court,
And expectation lengthens much their way;
Since by that great inviter urg'd, Report,
And thither fly on coursers of relay.

E're to his western mines the Sun retir'd,
They his great mint for all those mines behold,
Verona, which in towres to Heav'n aspir'd,
Gilt doubly, for the Sun now gilt their gold.

They make their entry through the western gate!
A Gothick arch! where, on an elephant,
Bold Clephes as the second founder sate,
Made to mock life, and onely life did want.

Still strange and divers seem their objects now,
And still increase, where ere their eyes they cast;
Of lazy pag'ant-greatness, moving slow,
And angry bus'ness, rushing on in haste.

All strange to them, as they to all appear;
Yet less like strangers gaz'd than those they see,
Who this glad day the duke's spectators were,
To mark how with his fame his looks agree.

And guess that these are of his fighting train,
Renown'd in youth, who by their wonder stay'd,
And by their own but slowly passage gain,
But now much more their progress is delay'd:

For a black beauty did her pride display
Thro' a large window, and in jewels shon,
As if to please the world, weeping for day,
Night had put all her starry jewels on.

This beauty gaz'd on both, and Ulfinore
Hung down his head, but yet did lift his eyes,
As if he fain would see a little more:
For much, tho' bashful, he did beauty prise.

Goltho did like a blushless statue stare,
Boldly her practis'd boldness did out-look!
And even, for fear she would mistrust her snare,
Was ready to cry out, that he was took;

She, with a wicked woman's prosp'rous art,
A seeming modesty, the window clos'd;
Wisely delay'd his eyes, since of his heart
She thought she had sufficiently dispos'd.

And he thus straight complain'd: Ah, Ulfinore!
How vainly glory has our youth misled?
The winde which blowes us from the happy shore,
And drives us from the living to the dead!

"To bloody slaughters, and perhaps of those
Who might beget such beauties as this maid,
The sleepy here are never wak'd with foes,
Nor are of aught but ladies' frowns afraid."

Ere he could more lament, a little page, [breed
Clean, and perfum'd, (one whom this dame did
To guess at ills, too manly for his age)
Steps swiftly to him, and arrests his steed.

With civil whisper cries, "My lady, sir!"——
At this, Goltho alights as swiftly post
As posters mount; by lingring loath to err, [lost,
As wind-bound men, whose sloth their first wind

And when his friend advis'd him to take care
He gravely, as a man new potent grown,
Protests he shall in all his fortunes share,
And to the house invites him as his own.

And, with a rival's wisdom, Ulfinore
Does hope, since this blinde love leads him astray,
Where a false saint he can so soon adore,
That he to Birtha ne'r will finde the way.

They enter, and ascend; and enter then
Where Dalga with black eyes does sinners draw;
And with her voice holds fast repenting men,
To whose warm jett, light Goltho is but straw.

Nicely as bridegroom's was her chamber drest,
Her bed as bride's, and richer than a throne;
And sweeter seem'd than the circania's nest,
Though built in eastern groves of cinamon.

The price of prince's pleasures, who her love
(Tho' but false ware) at rates so costly bought;
The wealth of many, but may hourly prove
Spoils to some one by whom herself is caught.

She, sway'd by sinful beauty's destiny,
Findes her tyrannick pow'r must now expire,
Who ment to kindle Goltho with her eye,
But to her breast has brought the raging fire.

Yet even in simple love she uses art:
Tho' weepings are from looser eyes but leaks,
Yet oldest lovers scarce would doubt her heart,
So well she sweeps, and thus to Goltho speaks:

"I might, if I should ask your pardon, sir,
Suspect that pity which the noble feel
When women fail; but since in this I err
To all my sex, I would to women kneel.

"Yet happy were our sex could they excuse
All breach of modesty, as I can mine;
Since 'tis from passion which a saint might use,
And not appear less worthy of a shrine.

"For my dear brother you resemble so
Throughout your shape, who late in combate fell;
As you in that an inward vertue show,
By which to me you all the world excel.

"All was he, which the good as greatness see,
Or love can like! in judgment match'd by none,
Unless it fail'd in being kind to me;
A crime forbid to all since he is gone.

"For tho' I send my eyes abroad, in hope
Amongst the streams of men still flowing here,
To finde (which is my passion's utmost scope)
Some one that does his noble image bear:

"Yet still I live recluse, unless it seem
A liberty too rude, that I in you
His likeness at so high a rate esteem,
As to believe your heart is kinde and true."

She casts on Ulfinore a sudden look;
Stares like a mountebank, who had forgot
His viol, and the cursed poison took
By dire mistake before his antidote.

Prays Goltho that his friend may straight forbear
Her presence; who (she said) resembled so
Her noble brother's cruel murderer,
As she must now expire, unless he go!

Goltho, still gravely vain, with formal face
Bids Ulfinore retire; and does pretend
Almost to know her parents, and the place,
And even to swear her brother was his friend.

But wary Ulfinore (whose beautious truth
Did never but in plainest dress behold)
Smiles, and remembers tales, to forward youth
In winter nights by country matrons told:

Of witches' townes, where seeming beauties dwell,
All hair, and black within, maides that can fly!
Whose palaces at night are smoky Hell,
And in their beds their slaughter'd lovers lie.

And though, the Sun now setting, he no lights
Saw burning blew, nor steam of sulphur smelt,
Nor took her two black Meroen maids for sprites,
Yet he a secret touch of honour felt.

For not the craft of rivalship (though more
Than states, wise rivals study interest)
Can make him leave his friend, till he restore
Some cold discretion to his burning breast.

Though to his fears this cause now serious shows,
Yet smiles he at his solemn loving eye;
For lust in reading beauty solemn grows
As old physitians in anatomie.

" Goltho," (said he) " 'tis easie to discern
That you are grave, and think you should be so;
Since you have bus'ness here of grave concern,
And think that you this house and lady know.

" You'll stay, and have your sleep with musick fed,
But little think to wake with mandrakes grones;
And by a ghost be to a garden led
At midnight, strew'd with simple lovers' bones:

" This, Goltho, is inchantment, and so strange,
So subt'ly false, that, whilst I tell it you,
I fear the spell will my opinion change,
And make me think the pleasant vision true.

" Her dire black eyes are like the oxe's eye,
Which in the Indian ocean tempest brings:
Let's go! before our horses learn to fly,
Ere she shew cloven feet, and they get wings!"

But high rebellious love, when counsell'd, soon
As sullen as rebuk'd ambition grows;
And Goltho would pursue what he should shun,
But that his happier fate did interpose:

For at the garden gate a summons, loud
Enough to show authority and haste,
Brought cares to Dalga's brow, which like a cloud
Did soon her shining beauty over-cast.

Like thieves surpris'd whilst they divide their prise,
Her maids run and return thro' ev'ry room,
Still seeming doubtful where their safety lies;
All speaking with their looks, and all are dumb.

She, who to dangers could more boldly wake,
With words, swift as those errands which her heart
Sends out in glances, thus to Goltho spake:
" My mother, sir! Alas! you must depart!

" She is severe as dying confessors,
As jealous as unable husbands are;
She youth in men like age in maids abhors,
And has more spies than any civil warre.

" Yet would you but submit to be conceal'd,
I have a closet secret as my brest,
Which is to men, nor day, no more reveal'd,
Than a close swallow in his winter's nest."

To this good Goltho did begin to yield;
But Ulfinore (who doubts that it may tend
To base retreat, unless they quit the field)
Does by example govern and defend.

And now his eyes even ake with longingness,
Ready to break their strings, to get abroad
To see this matron, by whose sole access
Dalga in all her furious hopes is aw'd.

And as he watch'd her civil Mercury,
The hopeful page, he saw him entrance give,
Not to a matron, still prepar'd to die,
But to a youth wholly design'd to live.

He seem'd the heir to prosp'rous parents' toiles,
Gay as young kings, that woo in forraign courts,
Or youthful victors in their Persian spoiles,
He seem'd, like love and musick, made for sports.

But wore his clothing lose, and wildly cast,
As princes high with feasting, who to wine
Are seldom us'd: show'd warm, and more unbrac't
Than ravishers, oppos'd in their designe.

This Ulfinore observ'd, and would not yet,
In civil pity, undeceive his friend;
But watch'd the signes of his departing fit,
Which quickly did in bashful silence end.

To the duke's palace they inquir'd their way;
And as they slowly rode, a grave excuse
Griev'd Goltho frames, vowing he made this stay
For a discov'ry of important use.

" If, sir," (said he) " we heedlesly pass by
Great towns, like birds that from the country
But to be skar'd and on to forrests fly, [come
Let's be no travail'd fools, but roost at home."

" I see" (reply'd his friend) " you nothing lack
Of what is painful, curious, and discreet
In travaillers, else would you not look back
So often to observe this house and street:

" Drawing your city mapp with coasters' care;
Not onely marking where safe channels run,
But where the shelves, and rocks, and dangers are,
To teach weak strangers what they ought to shun.

" But, Goltho, fly from lust's experiments!
Whose heat we quench much sooner than asswage:
To quench the furnace-lust, stop all the vents;
For, give it any air, the flames will rage."

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

1605—1654.

THIS amiable man, and irreproachable poet, was born at Hindlip, in Worcestershire, on the 5th of November, 1605, — a most memorable day in the history of the Habington family; for they were Papists. The discovery of the gunpowder plot is believed to have come from his mother; and his father, who had been six years imprisoned for his supposed concern in Babington's conspiracy, was condemned to die for concealing some of the gunpowder traitors in his house. Whether or not he had actually been so far implicated in their legal guilt is not certain; but he owed his pardon to the intercession of his brother-in-law, Lord Morley.

They were a wealthy family. William was educated in the Jesuit College at St. Omer's, and afterwards at Paris, in the hope that he might enter into that society. But he preferred a wiser, and better, and happier, course of life; and, returning to his own country, married Lucy, daughter of William Herbert, first Lord Powis, the Castara of his poems. He died when he had just compleated his fortieth year, and was buried in the family vault at Hindlip. The poems were introduced, for the first time, into a general collection, by Mr. Chalmers, most properly. He appears in them to have thoroughly deserved the happiness which during his short life he enjoyed.

CASTARA.

THE FIRST PART.

——————— Carmina, non prius
Audita, Musarum sacerdos virginibus.

A MISTRESS

Is the fairest treasure, the avarice of Love can covet; and the onely white, at which he shootes his arrowes, nor while his aime is noble, can he ever hit upon repentance. She is chaste, for the devill enters the idoll and gives the oracle, when wantonnesse possesseth beauty, and wit maintaines it lawfull. She is as faire as Nature intended her, helpt perhaps to a more pleasing grace by the sweetnesse of education, not by the slight of art. She is young, for a woman past the delicacie of her spring, may well move by vertue to respect, never by beauty to affection. Shee is innocent even from the knowledge of sinne, for vice is too strong to be wrastled with, and gives her frailty the foyle. She is not proude, though the amorous youth interpret her modestie to that sence; but in her vertue weares so much majestie, lust dares not rebell, nor though masqued, under the pretence of love, capitulate with her. She entertaines not every parley offer'd, although the articles pretended to her advantage: advice and her owne feares restraine her, and woman never owed ruine to too much caution. She glories not in the plurality of servants, a multitude of adorers Heaven can onely challenge; and it is impietie in her weakenesse to desire superstition from many. She is deafe to the whispers of love, and even on the marriage houre can breake off, without the least suspition of scandall, to the former liberty of her carriage. She avoydes a too neere conversation with man, and like the Parthian overcomes by flight. Her language is not copious but apposit, and she had rather suffer the reproach of being dull company, than have the title of witty, with that of bold and wanton. In her carriage she is sober, and thinkes her youth expresseth life enough, without the giddy motion, fashion of late hath taken up. She danceth to the best applause, but doates not on the vanity of it, nor licenceth an irregular meeting to vaunt the levity of her skill. She sings, but not perpetually, for she knowes, silence in a woman is the most perswading oratory. She never arrived to so much familiarity with man as to know the demunitive of his name, and call him by it; and she can shew a competent favour: without yeelding her hand to his gripe. Shee never understood the language of a kisse, but at salutation, nor dares the courtier use so much of his practised impudence as to offer the rape of it from her: because chastity hath write it unlawfull, and her behaviour proclaimes it unwelcome. She is never sad, and yet not jiggish; her conscience is cleere from guilt, and that secures her from sorrow. She is not passionately in love with poetry, because it softens the heart too much to love: but she likes the harmony in the com-

position; and the brave examples of vertue celebrated by it, she proposeth to her imitation. She is not vaine in the history of her gay kindred or acquaintance: since vertue is often tenant to a cottage, and familiarity with greatnesse (if worth be not transcendant above the title) is but a glorious servitude, fooles onely are willing to suffer. She is not ambitious to be praised, and yet values death beneath infamy. And Ile conclude, (though the next sinod of ladies condemne this character as an heresie broacht by a precision) that onely she who hath as great a share in vertue as in beauty, deserves a noble love to serve her, and a free poesie to speake her.

TO CASTARA.

A SACRIFICE.

Let the chaste phœnix from the flowry East,
Bring the sweete treasure of her perfum'd nest,
As incense to this altar; where the name
Of my Castara's grav'd by th' hand of Fame.
Let purer virgins, to redeeme the aire
From loose infection, bring their zealous prayer,
T' assist at this great feast: where they shall see,
What rites Love offers up to Chastity.
Let all the amorous youth, whose faire desire
Felt never warmth but from a noble fire,
Bring hither their bright flames: which here shall
As tapers fixt about Castara's shrine. [shine
While I the priest, my untam'd heart, surprise,
And in this temple mak't her sacrifice.

TO CASTARA.

PRAYING.

I saw Castara pray, and from the skie,
A winged legion of bright angels flie
To catch her vowes, for feare her virgin prayer,
Might chance to mingle with impurer aire.
To vulgar eyes, the sacred truth I write,
May seeme a fancie. But the eagle's sight
Of saints, and poets, miracles oft view,
Which to dull heretikes appeare untrue.
Faire zeale begets such wonders. O divine
And purest beauty, let me thee enshrine
In my devoted soule, and from thy praise,
T' enrich my garland, pluck religious bayes.
Shine thou the starre by which my thoughts shall move,
Best subjest of my pen, queene of my love.

TO
ROSES IN THE BOSOME OF CASTARA.

Yee blushing virgins happie are
In the chaste nunn'ry of her brests,
For hee'd prophane so chaste a faire,
Who ere should call them Cupid's nests.

Transplanted thus how bright yee grow,
How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld?
In some close garden, cowslips so
Are sweeter than i' the open field.

In those white cloysters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each houre more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you roome,
Your glorious sepulcher shall be:
There wants no marble for a tombe,
Whose brest hath marble beene to me.

TO CASTARA.

A VOW.

By those chaste lamps which yeeld a silent light,
To the cold vrnes of virgins; by that night,
Which guilty of no crime, doth only heare
The vowes of recluse nuns, and th' an'thrit's prayer;
And by thy chaster selfe; my fervent zeale
Like mountaine yce, which the north winds con-
To purest christall, feels no wanton fire: [geale,
But as the humble pilgrim, (whose desire
Blest in Christ's cottage view by angels' hands
Transported from sad Bethlem,) wondring stands
At the great miracle; so I at thee,
Whose beauty is the shrine of chastity.
Thus my bright Muse in a new orbe shall move,
And even teach religion how to love.

TO CASTARA,

OF HIS BEING IN LOVE.

Where am I? not in Heaven: for oh I feele
The stone of Sisiphus, Ixion's wheele;
And all those tortures, poets (by their wine
Made judges) laid on Tantalus, are mine.
Nor yet am I in Hell; for still I stand,
Though giddy in my passion, on firme land.
And still behold the seasons of the yeare,
Springs in my hope, and winters in my feare.
And sure I'm 'bove the Earth, for th' highest star
Shoots beames, but dim, to what Castara's are;
And in her sight and favour I even shine
In a bright orbe beyond the christalline.
If then, Castara, I in Heaven nor move,
Nor Earth, nor Hell; where am I but in Love?

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND,
MR. ENDYMION PORTER.

Not still i' th' shine of kings. Thou dost retire
Sometime to th' holy shade, where the chaste quire
Of Muses doth the stubborne panther awe,
And give the wildernesse of his nature law.
The wind his chariot stops: th' attentive rocke
The rigor doth of its creation mocke,
And gently melts away: Argus, to heare
The musicke, turnes each eye into an eare.
To welcome thee, Endymion, glorious they
Triumph to force these creatures disobey
What Nature hath enacted. But no charme
The Muses have these monsters can disarme
Of their innated rage: no spell can tame
The North-wind's fury, but Castara's name.

Climbe yonder forked hill, and see if there
I' th' barke of every Daphne, not appeare
Castara written; and so markt by me,
How great a prophet growes each virgin tree!
Lie down, and listen what the sacred spring
In her harmonious murmures strives to sing
To th' neighb'ring banke, ere her loose waters erre
Through common channels; sings she not of her?
Behold yond' violet, which such honour gaines,
That growing but to emulate her veines,
It's azured like the skie: when she doth bow
T' invoke Castara, Heav'n perfumes her vow.
The trees, the water, and the flowers adore
The deity of her sex, and through each pore
Breath forth her glories. But unquiet love!
To make thy passions so uncourtly prove,
As if all eares should heare her praise alone:
Now listen thou; Endymion sings his owne.

TO CASTARA.

Doe not their prophane orgies heare,
Who but to wealth no altars reare.
The soule's oft poys'ned through the eare.

Castara, rather seeke to dwell
I' th' silence of a private cell,
Rich discontent's a glorious Hell.

Yet Hindlip doth not want extent
Of roome (though not magnificent)
To give free welcome to content.

There shalt thou see the earely Spring,
That wealthy stocke of Nature bring,
Of which the Sybils bookes did sing.

From fruitlesse palmes shall honey flow,
And barren Winter harvest show,
While lillies in his bosome grow.

No North winde shall the corne infest,
But the soft spirit of the East,
Our sent with perfum'd banquets feast.

A satyre here and there shall trip,
In hope to purchase leave to sip
Sweete nectar from a Fairie's lip.

The Nymphs with quivers shall adorne
Their active sides, and rouse the morne
With the shrill musicke of their horne.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,
Faire Daphne her faire selfe shall free,
From the chaste prison of a tree:

And with Narcissus (to thy face
Who humbly will ascribe all grace)
Shall once againe pursue the chase.

So they whose wisdome did discusse
Of these as fictions, shall in us
Finde, they were more than fabulous.

TO CASTARA,

SOFTLY SINGING TO HER SELFE.

Sing forth, sweete cherubin (for we have choice
Of reasons in thy beauty and thy voyce,
To name thee so, and scarce appeare prophane)
Sing forth, that while the orbs celestiall straine
To eccho thy sweete note, our humane eares
May then receive the musicke of the spheares.
But yet take heede, lest if the swans of Thames,
That adde harmonious pleasure to the streames,
O' th' sudden heare thy well-divided breath,
Should listen, and in silence welcome death:
And ravisht nightingales, striving too high
To reach thee, in the emulation dye.
And thus there will be left no bird to sing
Farewell to th' waters, welcome to the spring.

TO A WANTON.

In vaine, faire sorceresse, thy eyes speake charmes,
In vaine thou mak'st loose circles with thy armes.
I'me 'bove thy spels. No magicke him can move,
In whom Castara hath inspir'd her love.
As she, keepe thou strict cent'nell o're thy eare,
Lest it the whispers of soft courtiers heare;
Reade not his raptures, whose invention must
Write journey worke, both for his patron's lust
And his own plush: let no admirer feast
His eye o' th' naked banquet of thy brest.
If this faire president, nor yet my want
Of love, to answer thine, make thee recant
Thy sore'ries; pity shall to justice turne,
And judge thee witch, in thy own flames to burne.

TO

THE HONOURABLE MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, R. B. ESQUIRE.[1]

While you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame,
The zeale you beare your mistresse to proclaim
To th' talking world: I in the silenst grove,
Scarce to my selfe dare whisper that I love.
Thee titles, Brud'nell, riches thee adorne,
And vigorous youth to vice not headlong borne
By th' tide of custome: which I value more
Than what blind superstitious fooles adore,
Who greatnesse in the chaire of blisse enthrone:
Greatnesse we borrow, vertue is our owne.
In thy attempt be prosperous, and when ere
Thou shalt prefix the houre; may Hymen weare
His brightest robe; where some fam'd Persian shall
Worke by the wonder of her needle all
The nuptiall joyes; which (if we poets be
True prophets) bounteous Heaven designes for thee.
I envie not, but glory in thy fate,
While in the narrow limits of my state
I bound my hopes; which if Castara daigne
Once to entitle hers, the wealthiest graine
My earth, untild, shall beare; my trees shall grone
Under their fruitfull burthen; and at one
And the same season, Nature forth shall bring
Riches of Autumne, pleasures of the Spring.

[1] Robert Brudenell, afterwards second earl of Cardigan.

But digge and thou shalt finde a purer mine
Than th' Indians boast: taste of this generous vine,
And her blood sweeter will than nectar prove,
Such miracles wait on a noble love.
But should she scorn my suite, I'le tread that path
Which none but some sad Fairy beaten hath.
Then force wrong'd Philomel, hearing my mone,
To sigh my greater griefes, forget her owne.

TO CASTARA,

INQUIRING WHY I LOVED HER.

Why doth the stubborne iron prove
So gentle to th' magnetique stone?
How know you that the orbs doe move;
With musicke too? since heard of none?
And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy vertues, each a starre
Which in thy soules bright spheare doe shine,
Shooting their beauties from a farre,
To make each gazer's heart like thine;
Our vertues often meteors are.

'Tis not thy face, I cannot spie,
When poets weepe some virgin's death,
That Cupid wantons in her eye,
Or perfumes vapour from her breath,
And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne're
So vaine as in that to delight:
Which, ballance it, no weight doth beare,
Nor yet is object to the sight,
But onely fils the vulgar eare.

Nor yet thy fortunes: since I know
They, in their motion like the sea,
Ebbe from the good, to the impious flow:
And so in flattery betray,
That raising they but overthrow.

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuell enough t'enflame desire;
But there was something from above,
Shot without reason's guide, this fire:
I know, yet know not, why I love.

TO CASTARA,

LOOKING UPON HIM.

Transfix me with that flaming dart,
I' th' eye, or brest, or any part,
So thou, Castara, spare my heart.

The cold Cymerian by that bright
Warme wound i' th' darknesse of his night,
Might both recover heat, and light.

The rugged Scythian gently move,
I' th' whispering shadow of some grove,
That's consecrate to sportive love.

December see the primrose grow,
The rivers in soft murmurs flow,
And from his head shake off his snow.

And crooked age night feele againe
Those heates, of which youth did complaine,
While fresh blood swels each withered veyne.

For the bright lustre of thy eyes,
Which but to warme them would suffice,
May burne me to a sacrifice.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESSE OF AR.[2]

Wing'd with delight, (yet such as still doth beare
Chast vertue's stamp) those children of the yeere,
The dayes, hast nimbly; and while as they flie,
Each of them with their predecessors vie,
Which yeelds most pleasure; you to them dispence,
What Time lost with his cradle, innocence.
So I (if fancie not delude my sight,)
See often the pale monarch of the night,
Diana, 'mong her nymphs. For every quire
Of vulgar starres who lend their weaker fire
To conquer the night's chilnesse, with their queene,
In harmelesse revels tread the happy greene.
But I who am proscrib'd by tyrant Love,
Seeke out a silent exile in some grove,
Where nought except a solitary spring,
Was ever heard, to which the Nimphs did sing
Narcissus' obsequies: For onely there
Is musique apt to catch an am'rous eare:
Castara! oh my heart! how great a flame
Did even shoot into me with her name?
Castara hath betray'd me to a zeale
Which thus distracts my hopes. Flints may conceale
In their cold veynes a fire. But I whose heart
By love's dissolv'd, ne're practis'd that cold art.
But truce thou warring passion, for I'le now
Madam to you addresse this solemne vow.
By virtue and your selfe (best friends) I finde
In the interiour province of your minde
Such government, that if great men obey
Th' example of your order, they will sway
Without reproofe; for only you unite
Honour with sweetenesse, vertue with delight.

VPON CASTARA'S

FROWNE OR SMILE.

Learned shade of Tycho Brache, who to us,
The stars propheticke language didst impart,
And even in life their mysteries discusse:
Castara hath o'erthrowne thy strongest art.

When custome struggles from her beaten path,
Then accidents must needs uncertaine be,
For if Castara smile; though winter hath
Lock't up the rivers: summer's warme in me.

And Flora by the miracle reviv'd,
Doth even at her owne beauty wondring stand:
But should she frowne, the northerne wind arriv'd,
In midst of summer, leads his frozen band;
Which doth to yce my youthfull blood congeale,
Yet in the midst of yce, still flames my zeale.

[2] Margaret daughter of William Douglas, earl of Morton, wife of Archibald, eighth earl of Argyle.

IN CASTARA,

ALL FORTUNES.

Ye glorious wits, who finde than Parian stone,
A nobler quarry to build trophies on,
Purchast 'gainst conquer'd time, go court loud fame:
He wins it, who but sings Castara's name.
Aspiring soules, who grow but in a spring,
Forc't by the warmth of some indulgent king;
Know if Castara smile, I dwell in it,
And vie for glory with the favourit.
Ye sonnes of avarice, who but to share
Vncertaine treasure with a certain care,
Tempt death in th' horrid ocean: I, when ere thee
I but approach her, find the Indies there.
Heaven brightest saint! kinde to my vowes made
Of all ambition courts, th' epitome.

VPON THOUGHT CASTARA MAY DYE.

If she should dye, (as well suspect we may,
A body so compact should ne're decay)
Her brighter soule would in the Moon inspire
More chastity, in dimmer starres more fire.
You twins of Læda (as your parents are
In their wild lusts) may grow irregular
Now in your motion; for the marriner
Henceforth shall onely steere his course by her:
And when the zeale of after time shall spie
Her uncorrupt i' th' happy marble lie,
The roses in her cheekes unwithered,
'Twill turne to love, and dote upon the dead:
For he who did to her in life dispence
A Heaven, will banish all corruption thence.

TIME TO THE MOMENTS, ON SIGHT OF CASTARA.

You younger children of your father stay,
Swift flying moments (which divide the day
And with your number measure out the yeare
In various seasons) stay and wonder here.
For since my cradle, I so bright a grace
Ne're saw, as you see in Castara's face;
Whom Nature to revenge some youthfull crime
Would never frame, till age had weakened Time.
Else spight of fate, in some faire forme of clay
My youth I'de' bodied, throwne my sythe away,
And broke my glasse. But since that cannot be,
I'le punish Nature for her injurie.
On nimble moments! in your journey flie,
Castara shall, like me, grow old, and die.

TO A FRIEND INQUIRING HER NAME, WHOM HE LOVED.

Fond Love himselfe hopes to disguise
From view, if he but covered lies,
I' th' veile of my transparent eyes.

Though in a smile himselfe he hide,
Or in a sigh, thou art so tride
In all his arts, hee'le be descride.
I must confesse (deare friend) my flame,
Whose boasts Castara so doth tame,
That not thy faith shall know her name.

'Twere prophanation of my zeale,
If but abroad one whisper steale;
They love betray who him reveale.

In a darke cave which never eye
Could by his subtlest ray descry,
It doth like a rich minerall lye.

Which if she with her flame refine,
I'de force it from that obscure mine,
And then it like pure gold should shine.

A DIALOGUE BETWEENE HOPE AND FEARE.

FEARE.

Checke thy forward thoughts, and know
Hymen only joynes their hands;
Who with even paces goe,
Shee in gold, he rich in lands.

HOPE.

But Castara's purer fire,
When it meetes a noble flame;
Shuns the smoke of such desire,
Ioynes with love, and burnes the same.

FEARE.

Yet obedience must prevaile;
They, who o're her actions sway,
Would have her in th' ocean saile,
And contemne thy narrow sea.

HOPE.

Parents' lawes must beare no weight
When they happinesse prevent,
And our sea is not so streight,
But it roome hath for content.

FEARE.

Thousand hearts as victims stand,
At the altar of her eyes;
And will partiall she command,
Onely thine for sacrifice?

HOPE.

Thousand victims must returne;
She the purest will designe:
Choose Castara which shall burne,
Choose the purest, that is mine.

TO CUPID, VPON A DIMPLE IN CASTARA'S CHEEKE.

Nimble boy, in thy warme flight
What cold tyrant dimm'd thy sight?
Hadst thou eyes to see my faire,
Thou wouldst sigh thy self to ayre:
Fearing to create this one,
Nature had her selfe undone.

But, if you, when this you heare,
Fall downe murdered through your eare,
Begge of love that you may have
In her cheeke a dimpled grave.
Lilly, rose, and violet
Shall the perfum'd hearse beset;
While a beauteous sheet of lawne
O're the wanton corps is drawne:
And all lovers use this breath;
" Here lies Cupid blest in death."

VPON

CVPID'S DEATH AND BURIAL IN CASTARA'S CHEEKE.

Cvpid's dead. Who would not die,
To be interr'd so neere her eye?
Who would feare the sword, to have
Such an alabaster grave?
O're which two bright tapers burne,
To give light to the beauteous vrne.
At the first Castara smil'd,
Thinking Cupid her beguiled,
Onely counterfeiting death:
But when she perceived his breath
Quite expir'd: the mournefull girle,
To entombe the boy in pearle,
Wept so long; till pittious Iove
From the ashes of this Love,
Made ten thousand Cupids rise,
But confin'd them to her eyes:
Where they yet, to show they lacke
No due sorrow, still weare blacke.
But the blacks so glorious are
Which they mourne in, that the faire
Quires of starres, looke pale and fret,
Seeing themselves out shin'd by jet.

TO FAME.

Fly on thy swiftest wing, ambitious Fame,
And speake to the cold North Castara's name:
Which very breath will, like the East wind, bring,
The temp'rate warmth, and musicke of the spring.
Then, from the articke to th' antarticke pole,
Haste nimbly and inspire a gentler soule,
By naming her, i' th' torrid South; that he
May milde as Zephyrus' coole whispers be.
Nor let the West where Heaven already joynes
The vastest empire, and the wealthiest mines,
Nor th' East, in pleasures wanton, her condemne,
For not distributing her gifts on them.
For she with want would have her bounty meet,
Love's noble charity is so discreete.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN ARAPHILL AND CASTARA.

ARAPHILL.

Dost not thou Castara read
Am'rous volumes in my eyes?
Doth not every motion plead
What I'de shew, and yet disguise?
Sences act each other's part,
Eyes, as tongues, reveale the heart.

CASTARA.

I saw love as lightning breake
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to heare thy silence speake:
Silent love is eloquent:
So the sence of learning heares
The dumbe musicke of the spheares.

ARAPHILL.

Then there's mercy in your kinde,
Listning to an unfain'd love:
Or strives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compassion move?
No; y'are pittious as y're faire:
Heaven relents, o'ercome by prayer.

CASTARA.

But loose man too prodigall
Is in the expence of vowes;
And thinks to him kingdomes fall
When the heart of woman bowes;
Frailty to your armes may yeeld;
Who resists you wins the field.

ARAPHILL.

Triumph not to see me bleede,
Let the bore, chafed from his den,
On the wounds of mankinde feede;
Your softe sexe should pitty men:
Malice well may practise art,
Love hath a transparent heart.

CASTARA.

Yet is love all one deceit,
A warme frost, a frozen fire:
She within herself is great,
Who is slave to no desire;
Let youth act, and age advise,
And then Love may finde his eyes.

ARAPHILL.

Hymen's torch yeelds a dim light,
When ambition joynes our hands;
A proud day, but mournefull night,
She sustaines, who marries lands:
Wealth slaves man: but for their ore,
Th' Indians had beene free, though poore.

CASTARA.

And yet wealth the fuell is
Which maintaines the nuptiall fire;
And in honour there's a blisse,
Th' are immortall who aspire.
But truth sayes no joyes are sweete,
But where hearts united meete.

ARAPHILL.

Roses breath not such a sent,
To perfume the neighb'ring groves;
As when you affirm content,
In no spheare of glory moves:
Glory narrow soules combines:
Noble hearts Love onely joynes.

TO CASTARA,

INTENDING A JOURNEY INTO THE COUNTRY.

Why haste you hence Castara? can the Earth,
A glorious mother, in her flow'ry birth,
Show lillies like thy brow? Can she disclose
In emulation of thy cheeke, a rose,
Sweete as thy blush; upon thy selfe then set
Iust value, and scorne it thy counterfet.
The spring's still with thee; but perhaps the field,
Not warm'd with thy approach, wants force to yeeld
Her tribute to the plough; O rather let
Th' ingratefull Earth for ever be in debt
To th' hope of sweating Industry, than we
Should starve with cold, who have no heat but thee,
Nor feare the publicke good; thy eyes can give
A life to all, who can deserve to live.

VPON CASTARA'S DEPARTURE.

I am engag'd to sorrow, and my heart
Feeles a distracted rage. Though you depart
And leave me to my feares; let love, in spite
Of absence, our divided soules unite.
But you must goe. The melancholy doves
Draw Venus' chariot hence: the sportive Loves
Which wont to wanton here hence with you flye,
And, like false friends, forsake me when I dye:
For but a walking tombe, what can he be,
Whose best of life is forc't to part with thee?

TO CASTARA,

VPON A TREMBLING KISS AT DEPARTURE.

Th' Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows
Purple to th' violet, blushes to the rose,
Did never yeeld an odour rich as this:
Why are you then so thrifty of a kisse,
Authoriz'd even by custome? Why doth feare
So tremble on your lip, my lip being neare?
Thinke you I, parting with so sad a zeale,
Will act so blacke a mischiefe, as to steale
Thy roses thence? And they, by this device,
Transplanted, somewhere else force Paradice?
Or else you feare, lest you, should my heart skip
Vp to my mouth, t' incounter with your lip,
Might rob me of it; and be judg'd in this,
T' have Iudas like betraid me with a kisse.

ON CASTARA,

LOOKING BACKE AT HER DEPARTING.

Looke backe Castara. From thy eye
Let yet more flaming arrowes flye:
To live is thus to burne and dye.

For what might glorious hope desire,
But that thy selfe, as I expire,
Should bring both death and funerall fire?

Distracted love, shall grieve to see
Such zeale in death: for feare lest he
Himselfe should be consum'd in me.
And gathering up my ashes, weepe,
That in his teares he them may steepe;
And thus embalm'd, as reliques, keepe.

Thither let lovers pilgrims turne,
And the loose flames in which they burne,
Give up as offerings to my vrne.

That them the vertue of my shrine
By miracle so long refine;
Till they prove innocent as mine.

UPON CASTARA'S ABSENCE.

T'is madnesse to give physicke to the dead;
Then leave me friends: Yet haply you'd here read
A lecture; but I'le not dissected be,
T' instruct your art by my anatomie.
But still you trust your sense, sweare you descry
No difference in me. All's deceit o' th' eye,
Some spirit hath a body fram'd in th' ayre,
Like mine, which he doth to delude you weare:
Else Heaven by miracle makes me survive
My selfe, to keepe in me poore love alive.
But I am dead, yet *let none question where*
My best part rests, and with a sigh or teare,
Prophane the pompe, when they my corps interre,
My soule imparadis'd, for 'tis with her.

TO CASTARA,

COMPLAINING HER ABSENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

The lesser people of the ayre conspire
To keepe thee from me. Philomel with higher
And sweeter notes, wooes thee to weepe her rape,
Which would appease the gods, and change her shape.
The early larke, preferring 'fore soft rest
Obsequious duty, leaves his downy nest,
And doth to thee harmonious tribute pay;
Expecting from thy eyes the breake of day.
From which the owl is frighted, and doth rove
(As never having felt the warmth of love)
In uncouth vaults, and the chill shades of night,
Not biding the bright lustre of thy sight.
With him my fate agrees. Not viewing thee
I'me lost in mists: at best, but nefcors see.

TO THAMES.

Swift in thy watry chariot, courteous Thames,
Hast by the happy errour of thy streames,
To kisse the banks of Marlow, which doth show
Faire Seymors[3], and beyond that never flow.
Then summon all thy swans, that who did give
Musicke to death, may henceforth sing, and live,
For my Castara. She can life restore,
Or quicken them who had no life before.
How should the poplar else the pine provoke,
The stately cedar challenge the rude oke
To dance at sight of her? They have no sense
From Nature given, but by her influence;
If Orpheus did those senslesse creatures move,
He was a prophet and fore sang my love.

[3] By a subsequent poem, this appears to have been the house where Castara lived.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARLE OF SHREWES.

My Muse, (great lord) when last you heard her sing,
Did to your vncles vrne her off'rings bring:
And if to fame I may give faith, your eares
Delighted in the musicke of her teares.
That was her debt to vertue. And when e're
She her bright head among the clouds shall reare,
And adde to th' wondring Heavens a new flame,
Shee'le celebrate the genius of your name.
Wilde with another race, inspir'd by love,
She charmes the myrtles of the Idalian grove.
And while she gives the Cyprian stormes a law,
Those wanton doves which Cythereia draw
Through th' am'rous ayre, admire what power doth
The ocean, and arrest them in their way. [sway
She sings Castara then. O she more bright,
Than is the starry senate of the night;
Who in their motion did like straglers erre,
Cause they deriv'd no influence from her,
Who's constant as she's chaste. The Sunne hath beene
Clad like a neighb'ring shepheard often seene
To hunt those dales, in hope than Daphne's, there
To see a brighter face. Th' astrologer [show
In th' interim dyed, whose proud art could not
Whence that ecclipse did on the sudden grow.
A wanton satyre eager in the chase
Of some faire nymph, beheld Castara's face,
And left his loose pursuite; who while he ey'd,
Vnchastely, such a beauty, glorified
With such a vertue, by Heaven's great commands,
Turn'd marble, and there yet a statue stands.
As poet thus But as a Christian now,
And by my zeale to you (my lord) I vow,
She doth a flame so pure and sacred move;
In me impiety 'twere not to love.

TO CVPID,

WISHING A SPEEDY PASSAGE TO CASTARA.

Thankes Cupid, but the coach of Venus moves
For me too slow, drawne but by lazie doves.
I, lest my journey a delay should finde,
Will leape into the chariot of the wind.
Swift as the flight of lightning through the ayre,
Hee'le hurry me till I approach the faire,
But unkinde Seymors. Thus he will proclaime,
What tribute winds owe to Castara's name.
Viewing this prodigie, astonisht they,
Who first accesse deny'd me, will obey,
With feare what love commands: yet censure me
As guilty of the blackest sorcery;
But after to my wishes milder prove,
When they know this the miracle of love.

TO CASTARA,

OF LOVE.

How fancie mockes me! By th' effect I prove,
'Twas am'rous folly, wings ascrib'd to Love,
And ore th' obedient elements command.
Hee's lame as he is blinde, for here I stand
Fixt as the Earth. Throw then this idoll downe
Yee lovers who first made it; which can frowne
Or smile but as you please. But I'me untame
In rage. Castara call thou on his name,
And though hee'le not beare up my vowes to thee,
Hee'le triumph to bring downe my saint to me.

TO THE SPRING,

VPON THE UNCERTAINTY OF CASTARA'S ABODE.

Faire mistresse of the Earth, with garlands crown'd
Rise, by a lover's charme, from the partcht ground,
And shew thy flowry wealth: that she, where ere
Her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties there.
Should she to the cold northerne climates goe,
force thy affrighted lillies there to grow,
Thy roses in those gelid fields t'appeare;
She absent, I have all their winter here.
Or if to th' torrid zone her way she bend,
Her the coole breathing of Favonious lend.
Thither command the birds to bring their quires;
That zone is temp'rate, I have all his fires.
Attend her, courteous Spring, though we should
Lose by it all the treasures of the yeere. [here

TO REASON,

VPON CASTARA'S ABSENCE.

With your calme precepts goe, and lay a storme
In some brest flegmaticke which would conforme
Her life to your cold lawes: in vaine y' engage
Your selfe on me, I will obey my rage.
Shee's gone, and I am lost. Some unknowne grove
I'le finde, where by the miracle of Love
I'le turne t' a fountaine, and divide the yeere,
By numbring every moment with a teare.
Where if Castara (to avoyd the beames [streames,
O' th' neigh'bring Sun) shall wandring meet my
And tasting hope her thirst alaid shall be,
Shee'le feele a sudden flame, and burne like me:
And thus distracted cry; " Tell me thou cleere,
But treach'rous fount, what lover's coffin'd here?"

AN

ANSWERE TO CASTARA'S QUESTION.

'Tis I, Castara, who when thou wert gone,
Did freeze into this melancholly stone,
To weepe the minutes of thy absence. Where
Can greefe have freer scope to mourne than here?
The larke here practiseth a sweeter straine,
Aurora's early blush to entertaine,
And having too deepe tasted of these streames,
He loves, and amorously courts her beames.
The courteous turtle with a wandring zeale,
Saw how to stone I did myselfe congeale, [move?
And murm'ring askt, what power this change did
The language of my waters whispered, Love.
And thus transform'd I'le stand, till I shall see
That heart so ston'd and frozen, thaw'd in thee.

TO CASTARA,

UPON THE DISGUISING HIS AFFECTION.

Pronounce me guilty of a blacker crime,
Then e're in the large volume writ by Time,
The sad historian reades, if not my art
Dissembles love, to veile an am'rous heart.
For when the zealous anger of my friend
Checkes my unusuall sadnesse: I pretend
To study vertue, which indeede I doe,
He must court vertue who aspires to you.
Or that some friend is dead, and then a teare,
A sigh, or groane steales from me: for I feare
Lest death with love hath strooke my heart, and all
These sorrowes usher but its funerall: [be,
Which should revive, should there you a mourner
And force a nuptiall in an obsequie.

TO THE HONOURABLE

MY HONOURED KINSMAN MR. G. T.[4]

Thrice hath the pale-fac'd empresse of the night,
Lent in her chaste increase her borrowed light,
To guide the vowing mariner: since mute
Talbot th'ast beene, too slothfull to salute
Thy exil'd servant. Labour not t' excuse
This dull neglect: love never wants a Muse.
When thunder summons from eternall sleepe
Th' imprison'd ghosts, and spreads o' th' frighted
A veile of darknesse; penitent to be [deepe
I may forget, yet still remember thee,
Next to my faire, under whose eye-lids move,
In nimble measures beauty, wit, and love.
Nor think Castara (though the sex be fraile,
And ever like uncertaine vessels saile
On th' ocean of their passions; while each wind,
Triumphs to see their more uncertaine mind,)
Can be induc't to alter. Every starre
May in its motion grow irregular;
The Sunne forget to yeeld his welcome flame
To th' teeming Earth, yet she remaine the same.
And in my armes (if poets may divine)
I once that world of beauty shall intwine.
And on her lips print volumes of my love,
Without a froward checke, and sweetly move
I' th' labrinth of delight. If not, I'le draw
Her picture on my heart, and gently thaw
With warmth of zeale, untill I Heaven entreat,
To give true life to th' ayery counterfeit.

ECCHO TO NARCISSUS,

IN PRAISE OF CASTARA'S DISCREETE LOVE.

Scorn'd in thy watry vrne Narcissus lye,
Thou shalt not force more tribute from my eye
T' increase thy streames: or make me weepe a
showre,
To adde fresh beauty to thee, now a flowre.
But should relenting Heaven restore thee sence,
To see such wisedome temper innocence,
In faire Castara's loves; how shee discreet,
Makes causion with a noble freedome meete,
At the same moment; thou'ld'st confesse, fond boy,
Fooles onely thinke them vertuous, who are coy.

[4] George Talbot.

And wonder not that I, who have no choyce
Of speech, have, praysing her, so free a voyce:
Heaven her severest sentence doth repeale,
When to Castara I would speake my zeale.

TO CASTARA,

BEING DEBARR'D HER PRESENCE.

Banisht from you, I charg'd the nimble winde,
My unseene messenger, to speake my minde,
In am'rous whispers to you. But my Muse,
Lest the unruly spirit should abuse
The trust repos'd in him, sayd it was due
To her alone, to sing my loves to you. [eye
Heare her then speake. "Bright lady, from whose
Shot lightning to his heart, who joyes to dye
A martyr in your flames: O let your love
Be great and firme as his: Then nought shall move
Your settled faiths, that both may grow together.
Or if by Fate divided, both may wither.
Harke! 'twas a groane. Ah how sad absence rends
His troubled thoughts! See, he from Marlow sends
His eyes to Seymors. Then chides th' envious trees,
And unkinde distance. Yet his fancie sees
And courts your beauty, joyes as he had cleav'd
Close to you, and then weepes because deceiv'd.
Be constant as y'are faire. For I fore-see
A glorious triumph waits o' th' victorie
Your love will purchase, showing us to prize
A true content. There onely Love hath eyes."

TO SEYMORS,

THE HOUSE IN WHICH CASTARA LIVED.

Blest temple, haile, where the chast altar stands,
Which Nature built, but the exacter hands
Of vertue polisht. Though sad Fate deny
My prophane feete accesse, my vowes shall flye.
May those musitians, which divide the ayre
With their harmonious breath, their flight prepare
For this glad place, and all their accents frame,
To teach the eccho my Castara's name.
The beautious troopes of Graces, led by Love
In chaste attempts, possesse the neighb'ring grove,
Where may the spring dwell still. May every tree
Turne to a laurell, and propheticke be,
Which shall in its first oracle divine,
That courteous Fate decrees Castara mine.

TO THE DEW,

IN HOPE TO SEE CASTARA WALKING.

Bright dew, which dost the field adorne,
As th' Earth, to welcome in the morne,
Would hang a jewell on each corne:

Did not the pittious night, whose eares
Have oft beene conscious of my feares,
Distil you from her eyes as teares?

Or that Castara for your zeale,
When she her beauties shall reveale,
Might you to dyamonds congeale?

If not your pity, yet how ere
Your care I praise, 'gainst she appeare,
To make the wealthy Indies here.

But see she comes. Bright lampe o' th' skie,
Put out thy light: the world shall spie
A fairer Sunne in either eye.

And liquid pearle, hang heavie now
On every grasse that it may bow
In veneration of her brow.

Yet if the wind should curious be,
And were I here should question thee,
Hee's full of whispers, speake not me.

But if the busie tell-tale day,
Our happy enterview betray;
Lest thou confesse too, melt away.

TO CASTARA.

Stay under the kinde shadow of this tree
Castara, and protect thy selfe and me [kings
From the Sunne's rayes. Which show the grace of
A dangerous warmth with too much favour brings.
How happy in this shade the humble vine
Doth 'bout some taller tree her selfe intwine,
And so growes fruitful: teaching us her fate
Doth beare more sweetes, though cedars beare more
Behold Adonis in yand' purple flowre, [state;
T' was Venus' love: That dew, the briny showre,
His coynesse wept, while strugling yet alive:
Now he repents and gladly would revive,
By th' vertue of your chaste and powerfull charmes,
To play the modest wanton in your armes.

TO CASTARA,

VENTRING TO WALKE TOO FARRE IN THE NEIGHBOURING WOOD.

Dare not too farre, Castara, for the shade
This courteous thicket yeelds, hath man betray'd
A prey to wolves: to the wilde powers o' th' wood,
Oft travellers pay tribute with their blood.
If carelesse of thy selfe of me take care;
For like a ship where all the fortunes are
Of an advent'rous merchant; I must be,
If thou should'st perish, banquerout in thee.
My feares have mockt me. Tygers when they shall
Behold so bright a face, will humbly fall
In adoration of thee. Fierce they are
To the deform'd, obsequious to the faire.
Yet venter not; 'tis nobler farre to sway
The heart of man, than beasts, who man obey.

VPON CASTARA'S DEPARTURE.

Vowes are vaine. No suppliant breath
Stayes the speed of swift-heel'd Death.
Life with her is gone, and I
Learne but a new way to dye.
See the flowers condole, and all
Wither in my funerall.
The bright lilly, as if day,
Parted with her fades away.
Violets hang their heads, and lose
All their beauty. That the rose
A sad part in sorrow beares,
Witnesse all those dewy teares,
Which as pearle, or dyamond like,
Swell upon her blushing cheeke.
All things mourne, but oh behold
How the withered marigold
Closeth up now she is gone,
Iudging her the setting Sunne.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN NIGHT AND ARAPHIL.

NIGHT.

Let silence close thy troubled eyes,
Thy feare in Lethe steepe:
The starres, bright cent'nels of the skies,
Watch to secure thy sleepe.

ARAPHIL.

The North's unruly spirit lay
In the disorder'd seas:
Made the rude winter calme as May,
And gave a lover ease.

NIGHT.

Yet why should feare with her pale charmes,
Bewitch thee so to griefe?
Since it prevents n' insuing harmes,
Nor yeelds the past reliefe.

ARAPHIL.

And yet such horrour I sustaine
As the sad vessell, when
Rough tempest have incenst the maine,
Her harbour now in ken.

NIGHT.

No conquest weares a glorious wreath,
Which dangers not obtaine:
Let tempests 'gainst the shipwracke breathe,
Thou shalt thy harbour gaine.

ARAPHIL.

Truth's Delphos doth not still foretel,
Though Sol th' inspirer be;
How then should Night as blind as Hell,
Ensuing truths fore-see?

NIGHT.

The Sunne yeelds man no constant flame;
One light those priests inspires.
While I though blacke am still the same,
And have ten thousand fires.

ARAPHIL.

But those, sayes my propheticke feare,
As funerall torches burne,
While thou thy selfe the blackes dost weare,
T' attend me to my vrne.

NIGHT.

Thy feares abuse thee, for those lights
In Hymen's church shall shine,
When he by th' mystery of his rites,
Shall make Castara thine.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE LADY, E. P.[5]

Your judgment's cleere, not wrinckled with the time,
On th' humble fate; which censures it a crime;
To be by vertue ruin'd. For I know
Y' are not so various as to ebbe and flow
I' th' streame of Fortune, whom each faithlesse winde
Distracts, and they who made her, fram'd her blinde.
Possession makes us poore. Should we obtaine
All those bright jems, for which i' th' wealthy maine,
The tann'd slave dives; or in one boundlesse chest
Imprison all the treasures of the West,
We still should want. Our better part's immence,
Not like th' inferiour, limited by sence.
Rich with a little, mutuall love can lift
Vs to a greatnesse, whither chance nor thrift
E're rais'd her servants. For though all were spent,
That can create an Europe in content.
Thus (madam) when Castara lends an eare
Soft to my hope, I, love's philosopher,
Winne on her faith. For when I wondring stand
At th' intermingled beauty of her hand,
(Higher I dare not gaze) to this bright veine
I not ascribe the blood of Charlemaine
Deriv'd by you to her. Or say there are
In that and th' other Marmion, Rosse, and Parr
Fitzhugh, Saint Quintin, and the rest of them
That adde such lustre to great Pembroke's stem.
My love is envious. Would Castara were
The daughter of some mountaine cottager
Who, with his toile worne out, could dying leave
Her no more dowre, than what she did receive
From bounteous Nature. Her would I then lead
To th' temple, rich in her owne wealth; her head
Crown'd with her haire's faire treasure; diamonds in
Her brighter eyes; soft ermines in her skin;
Each Indie in her cheeke. Then all who vaunt,
That Fortune, them t' enrich, made others want,
Should set themselves out glorious in her stealth,
And trie if that could parallel this wealth.

TO CASTARA,

DEPARTING UPON THE APPROACH OF NIGHT.

What should we feare Castara? The cole aire,
That's falne in love, and wantons in thy haire,
Will not betray our whispers. Should I steale
A nectar'd kisse, the wind dares not reveale
The pleasuse I possesse. The wind conspires
To our blest interview, and in our fires
Bathes like a salamander, and doth sip,
Like Bacchus from the grape, life from thy lip.
Nor thinke of night's approach. The world's great eye
Though breaking Nature's law, will us supply
With his still flaming lampe; and to obey
Our chaste desires, fix here perpetuall day.
But should he set, what rebell night dares rise,
To be subdu'd i' th' vict'ry of the eyes?

AN APPARITION.

More welcome my Castara, than was light
To the disordered chaos. O what bright
And nimble chariot brought thee through the aire?
While the amazed stars to see so faire
And pure a beauty from the Earth arise,
Chang'd all their glorious bodies into eyes.
O let my zealous lip print on thy hand
The story of my love, which there shall stand
A bright inscription to be read by none,
But who as I love thee, and love but one.
Why vanish you away? Or is my sense
Deluded by my hope? O sweete offence
Of erring Nature? And would Heaven this had
Beene true; or that I thus were ever mad.

[5] Elenor Powis, Castara's mother.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. WM. E.

Hee who is good is happy. Let the loude
Artillery of Heaven breake through a cloud
And dart its thunder at him, hee'le remaine
Vnmov'd, and nobler comfort entertaine
In welcomming th' approach of death, than vice
Ere found in her fictitious paradise.
Time mocks our youth, and (while we number past
Delights, and raise our appetite to taste
Ensuing) brings us to unflatter'd age.
Where we are left to satisfie the rage
Of threatning death: pompe, beauty, wealth and all
Our friendships, shrinking from the funerall.
The thought of this begets that brave disdaine
With which thou view'st the world and makes those
Treasures of fancy, serious fooles so court, [vaine
And sweat to purchase, thy contempt or sport.
What should we covet here? Why interpose
A cloud twixt us and Heaven? kind Nature chose
Man's soule th' exchecquer where she'd hoord her wealth,
And lodge all her rich secrets; but by th' stealth
Of our own vanity, w'are left so poore,
The creature meerely sensuall knowes more.
The learn'd halcyon by her wisedome finds
A gentle season, when the seas and winds
Are silenc't by a calme, and then brings forth
The happy miracle of her rare birth,
Leaving with wonder all our arts possest,
That view the architecture of her nest.
Pride raiseth us 'bove justice. We bestowe
Increase of knowledge on old minds, which grow
By age to dotage: while the sensitive
Part of the world in it's first strength doth live.
Folly? what dost thou in thy power containe
Deserves our study? Merchants plough the maine
And bring home th' Indies, yet aspire to more,
By avarice in the possession poore.
And yet that idoll wealth we all admit
Into the soule's great temple, busie wit
Invents new orgies, fancy frames new rites
To show it's superstition, anxious nights
Are watcht to win its favour: while the beast
Content with Nature's courtesie doth rest.
Let man then boast no more a soule, since he
Hath lost that great prerogative. But thee
(Whom fortune hath exempted from the heard
Of vulgar men, whom vertue hath prefer'd
Farre higher than thy birth) I must commend,
Rich in the purchase of so sweete a friend.
And though my fate conducts me to the shade,
Of humble quiet, my ambition payde
With safe content, while a pure virgin fame
Doth raise me trophies in Castara's name.
No thought of glory swelling me above
The hope of being famed for vertuous love.

Yet wish I thee, guided by the better starres
To purchase unsafe honour in the warres
Or envied smiles at court; for thy great race,
And merits, well may challenge th' highest place.
Yet know, what busie path so ere you tread
To greatnesse, you must sleepe among the dead.

TO CASTARA,

THE VANITY OF AVARICE.

HARKE! how the traytor wind doth court
The saylors to the maine;
To make their avarice his sport?
A tempest checks the fond disdaine;
They beare a safe though humble port.

Wee'le sit, my love, upon the shore,
And while proud billowes rise
To warre against the skie, speake ore
Our love's so sacred misteries;
And charme the sea to th' calme it had before.

Where's now my pride t' extend my fame
Where ever statues are?
And purchase glory to my name
In the smooth court or rugged warre?
My love hath layd the devill, I am tame.

I'de rather like the violet grow
Vnmarkt i' th' shaded vale,
Than on the hill those terrors know
Are breath'd forth by an angry gale;
There is more pompe above, more sweete below

Love, thou divine philosopher
(While covetous landlords rent,
And courtiers dignity preferre)
Instructs us to a sweete content,
Greatnesse it selfe doth in it selfe interre.

Castara, what is there above
The treasures we possesse?
We two are all and one, wee move
Like starres in th' orbe of happinesse,
All blessings are epitomiz'd in love.

TO

MY HONOURED FRIEND AND KINSMAN,

R. ST. ESQUIRE.

IT shall not grieve me (friend) though what I write
Be held no wit at court. If I delight
So farre my sullen genius, as to raise
It pleasure; I have money, wine, and bayes
Enough to crowne me poet. Let those wits,
Who teach their Muse the art of parasits
To win on easie greatnesse; or the yongue
Spruce lawyer who's all impudence and tongue,
Sweat to divulge their fames: thereby the one
Gets fees; the other hyre, I'em best unknowne;
Sweet silence I embrace thee, and thee Fate
Which didst my birth so wisely moderate;
That I by want am neither vilified,
Nor yet by riches flattered into pride.
Resolve me friend (for it must folly be
Or else revenge 'gainst niggard destinie,
That makes some poets raile); Why are their rimes
So steept in gall? Why so obrayde the times?
As if no sin call'd downe Heav'n's vengeance more
Than cause the world leaves some few writers poore?
'Tis true, that Chapman's reverend ashes must
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,
Cause carefull heyers the wealthy onely have;
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.
Yet doe I not despaire, some one may be
So seriously devout to poesie
As to translate his reliques, and finde roome
In the warme church, to build him up a tombe,
Since Spencer hath a stone; and Drayton's browes
Stand petrefied i' th' wall, with laurell bowes
Yet girt about; and nigh wise Henrie's herse,
Old Chaucer got a marble for his verse.
So courteous is Death; Death poets brings
So high a pompe, to lodge them with their kings:
Yet still they mutiny. If this man please
His silly patron with hyperboles,
Or most mysterious non-sence, give his braine
But the strapado in some wanton straine;
Hee'le sweare the state lookes not on men of parts,
And, if but mention'd, slight all other arts.
Vaine ostentation! Let us set so just
A rate on knowledge, that the world may trust
The poet's sentence, and not still aver
Each art is to it selfe a flatterer.
I write to you sir on this theame, because
Your soule is cleare, and you observe the lawes
Of poesie so justly, that I choose
Yours onely the example to my Muse.
And till my browner haire be mixt with gray,
Without a blush, Ile tread the sportive way,
My Muse directs; a poet youth may be,
But age doth dote without philosophie.

TO THE WORLD.

THE PERFECTION OF LOVE.

You who are earth, and cannot rise
Above your sence,
Boasting the envyed wealth which lyes
Bright in your mistris' lips or eyes,
Betray a pittyed eloquence.

That which doth joyne our soules, so light
And quicke doth move,
That like the eagle in his flight,
It doth transcend all humane sight,
Lost in the element of love.

You poets reach not this, who sing
The praise of dust
But kneaded, when by theft you bring
The rose and lilly from the spring
T' adorne the wrinckled face of lust.

When we speake love, nor art, nor wit
We glosse upon:
Our soules engender, and beget
Ideas, which you counterfeit
In your dull propagation.

While time seven ages shall disperse,
Wee'le talke of love,
And when our tongues hold no commerse,
Our thoughts shall mutually converse;
And yet the blood no rebell prove.

And though we be of severall kind
Fit for offence;
Yet are we so by love refin'd,
From impure drosse we are all mind.
Death could not more have conquer'd sence.

How suddenly those flames expire
Which scorch our clay?
Prometheus-like when we steale fire
From Heaven 'tis endlesse and intire;
It may know age, but not decay.

TO THE WINTER.

Why dost thou looke so pale, decrepit man?
Why doe thy cheeks curle like the ocean,
Into such furrowes? Why dost thou appeare
So shaking like an ague to the yeare?
The Sunne is gone. But yet Castara stayes,
And will adde stature to thy pigmy dayes,
Warme moysture to thy veynes: her smile can bring
Thee the sweet youth, and beauty of the spring.
Hence with thy palsie then, and on thy head
Weare flowrie chaplets as a bridegroome led
To th' holy fane. Banish thy aged ruth,
That virgins may admire and court thy youth;
And the approaching Sunne when she shall finde
A spring without him, fall, since uselesse, blinde.

UPON

A VISIT TO CASTARA IN THE NIGHT.

'Twas night: when Phœbe guided by thy rayes,
Chaste as my zeale, with incence of her praise,
I humbly crept to my Castara's shrine.
But oh my fond mistake! for there did shine
A noone or beauty with such lustre crown'd,
As show'd 'mong th' impious onely night is found.
It was her eyes which like two diamonds shin'd,
Brightest i' th' dark. Like which could th' Indian
But one among his rocks, he would out vie [find,
In brightnesse all the diamonds of the skie.
But when her lips did ope, the phœnix' nest
Breath'd forth her odours; where might Iove once
Hee'd loath his heauenly serfets: if we dare [feast,
Affirme, Iove hath a Heaven without my faire.

TO CASTARA.

OF THE CHASTITY OF HIS LOVE.

Why would you blush Castara, when the name
Of Love you heare? who never felt his flame,
I' th' shade of melancholly night doth stray,
A blind Cymmerian banish't from the day.
Let's chastly love Castara, and not soyle
This virgin lampe, by powring in the oyle
Of impure thoughts. O let us sympathize,
And onely talke i' th' language of our eyes,
Like two starres in conjunction. But beware
Lest th' angels who of love compacted are,
Viewing how chastly burnes thy zealous fire,
Should snatch thee hence, to joyne thee to their quire.
Yet take thy flight: on Earth for surely we
So joyn'd, in Heaven cannot divided be.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet which alone
Prospers in some happy shade;
My Castara lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For shee's to her selfe untrue,
Who delights i' th' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enricht with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tweene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will
Here grave parents' wise commands.
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Women's feet runne still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that daye's pleasure best,
Where sinne waits not on delight;
Without maske, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
O're that darknesse whence is thrust,
Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie;
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to Heaven flie:
All her vowes religious be,
And her love she vowes to me.

CASTARA.

THE SECOND PART.

Vatumque lascivos triumphos
Calcat amor, pede conjugali.

A WIFE

Is the sweetest part in the harmony of our being. To the love of which, as the charmes of Nature inchant us, so the law of Grace by speciall priviledge invites us. Without her, man, if piety not restraine him, is the creator of sinne; or, if an innated cold render him not onely the businesse of the present age, the murderer of posterity. She is so religious that every day crownes her a martyr, and her zeale neither rebellious nor uncivill. Shee is so true a friend, her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions; and if successe crowne not expectation, remaine nevertheless uncontemn'd. Shee is colleague with him in the empire of prosperity; and a safe retyring place when adversity exiles him from the world. Shee is so chaste, she never understood the language lust speakes in; nor with a smile applaudes it although there appeare wit in the metaphore. Shee is faire onely to winne on his affections, nor would she be mistris of the most eloquent beauty; if there were danger, that might perswade the passionate auditory, to the least irregular thought. Shee is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evill a herald, shee never boasts the story of her ancestors. Shee so is moderately rich, that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity licence her to riot. Shee is liberall, yet owes not ruine to vanity; but knowes charity to be the soule of goodnesse, and vertue without reward often prone to bee her owne detroyer. Shee is much at home, and when she visits 'tis for mutuall commerce, not for intelligence. Shee can goe to court, and returne no passionate doater on bravery; and when shee hath seene the gay things muster up themselves there, shee considers them as cobwebs the spider vanity hath spunne. Shee is so generall in her acquaintanee, that shee is familiar with all whom fame speakes vertuous; but thinkes there can bee no friendship but with one; and therefore hath neither shee friend nor private servant. Shee so squares her passion to her husband's fortunes, that in the countrey shee lives without a froward melancholly, in the towne without a fantastique pride. She is so temperate, she never read the moderne pollicie of glorious surfeits: since she finds nature is no epicure, if art provoke her not by curiositie. Shee is inquisitive onely of new wayes to please him, and her wit sayles by no other compasse than that of his direction. Shee lookes upon him as conjurers upon the circle, beyond which there is nothing but Death and Hell; and in him shee beleeves Paradice circumscrib'd. His vertues are her wonder and imitation; and his errors, her credulitie thinkes no more frailtie, than makes him descend to the title of man. In a word, shee so lives that shee may die, and leave no cloude upon her memory, but have her character nobly mentioned: while the bad wife is flattered into infamy, and buyes pleasure at too deare a rate, if shee onely payes for it repentance.

TO CASTARA,

NOW POSSEST OF HER IN MARRIAGE.

This day is ours. The marriage angell now
Sees th' altar in the odour of our vow, [moves
Yeeld a more precious breath than that which
The whispring leaves in the Panchayan groves.
View how his temples shine, on which he weares
A wreath of pearle, made of those precious teares
Thou wepst a virgin, when crosse winds did blow,
Our hopes disturbing in their quiet flow.
But now Castara smile, no envious night
Dares enterpose it self, t' eclipse the light
Of our cleare joyes. For even the laws divine
Permit our mutuall love so to entwine,
That kings, to ballance true content, shall say,
" Would they were great as we, we blest as they."

TO CASTARA,

UPON THE MUTUALL LOVE OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

Did you not see, Castara, when the king
Met his lov'd queene; what sweetnesse she did bring
T' incounter his brave heat; how great a flame
From their brests meeting, on the sudden came?
The Stoike, who all easie passion flies,
Could he but heare the language of their eyes,
As heresies would from his faith remove
The tenets of his sect, and practise love.
The barb'rous nations which supply the Earth
With a promiscuous and ignoble birth,
Would by this precedent correct their life,
Each wisely choose, and chastely love a wife.
Princes' example is a law. Then we,
If loyall subjects, must true lovers be.

TO ZEPHIRUS.

Whose whispers, soft as those which lovers breathe,
Castara and my selfe, I here bequeath,
To the calme wind. For Heaven such joyes afford
To her and me, that there can be no third.
And you, kinde starres, be thriftier of your light:
Her eyes supply your office with more bright
And constant lustre. Angels guardians, like
The nimbler ship boyes, shall be joy'd to strike
Or hoish up saile: nor shall our vessell move
By card or compasse, but a heavenly love.
The couresie of this most prosperous gale
Shall swell our canvas, and wee'le swiftly saile
To some blest port, where ship hath never lane
At anchor, whose chaste soile no foot prophane
Hath ever trod; where Nature doth dispence
Her infant wealth, a beautious innocence.

Pompe, (even a burthen to it self) nor pride,
(The magistrate of sinnes) did e're abide
On that so sacred earth. Ambition ne're
Built, for the sport of ruine, fabrickes there.
Thence age and death are exil'd, all offence
And fear expell'd, all noyse and function thence.
A silence there so melancholly sweet,
That none but whispring turtles ever meet:
Thus Paradise did our first parents wooe
To harmlesse sweets, at first possest by two.
And o're this second wee'le usurpe the throne;
Castara wee'le obey, and rule alone.
For the rich vertue of this soyle, I fear,
Would be deprav'd, should but a third be there.

TO CASTARA IN A TRANCE.

Forsake me not so soone. Castara, stay,
And as I breake the prison of my clay,
Ile fill the canvas with m' expiring breath,
And with thee saile o're the vast maine of Death.
Some cherubin thus, as we passe, shall play:
"Goe, happy twins of love!" the courteous sea
Shall smooth her wrinkled brow: the winds shall sleep,
Or onely whisper musicke to the deepe.
Every ungentle rocke shall melt away,
The Syrens sing to please, not to betray.
Th' indulgent skie shall smile: each starry quire
Contend, which shall afford the brighter fire.
While Love, the pilot, steeres his course so even,
Neere to cast anchor till we reach at Heaven.

TO DEATH,

CASTARA BEING SICKE.

Hence, prophane grim man! nor dare
To aproach so neere my faire.
Marble vaults, and gloomy caves,
Church-yards, charnell-houses, graves,
Where the living loath to be,
Heaven hath design'd to thee.
But if needs 'mongst us thou'lt rage,
Let thy fury feed on age.
Wrinkled browes, and withered thighs,
May supply thy sacrifice.
Yet, perhaps, as thou flew'st by,
A flamed dart, shot from her eye,
Sing'd thy wings with wanton fire,
Whence th' art forc't to hover nigh her.
If Love so mistooke his aime,
Gently welcome in the flame:
They who loath'd thee, when they see
Where thou harbor'st, will love thee.
Onely I, such is my fate,
Must thee as a rivall hate;
Court her gently, learn to prove
Nimble in the thefts of love.
Gaze on th' errors of her haire:
Touch her lip; but, oh! beware,
Lest too ravenous of thy blisse,
Thou shouldst murder with a kisse.

TO CASTARA,

INVITING HER TO SLEEPE.

Sleepe, my Castara, silence doth invite
Thy eyes to close up day; though envious Night
Grieves Fate should her the sight of them debarre;
For she is exil'd, while they open are.
Rest in thy peace secure. With drowsie charmes
Kinde Sleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes;
And finding where Love's chiefest treasure lies,
Is like a theefe stole under thy bright eyes.
Thy innocence, rich as the gaudy quilt [guilt
Wrought by the Persian hand, thy dreames from
Exempted, Heaven with sweete repose doth crowne
Each vertue softer than the swan's fam'd downe.
As exorcists wild spirits mildly lay,
May sleepe thy fever calmely chase away.

VPON CASTARA'S RECOVERIE.

She is restor'd to life. Vnthrifty Death,
Thy mercy in permitting vitall breath
Backe to Castara, hath enlarg'd us all,
Whom griefe had martyr'd in her funerall.
While others in the ocean of their teares
Had, sinking, wounded the beholders' eares
With exclamations: I, without a grone,
Had suddenly congeal'd into a stone:
There stood a statue, till the general doome
Had ruin'd time and memory with her tombe.
While in my heart, which marble, yet still bled,
Each lover might this epitaph have read:
"Her earth lyes here below; her soul's above;
This wonder speakes her vertue, and my love."

TO A FRIEND,

INVITING HIM TO A MEETING UPON PROMISE.

May you drinke beare, or that adult'rate wine
Which makes the zeale of Amsterdam divine,
If you make breach of promise. I have now
So rich a sacke, that even your selfe will bow
T' adore my genius. Of this wine should Prynne
Drinke but a plenteous glasse, he would beginne
A health to Shakespeare's ghost. But you may bring
Some excuse forth, and answer me, the king
To day will give you audience, or that on
Affaires of state you and some serious don
Are to resolve; or else perhaps you'le sin
So farre, as to leave word y' are not within.
The least of these will make me onely thinke
Him subtle, who can in his closet drinke,
Drunke even alone, and, thus made wise, create
As dangerous plots as the Low Countrey state;
Projecting for such baits, as shall draw ore
To Holland all the herrings from our shore.
But y'are too full of candour: and I know
Will sooner stones at Salis'bury casements throw,
Or buy up for the silenc'd Levits all
The rich impropriations, than let pall
So pure Canary, and breake such an oath:
Since charity is sinn'd against in both.

Come, therefore, blest even in the Lollards' zeale,
Who canst, with conscience safe, 'fore hen and veale
Say grace in Latine; while I faintly sing
A penitentiall verse in oyle and ling.
Come, then, and bring with you, prepar'd for fight,
Vnmixt Canary, Heaven send both prove right!
This I am sure: my sacke will disingage
All humane thoughts, inspire so high a rage,
That Hypocrene shall henceforth poets lacke,
Since more enthusiasmes are in my sacke.
Heightned with which, my raptures shall commend,
How good Castara is, how deare my friend.

TO CASTARA,

WHERE TRUE HAPPINESSE ABIDES.

Castara, whisper in some dead man's eare
This subtill quære; and hee'le point out where,
By answers negative, true joyes abide.
Hee'le say they flow not on th' uncertaine tide
Of greatnesse, they can no firme basis have
Vpon the tripidation of a wave.
Nor lurke they in the caverns of the earth,
Whence all the wealthy minerals draw their birth,
To covetous man so fatall. Nor i' th' grace
Love they to wanton of a brighter face,
For th'are above time's battery, and the light
Of beauty, age's cloud will soone be night.
If among these content, he thus doth prove,
Hath no abode; where dwells it but in love?

TO CASTARA.

Forsake with me the Earth, my faire,
And travell nimbly through the aire,
Till we have reacht th' admiring skies;
Then lend sight to those heavenly eyes
Which, blind themselves, make creatures see.
And taking view of all, when we
Shall finde a pure and glorious spheare,
Wee'le fix like starres for ever there.
Nor will we still each other view,
Wee'le gaze on lesser starres than you;
See how by their weake influence they
The strongest of men's actions sway.
In an inferiour orbe below
Wee'le see Calisto loosely throw
Her haire abroad: as she did weare
The selfe-same beauty in a beare,
As when she a cold virgin stood,
And yet enflam'd Iove's lustfull blood.
Then looke on Lede, whose faire beames,
By their reflection, guild those streames,
Where first unhappy she began
To play the wanton with a swan.
If each of these loose beauties are
Transform'd to a more beauteous starre
By the adult'rous lust of Iove;
Why should not we, by purer love?

TO CASTARA,

VPON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

Castara, weepe not, tho' her tombe appeare
Sometime thy griefe to answer with a teare:
The marble will but wanton with thy woe.
Death is the sea, and we like rivers flow
To lose our selves in the insatiate maine,
Whence rivers may, she ne're returne againe.
Nor grieve this christall streame so soone did fall
Into the ocean; since shee perfum'd all
The banks she past, so that each neighbour field
Did sweete flowers cherish by her watring, yeeld,
Which now adorne her hearse. The violet there
On her pale cheeke doth the sad livery weare,
Which Heaven's compassion gave her: and since she,
'Cause cloath'd in purple, can no mourner be,
As incense to the tombe see gives her breath,
And fading on her lady waits in death:
Such office the Ægyptian handmaids did
Great Cleopatra, when she dying chid
The asp's slow venom, trembling she should be
By Fate rob'd even of that blacke victory.
The flowers instruct our sorrowes. Come, then, all
Ye beauties, to true beautie's funerall,
And with her to increase death's pompe, decay.
Since the supporting fabricke of your clay
Is falne, how can ye stand? How can the night
Show stars, when Fate puts out the daye's great light?
But 'mong the faire, if there live any yet,
She's but the fairer Digbie's counterfeit.
Come you, who speake your titles. Reade in this
Pale booke, how vaine a boast your greatnesse is!
What's honour but a hatchment? What is here
Of Percy left, and Stanly, names most deare
To vertue! but a crescent turn'd to th' wane,
An eagle groaning o're an infant slaine?
Or what availes her, that she once was led,
A glorious bride, to valiant Digbie's bed,
Since death hath them divorc'd? If then alive
There are, who these sad obsequies survive,
And vaunt a proud descent, they onely be
Loud heralds to set forth her pedigree.
Come all, who glory in your wealth, and view
The embleme of your frailty! How untrue
(Tho' flattering like friends) your treasures are,
Her fate hath taught: who, when what ever rare
The either Indies boast, lay richly spread
For her to weare, lay on her pillow dead.
Come likewise, my Castara, and behold,
What blessings ancient prophesie foretold,
Bestow'd on her in death. She past away
So sweetly from the world, as if her clay
Laid onely downe to slumber. Then forbeare
To let on her blest ashes fall a teare.
But if th' art too much woman, softly weepe,
Lest griefe disturbe the silence of her sleepe.

TO CASTARA,

BEING TO TAKE A JOURNEY.

What's death more than departure? The dead go
Like travelling exiles, compell'd to know
Those regions they heard mention of: 'tis th' art
Of sorrowes, sayes, who dye doe but depart.

Then weepe thy funerall teares: Which Heaven,
t' adorne
The beauteous tresses of the weeping morne,
Will rob me of: and thus my tombe shall be
As naked, as it had no obsequie.
Know in these lines, sad musicke to thy eare,
My sad Castara, you the sermon here
Which I preach o're my hearse: and dead, I tell
My owne live's story, ring but my owne knell.
But when I shall returne, know 'tis thy breath,
In sighs divided, rescues me from death.

TO CASTARA,

WEEPING.

Castara! O you are too prodigall
O' th' treasure of your teares; which, thus let fall,
Make no returne; well plac'd calme peace might
bring
To the loud wars, each free a captiv'd king.
So the unskilfull Indian those bright jems,
Which might adde majestie to diadems,
'Mong the waves scatters, as if he would store
The thanklesse sea, to make our empire poore:
When Heaven darts thunder at the wombe of time,
'Cause with each moment it brings forth a crime,
Or else despairing to root out abuse,
Would ruine vitious Earth; be then profuse.
Light chas'd rude chaos from the world before,
Thy teares, by hindring its returne, worke more.

TO CASTARA,

VPON A SIGH.

I heard a sigh, and something in my eare
Did whisper, what my soule before did feare,
That it was breath'd by thee. May th' easie Spring,
Enricht with odours, wanton on the wing
Of th' easterne wind, may ne're his beauty fade,
If he the treasure of this breath convey'd:
'Twas thine by th' musicke which th' harmonious
breath
Of swans is like, propheticke in their death:
And th' odour, for as it the nard expires,
Perfuming, phenix-like, his funerall fires.
The winds of Paradice send such a gale,
To make the lover's vessel calmely saile
To his lov'd port. This shall, where it inspires,
Increase the chaste, extinguish unchaste fires.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY F.

Madam,
You saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall flame:
In which as incense to your sacred name
Burnes a religious zeale. May we be lost
To one another, and our fire be frost,
When we omit to pay the tribute due
To worth and vertue, and in them to you:
Who are the soule of women. Others be
But beauteous parts o' th' female body: she
Who boasts how many nimble Cupids skip
Through her bright face, is but an eye or lip;
The other, who in her soft brests can show
Warme violets growing in a banke of snow,
And vaunts the lovely wonder, is but skin:
Nor is she but a hand, who holds within
The chrystall violl of her wealthy palme,
The precious sweating of the easterne balme.
And all these, if you them together take,
And joyne with art, will but one body make,
To which the soule each vitall motion gives;
You are infus'd into it, and it lives.
But should you up to your blest mansion flie,
How loath'd an object would the carkasse lie?
You are all mind. Castara, when she lookes
On you, th' epitome of all, that bookes
Or e're tradition taught; who gives such praise
Vnto your sex, that now even custome sayes
He hath a female soule, who ere hath writ
Volumes which learning comprehend, and wit.
Castara cries to me: "Search out and find
The mines of wisdome in her learned mind,
And trace her steps to honour: I aspire
Enough to worth, while I her worth admire."

TO CASTARA,

AGAINST OPINION.

Why should we build, Castara, in the aire
Of fraile Opinion? Why admire as faire,
What the weake faith of man give us for right?
The jugling world cheats but the weaker sight.
What is in greatnesse happy? As free mirth,
As ample pleasures of th' indulgent Earth,
We joy who on the ground our mansion finde,
As they, who saile like witches in the wind
Of court applause. What can their powerfull spell
Over inchanted man more than compel
Him into various formes? Nor serves their charme
Themselves to good, but to worke others harme.
Tyrant Opinion but depose; and we
Will absolute i' th' happiest empire be.

TO CASTARA,

VPON BEAUTIE.

Castara, see that dust, the sportive wind
So wantons with. 'Tis happ'ly all you'le finde
Left of some beauty: and how still it flies,
To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes.
O empty boast of flesh! though our heires gild
The farre fetch't Phrigian marble, which shall build
A burthen to our ashes, yet will death
Betray them to the sport of every breath.
Dost thou, poore relique of our frailty, still
Swell up with glory? Or is it thy skill
To mocke weake man, whom every wind of praise
Into the aire doth 'bove his center raise?
If so, mocke on; and tell him that his lust
To beauti's madnesse; for it courts but dust.

TO CASTARA,

MELANCHOLLY.

Were but that sigh a penitentiall breath
That thou art mine, it would blow with it death,
T' inclose me in my marble, where I'de be
Slave to the tyrant wormes, to set thee free.
What should we envy? Though with larger saile
Some dance upon the ocean; yet more fraile
And faithlesse is that wave, than where we glide,
Blest in the safety of a private tide.
We still have land in ken; and 'cause our boat
Dares not affront the weather, wee'le ne're float
Farre from the shore. To daring them each cloud
Is big with thunder, every wind speaks loud.
And rough wilde rockes about the shore appeare,
Yet virtue will find roome to anchor there.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEENE ARAPHILL AND CASTARA.

ARAPHILL.

Castara, you too fondly court
The silken peace with which we cover'd are:
Unquiet Time may, for his sport,
Up from its iron den rouse sleepy Warre.

CASTARA.

Then, in the language of the drum,
I will instruct my yet affrighted eare:
All women shall in me be dumbe,
If I but with my Araphill be there.

ARAPHILL.

If Fate like an unfaithfull gale,
Which having vow'd to th' ship a fair event,
O' th' sudden rends her hopefull saile,
Blow ruine: will Castara then repent?

CASTARA.

Love shall in that tempestuous showre
Her brightest blossome like the black-thorne show:
Weake friendship prospers by the powre
Of Fortune's sunne. I'le in her winter grow.

ARAPHILL.

If on my skin the noysome skar
I should o' th' leprosie or canker weare;
Or if the sulph'rous breath of warre [feare?
Should blast my youth: should I not be thy

CASTARA.

In flesh may sicknesse horror move,
But heavenly zeale will be by it refin'd;
For then wee'd like to angels love,
Without a sense; embrace each other's mind.

ARAPHILL.

Were it not impious to repine,
'Gainst rigid Fate I should direct my breath:
That two must be, whom Heaven did joyne
In such a happy one, disjoin'd by death.

CASTARA.

That's no divource. Then shall we see
The rites in life, were types o' th' marriage state,
Our souls on Earth contracted be:
But they in Heaven their nuptials consumate.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD M.

My Lord,
My thoughts are not so rugged, nor doth earth
So farre predominate in me, that mirth
Lookes not as lovely as when our delight
First fashion'd wings to adde a nimbler flight
To lazie Time: who would, to have survai'd
Our varied pleasures, there have ever staid.
And they were harmlesse. For obedience,
If frailty yeelds to the wild lawes of sense,
We shall but with a sugred venome meete:
No pleasure, if not innocent as sweet.
And that's your choyce: who adde the title good
To that of noble. For although the blood
Of Marshall, Standley, and La Pole, doth flow,
With happy Brandon's, in your veines; you owe
Your vertue not to them. Man builds alone
O' th' ground of honour: for desert's our owne,
Be that your ayme. I'le with Castara sit
I' th' shade, from heat of businesse. While my wit
Is neither big with an ambitious ayme,
To build tall pyramids i' th' court of Fame.
For after ages, or to win conceit
O' th' present, and grow in opinion great.
Rich in ourselves, we envy not the East
Her rockes of diamonds, or her gold the West.
Arabia may be happy in the death
Of her reviving phenix: in the breath
Of cool Favonius, famous be the grove
Of Tempe: while we in each other's love.
For that let us be fam'd. And when of all
That Nature made us two, the funerall
Leaves but a little dust, (which then as wed,
Even after death, shall sleepe still in one bed.)
The bride and bridegroome, on the solemne day,
Shall with warme zeale approach our urne, to pay
Their vowes, that Heaven should blisse so far their
To show them the faire paths to our delights. [rites,

TO A TOMBE.

Tyrant o're tyrants, thou who onely dost
Clip the lascivious beauty without lust:
What horrour at thy sight shootes thro' each sence!
How powerfull is thy silent eloquence,
Which never flatters! Thou instruct'st the proud,
That their swolne pompe is but an empty cloud;
Slave to each wind. The faire, those flowers they have
Fresh in their checke, are strew'd upon a grave.
Thou tell'st the rich, their idoll is but earth.
The vainely pleas'd, that syren-like their mirth
Betrays to mischiefe, and that onely he
Dares welcome death, whose aimes at vertue be.
Which yet more zeale doth to Castara move.
What checks me, when the tombe perswades to love!

TO CASTARA.

UPON THOUGHT OF AGE AND DEATH.

The breath of Time shall blast the flow'ry spring,
Which so perfumes thy cheeke, and with it bring
So darke a mist, as shall eclipse the light
Of thy faire eyes in an eternal night.
Some melancholy chamber of the earth,
(For that like Time devours whom it gave breath)
Thy beauties shall entombe, while all who ere
Lov'd nobly, offer up their sorrowes there.
But I, whose griefe no formal limits bound,
Beholding the darke caverne of that ground,
Will there immure my selfe. And thus I shall
Thy mourner be, and my owne funerall.
Else by the weeping magicke of my verse,
Thou hast reviv'd to triumph o're thy hearse.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD P.

MY LORD,

The reverend man, by magicke of his prayer,
Hath charm'd so, that I and your daughter are
Contracted into one. The holy lights
Smil'd with a cheerfull lustre on our rites,
And every thing presag'd full happiness
To mutual love: if you'le the omen blesse.
Now grieve, my lord, 'tis perfected. Before
Afflicted seas sought refuge on the shore
From the angry north wind; ere th' astonisht spring
Heard in the ayre the feather'd people sing;
Ere time had motion, or the Sunne obtain'd
His province o're the day, this was ordain'd.
Nor think in her I courted wealth or blood,
Or more uncertain hopes: for had I stood
On th' highest ground of Fortune, the world knowne
No greatnesse but what waited on my throne:
And she had onely had that face and mind,
I, with my selfe, had th' Earth to her resign'd.
In vertue there's an empire. And so sweete
The rule is when it doth with beauty meete,
As fellow consul, that of Heaven they
Nor Earth partake, who would her disobey.
This captiv'd me. And ere I question'd why
I ought to love Castara, through my eye
This soft obedience stole into my heart.
Then found I Love might lend to th' quick-ey'd art
Of reason yet a purer sight: for he,
Tho' blind, taught her these Indies first to see,
In whose possession I at length am blest,
And with my selfe at quiet, here I rest,
As all things to my power subdu'd. To me
There's nought beyond this. The whole world is she.

HIS MUSE SPEAKS TO HIM.

Thy vowes are heard, and thy Castara's name
Is writ as faire i'th' register of Fame,
As th' ancient beauties which translated are
By poets up to Heaven: each there astarre.
And though imperiall Tiber boast alone
Ovid's Corinna, and to Arn is knowne
But Petrarch's Laura; while our famous Thames
Doth murmur Sydney's Stella to her streames.
Yet hast thou Severne left, and she can bring
As many quires of swans as they to sing
Thy glorious love: which living shall by thee
The onely sovereign of those waters be.
Dead in love's firmament, no starre shall shine
So nobly faire, so purely chaste as thine.

TO VAINE HOPE.

Thou dream of madmen, ever changing gale,
Swell with thy wanton breath the gaudy saile
Of glorious fooles! Thou guids't them who thee court
To rocks, to quick-sands, or some faithlesse port.
Were I not mad, who, when secure at ease,
I might i'th' cabbin passe the raging seas,
Would like a franticke ship-boy wildly haste
To climbe the giddy top of th' unsafe mast?
Ambition never to her hopes did faine
A greatnesse, but I really obtaine
In my Castara. Wer't not fondnesse then
T' imbrace the shadowes of true blisse? And when
My Paradise all flowers and fruits doth breed,
To rob a barren garden for a weed.

TO CASTARA.

HOW HAPPY, THOUGH IN AN OBSCURE FORTUNE.

Were we by Fate throwne downe below our feare,
Could we be poore? Or question Nature's care
In our provision? She who doth afford
A feathered garment fit for every bird,
And onely voyce enough t' expresse delight:
She who apparels lillies in their white,
As if in that she'de teach man's duller sence,
Wh' are highest, should be so in innocence:
She who in damask doth attire the rose,
(And man t' himselfe a mockery to propose,
'Mong whom the humblest iudges grow to sit)
She who in purple cloathes the violet:
If thus she cares for things even voyd of sence,
Shall we suspect in us her providence?

TO CASTARA.

What can the freedome of our love enthral?
Castara, were we dispossest of all
The gifts of Fortune: richer yet than she
Can make her slaves, wee'd in each other be.
Love in himself's a world. If we should have
A mansion but in some forsaken cave,
Wee'd smooth misfortune, and ourselves think then
Retir'd like princes from the noise of men,
To breath a while unflatter'd. Each wild beast,
That should the silence of our cell infest,
With clamour, seeking prey: wee'd fancie were
Nought but an avaritious courtier.
Wealth's but opinion. Who thinks others more
Of treasures have, than we, is onely poore.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE EARL OF S.

Bright saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse
Appeare in sighing o're thy glorious hearse,
To envie Heaven. For fame itselfe now weares
Griefe's livery, and onely speaks in teares.
And pardon you, Castara, if a while
Your memory I banish from my stile:
When I have paid his death the tribute due
Of sorrow, I 'le return to love and you.
Is there a name like Talbot, which a showre
Can force from every eye? And hath even powre
To alter Nature's course? How else should all
Runne wilde with mourning, and distracted fall?
Th' illiterate vulgar, in a well-tun'd breath,
Lament their losse, and learnedly chide death
For its bold rape, while the sad poet's song
Is yet unheard, as if griefe had no tongue.
Th' amaz'd mariner having lost his way
In the tempestuous desart of the sea,
Lookes up, but finds no starres. They all conspire
To darke themselves, t' enlighten this new fire.
The learn'd astronomer, with daring eye,
Searching to tracke the spheares through which you
flie,
(Most beauteous soule) doth in his journey faile,
And blushing says, "The subtlest art is fraile,
And but truth's counterfet." Your flight doth
teach,
Fair vertue hath an orbe beyond his reach.
But I grow dull with sorrow. Unkinde Fate,
To play the tyrant, and subvert the state
Of setled goodnesse! Who shall henceforth stand
A pure example to enforme the land
Of her loose riot? Who shall counterchecke
The wanton pride of greatnesse, and direct
Strayed honour in the true magnificke way?
Whose life shall shew what triumph 'tis t' obey
The loud commands of reason? And how sweet
The nuptials are, when wealth and learning meet?
Who will with silent piety confute
Atheisticke sophistry, and by the fruite
Approve religion's tree? Who'll teach his blood
A virgin law, and dare be great and good?
Who will despise his stiles? and nobly weigh
In judgment's ballance, that his honour'd clay
Hath no advantage by them? Who will live
So innocently pious, as to give
The world no scandall? Who'll himself deny,
And to warme passion a cold martyr dye?
My grief distracts me. If my zeal hath said,
What checks the living: know, I serve the dead.
The dead, who need no monumental vaults,
With his pale ashes to intombe his faults;
Whose sins beget no libels, whom the poore
For benefit, for worth, the rich adore.
Who liv'd a solitary phœnix, free
From the commerce with mischiefe, joy'd to be
Still gazing heaven-ward, where his thoughts did
move,
Fed with the sacred fire of zealous love,
Alone he flourisht, till the fatal houre
Did summon him, when gathering from each flowre
Their vertuous odours, from his perfum'd nest
He took his flight to everlasting rest.
There shine, great lord, and with propitious eyes
Looke downe, and smile upon this sacrifice.

TO MY WORTHY COUSIN, MR. E. C.

IN PRAISE OF THE CITY LIFE, IN THE LONG VACATION.

I like the green plush which your meadows weare,
I praise your pregnant fields, which duly beare
Their wealthy burthen to th' industrious Bore.
Nor do I disallow, that who are poore
In minde and fortune, thither should retire:
But hate that he, who's warme with holy fire
Of any knowledge, and 'mong us may feast
On nectar'd wit, should turne himselfe t' a beast,
And graze i'th' country. Why did Nature wrong
So much her paines, as to give you a tongue
And fluent language, if converse you hold
With oxen in the stall, and sheepe i'th' fold?
But now it's long vacation, you will say
The towne is empty, and who ever may
To th' pleasure of his country-home repaire,
Flies from th' infection of our London aire.
In this your errour. Now's the time alone
To live here, when the city dame is gone
T' her house at Brandford; for beyond that she
Imagines there's no land, but Barbary,
Where lies her husband's factor. When from
hence
Rid is the country justice, whose non-sence
Corrupted had the language of the inne,
Where he and his horse litter'd: we beginne
To live in silence, when the noyse o'th' bench
Nor deafens Westminster, nor corrupt French
Walkes Fleet-street in her gowne. Ruffes of the
barre,
By the vacation's powre, translated are
To cut-worke bands; and who were busie here,
Are gone to sow sedition in the shire.
The aire by this is purg'd, and the terme's strife
Thus fled the city: we the civill life
Lead happily. When in the gentle way
Of noble mirth, I have the long liv'd day
Contracted to a moment: I retire
To my Castara, and meet such a fire
Of mutual love, that if the city were
Infected, that would purifie the ayre.

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARIE.

TO THE SUNNE.

Thou art return'd (great light) to that blest houre
In which I first by marriage, sacred power,
Ioyn'd with Castara hearts: and as the same
Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame;
Which had increast, but that by Love's decree,
'Twas such at first, it ne're could greater be.
But tell me, (glorious lampe) in thy survey
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weaknesse? I since that have seene
The rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene
And wither, and the beauty of the field
With winter wrinkled. Even thy selfe dost yeeld
Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher;
But virtuous love is one sweet endless fire.

AGAINST THEM WHO LAY

UNCHASTITY TO THE SEX OF WOMEN.

They meet but with unwholesome springs,
And summers which infectious are:
They heare but when the mermaid sings,
And only see the falling starre:
Who ever dare
Affirme no woman chaste and faire.

Goe, cure your feavers; and you'le say
The dog-dayes scorch not all the yeare:
In copper mines no longer stay,
But travel to the west, and there
The right ones see
And grant all gold's not alchimie.

What madman, 'cause the glow-worme's flame
Is cold, sweares there's no warmth in fire?
'Cause some make forfeit of their name,
And slave themselves to man's desire:
Shall the sex free
From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be?

Nor grieve, Castara, though 'twere fraile,
Thy vertue then would brighter shine,
When thy example should prevaile,
And every woman's faith be thine;
And were there none,
'Tis majesty to rule alone.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND EXCELLENTLY LEARNED

WILLIAM EARL OF ST.

MY LORD,

The laurell doth your reverend temples wreath,
As aptly now as when your youth did breath
Those tragicke raptures, which your name shall save
From the blacke edict of a tyrant grave.
Nor shall your day ere set, till the Sunne shall
From the blind Heavens like a cinder fall:
And all the elements intend their strife,
To ruine what they fram'd: then your fame's life,
When desp'rate Time lies gasping, shall expire,
Attended by the world i'th' general fire.
Fame lengthens thus her selfe: and I, to tread
Your steps to glory, search among the dead,
Where Vertue lies obscur'd, that as I give
Life to her tombe, I spight of time may live.
Now I resolve, in triumph of my verse,
To bring great Talbot from that forren hearse,
Which yet doth to her fright his dust enclose;
Then to sing Herbert, who so glorious rose,
With the fourth Edward, that his faith doth shine
Yet in the faith of noblest Pembroke's line.
Sometimes my swelling spirits I prepare
To speak the mighty Percy, neerest heire,
In merits as in blood, to Charles the great:
Then Darbie's worth and greatnesse to repeat,
Or Morley's honour, or Monteagle's fame,
Whose valour lives eternized in his name.
But while I think to sing these of my blood,
And my Castara's, Love's unruly flood
Breakes in, and beares away whatever stands
Built by my busie fancy on the sands.

TO CASTARA.

UPON AN EMBRACE.

'Bout the husband oke the vine
Thus wreathes to kisse his leavy face:
Their streames thus rivers joyne,
And lose themselves in the embrace.
But trees want sence when they infold,
And waters, when they meet, are cold.

Thus turtles bill, and grone
Their loves into each other's eare:
Two flames thus burn in one,
When their curl'd heads to Heaven they reare;
But birds want soule, though not desire,
And flames material soone expire.

If not prophane, we'll say,
When angels close, their joyes are such;
For we no love obey
That's bastard to a fleshly touch.
Let's close, Castara, then, since thus
We pattern angels, and they us.

TO THE HONOURABLE G. T.

Let not thy grones force Eccho from her cave,
Or interrupt her weeping o're that wave,
Which last Narcissus kist: let no darke grove
Be taught to whisper stories of thy love.
What tho' the wind be turn'd? Canst thou not saile
By virtue of a cleane contrary gale,
Into some other port? Where thou wilt find
It was thy better genius chang'd the wind,
To steere thee to some island in the West,
For wealth and pleasure that transcends thy East.
Though Astrodora, like a sullen starre,
Eclipse her selfe; i'th' sky of beauty are,
Ten thousand other fires, some bright as she,
And who, with milder beames, may shine on thee.
Nor yet does this eclipse beare a portent,
That should affright the world. The firmament
Enjoys the light it did, a Sunne as cleare,
And the young Spring doth like a bride appeare,
As fairly wed to the Thessalian grove
As e're it was, though she and you not love.
And we two, who like bright stars have shin'd
I'th' heaven of friendship, are as firmly joyn'd
As blood and love first fram'd us. And to be
Lov'd, and thought worthy to be lov'd by thee,
Is to be glorious. Since fame cannot lend
An honour, equals that of Talbot's friend,
Nor envie me that my Castara's flame
Yeelds me a constant warmth: Though first I came
To marriage happy islands: Seas to thee
Will yeeld as smooth a way, and winds as free.
Which shall conduct thee (if hope may divine:)
To this delicious port: and make love thine.

TO CASTARA.

THE REWARD OF INNOCENT LOVE.

We saw and woo'd each other's eyes,
My soule contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soul is sense,
Prophane the temple of delight,
And purchase endless penitence,
With the stolne pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
The sensuall idol of our clay,
For though the Sunne doe set and rise,
We joy one everlasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
While each of us shine innocent,
The troubled stream is still impure,
With vertue flies away content.

And though opinions often erre,
Wee'le court the modest smile of fame,
For sinne's black danger circles her,
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one darke silent roome,
Death shall our loving coffins thrust:
Fame will build columnes on our tombe,
And adde a perfume to our dust.

TO MY NOBLEST FRIEND,

SIR I. P. KNIGHT.

SIR,

Though my deare Talbot's fate exact a sad
And heavy brow: my verse shall not be clad
For him this houre in mourning: I will write
To you the glory of a pompous night,
Which none (except sobriety) who wit
Or cloathes could boast, but freely did admit.
I (who still sinne for company) was there
And tasted of the glorious supper, where
Meate was the least of wonder. Though the nest
O'th' Phœnix rifled seemd t' amaze the feast,
And th' ocean left so poore that it alone
Could since vaunt wretched herring and poore John.
Lucullus' surfets, were but types of this,
And whatsoever riot mentioned is
In story, did but the dull zany play,
To this proud night, which rather weel'e term day,
For th' artificial lights so thicke were set,
That the bright Sun seem'd this to counterfeit.
But seven (whom rather we should sages call
Or deadly sinnes, I'le not dispute) were all
Invited to this pompe. And yet I dare
Pawne my lov'd Muse, th' Hungarian did prepare
Not halfe that quantity of victuall when
He layd his happy siege to Nortlinghen.
The mist of the perfumes was breath'd so thicke
That linx himself, though his sight fam'd so quicke,
Had there scarce spyed one sober: For the wealth
Of the Canaries was exhaust, the health
Of his good majestye to celebrate,
Who'le judge them loyal subject without that;
Yet they, who some fond priviledge to maintaine,
Would have rebeld, their best freehold, their braine
Surrender'd there: and five fifteenes did pay
To drink his happy life and raigne. O day
It was thy piety to flye; th' hadst beene
Found accessory else to this fond sinne.
But I forget to speake each stratagem
By which the dishes enter'd, and in them
Each luscious miracle, as if more bookes
Had written beene o'th' mystery of cookes
Than the philosopher's stone, here we did see
All wonders in the kitchin alchimy:
But Ile not leave you there, before you part
You shall have something of another art.
A banquet raining down so fast, the good
Old patriarch would have thought a generall flood.
Heaven open'd, and from thence a mighty showre
Of amber comfits it sweete selfe did powre
Vpon our heads, and suckets from our eye
Like thickend clouds did steale away the sky,
That it was question'd whether Heaven were
Black-fryers, and each starre a confectioner;
But I too long detaine you at a feast
You hap'ly surfet of; now every guest
Is reeld downe to his coach; I licence crave
Sir, but to kisse your hands, and take my leave.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARCHIBALD EARLE OF AR.

If your example be obey'd
The serious few will live i'th' silent shade:
And not indanger by the wind
Or sunshine, the complexion of their mind:
Whose beauty weares so cleare a skin
That it decayes with the least taint of sin.
Vice growes by custome, nor dare we
Reject it as a slave, where it breaths free,
And is no priviledge deny'd;
Nor if advanc'd to higher place envyed.
Wherefore your lordship in your selfe
(Not lancht farre in the maine, nor nigh the shelfe
Of humbler fortune) lives at ease, [seas.
Safe from the rocks o'th' shore, and stormes o'th'
Your soule's a well built city, where
There's such munition, that no war breeds feare:
No rebels wilde destractions move;
For you the heads have crusht; Rage, Envy, Love.
And therefore you defiance bid
To open enmity, or mischiefe hid
In fawning hate and supple pride,
Who are on every corner fortifide.
Your youth not rudely led by rage
Of blood, is now the story of your age,
Which without boast you may averre
'Fore blackest danger, glory did prefer:
Glory not purchast by the breath
Of sycophants, but by encountring death.
Yet wildnesse nor the fear of lawes
Did make you fight, but justness of the cause.
For but mad prodigals they are
Of fortitude, who for it selfe love warre.
When well made peace had clos'd the eyes
Of discord, sloath did not your youth surprize.
Your life as well as powre, did awe
The bad, and to the good was the best law:
When most men vertue did pursue
In hope by it to grow in fame like you.
Nor when you did to court repaire,
Did you your manners alter with the ayre.
You did your modesty retaine,
Your faithfull dealing, the same tongue and braine.
Nor did all the soft flattery there
Inchant you so, but still you truth could heare.
And though your roofes were richly guilt,
The basis was on no ward's ruine built.

Nor were your vassals made a prey,
And forc't to curse the coronation day.
And though no bravery was knowne
To out-shine yours, you onely spent your owne.
For 'twas the indulgence of Fate,
To give y' a moderate minde, and bounteous state:
But I, my lord, who have no friend
Of fortune, must begin where you doe end.
'Tis dang'rous to approach the fire
Of action; nor is't safe, farre to retire,
Yet better lost i'th' multitude
Of private men, than on the state t' intrude,
And hazard for a doubtfull smile,
My stocke of fame, and inward peace to spoile.
I'le therefore nigh some murm'ring brooke
That wantons through my meddowes, with a booke,
With my Castara, or some friend,
My youth not guilty of ambition spend.
To my owne shade (if fate permit)
I'le whisper some soft musique of my wit.
And flatter so my selfe, I'le see
By that, strange motion steale into the tree:
But still my first and chiefest care
Shall be t' appease offended Heaven with prayer:
And in such mold my thoughts to cast,
That each day shall be spent as 'twere my last.
How ere it's sweete lust to obey,
Vertue thought rugged, is the safest way.

AN ELEGY UPON THE HONOURABLE

HENRY CAMBELL,

SONNE TO THE EARLE OF AR.

It's false arithmeticke to say thy breath
Expir'd too soone, or irreligious death
Prophan'd thy holy youth. For if thy yeares
Be number'd by thy vertues or our teares,
Thou didst the old Methusalem out-live.
Though time but twenty years' account can give
Of thy abode on Earth, yet every houre
Of thy brave youth by vertue's wondrous powre
Was lengthen'd to a yeare. Each well-spent day
Keeps young the body, but the soule makes gray.
Such miracles workes goodnesse: and behind
Th'ast left to us such stories of thy minde
Fit for example; that when them we read,
We envy Earth the treasure of the dead.
Why doe the sinfull riot and survive
The feavers of their surfets? Why alive
Is yet disorder'd greatnesse, and all they
Who the loose lawes of their wilde blood obey?
Why lives the gamester, who doth blacke the night
With cheats and imprecations? Why is light
Looked on by those whose breath may poyson it:
Who sold the vigour of their strength and wit
To buy diseases: and thou, who faire truth
And vertue didst adore, lost in thy youth?
But I'le not question fate. Heaven doth conveigh
Those first from the darke prison of their clay
Who are most fit for Heaven. Thou in warre
Hadst ta'ne degrees, those dangers felt, which are
The props on which peace safely doth subsist
And through the cannons blew and horrid mist
Hadst brought her light: and now wert so compleat
That naught but death did want to make thee great.
Thy death was timely then bright soule to thee,
And in thy fate thou suffer'dst not. 'Twas we
Who dyed rob'd of thy life: in whose increase
Of reall glory both in warre and peace,
We all did share: and thou away we feare
Didst with thee, the whole stocke of honour beare.
Each then be his owne mourner. Wee'le to thee
Write hymnes, upon the world an elegie.

TO CASTARA.

Why should we feare to melt away in death;
May we but dye together. When beneath
In a coole vault we sleepe, the world will prove
Religious, and call it the shrine of love.
There, when o'th' wedding eve some beautious maid,
Suspitious of the faith of man, hath paid
The tribute of her vowes: o'th' sudden shee
Two violets sprouting from the tombe will see:
And cry out, "Ye sweet emblems of their zeale
Who live below, sprang ye up to reveale
The story of our future joyes, how we
The faithfull patterns of their love shall be;
If not; hang downe your heads opprest with dew,
And I will weepe and wither hence with you."

TO CASTARA.

OF WHAT WE WERE BEFORE OUR CREATION.

When Pelion wondring saw, that raine which fell
But now from angry Heaven, to heavenward swell:
When th' Indian ocean did the wanton play,
Mingling its billows with the Balticke sea:
And the whole earth was water: O where then
Were we, Castara? In the fate of men
Lost underneath the waves? Or to beguile
Heaven's justice, lurkt we in Noah's floating isle?
We had no being then. This fleshly frame
Wed to a soule, long after, hither came
A stranger to it selfe. Those moneths that were
But the last age, no newes of us did heare.
What pompe is then in us? Who th' other day
Were nothing; and in triumph now, but clay.

TO THE MOMENT LAST PAST.

O whither dost thou flye? cannot my vow
Intreat thee tarry? Thou wert here but now,
And thou art gone? like ships which plough the sea,
And leave no print for man to tracke their way.
O unseene wealth! who thee did husband, can
Out-vie the jewels of the ocean,
The mines of th' earth! One sigh well spent in thee
Had been a purchase for eternity!
We will not loose thee then. Castara, where
Shall we finde out his hidden sepulcher;
And wee'le relieve him. Not the cruell stealth
Of fate shall rob us, of so great a wealth;
Vndone in thrift! while we besought his stay,
Ten of his fellow moments fled away.

TO CASTARA.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF LOVE.

WHERE sleepes the north-wind when the south inspires
Life in the spring, and gathers into quires
The scatter'd nightingales; whose subtle eares
Heard first th' harmonious language of the spheares;
Whence hath the stone, magnetic force t' allure
Th' enamour'd iron; from a seed impure
Or naturall did first the mandrake grow;
What power i'th' ocean makes it ebb and flow;
What strange materials is the azure skye
Compacted of; of what it's brightest eye
The ever flaming Sunne; what people are
In th' unknowne world; what worlds in every star;
Let curious fancies at this secret rove;
Castara, what we know, wee'le practise, love.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESSE OF C.

MADAM,

SHOULD the cold Muscovit whose furre and stove
Can scarse prepare him heate enough for love,
But view the wonder of your presence, he
Would scorne his winter's sharpest injury:
And trace the naked groves, till he found bayse
To write the beautious triumphs of your prayse,
As a dull poet even he would say,
Th' unclouded Sun had never showne them day
Till that bright minute; that he now admires
No more why the coy Spring so soone retires
From their unhappy clyme; it doth pursue
The Sun, and he derives his light from you.
Hee'd tell you how the fetter'd Baltick sea
Is set at freedome, while the yce away
Doth melt at your approach; how by so faire
Harmonious beauty, their rude manners are
Reduc't to order: how to them you bring
The wealthiest mines below, above the spring.
Thus would his wonder speake. For he would want
Religion to beleeve, there were a saint
Within, and all he saw was but the shrine.
But here I pay my vowes to the devine
Pure essence there inclos'd, which if it were
Not hid in a faire cloud, but might appeare
In its full lustre, would make Nature live
In a state equall to her primitive.
But sweetly that's obscur'd. Yet though our eye
Cannot the splendour of your soule descry
In true perfection, by a glimmering light,
Your language yeelds us, we can guesse how bright
The Sunne within you shines, and curse th' unkind
Eclipse, or else our selves for being blinde.
How hastily doth Nature build up man
To leave him so imperfect? For he can
See nought beyond his sence; she doth controule
So farre his sight he ne're discern'd a soule.
For had yours beene the object of his eye,
It had turn'd wonder to idolatry.

THE HARMONY OF LOVE.

AMPHION, O thou holy shade!
Bring Orpheus up with thee:
That wonder may you both invade,
Hearing love's harmony.
You who are soule, not rudely made
Vp, with materiall eares,
And fit to reach the musique of these spheares.

Harke! when Castara's orbs doe move
By my first moving eyes,
How great the symphony of love,
But 'tis the destinies
Will not so farre my prayre approve,
To bring you hither, here
Lest you meete heaven, for Elizium there.

'Tis no dull sublunary flame
Burnes in her heart and mine.
But some thing more, than hath a name,
So subtle and divine,
We know not why, nor how it came.
Which shall shine bright, till she
And the whole world of love, expire with me.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND

SIR ED. P. KNIGHT.

YOU'D leave the silence in which safe we are,
To listen to the noyse of warre;
And walke those rugged paths, the factious tread,
Who by the number of the dead
Reckon their glories and thinke greatness stood
Vnsafe, till it was built on blood.
Secure i'th' wall our seas and ships provide
(Abhorring war's so barb'rous pride,
And honour bought with slaughter) in content
Let's breath, thou humble, innocent.
Folly and madnesse! Since 'tis ods we ne're
See the fresh youth of the next yeare.
Perhaps not the chast morne, her selfe disclose
Againe t' out-blush th' æmulous rose,
Why doth ambition so the minde distresse
To make us scorne what we possesse?
And looke so farre before us? Since all we
Can hope, is varied misery?
Goe find some whispering shade neare Arne or Poe,
And gently 'mong their violets throw
Your weary'd limbs, and see if all those faire
Enchantments can charme griefe or care?
Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you
The ruin'd capitoll shall view
And statues, a disorder'd heape; you can
Not cure yet the disease of man,
And banish your owne thoughts. Goe travaile where
Another Sun and starres appeare,
And land not toucht by any covetous fleet,
And yet even there your selfe youle meete.
Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
New toyes for a fantastique mind;
Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring
By her aeriall quires doth sing
As sweetly to you as if you were laid
Vnder the learn'd Thessalian shade.

Direct your eye-sight inward, and you'le find
A thousand regions in your mind
Yet undiscover'd. Travell them, and be
Expert in home cosmographie.
This you may doe safe both from rocke and shelfe:
Man's a whole world within himselfe.

TO CASTARA.

Give me a heart where no impure
Disorder'd passions rage,
Which jealousie doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t' expence ingage,
Nor wooed to madnesse by queint oathes,
Or the fine rhetoricke of cloathes,
Which not the softnesse of the age
To vice or folly doth decline;
Give me that heart (Castara) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new looke
Provokes new appetite;
With no fresh charme of beauty tooke,
Or wanton stratagem of wit;
Not idly wandring here and there,
Led by an am'rous eye or eare.
Aiming each beautious marke to hit;
Which vertue doth to one confine:
Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,
Observe but how it still
Doth listen how thine doth with me;
And guard it well, for else it will
Runne hither backe; not to be where
I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.
But without discipline, or skill,
Our hearts shall freely 'tweene us move:
Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breath by love.

TO CASTARA.

OF TRUE DELIGHT.

Why doth the eare so tempt the voyce,
That cunningly divides the ayre?
Why doth the pallate buy the choyce
Delights o'th' sea, to enrich her fare?

As soone as I my eare obey,
The eccho's lost even with the breath.
And when the sewer takes away
I'me left with no more taste, than death.

Be curious in pursuite of eyes
To procreate new loves with thine;
Satiety makes sence despise
What superstition thought divine.

Quick fancy, how it mockes delight?
As we conceive, things are not such,
The glow-worme is as warme as bright,
Till the deceitfull flame we touch.

When I have sold my heart to lust
And bought repentance with a kisse,
I find the malice of my dust,
That told me Hell contain'd a blisse.

The rose yeelds her sweete blandishment
Lost in the fold of lovers' wreathes,
The violent enchants the scent
When earely in the spring she breaths.

But winter comes and makes each flowre
Shrinke from the pillow where it growes,
Or an intruding cold hath powre
To scorne the perfume of the rose.

Our sences like false glasses show
Smooth beauty where browes wrinkled are,
And makes the cosen'd fancy glow.
Chaste vertue's onely true and faire.

TO MY NOBLEST FRIEND

I. C. ESQUIRE.

SIR,

I hate the countrie's durt and manners, yet
I love the silence; I embrace the wit
And courtship, flowing here in a full tide.
But loathe the expence, the vanity and pride.
No place each way is happy. Here I hold
Commerce with some, who to my eare unfold
(After due oath ministred) the height
And greatnesse of each star shines in the state,
The brightnesse, the eclypse, the influence.
With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow:
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
Soone as they happen; and by rote can tell
Those Germane townes, even puzzle me to spell.
The crosse or prosperous fate of princes, they
Ascribe to rashnesse, cunning or delay:
And on each action comment, with more skill
Than upon Livy did old Matchavill.
O busie folly: Why doe I my braine
Perplex with the dull pollicies of Spaine,
Or quick designes of France? Why not repaire
To the pure innocence o'th' country ayre:
And neighbour thee, deare friend? Who so dost give
Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live
Blest, is to trace thy wayes. There might not we
Arme against passion with philosophie;
And by the aide of leisure, so controule,
What-ere is earth in us, to grow all soule?
Knowledge doth ignorance ingender when
We study mysteries of other men
And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade
(Thy head upon some flowry pillow laide,
Kind Nature's huswifery) contemplate all
His stratagems who labours to inthral
The world to his great master, and youle finde
Ambition mocks it selfe, and grasps the wind.
Not conquest makes us great. Blood is too dear
A price for glory: honour doth appeare
To statesmen like a vision in the night,
And jugler-like workes o'th' deluded sight.
Th' unbusied onely wise: for no respect
Indangers them to errour; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equall eye, nor bright in gold
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
As vertue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things: and since we find
Time bends us toward death, let's in our mind

Create new youth; and arm against the rude
Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
O'th' country dead our thoughts, nor busie care
O'th' towne make us not thinke, where now we are
And whether we are bound. Time nere forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbred not.

TO CASTARA.

WHAT LOVERS WILL SAY WHEN SHE AND HE ARE DEAD.

I WONDER when w'are dead, what men will say;
Will not poore orphan lovers weepe,
The parents of their loves decay;
And envy death the treasure of our sleepe?

Will not each trembling virgin bring her feares
To th' holy silence of my vrne;
And chide the marble with her teares,
'Cause she so soone faith's obsequie must mourne.

For had Fate spar'd but Araphill (she'le say)
He had the great example stood,
And forc't unconstant man obey
The law of love's religion, not of blood.

And youth by female perjury betraid,
Will to Castara's shrine deplore
His injuries and death obrayd,
That woman lives more guilty, than before.

For while thy breathing purified the ayre
Thy sex (heele say,) did onely move
By the chaste influence of a faire,
Whose vertue shin'd in the bright orbe of love.

Now women like a meteor vapour'd forth
From dunghills, doth amaze our eyes;
Not shining with a reall worth,
But subtile her blacke errours to disguise.

This will they talke, Castara, while our dust
In one darke vault shall mingled be.
The world will fall a prey to lust,
When love is dead, which hath one fate with me.

TO HIS MUSE.

HERE virgin fix thy pillars, and command
They sacred may to after ages stand
In witness of love's triumph. Yet will we,
Castara, find new worlds in poetry,
And conquer them. Not dully following those
Tame lovers, who dare cloth their thoughts in prose.
But we will henceforth more religious prove,
Concealing the high mysteries of love
From the prophane. Harmonious like the spheares,
Our soules shall move, not reacht by human eares.
That musicke to the angels, this to fame,
I here commit. That when their holy flame,
True lovers to pure beauties would rehearse,
They may invoke the genius of my verse.

A FRIEND

Is a man. For the free and open discovery of thoughts to woman can not passe without an over licentious familiarity, or a justly occasion'd suspition; and friendship can neither stand with vice or infamie. He is vertuous, for love begot in sin is a mishapen monster, and seldome out-lives his birth. He is noble, and inherits the vertues of all his progenitors; though happily unskilfull to blazon his paternall coate; so little should nobility serve for story, but when it encourageth to action. He is so valiant, feare could never be listned to, when she whispered danger; and yet fights not, unlesse religion confirmes the quarrel lawfull. He submits his actions to the government of vertue, not to the wilde decrees of popular opinion; and when his conscience is fully satisfied, he cares not how mistake and ignorance interpret him. He hath so much fortitude he can forgive an injurie; and when hee hath overthrowne his opposer, not insult upon his weaknesse. Hee is an absolute governor; no destroyer of his passions, which he employes to the noble increase of vertue. He is wise, for who hopes to reape a harvest from the sands, may expect the perfect offices of friendship from a foole. He hath by a liberall education beene softened to civility; for that rugged honesty some rude men professe, is an indigested chaos; which may containe the seedes of goodnesse, but it wants forme and order.

He is no flatterer; but when he findes his friend any way imperfect, he freely but gently informes him; nor yet shall some few errours cancell the bond of friendship; because he remembers no endeavours can raise man above his frailety. He is as slow to enter into that title, as he is to forsake it; a monstrous vice must disobliege, because an extraordinary vertue did first unite; and when he parts, he doth it without a duell. He is neither effeminate, nor a common courtier; the first is so passionate a doater upon himselfe, hee cannot spare love enough to bee justly named friendship: the latter hath his love so diffusive among the beauties, that man is not considerable. He is not accustomed to any sordid way of gaine, for who is any way mechanicke, will sell his friend upon more profitable termes. He is bountifull, and thinkes no treasure of fortune equall to the preservation of him he loves: yet not so lavish, as to buy friendship and perhaps afterward finde himselfe overseene in the purchase. He is not exceptious, for jealousie proceedes from weaknesse, and his vertues quit him from suspitions. He freely gives advice, but so little peremptory in his opinion that he ingenuously submits it to an abler judgement. He is open in expression of his thoughts and easeth his melancholy by inlarging it; and no sanctuary preserves so safely, as he his friend afflicted. He makes use of no engines of his friendship to extort a secret; but if committed to his charge, his heart receives it, and that and it come both to light together. In life he is the most amiable object to the soule, in death the most deplorable.

THE FUNERALS OF THE HONOURABLE, MY BEST FRIEND AND KINSMAN,

GEORGE TALBOT[1], ESQUIRE.

ELEGIE I.

'Twere malice to thy fame, to weepe alone:
And not enforce an universall groane
From ruinous man, and make the world complaine:
Yet I'le forbid my griefe to be prophane
In mention of thy prayse; I'le speake but truth
Yet write more honour than ere shin'd in youth.
I can relate thy businesse here on Earth,
Out-shin'd by nobler vertue: but how farre
Th' hast tane thy journey 'bove the star,
I cannot speake, nor whether thou art in
Commission with a throne, or cherubin.
Passe on triumphant in thy glorious way,
Till thou has reacht the place assign'd: we may
Without disturbing the harmonious spheares,
Bathe here below thy memory in our teares.
Ten dayes are past, since a dull wonder seis'd
My active soule: loud stormes of sighes are rais'd
By empty griefes; they who can utter it,
Doe not vent forth their sorrow, but their wit,
I stood like Niobe without a groane,
Congeal'd into that monumentall stone
That doth lye over thee: I had no roome
For witty griefe, fit onely for thy tombe.
And friendship's monument, thus had I stood;
But that the flame, I beare thee, warm'd my blood
With a new life. I'le like a funerall fire
But burne a while to thee, and then expire.

ELEGIE II.

Talbot is dead. Like lightning which no part
O'th' body touches, but first strikes the heart,
This word hath murder'd me. Ther's not in al
The stocke of sorrow, any charme can call
Death sooner up. For musique's in the breath
Of thunder, and a sweetnesse even i'th' death
That brings with it, if you with this compare
All the loud noyses, which torment the ayre.
They cure physitians say) the element
Sicke with dull vapours, and to banishment
Confine infections; but this fatall shreeke,
Without the least redress, is utter'd like
The last daye's summons, when Earth's trophies lye
A scatter'd heape, and time it selfe must dye.
What now hath life to boast of? Can I have
A thought lesse darke than th' horrour of the grave
Now thou dost dwell below? Wer't not a fault
Past pardon, to raise fancie 'bove thy vault?
Hayle sacred house in which his reliques sleep!
Blest marble give me leave t' approach and weepe,
These vowes to thee! for since great Talbot's gone
Downe to thy silence, I commerce with none
But thy pale people; and in that confute
Mistaking man, that dead men are not mute.
Delicious beauty, lend thy flatter'd eare
Accustom'd to warme whispers, and thou'lt heare
How their cold language tels thee, that thy skin
Is but a beautious shrine, in which black sin
Is idoliz'd; thy eyes but spheares where lust
Hath its loose motion; and thy end is dust.
Great Atlas of the state, descend with me.
But hither, and this vault shall furnish thee
With more avisos, than thy costly spyes,
And show how false are all those mysteries
Thy sect receives, and though thy pallace swell
With envied pride, 'tis here that thou must dwell.
It will instruct you, courtier, that your art
Of outward smoothnesse and a rugged heart
But cheates your selfe, and all those subtill wayes
You tread to greatnesse, is a fatall maze
Where you your selfe shall loose, for though you breath
Vpward to pride, your center is beneath.
And 'twil thy rhetorick false flesh confound:
Which flatters my fraile thoughts, no time can wound
This unarm'd frame, here is true eloquence
Will teach my soule to triumph over sence,
Which hath its period in a grave, and there
Showes what are all our pompous surfets here.
Great orator! deare Talbot! Still, to thee
May I an auditor attentive be:
And piously maintaine the same commerce
We held in life! and if in my rude verse
I to the world may thy sad precepts read;
I will on Earth interpret for the dead.

ELEGIE III.

Let me contemplate thee (fair soule) and though
I cannot tracke the way, which thou didst goe
In thy cœlestiall journey, and my heart
Expansion wants, to thinke what now thou art,
How bright and wide thy glories; yet I may
Remember thee, as thou wert in thy clay.
Best object to my heart! what vertues be
Inherent even to the least thought of thee!
Death which to th' vig'rous heat of youth brings feare
In its leane looke; doth like a prince appeare,
Now glorious to my eye, since it possest
The wealthy empyre of that happie chest
Which harbours thy rich dust; for how can he
Be thought a bank'rout that embraces thee?
Sad midnight whispers with a greedy eare
I catch from lonely graves, in hope to heare
Newes from the dead, nor can pale visions fright
His eye, who since thy death feeles no delight
In man's acquaintance. Mem'ry of thy fate
Doth in me a sublimer soule create.
And now my sorrow followes thee, I tread
The milkie way, and see the snowie head
Of Atlas, farre below, while all the high
Swolne buildings seeme but atoms to my eye.
I'me heighten'd by my ruine; and while I
Weepe ore the vault where thy sad ashes lye,
My soule with thine doth hold commerce above;
Where we discerne the stratagems, which love,
Hate, and ambition, use, to cozen man;
So fraile that every blast of honour can
Swell him above himselfe, each adverse gust,
Him and his glories shiver into dust.
How small seemes greatnesse here! How not a spa
His empire, who commands the Ocean.
Both that, which boasts so much it's mighty ore,
And th' other, which with pearle, hath pav'd i
shore.
Nor can it greater seeme, when this great All
For which men quarrell so, is but a ball
Cast downe into the ayre to sport the starres.
And all our generall ruines, mortall warres,
Depopulated states, caus'd by their sway;
And man's so reverend wisedome but their play.

[1] Probably one of the three younger sons of John Talbot of Longford. See Collins' Peerage, vol. 3. p. 27. C.

From thee, deare Talbot, living I did learne
The arts of life, and by thy light discerne
The truth which men dispute. But by thee dead
I'me taught, upon the world's gay pride to tread:
And that way sooner master it, than he
To whom both th' Indies tributary be.

ELEGIE IV.

My name, deare friend, even thy expiring breath
Did call upon: affirming that thy death
Would wound my poor sad heart. Sad it must be
Indeed, lost to all thoughts of mirth in thee.
My lord if I with licence of your teares, [weares
(Which your great brother's hearse as diamonds
T' enrich death's glory) may but speake my owne:
I'le prove it, that no sorrow e're was knowne
Reall as mine. All other mourners keepe
In griefe a method: without forme I weepe.
The sonne (rich in his father's fate) hath eyes
Wet just as long as are the obsequies.
The widow formerly a yeare doth spend
In her so courtly blackes. But for a friend
We weepe an age, and more than th' anchorit, have
Our very thoughts confin'd within a grave.
Chast love who had thy tryumph in my flame
And thou Castara who had hadst a name,
But for this sorrow glorious: Now my verse
Is lost to you, and onely on Talbot's herse
Sadly attends. And till Time's fatal hand
Ruines, what's left of churches, there shall stand.
There to thy selfe, deare Talbot, I'le repeate
Thy own brave story; tell thy selfe how great
Thou wert in thy minde's empire, and how all
Who out-live thee, see but the funerall
Of glory: and if yet some vertuous be,
They but weake apparitions are of thee.
So settled were thy thoughts, each action so
Discreetly ordered, that nor ebbe nor flow
Was e're perceiv'd in thee, each word mature
And every sceane of life from sinne so pure
That scarce in its whole history, we can
Finde vice enough, to say thou wert but man.
Horrour to say thou wert! Curst that we must
Addresse our language to a little dust,
And seeke for Talbot there. Injurious fate
To lay my life's ambition desolate.
Yet thus much comfort have I, that I know
Not how it can give such another blow.

ELEGIE V.

FAST as the nun's first vow, as fairely bright
As when by death her soul shines in full light
Freed from th' eclipse of Earth, each word that came
From thee (deare Talbot) did beget a flame
To enkindle vertue: which so faire by thee
Became, man that blind mole her face did see.
But now to our eye she's lost, and if she dwell
Yet on the Earth; she's confin'd in the cell
Of some cold hermit, whose keeps her there,
As if of her the old man jealous were.
For ever showes her beauty, but to some
Carthusian, who even by his vow, is dumbe!
O 'mid the yce of the farre northren sea,
Or starre about the articke circle, may
Shun ours yeeld clearer light; yet that but shall
Serve at the frozen pilot's funerall.
Thou (brightest constellation) to this maine
Which all we sinners traffique on, didst daigne
The bounty of thy fire, which with so cleare
And constant beames did our frayle vessels steere,
That safely we, what storme so e're bore sway,
Past o're the rugged Alpes of th' angry sea.
But now we sayle at randome. Every rocke
The folly doth of our ambition mocke
And splits our hopes: to every syren's breath
We listen and even court the the face of death,
If painted o're by pleasure: every wave
If 't hath delight w' embrace though 't prove a grave.
So ruinous is the defect of thee,
To th' undone world in gen'rall. But to me
Who liv'd one life with thine, drew but one breath,
Possest with th' same mind and thoughts, 'twas death.
And now by fate, I but my selfe survive,
To keepe his mem'ry and my griefes alive.
Where shall I then begin to weepe? No grove
Silent and darke, but is prophan'd by love:
With his warme whispers, and faint idle feares,
His busie hopes, loud sighes, and ceaselesse teares
Each eare is so inchanted; that no breath
Is list'ned to, which mockes report of death.
I'le turne my griefe then inward and deplore
My ruine to myselfe, repeating ore
The story of his virtues; until I
Not write, but am my selfe his elegie.

ELEGIE VI.

GOE stop the swift-wing'd moments in their flight
To their yet unknowne coast, goe hinder night
From its approach on day, and force day rise
From the faire east of some bright beutie's eyes:
Else vaunt not the proud miracle of verse.
It hath no power. For mine from his blacke herse
Redeemes not Talbot, who cold as the breath
Of winter, coffin'd lyes; silent as death,
Stealing on th' anch'rit, who even wants an eare
To breathe into his soft expiring prayer.
For had thy life beene by thy vertues spun
Out to a length, thou hadst out-liv'd the Sunne
And clos'd the world's great eye: or were not all
Our wonders fiction, from thy funerall
Thou hadst receiv'd new life, and liv'd to be
The conqueror o're death, inspir'd by me.
But all we poets glory in, is vaine
And empty triumph: Art cannot regaine
One poore houre lost, nor reskew a small flye
By a foole's finger destinate to dye.
Live then in thy true life (great soule) for set
At liberty by death thou owest no debt
T' exacting Nature: live, freed from the sport
Of time and fortune in yand' starry court
A glorious potentate, while we below
But fashion wayes to mitigate our woe.
We follow campes, and to our hopes propose
Th' insulting victor; not rememb'ring those
Dismembred trunkes who gave him victory
By a loath'd fate: we covetous merchants be
And to our aymes pretend treasure and sway,
Forgetfull of the treasons of the sea.
The shootings of a wounded conscience
We patiently sustaine to serve our sence
With a short pleasure; so we empire gaine
And rule the fate of businesse, the sad paine
Of action we contemne, and the affright
Which with pale visions still attends our night.
Our joyes false apparitions, but our feares
Are certaine prophecies. And till our ears

Reach that cælestiall musique, which thine now
So cheerefully receive, we must allow
No comfort to our griefes: from which to be
Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

ELEGIE VII.

THERE is no peace in sinne. Æternall warr
Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are
Friends 'mong themselves, and choisest accents be
Harsh ecchos of their heavenly harmonie.
While thou didst live we did that union finde
In the so faire republick of thy mind,
Where discord never swel'd. And as we dare
Affirme those goodly structures, temples are
Where well-tun'd quires strike zeale into the eare:
The musique of thy soule made us say, there
God had his altars; every breath a spice
And each religious act a sacrifice.
But death hath that demolisht. All our eye
Of thee now sees doth like a cittie lye
Ras'd by the cannon. Where is then that flame?
That added warmth and beauty to thy frame?
Fled heaven-ward to repaire, with its pure fire,
The losses of some maim'd seraphick quire?
Or hovers it beneath, the world t' uphold
From generall ruine, and expel that cold
Dull humour weakens it? If so it be;
My sorrow yet must prayse Fate's charity.
But thy example (if kinde Heaven had daign'd
Frailty that favour) had mankind regain'd
To his first purity. For that the wit
Of vice, might not except 'gainst th' anchorit
As too to strict; thou didst uncloyster'd live:
Teaching the soule by what preservative,
She may from sinnes contagion live secure,
Though all the ayre she suckt in, were impure.
In this darke mist of errour with a cleare
Vnspotted light, thy vertue did appeare
T' obrayd corrupted man. How could the rage
Of untam'd lust have scorcht decrepit age;
Had it seene thy chast youth? Who could the wealth
Of time have spent in riot, or his health
By surfeits forfeited; if he had seene
What temperance had in thy dyet beene?
What glorious foole had vaunted honours bought
By gold or practise, or by rapin brought
From his fore-fathers, had he understood
How Talbot valued not his own great blood!
Had politicians seene him scorning more
The unsafe pompe of greatnesse, then the poore
Thatcht roofes of shepheards, where th' unruly wind
(A gentler storme than pride) uncheckt doth find
Still free admittance: their pale labours had
Beene to be good, not to be great and bad.
But he is lost in a blind vault, and we
Must not admire though sinnes now frequent be
And uncontrol'd: since those faire tables where
The law was writ by death now broken are,
By death extinguisht is that star, whose light
Did shine so faithfull, that each ship sayl'd right
Which steer'd by that. Nor marvell then if we,
(That failing) lost in this world's tempest be.
But to what orbe so e're thou dost retyre,
Far from our ken: 'tis blest, while by thy fire
Enlighten'd. And since thou must never here
Be seene againe: may I o're take thee here.

ELEGIE VIII.

BOAST not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all
The cunning pompe of the Escuriall.
Though there both th' Indies met in each smal room
Th' are short in treasure of this precious tombe.
Here is th' epitome of wealth, this chest
Is Nature's chief exchequer, hence the East
When it is purified by th' generall fire
Shall see these now pale ashes sparkle higher
Than all the gems she vants: transcending far
In fragrant lustre the bright morning star.
'Tis true, they now seeme darke. But rather we
Have by a cataract lost sight, than he
Though dead his glory. So to us blacke night
Brings darkenesse, when the Sun retains his light.
Thou eclips'd dust! expecting breake of day
From the thicke mists about thy tombe, I'le pay
Like the just larke, the tribute of my verse:
I will invite thee, from thy envious herse
To rise, and 'bout the world thy beames to spread,
That we may see, there's brightnesse in the dead.
My zeal deludes me not. What perfumes come
From th' happy vault? In her sweet martyrdome
The nard breathes never so, nor so the rose
When the enamour'd Spring by kissing blowes
Soft blushes on her cheeke, nor th' early East
Vying with Paradice, i'th' phœnix nest.
These gentle perfumes usher in the day
Which from the night of his discolour'd clay
Breakes on the sudden; for a soule so bright
Of force must to her earth contribute light.
But if w' are so far blind, we cannot see
The wonder of this truth; yet let us be
Not infidels; nor like dull atheists give
Our selves so long to lust, till we believe
(T' allay the griefe of sinne) that we shall fall
To a loath'd nothing in our funerall.
The bad man's death is horrour. But the just
Keepes something of his glory in his dust.

CASTARA.

THE THIRD PART.

A HOLY MAN

Is onely happie. For infelicity and sinne wer
borne twinnes; or rather like some prodigie wit
two bodies, both draw and expire the sam
breath. Catholique faith is the foundation o
which he erects religion; knowing it a ruinou
madnesse to build in the ayre of a private spir
or on the sands of any new schisme. His impiet
is not so bold to bring divinity downe to th
mistake of reason, or to deny those misteries h
apprehension reacheth not. His obedience move
still by direction of the magistrate: and shoul
conscience informe him that the command i
unjust; he judgeth it nevertheless high treason
by rebellion to make good his tenets; as it were
the basest cowardize, by dissimulation of reli-
gion, to preserve temporall respects. He knowes
humane pollicie but a crooked rule of actio
and therefore by a distrust of his own knowledg
attaines it: confounding with supernaturall i
lumination, the opinionated judgment of th
wise. In prosperity he gratefully admires th
bounty of the Almighty giver, and useth, no
abuseth plenty: but in adversity he remains u
shaken, and like some eminent mountaine ha
his head above the clouds. For his happinesse

not meteor-like exhaled from the vapours of this world; but shines a fixt starre, which when by misfortune it appears to fall, onely casts away the slimie matter. Poverty he neither feares nor covets, but cheerefully entertaines; imagining it the fire which tries vertue: nor how tyrannically soever it usurpe on him, doth he pay to it a sigh or wrinckle; for he who suffers want without reluctancie, may be poore not miserable. He sees the covetous prosper by usury, yet waxeth not leane with envie: and when the posteritie of the impious flourish, he questiones not the divine justice; for temporall rewards distinguish not ever the merits of men: and who hath beene of councel with the Æternall? Fame he weighes not, but esteemes a smoake, yet such as carries with it the sweetest odour, and riseth usually from the sacrifice of our best actions. Pride he disdaines, when he findes it swelling in himself; but easily forgiveth it in another: Nor can any man's errour in life, make him sinne in censure, since seldome the folly we condemne is so culpable as the severity of our judgement. He doth not malice the over-spreading growth of his æqualls: but pitties, not despiseth the fall of any man: esteeming yet no storme of fortune dangerous, but what is rais'd through our owne demerit. When he lookes on other's vices, he values not himselfe virtuous by comparison, but examines his owne defects, and findes matter enough at home for reprehension. In conversation his carriage is neither plausible to flattery, nor reserv'd to rigour: but so demeanes himselfe as created for societie. In solitude he remembers his better part is angelicall; and therefore his minde practiseth the best discourse without assistance of inferiour organs. Lust is the basiliske he flyes, a serpent of the most destroying venome: for it blasts al plants with the breath, and carries the most murdering artillery in the eye. He is ever merry but still modest: not dissolved into undecent laughter, or tickled with wit scurrilous or injurious. He cunningly searcheth into the vertues of others, and liberally commends them: but buries the vices of the imperfect in a charitable silence, whose manners he reformes not by invectives but example. In prayer he is frequent not apparent: yet as he labours not the opinion, so he feares not the scandall of being thought good. He every day travailes his meditations up to Heaven, and never findes himselfe wearied with the journey; but when the necessities of nature returne him downe to Earth, he esteemes it a place, hee is condemned to. Devotion is his mistresse on which he is passionately enamour'd: for that he hath found the most soveraigne antidote against sinne, and the onely balsome powerfull to cure those wounds hee hath receav'd through frailety. To live he knowes a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not doates on life. Death how deformed soever an aspect it weares, he is not frighted with: since it not annihilates, but uncloudes the soule. He therefore stands every moment prepared to dye: and though he freely yeelds up himselfe, when age and sicknesse sommon him; yet he with more alacritie puts off his earth, when the profession of faith crownes him a martyr.

NOMINE LABIA MEA APERIES.

DAVID.

Noe monument of me remaine,
My mem'orie rust
In the same marble with my dust,
Ere I the spreading laurell gaine,
By writing wanton or prophane.

Ye glorious wonders of the skies,
Shine still, bright starres,
Th' Almightie's mystick characters!
Ile not your beautious lights surprize,
T' illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor, to perfume her veines, will I
In each one set
The purple of the violet:
The untoucht flowre may grow and dye
Safe from my fancie's injurie.

Open my lippes, great God! and then
Ile soare above
The humble flight of carnall love.
Vpward to thee Ile force my pen,
And trace no path of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded soules
Worthy to be
Their object finde, excepting thee?
Where can I fixe? since time controules
Our pride, whose motion all things roules.

Should I my selfe ingratiate
T' a prince's smile,
How soone may death my hopes beguile?
And should I farme the proudest state,
I'me tennant to uncertaine fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust?
And if my love
Toward a female beauty move,
How will that surfet of our lust
Distast us, when resolv'd to dust?

But thou, Æternall banquet! where
For ever we
May feede without satietie!
Who harmonie art to the eare,
Who art, while all things else appeare!

While up to thee I shoote my flame,
Thou dost dispence
A holy death, that murders sence,
And makes me scorne all pompes, that ayme
At other triumphes than thy name.

It crownes me with a victory
So heavenly, all
That's earth from me away doth fall.
And I, from my corruption free,
Grow in my vowes even part of thee.

VERSA EST IN LUCTUM CYTHARA MEA.

IOB.

Love! I no orgies sing
Whereby thy mercies to invoke:
Nor from the East rich perfumes bring
To cloude thy altars with the precious smoake.

Nor while I did frequent
Those fanes by lovers rais'd to thee,
Did I loose heathenish rites invent,
To force a blush from injur'd chastitie.

Religious was the charme
I used affection to intice:
And thought none burnt more bright or warme,
Yet chaste as winter was the sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath
To the soft silken youths at court:
Who may their witty passions breath,
To raise their mistresse' smile, or make her sport.

They'le smooth thee into rime,
Such as shall catch the wanton eare:
And win opinion with the time,
To make them a high sayle of honour beare.

And may a powerfull smile
Cherish their flatteries of wit!
While I my life of fame beguile,
And under my owne vine uncourted sit.

For I have seen the pine
Famed for its travels ore the sea:
Broken with stormes and age decline,
And in some creeke unpittied rot away.

I have seene cædars fall,
And in their roome a mushrome grow:
I have seene comets, threatning all,
Vanish themselves: I have seene princes so.

Vaine triviall dust! weake man!
Where is that vertue of thy breath,
That others save or ruine can,
When thou thy selfe art cal'd t' account by Death?

When I consider thee
The scorne of Time, and sport of Fate,
How can I turne to jollitie
My ill-strung harpe, and court the delicate?

How can I but disdaine
The emptie fallacies of mirth;
And in my midnight thoughts retaine,
How high so ere I spread, my root's in earth.

Fond youth! too long I play'd
The wanton with a false delight,
Which when I toucht, I found a shade,
That onely wrought on th' errour of my sight.

Then since pride doth betray
The soule to flatter'd ignorance:
I from the world will steale away,
And by humility my thoughts advance.

PERDAM SAPIENTIAM SAPIENTUM.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD WINDSOR.

MY LORD,

Forgive my envie to the world, while I
Commend those sober thoughts perswade you fly
The glorious trouble of the court. For though
The vale lyes open to each overflow,
And in the humble shade we gather ill
And aguish ayres: yet lightnings oftner kill
O'th' naked heights of mountaines, whereon we
May have more prospect, not securitie.
For when, with losse of breath, we have orecome
Some steepe ascent of power, and forc'd a roome
On the so envi'd hill, how doe our hearts
Pant with the labour, and how many arts
More subtle must we practise, to defend
Our pride from sliding, than we did t' ascend?
How doth successe delude the mysteries
And all th' involv'd designements of the wise?
How doth that power, our pollitickes call chance,
Racke them till they confesse the ignorance
Of humane wit? Which, when 'tis fortified
So strong with reason that it doth deride
All adverse force, o'th' sudden findes its head
Intangled in a spider's slender thread.
Cœlestiall Providence! how thou dost mocke
The boast of earthly wisdome! On some rocke
When man hath a structure, with such art
It doth disdaine to tremble at the dart
Of thunder, or to shrinke, oppos'd by all
The angry winds, it of it selfe doth fall,
Ev'n in a calme so gentle, that no ayre
Breaths loud enough to stirre a virgin's haire!
But misery of judgement! Though past time
Instruct us by th' ill fortune of their crimes,
And show us how we may secure our state
From pittied ruine, by another's fate;
Yet we, contemning all such sad advice,
Pursue to build, though on a precipice.
But you (my lord) prevented by foresight
To engage your selfe to such an unsafe height,
And in your selfe both great and rich enough,
Refused t' expose your vessell to the rough
Vncertaine sea of businesse: whence even they
Who make the best returne, are forc'd to say:
" The wealth we by our worldly traffique gaine
Weighs light, if ballanc'd with the feare or paine

PAUCITATEM DIERUM MEORUM NUNCIA MIHI.

DAVID.

Tell me, O great All-knowing God!
What period
Hast thou unto my dayes assign'd?
Like some old leafelesse tree, shall I
Wither away, or violently
Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the wind?

Heere, where I first drew vitall breath,
Shall I meete death?
And finde in the same vault a roome
Where my fore-fathers' ashes sleepe?
Or shall I dye, where none shall weepe
My timelesse fate, and my cold earth intombe?

Shall I 'gainst the swift Parthians fight,
And in their flight
Receive my death? Or shall I see
That envied peace, in which we are
Triumphant yet, disturb'd by warre,
And perish by th' invading enemie?

Astrologers, who calculate
Vncertaine fate,
Affirme my scheme doth not presage
Any abridgement of my dayes:
And the physitian gravely sayes,
I may enjoy a reverent length of age.

But they are jugglers, and by slight
Of art the sight
Of faith delude: and in their schoole
They onely practise how to make
A mistery of each mistake,
And teach strange words credulity to foole.

For thou who first didst motion give,
Whereby things live,
And time hath being! to conceale
Future events didst thinke it fit
To checke th' ambition of our wit,
And keepe in awe the curious search of zeale.

Therefore, so I prepar'd still be,
My God, for thee:
O'th' sudden on my spirits may
Some killing apoplexie seize,
Or let me by a dull disease,
Or weakened by a feeble age, decay.

And so I in thy favour dye,
No memorie
For me a well-wrought tombe prepare,
For if my soule be 'mong the blest,
Though my poore ashes want a chest,
I shall forgive the trespasse of my heire.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.

DAVID.

No marble statue, nor high
Aspiring pyramid, be rais'd
To lose its head within the skie!
What claime have I to memory?
God, be thou onely prais'd!

Thou in a moment canst defeate
The mighty conquests of the proude,
And blast the laurels of the great,
Thou canst make brightest glorie set
O'th' sudden in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of art
Hold out 'gainst the assault of stormes?
Or how can brasse to him impart
Sence of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolv'd to wormes?

Blinde folly of triumphing pride!
Æternitie why buildst thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled streame in th' ocean hide,
And nere the same appeare?

That tide which did its banckes ore-flow,
As sent abroad by th' angry sea
To levell vastest buildings low,
And all our trophes overthrow,
Ebbes like a theefe away.

And thou, who to preserve thy name,
Leav'st statues in some conquer'd land
How will posterity scorne fame,
When th' idoll shall receive a maime,
And loose a foote or hand?

How will thou hate thy warres, when he,
Who onely for his hire did raise
Thy counterfet in stone, with thee
Shall stand competitor, and be
Perhapes thought worthier praise?

No laurell wreath about my brow!
To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow!
For both dissolve to ayre, if thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

SOLUM MIHI SUPEREST SEPULCHRUM.

IOB.

Welcome, thou safe retreate!
Where th' injured man may fortifie
'Gainst the invasions of the great:
Where the leane slave, who th' ore doth plye,
Soft as his admirall may lye.

Great statist! 'tis your doome,
Though your designes swell high and wide,
To be contracted in a tombe!
And all your happie cares provide
But for your heire authorized pride.

Nor shall your shade delight
I'th' pompe of your proude obsequies:
And should the present flatterie write
A glorious epitaph, the wise
Will say, "The poet's wit here lyes."

How reconcil'd to fate
Will grow the aged villager,
When he shall see your funerall state?
Since death will him as warme inter
As you in your gay sepulchre.

The great decree of God
Makes every path of mortals lead
To this darke common period.
For what by wayes so ere we tread,
We end our journey 'mong the dead.

Even I, while humble zeale
Makes fancie a sad truth indite,
Insensible a way doe steale:
And when I'me lost in death's cold night,
Who will remember, now I write?

ET FUGIT VELUT UMBRA.

IOB.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD KINTYRE.

MY LORD,

That shadow your faire body made
So full of sport, it still the mimick playde,
Ev'n as you mov'd and look'd but yesterday
So huge in stature, night hath stolne away.

And this is th' emblem of our life: to please
And flatter which, we sayle ore broken seas,
Vnfaithfull in their rockes and tides; we dare
All the sicke humours of a forraine ayre.
And mine so deepe in earth, as we would trie
To unlocke Hell, should gold there hoarded lie.
But when we have built up an ædifice
T' outwrastle time, we have but built on ice:
For firme however all our structures be,
Polisht with smoothest Indian ivory,
Rais'd high on marble, our unthankfull heire
Will scarce retaine in memory, that we were.
Tracke thro' the ayre the footsteps of the wind,
And search the print of ships sail'd by; then finde
Where all the glories of those monarchs be
Who bore such sway in the world's infancie.
Time hath devour'd them all; and scarce can Fame
Give an account, that ere they had a name.
How can he, then, who doth the world controle,
And strikes a terrour now in either pole,
Th' insulting Turke secure himself, that he
Shall not be lost to dull posterity?
And though the superstition of those times,
Which defied kings to warrant their owne crimes,
Translated Cæsar to a starre; yet they,
Who every region of the skie survay,
In their cœlestiall travaile, that bright coast
Could nere discover, which containes his ghost.
And after death to make that awe survive
Which subjects owe their princes yet alive,
Though they build pallaces of brasse and jet,
And keepe them living in a counterfet,
The curious looker on soone passes by,
And findes the tombe a sickenesse to his eye,
Neither, when once the soule is gone, doth all
The solemne triumph of the funerall
Adde to her glory, or her paine release:
Then all the pride of warre, and wealth of peace,
For which we toild, from us abstracted be,
And onely serve to swell the history.
These are sad thoughts (my lord) and such as fright
The easie soule made tender with delight,
Who thinkes that he hath forfetted that houre
Which addes not to his pleasure or his powre.
But by the friendship which your lordship daignes
Your servant, I have found your judgement raignes
Above all passion in you: and that sence
Could never yet demolish that strong fence
Which vertue guards you with: by which you are
Triumphant in the best, the inward warre.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM.

DAVID.

When I survay the bright
Cœlestiall spheare:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appeare;

My soule her wings doth spread,
And heaven-ward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shootes forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Remov'd far from our humane sight:

But if we stedfast looke
We shall discerne
In it, as in some holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the conqueror,
That farre stretcht powre,
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sinne,
Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruine have;
For as your selves your empires fall,
And every kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those cœlestiall fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacie of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
The world had birth:
And found sinne in it selfe accurst,
And nothing permanent on Earth.

ET ALTA A LONGE COGNOSCIT.

DAVID.

To the cold humble hermitage
(Not tenanted but by discoloured age,
Or youth enfeebled by long prayer,
And tame with fasts) th' Almighty doth repaire.
But from the lofty gilded roofe,
Stain'd with some pagan fiction, keeps aloofe.
Nor the gay landlord daignes to know,
Whose buildings are like monsters but for show.
Ambition! whither wilt thee climbe,
Knowing thy art, the mockery of time?
Which by examples tells the high
Rich structures they must as their owners, dye:
And while they stand, their tennants are
Detraction, Flatt'ry, Wantonnesse, and Care,
Pride, Envie, Arrogance, and Doubt,
Surfet, and Ease still tortured by the gout.
O rather may I patient dwell
In th' injuries of an ill cover'd cell!
'Gainst whose too weake defence the haile,
The angry winds, and frequent showres prevaile.
Where the swift measures of the day
Shall be distinguisht onely as I pray:
And some starre's solitary light
Be the sole taper to the tedious night.

The neighbo'ring fountaine (not accurst
Like wine with madnesse) shall allay my thirst:
And the wilde fruites of Nature give
Dyet enough, to let me feele I live.
You wantons! who impoverish seas,
And th' ayre dispeople, your proude taste to please!
A greedy tyrant you obey,
Who varies still its tribute with the day.
What interest doth all the vaine
Cunning of surfet to your sences gaine?
Since it obscure the spirit must,
And bow the flesh to sleepe, disease or lust.
While who, forgetting rest and fare,
Watcheth the fall and rising of each starre,
Ponders how bright the orbes doe move,
And thence how much more bright the Heav'ns above,
Where on the heads of cherubins
Th 'Almightie sits, disdaining our bold sinnes:
Who, while on th' Earth we groveling lye,
Dare in our pride of building tempt the skie.

VNIVERSUM STATUM EJUS VERSASTI IN INFIRMITATE EJUS.

DAVID.

My soule! when thou and I
Shall on our frighted death-bed lie,
Each moment watching when pale Death
Shall snatch away our latest breath,
And 'tweene two long joyn'd lovers force
An endlesse sad divorce:

How wilt thou then, that art
My rationall and nobler part,
Distort thy thoughts? How wilt thou try
To draw from weake philosophie
Some strength: and flatter thy poore state,
'Cause 'tis the common fate?

How will thy spirits pant
And tremble when they feele the want
Of th' usuall organs, and that all
The vitall powers begin to fall?
When 'tis decreed, that thou must goe,
Yet whether, who can know?

How fond and idle then
Will seeme the misteries of men?
How like some dull ill-acted part
The subtlest of proud humane art?
How shallow ev'n the deepest sea,
When thus we ebbe away?

But how shall I (that is,
My fainting earth) looke pale at this?
Disjointed on the racke of paine.
How shall I murmur, how complaine,
And craving all the ayde of skill?
Finde none, but what must kill?

Which way so ere my griefe
Doth throw my sight to court releefe,
I shall but meete despaire; for all
Will prophesie my funerall:
The very silence of the roome
Will represent a tombe.

And while my children's teares,
My wive's vaine hopes, but certaine feares,
And councells of divines advance
Death in each dolefull circumstance:
I shall even a sad mourner be
At my owne obsequie.

For by examples I
Must know that others' sorrowes dye
Soone as our selves, and none survive
To keepe our memories alive.
Even our fals tombes, as loath to say
We once had life, decay.

LAUDATE DOMINUM DE CŒLIS.

DAVID.

You spirits! Who have throwne away
That enveous weight of clay,
Which your cœlestiall flight denyed:
Who by your glorious troopes supply
The winged hierarchie,
So broken in the angells' pride!

O you! whom your Creator's sight
Inebriates with delight!
Sing forth the triumphs of his name,
All you enamor'd soules! agree
In a loud symphonie:
To give expressions to your flame!

To him, his owne great workes relate,
Who daign'd to elevate
You 'bove the frailtie of your birth.
Where you stand safe from that rude warre,
With which we troubled are
By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted ayre beneath
Here in this world we breath,
Each houre some passion us assailes:
Now lust casts wild-fire in the blood,
Or that it may seeme good,
It selfe in wit or beauty vailes.

Then envie circles us with hate,
And layes a siege so streight,
No heavenly succour enters in;
But if revenge admittance finde,
For ever hath the mind
Made forfeit of it selfe to sinne.

Assaulted thus, how dare we raise
Our mindes to thinke his praise,
Who is æternall and immens?
How dare we force our feeble wit
To speake him infinite,
So farre above the search of sence?

O you! who are immaculate,
His name may celebrate
In your soules' bright expansion.
You whom your vertues did unite
To his perpetuall light,
That even with him you now shine one.

While we who t' earth contract our hearts,
And only studie arts
To shorten the sad length of time:
In place of joyes bring humble feares:
For hymnes, repentant teares,
And a new sigh for every crime.

QUI QUASI FLOS EGREDITUR.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE

LADY CAT. T.

FAIRE madam! You
May see what's man in yond' bright rose:
Though it the wealth of Nature owes,
It is opprest, and bends with dew.

Which showes, though fate
May promise still to warme our lippes,
And keepe our eyes from an eeclips;
It will our pride with teares abate.

Poore silly flowre!
Though in thy beauty thou presume,
And breath which doth the spring perfume;
Thou may'st be cropt this very houre.

And though it may
Then thy good fortune be, to rest
O'th' pillow of some ladie's brest;
Thou'lt wither, and be throwne away.

For 'tis thy doome
However, that there shall appeare
No memory that thou grew'st heere,
Ere the tempestuous winter come.

But flesh is loath
By meditation to fore see
How loath'd a nothing it must be:
Proud in the triumphes of its growth.

And tamely can
Behold this mighty world decay,
And weare by th' age of time away:
Yet not discourse the fall of man.

But, madam, these
Are thoughts to cure sicke humane pride;
And med'cines are in vaine applyed
To bodies far 'bove all disease.

For you so live
As th' angels, in one perfect state;
Safe from the ruines of our fate,
By vertue's great preservative.

And though we see
Beautie enough to warme each heart;
Yet you by a chaste chimicke art,
Calcine fraile love to pietie.

QUID GLORIARIS IN MALICIA?

DAVID.

SWELL no more, proud man, so high!
For enthron'd where ere you sit,
Rais'd by fortune, sinne, and wit;
In a vault thou dust must lye.
He who's lifted up by vice
Hath a neighb'ring precipice
Dazeling his distorted eye.

Shallow is that unsafe sea
Over which you spread your saile:
And the barke you trust to, fraile
As the winds it must obey.
Mischiefe, while it prospers, brings
Favour from the smile of kings,
Vseless soone, is throwne away.

Profit, though sinne it extort,
Princes even accounted good,
Courting greatnesse nere withstood,
Since it empire doth support.
But when death makes them repent,
They condemne the instrument,
And are thought religious for't.

Pitch'd downe from that height you beare,
How distracted will you lye;
When your flattering clients flye
As your fate infectious were?
When of all th' obsequious throng
That mov'd by your eye and tongue,
None shall in the storme appeare?

When that abject insolence
(Which submits to the more great,
And disdaines the weaker state,
As misfortune were offence)
Shall at court be judged a crime
Though in practise, and the time
Purchase wit at your expence.

Each small tempest shakes the proud;
Whose large branches vainely sprout
'Bove the measure of the roote.
But let stormes speake nere so loud,
And th' astonisht day benight;
Yet the just shines in a light
Faire as noone without a cloud.

DEUS DEUS MEUS.

DAVID.

WHERE is that foole philosophie,
That beldam reason, and that beast dull sence;
Great God! when I consider thee,
Omnipotent, æternall, and imens?
Vnmov'd thou didst behold the pride
Of th' angels, when they to defection fell?
And without passion didst provide,
To punish treason, rackes and death in hell.
Thy word created this great all,
I'th' lower part whereof we wage such warres:
The upper bright and sphærical
By purer bodies tenanted, the starres.

And though sixe dayes it thee did please
To build this frame, the seventh for rest t' assigne;
Yet was it not thy paine or ease,
But to teach man the quantities of time.
This world so mighty and so faire,
So 'bove the reach of all dimension:
If to thee God we should compare,
Is not the slender'st atome to the Sun.
What then am I, poore nothing, man!
That elevate my voyce and speake of thee?
Since no imagination can
Distinguish part of thy immensitie?
What am I who dare call thee God!
And raise my fancie to discourse thy power?
To whom dust is the period,
Who am not sure to farme this very houre?
For how know I the latest sand
In my fralle glasse of life, doth not now fall?
And while I thus astonisht stand
I but prepare for my owne funerall?
Death doth with man no order keepe:
It reckons not by the expence of yeares,
But makes the queene and beggar weepe,
And nere distinguishes betweene their teares.
He who the victory doth gaine
Falls as he him pursues, who from him flyes,
And is by too good fortune slaine.
The lover in his amorous courtship dyes:
The states-man suddenly expires
While he for others ruine doth prepare:
And the gay lady while sh' admires
Her pride, and curles in wanton nets her haire.
No state of man is fortified
'Gainst the assault of th' universall doome:
But who th' Almighty feare, deride
Pale Death, and meet with triumph in the tombe.

QUONIAM EGO IN FLAGELLA PARATUS SUM. DAVID.

Fix me on some bleake precipice,
Where I ten thousand yeares may stand
Made now a statue of ice,
Then by the sommer scorcht and tan'd!

Place me alone in some fraile boate
'Mid th' horrours of an angry sea:
Where I, while time shall move, may floate,
Despairing either land or day:

Or under earth my youth confine
To th' night and silence of a cell:
Where scorpions may my limbes entwine,
O God! So thou forgive me Hell.

Æternitie! when I thinke thee,
(Which never any end must have,
Nor knew'st beginning) and fore-see
Hell is design'd for sinne a grave;

My frighted flesh trembles to dust,
My blood ebbes fearefully away:
Both guilty that they did to lust
And vanity, my youth betray.

My eyes, which from each beautious sight
Drew spider-like blacke venome in:
Close like the marigold at night
Opprest with dew to bath my sin.

My eares shut up that easie dore
Which did proud fallacies admit:
And vow to hear no follies more;
Deafe to the charmes of sinne and wit.

My hands (which when they toucht some faire
Imagin'd such an excellence,
As th' ermine's skin ungentle were)
Contract themselves, and loose all sence.

But you bold sinners! still pursue
Your valiant wickednesse, and brave
Th' Almighty justice: hee'le subdue
And make you cowards in the grave.

Then when he as your judge appeares,
In vaine you'le tremble and lament,
And hope to soften him with teares,
To no advantage penitent.

Then will you scorne those treasures, which
So fiercely now you doate upon:
Then curse those pleasures did bewitch
You to this sad illusion.

The neighb'ring mountaines which you shall
Woo to oppresse you with their weight,
Disdainefull will deny to fall;
By a sad death to ease your fate.

In vaine some midnight storme at sea
To swallow you, you will desire:
In vaine upon the wheele youle pray
Broken with torments to expire.

Death, at the sight of which you start,
In a mad fury then you'le court:
Yet hate th' expressions of your heart,
Which onely shall be sigh'd for sport.

No sorrow then shall enter in
With pitty the great judges eares.
This moment's ours. Once dead, his sin
Man cannot expiate with teares.

MILITIA EST VITA HOMINIS.

TO SIR HEN. PER.

Sir,

Were it your appetite of glory, (which
In noblest times did bravest soules bewitch
To fall in love with danger), that now drawes
You to the fate of warre; it claimes applause:
And every worthy hand would plucke a bough
From the best spreading bay, to shade your brow.
Since you unforc'd part from your ladie's bed
Warme with the purest love, to lay your head
Perhaps on some rude turfe, and sadly feele
The night's cold dampes, wrapt in a sheete of steele.
You leave your well grown woods, and meadowes which
Our Severne doth with fruitfull streames enrich:
Your woods where we see such large heards of deere
Your meades whereon such goodly flockes appeare:
You leave your castle, safe both for defence
And sweetly wanton with magnificence,
With all the cost and cunning beautified
That addes to state, where nothing wants but pride

These charmes might have bin pow'rfull to have staid
Great mindes resolv'd for action, and betraid
You to a glorious ease: since to the warre
Men by desire of prey invited are,
Whom either sinne or want makes desperate
Or else disdaine of their own narrow fate.
But you nor hope of fame or a releasé
Of the most sober government in peace,
Did to the hazard of the armie bring:
Onely a pure devotion to the king,
In whose just cause whoever fights, must be
Triumphant: since even death is victory.
And what is life, that we to wither it
To a weake wrinckled age, should torture wit
To finde out Nature's secrets; what doth length
Of time deserve, if we want heate and strength?
When a brave quarrell doth to armes provoke,
Why should we feare to venter this thin smoke,
This emptie shadow, life? this which the wise
As the foole's idoll, soberly dispise?
Why should we not throw willingly away
A game we cannot save, now that we may
Gaine honour by the gift? since haply when
We onely shall be statue of men
And our owne monuments, peace will deny
Our wretched age so brave a cause to dye.
But these are thoughts! And action tis doth give
A soule to courage, and make vertue live:
Which doth not dwell upon the valiant tongue
Of bold philosophie, but in the strong
Vndaunted spirit, which encounters those
Sad dangers, we to fancie scarce propose.
Yet 'tis the true and highest fortitude
To keepe our inward enemies subdued:
Not to permit our passions over sway
Our actions, nor our wanton flesh betray
The soule's chaste empire: for however we
To th' outward shew may gaine a victory
And proudly triumph; if to conquour sinne
We combate not, we are at warre within.

But cloath'd in beauty and respect,
Even ore the wise
How powerfull doth it tyrannize!
Whose monstrous forme should they detract
They famine sooner would affect.

And since those shadowes which oppresse
My sight begin
To cleere, and show the shape of sinne,
A scorpion sooner be my guest,
And warme his venome in my brest.

May I, before I grow so vile
By sinne agen,
Be throwne off as a scorne to men!
May th' angry world decree, t' excile
Me to some yet unpeopled isle.

Where while I straggle, and in vaine
Labour to finde
Some creature that shall have a minde,
What justice have I to complaine
If I thy inward grace retaine?

My God, if thou shalt not exclude
Thy comfort thence;
What place can seeme to troubled sence
So melancholly, darke, and rude,
To be esteem'd a solitude?

Cast me upon some naked shore
Where I may tracke
Onely the print of some sad wracke:
If thou be there, though the seas roare,
I shall no gentler calme implore.

Should the Cymmerians, whom no ray
Doth ere enlight,
But gaine thy grace, th' have lost their night:
Not sinners at high noone, but they
'Mong their blind cloudes have found the day.

VIAS TUAS DOMINE DEMONSTRA MIHI.

Where have I wandred? In what way
Horrid as night
Increast by storm did I delight?
Though my sad soule did often say
'Twas death and madnesse so to stray.

On that false ground I joy'd to tread
Which seem'd most faire,
Though every path had a new snare,
And every turning still did lead,
To the darke region of the dead.

But with the surfet of delight
I am so tyred,
That now I loath what I admired.
And my distasted appetite
So 'bhors the meate, it hates the sight.

For should we naked sinne discry
Not beautified
By th' ayde of wantonnesse and pride,
Like some mishapen birth 'twould lye
A torment to th' affrighted eye.

ET EXALTAVIT HUMILES.

How cheerfully th' unpartiall Sunne
Gilds with his beames
The narrow streames
O'th' brooke which silently doth runne
Without a name?
And yet disdaines to lend his flame
To the wide channell of the Thames?

The largest mountaines barren lye,
And lightning feare,
Though they appeare
To bid defiance to the skie;
Which in one houre
W' have seen the opening earth devoure,
When in their height they proudest were.

But th' humble man heaves up his head
Like some rich vale
Whose fruites nere faile
With flowres, with corne, and vines ore-spread.
Nor doth complaine
Ore-flowed by an ill-season'd raine
Or batter'd by a storme of haile.

Like a tall barke treasure fraught,
He the seas cleere
Doth quiet steere:
But when they are t' a tempest wrought;
More gallantly
He spreads his saile, and doth more high,
By swelling of the waves, appeare.

For the Almighty joyes to force
The glorious tide
Of humane pride
To th' lowest ebbe; that ore his course
(Which rudely bore
Downe what oppos'd it heretofore)
His feeblest enemie may stride.

But from his ill-thatcht roofe he brings
The cottager,
And doth preferre
Him to th' adored state of kings:
He bids that hand
Which labour hath made rough and tan'd
The all commanding scepter beare.

Let then the mighty cease to boast
Their boundlesse sway:
Since in their sea
Few sayle, but by some storme are lost.
Let them themselves
Beware for they are their owne shelves:
Man still himselfe hath cast away.

DOMINUS DOMINANTIUM.

Svpreame Divinitie! Who yet
Could ever finde
By the cold scrutinie of wit,
The treasurie where thou lock'st up the wind?

What majesty of princes can
A tempest awe;
When the distracted Ocean
Swells to sedition, and obeys no law?

How wretched doth the tyrant stand
Without a boast?
When his rich fleete even touching land
He by some storme in his owne port sees lost?

Vaine pompe of life! what narrow bound
Ambition
circled with? How false a ground
Hath humane pride to build its triumphs on?

And Nature! how dost thou delude
Our search, to know
When the same windes which here intrude
On us with frosts and onely winter blow;

Breath temprate on th' adjoyning earth,
And gently bring
To the glad field a fruitfull birth,
With all the treasures of a wanton spring.

How diversly death doth assaile;
How sporting kill!
While one is scorcht up in the vale,
The other is congeal'd o'th' neighboring hill.

While he with heates doth dying glow,
Above he sees
The other hedg'd in with his snow,
And envies him his ice, although he freeze.

Proud folly of pretending art,
Be ever dumbe;
And humble thy aspiring heart,
When thou findest glorious reason overcome.

And you astrologers, whose eye
Survays the starres,
And offer thence to prophesie
Success in peace, and the event of warres,

Throw downe your eyes upon that dust
You proudly tread!
And know to that resolve you must!
That is the scheme where all their fate may read.

COGITABO PRO PECCATO MEO.

In what darke silent grove,
Profan'd by no nuptiall love,
Where witty melancholy here
Did carve the trees or wound the ayre,
Shall I religious leisure winne,
To weepe away my sinne?

How fondly have I spent
My youthe's unvalued treasure, lent
To traffique for coelestiall joyes,
My unripe yeares pursuing toyes,
Judging things best that were most gay,
Fled unobserv'd astray.

Growne elder, I admired
Our poets as from Heaven inspired,
What obeliskes decreed I fit
For Spencer's art, and Sydnye's wit?
But waxing sober, soone I found
Fame but an idle sound.

Then I my blood obey'd,
And each bright face an idoll made:
Verse in yr humble sacrifice,
I offer'd to my mistresse' eyes;
But I no sooner grace did win
But met the devill within.

But growne more politicke,
I tooke account of each state tricke:
Observ'd each motion, judg'd him wise,
Who had a conscience fit to rise.
Whom soone I found but forme and paint,
And the more serious foole.

But now, my soule, prepare
To ponder what and where we are.
How fraile is life, how vaine a breath
Opinion, how uncertaine death:
How onely a poore stone shall beare
Witnesse that once we were.

How shrill a trumpet shall
Vs to the barre as traytors call!
Then shall we see too late that pride
Hath hope with flattery bely'd,
And that the mighty in command
Pale cowards there must stand.

RECOGITABO TIBI OMNES ANNOS MEOS.

ISAY.

Time! where didst thou those yeares inter
Which have I seene decease?
My soule's at war, and truth bids her
Finde out their hidden sepulcher,
To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers doth not the spring
Like a late bride appeare?
Whose feather'd musicke onely bring
Caresses, and no requiem sing
On the departed yeare?

The earth, like some rich wanton heire,
Whose parents coffin'd lye,
Forgets it once lookt pale and bare,
And doth for vanities prepare,
As the spring nere should dye.

The present houre, flattered by all,
Reflects not on the last;
But I, like a sad factor, shall
T' account my life each moment call,
And onely weepe the past.

My mem'ry trackes each severall way,
Since reason did begin
Over my actions her first sway:
And teacheth me that each new day
Did onely vary sin.

Poore banckrout conscience! where are those
Rich houres, but farm'd to thee?
How carelessely I some did lose,
And other to my lust dispose,
As no rent day should be?

I have infected with impure
Disorders my past yeares;
But He to penitence inure
Those that succeed. There is no cure,
Nor antidote, but teares.

CUPIO DISSOLVI.

PAULE.

The soule which doth with God unite,
Those gayities how doth she slight
Which ore opinion sway?
Like sacred virgin wax, which shines
On altars or on martyrs' shrines,
How doth she burne away?

How violent are her throwes till she
From envious earth delivered be,
Which doth her flight restraine?
How doth she doate on whips and rackes,
On fires and the so dreaded axe,
And every murd'ring paine?

How soone she leaves the pride of wealth,
The flatteries of youth and health,
And fame's more precious breath;
And every gaudy circumstance
That doth the pompe of life advance
At the approach of death?

The cunning of astrologers
Observes each motion of the starres,
Placing all knowledge there:
And lovers in their mistresse' eyes
Contract those wonders of the skies,
And seeke no higher sphere.

The wandring pilot sweates to find
The causes that produce the wind
Still gazing on the pole.
The politician scornes all art
But what doth pride and power impart,
And swells the ambitious soule.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warme,
And 'gainst these powerfull follies arme,
Doth soberly disdaine
All these fond inumane misteries,
As the deceitfull and unwise
Distempers of our braine.

He as a burden beares his clay,
Yet vainely throwes it not away
On every idle cause:
But with the same untroubled eye
Can or resolve to live or dye,
Regardlesse of th' applause.

My God! If 'tis thy great decree
That this must the last moment be
Wherein I breath this ayre;
My heart obeyes, joy'd to retreate
From the false favours of the great
And treachery of the faire.

When thou shalt please this soule t' enthrow
Above impure corruption;
What should I grieve or feare,
To thinke this breathlesse body must
Become a loathsome heape of dust,
And nere againe appeare.

For in the fire when ore is tryed,
And by that torment purified,
Doe we deplore the losse?
And when thou shalt my soule refine,
That it thereby may purer shine,
Shall I grieve for the drosse?

RICHARD LOVELACE.

1618—1658.

He was the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace of Woolwich; began his education at the Charter House, and, in 1634, being then sixteen, was entered as a gentleman commoner at Gloucester Hall, Oxford. "He was accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld, of innate modesty, virtuous, and a courtly deportment." On leaving the university he followed the court, and, under the patronage of the profligate Goring, served, first as an ensign, then with a captain's commission. After the pacification, he retired to his paternal residence, Lovelace Place, near Canterbury. His estate was worth at least 500*l.* a year; and he was chosen by the county to present the Kentish petition in the king's favour to the House of Commons, for which the tyrannical patriots who were then in power committed him to the Gatehouse prison; from thence, after some months, he was released, upon the enormous bail of 40,000*l.* During this imprisonment he wrote his Song to Althea, which will live as long as the English language.

After the ruin of the king's cause, and of his own fortune, which was liberally and honourably expended in that cause, he commanded a regiment in the French service, and was wounded at Dunkirk. Returning in 1648 to England, he was imprisoned, and being set at liberty after the king's death, suffered extreme poverty, lingered out a wretched life till 1658, and then died of consumption, induced by misery and want, in a wretched lodging near Shoe Lane, and was buried at the west end of St. Bride's church.

THE DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

MY LADY ANN LOVELACE.

To the richest Treasury
That e'er fill'd ambitious eye;
To the fair-bright Magazine
Hath impoverish'd Love's queen;
To th' Exchequer of all honour,
(All take pensions but from her)
To the taper of the thore
Which the God himself but bore;
To the sea of chaste delight
Let me cast the drop I write.

And as at Loretto's shrine
Cæsar shovels in his mine,
The Empress spreads her carcanets,
The Lords submit their coronets;
Knights their chased arms hang by,
Maids diamond-ruby fancies tie;
Whilst from the pilgrim she wears
One poor false pearl, but ten true tears:

So among the orient prize,
(Saphyr-onyx eulogies)
Offer'd up unto your fame:
Take my garnet-doublet name,
And vouchsafe 'midst those rich joys
With devotion these toys.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

SONG.

SET BY MR. HENRY LAWES.

TO LUCASTA,

GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blust'ring wind, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after fate,
And are alive i'th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfin'd
In heav'n, their earthly bodies left behind.

SONG.

SET BY MR. JOHN LANIERE.

TO LUCASTA,

GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True: a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MR. CHARLES COTTON.

ODE.

O thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk ev'ry night with a delicious tear
Dropp'd thee from heav'n, where now thou'rt
rear'd.

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works thou dost retire
To thy carv'd acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt-plats of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah, the sickle! golden ears are cropp'd;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flow'rs have top'd,
And what scythes spar'd, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now, green ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter, rain, and poise
Their floods, with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends! we will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast;
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
As vestal flames, the north-wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretch'd wings, dissolve and fly
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
But when in show'rs of old Greek we begin
Shall cry, he hath his crown again!

Night, as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip,
From the light casements where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
That asking nothing, nothing need:
Though lord of all what seas embrace; yet he
That wants himself, is poor indeed.

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. ELIZABETH FILMER.

AN ELEGIACAL EPITAPH.

You that shall live awhile before
Old Time tires, and is no more;
When that this ambitious stone
Stoops low as what it tramples on;
Know that in that age when sin
Gave the world law, and govern'd queen,
A virgin liv'd, that still put on
White thoughts, though out of fashion;
That trac'd the stars spite of report,
And durst be good, though chidden for't:
Of such a soul that infant heav'n
Repented what it thus had given;
For finding equal happy man,
Th' impatient pow'rs snatch'd it again:
Thus chaste as th' air whither she's fled,
She making her celestial bed
In her warm alabaster lay
As cold as in this house of clay;
Nor where the rooms unfit to feast
Or circumscribe this angel-guest;
The radiant gem was brightly set
In as divine a carcanet;
For which the clearer was not known,
Her mind, or her complexion:
Such an everlasting grace,
Such a beatific face
Incloisters here this narrow floor
That possess'd all hearts before.

Bless'd and bewail'd in death and birth!
The smiles and tears of heav'n and earth!
Virgins at each step are *afeard*,
Filmer is shot by which they steer'd,
Their star extinct, their beauty dead
That the young world to honour led;
But see! the rapid spheres stand still,
And tune themselves unto her will.

Thus, although this marble must,
As all things, crumble into dust,
And though you find this fair-built tomb
Ashes, as what lies in its womb;
Yet her saint-like name shall shine
A living glory to this shrine,
And her eternal fame be read,
When all but very virtue's dead.

TO LUCASTA.

FROM PRISON.

AN EPODE.

Long in thy shackles, liberty,
I ask not from these walls, but thee;
Left for a while another's bride
To fancy all the world beside.

Yet e'er I do begin to love,
See! how I all my objects prove;
Then my free soul to that one
'Twere possible I might call mine.

First I would be in love with peace,
And her rich swelling breasts increase;
But how, alas! how may that be,
Despising earth, she will love me?

Fain would I be in love with war,
As my dear just avenging star:
But war is lov'd so ev'ry where,
Ev'n he disdains a lodging here.

Thee and thy wounds I would bemoan
Fair thorough-shot religion;
But he lives only that kills thee,
And whoso binds thy hands is free.

I would love a parliament
As a main prop from heav'n sent;
But, ah! who's he that would be wedded
To th' fairest body that's beheaded?

Next would I court my liberty,
And then my birthright, property;
But can that be, when it is known
There's nothing you can call your own?

A reformation I would have,
As for our griefs a sov'reign salve;
That is, a cleansing of each wheel
Of state, that yet some rust doth feel:

But not a reformation so,
As to reform were to o'erthrow;
Like watches by unskilful men
Disjointed, and set ill again.

The public faith I would adore,
But she is bankrupt of her store;
Nor how to trust her can I see,
For she that cozens all, must me.

Since then none of these can be
Fit objects for my love and me;
What then remains, but th' only spring
Of all our loves and joys? The King.

He, who being the whole ball
Of day on earth, lends it to all;
When seeking to eclipse his right,
Blinded, we stand in our own light.

And now an universal mist
Of error is spread o'er each breast,
With such a fury edg'd, as is
Not found in th' inwards of th' abyss.

Oh, from thy glorious starry wain
Dispense on me one sacred beam,
To light me where I soon may see
How to serve you, and you trust me.

SONG.

SET BY DR. JOHN WILSON.

TO ALTHEA.

FROM PRISON.

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates:
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye;
The gods that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be;
Enlarged winds that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

THE END.

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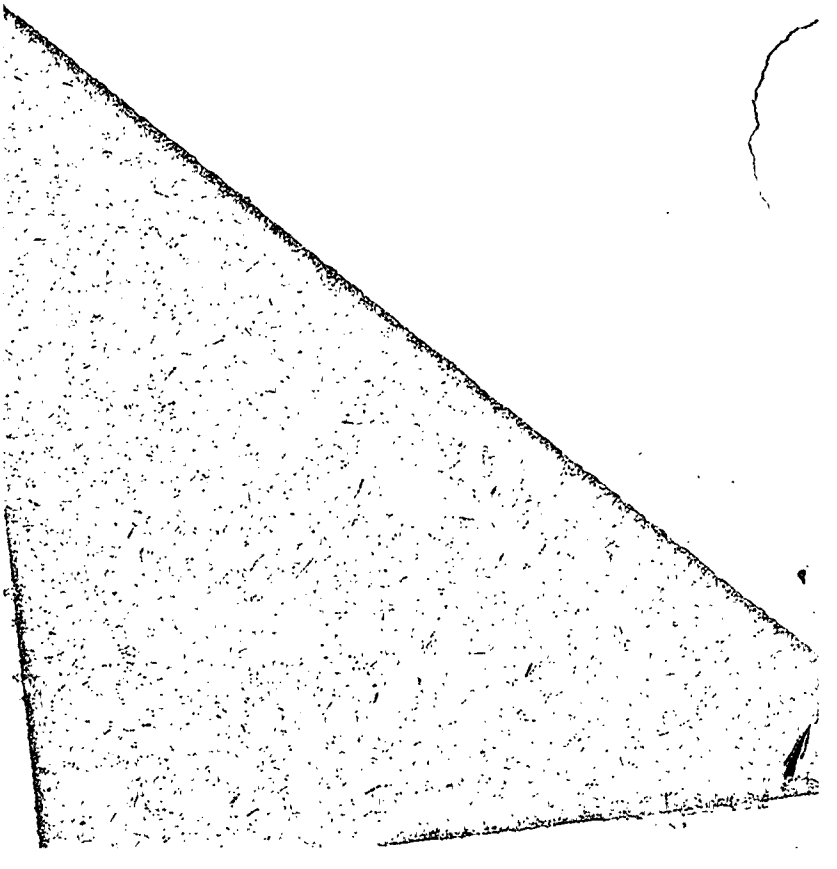

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